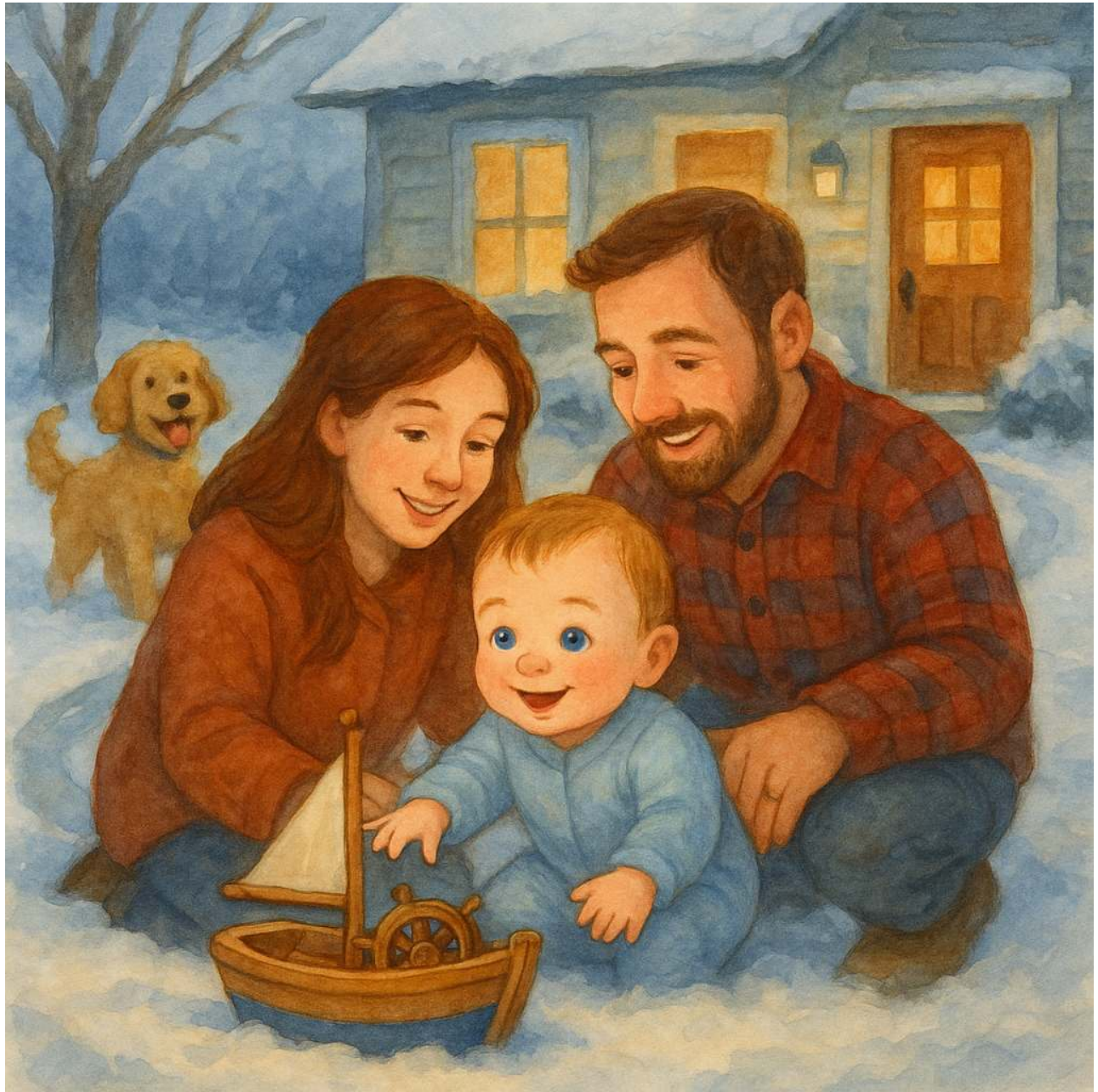


# Emmett's Extraordinary Adventure



# Dedication

With deep gratitude for the nurses, doctors, respiratory therapists, and every member of the South Shore Hospital NICU / Special Care Nursery team.

