

The background is a vibrant red color. It features several stylized flowers. There are three large white flowers with soft, rounded petals and green stems and leaves. There are also two large blue flowers with darker blue outlines and white centers. The overall style is flat and graphic.

Clover In the Wind

Päivi
Nuora

For Mr. Trust

Päivi Nuora

Clover In the Wind

Incredible journey to parenthood

True Story

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Contents

OPENING OF THE DIARY	7
EVERYTHING BEGINS WITH BLOOD.....	9
US TWO.....	13
HOPES AND DREAMS	13
SUN AND FIRE	17
BREAKDOWN	20
I.....	25
RACE	26
13 LINES AND DROPS	28
TRY THE TRUTH	38
FROM DITCH TO FLIGHT	40
EXPECTED MOMENT	49
AS A MOTHER IN NEW CULTURE.....	56
II.....	63
A TICKET TO AFRICA	64
THROUGH THE STORM	75
ADAPTION	81
MR. TRUST	91
AFRICAN FAIRY	95
TOURISMS AND TRIPS	105
LIFE ON THE FILM TAPE.....	113
AT THE BOARDER	124
MURDER	128
III.....	133
CLOVER.....	133
DIAMOND	139

CARDIAC AMBULANCE	149
HOSPITAL CLOWN	155
ONLY STRAIGHT LINE	159
LUCK AND ACCIDENT	159
FORWARD	167
METALBED	172
IV	175
THE SECRET DECISION	175
GOLDEN RING	180
IN THE EYE OF THE STORM	183
DISAPPEARED FATHER	188
TEARS OF HAPPINESS IN DISTANCE	195
THE END.....	207
OVER THE BOARDER.....	207
GOOD, THANK YOU.....	214
EPILOGUE.....	219
THANK YOU	223
REFERENCE	224

OPENING OF THE DIARY

If you ask what kind of story I am going to tell, I urge you to imagine your greatest hopes and worst fears in the same package so that your hopes are beyond your reach, and you cannot control the course of events. Also, at the same time, you must hide everything from your loved ones. This is what happened in its entirety.

Every day is lived to the fullest and memories of them are reminiscent at the edge of the calendar, photographs, in the rooms of our home, belongings, pending repairs, watered clothes from all the tears of happiness and grief, and torn incisions in the heart. I will tell you how, me and my husband are ready to do anything to acquire that all-peaceful and normal life, that many aspire to have with everyday hobbies and happy experiences. We risk our health, safety and lives to achieve our goals.

On the first visit, one therapist tried to make a mind map to outline my situation. Tried but failed. I realized at the time that writing my story and going through things with my husband is the best way for me to process on everything that has happened. Questions we get

from loved ones and their desire to understand everything that happened also encourage me further to tell and write. We have lived a secret life: everything that happened is too deep in us to be able to share on Facebook and too heavy and painful to be even structured in a diary in the middle of events. As I have written our story, I have noticed that sometimes the most complicated path has been just the right one.

The book tells you about an ordinary couple from Finland and their desire to start a family. Our lives are anything but an ordinary story. People's reactions have been amazed and shocked when I have told even the smallest piece of our lives and travels. Listeners wonder how so much could have happened to one couple all along. In addition, many in Finland and abroad have said that our lives are already like a finished book or a script for a TV series or film. It is only now that everything is safely behind us that I have had the time and opportunity to write about our experiences.

What can I say about all this? I've created some kind of elevator talk about everything when I've met acquaintances while taking the dog out or answered the question at work events: "How are you? What you've been up to?". In return, I get reactions from spontaneous laughter to primitive crying. Many are horrified and startled. Most of the time, in the end I finally see a genuine empathetic stagnant gaze and a waiting face "What are you going to tell me next?". I've learned to get out of awkward silence by saying some casual comment that yes, we will get up again. Better quality of situation comics are more of my husband's hay.

The book describes the true events and situations of our own lives as we have experienced and sensed them - seen, heard and felt them.

EVERYTHING BEGINS WITH BLOOD

People are willing to go far to protect their secrets.

Crime writer Arttu Tuominen

The pool of blood from which I woke up has wrapped my long hair in its red cloak. At first, I can only try to open my eyes, but I only see a fog. It's humming in my head. I want to understand what happened and what will happen next. I can't understand what has happened and why? I try to ask, but I can't even make a sound. The dizzying feeling competes with the incisive pain for power over me. The stone floor is cold and wet. Where does all this blood come from?

I have time to think about it when my consciousness clears momentarily. I feel a warm trembling hand stroking my cheek quietly. All my clothes are covered in the blood and cling to my skin like glue. I'm trying to turn around. "Don't get up, you can't!" A strict

command strikes my consciousness. I don't even seem to be able to move, I find all the strength in my body is gone and a painful, overwhelming feeling fills my whole body. I try to focus on breathing. Someone raises my head and puts something under my head to keep my head from freezing on an ice-cold tile floor.

The blood is coming out