Thank you for your skill, patience, and compassion. You carried our family through the hardest days and helped Emmett find his strength, one small victory at a time.

Your care will always be part of his story.



In what seemed just a flash, Emmett awoke with a splash.  
Where was he, he wondered, in this infinite mass?  
"Where am I? Who am I? There's so much to see."  
"This warmth sure feels nice, but it's just not for me."



As he sailed through the currents of this curious realm,  
He felt the winds changing and grabbed his ship's helm.  
Emmett's ship, you see, was extraordinary,  
It not only sailed, but flew through the galaxy.



He steered toward the skies, with stars shining bright,  
And heard their soft whispers, which brought him delight.  
"This galaxy is beautiful, all these stars I can see!  
I'm sure I'll be back, but now is just not for me."



The ship had been spent, and Emmett was too.  
He thought it time to rest, sleep, and make do.  
He found a safe harbor and throttled back the ship.  
"I think this will do," he thought, as the anchor took grip.



His ship safely anchored, in warm, quiet glee,  
He pondered, "What's next? Is this just for me?"  
The tides of the harbor would rise and they'd fall,  
And Emmett learned their rhythms, and the voices they'd call.



One high, one low, one quiet, one loud.  
They sounded so yappy, but happy and proud.  
As winter drew closer, Emmett knew what to do.  
"I'm finding those voices. It's never too soon."



He pulled up his anchor and readied his vessel.  
He knew now his journey, difficult, but special.  
The tide was receding, and his ship washed along.  
He knew not to panic, not today or for long.



He wondered and pondered what lay up ahead,  
And when he might rest in a warm, sleepy bed.  
But the journey wasn't over; he had no time to rest.  
He pushed the ship onward and gave it his best.



He found a bright channel and pushed his way through.  
The crossing wasn't easy, but what's a boy to do?  
He entered a harbor all busy and bright,  
With beeping little bells in the day and the night.  
There were warm little nests and kind hands standing by,  
Helping brave baby sailors grow strong as they try.



The voices were louder, and clearer than ever,  
But the sounds still came softly, all jumbled together.  
His vision seemed blurry to one who could see,  
But a face came in focus: "Is this just for me?"  
Emmett spent days, weeks, and months in that harbor,  
As a brave crew helped him grow stronger and stronger.  
They took turns at the helm, through each pause and each squall,  
And kept him on course with great care through it all.



Risa and Mary, Jill, and others too,  
Helped guide him through storms as strong sailors do.  
Though bells often chimed with a sharp, sudden ring,  
His crew kept him steady through whatever might swing.



Stronger and stronger he grew and he grew,  
Even into a baby boy who was due.  
And though some days were heavy, and some nights felt long,  
He kept learning the rhythm, and kept growing strong.



One fateful day, he grasped his ship's wheel tight.  
He was weathered from spells he had fought day and night.  
But deep in his heart, he knew this was the day  
He'd finish this voyage and sail on his way.



He conquered his last spell. He had mastered it all.  
It was time for a new journey, a much bigger call.



The harbor lights shimmered and slowly grew dim,  
As one world fell behind and the next welcomed him.  
The ship was still his, but in ways he could see,  
It was turning to home, and to family.



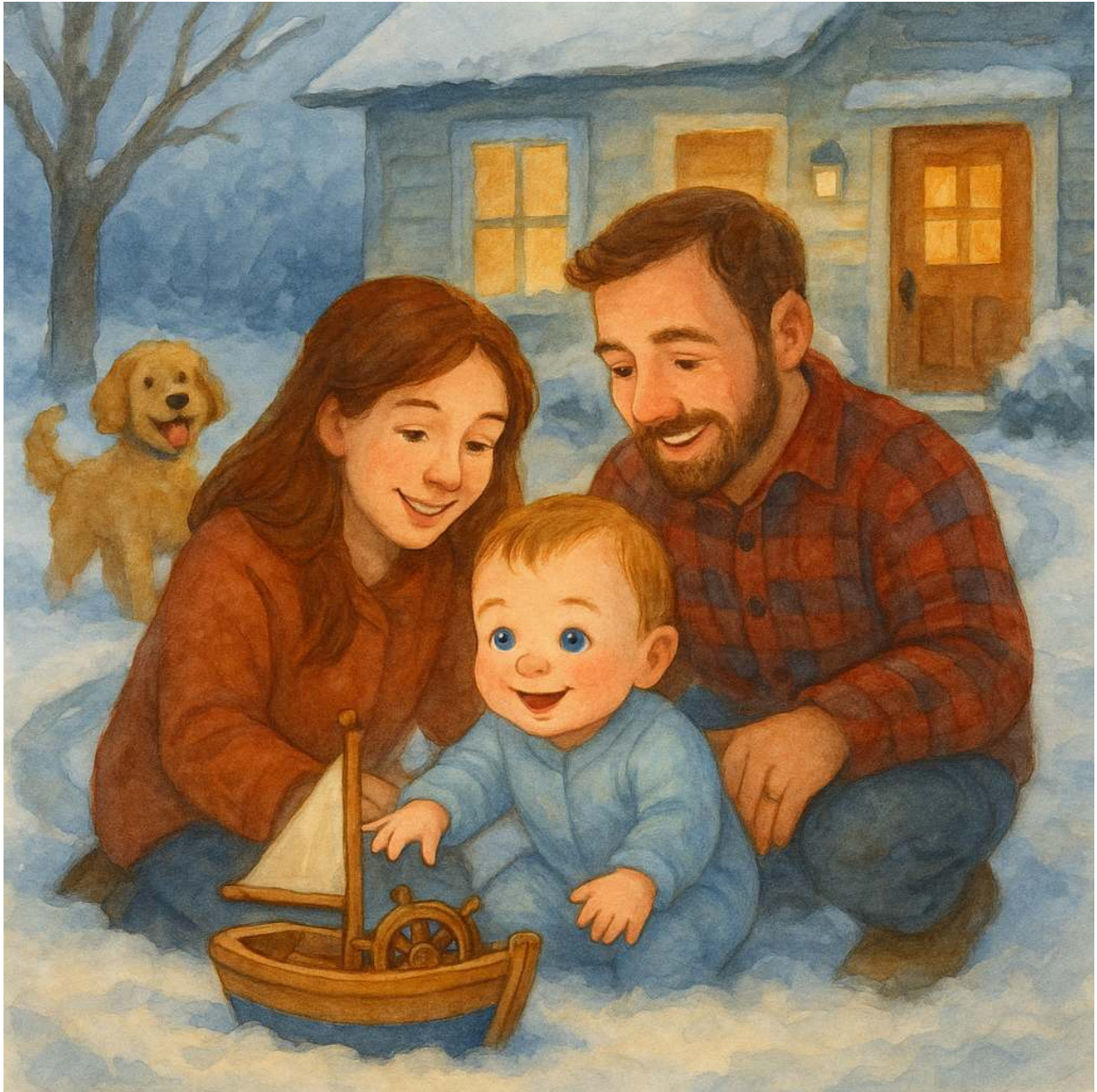
The horn called his name for one final blast.  
Emmett's great adventure was ending at last.  
He stepped from his ship to the shore, full of angst,  
And heard the two voices that seemed done with his pranks.



While all he could think about was his very next meal,  
The loud man picked him up and took the steering wheel.  
The soft woman stayed beside him, a warmth he could feel.



The soft voice was Mom, who had conquered it all,  
From even when he'd been feeding so small.  
The loud voice was Dad, who did all his best,  
But dreamed of a world where his boy safe could rest.



As they pulled in the driveway, the ending was clear:  
His very last stop was a home to call dear.  
Emmett looked at his parents, feeling happy and free,  
And finally smiled: "This is just for me."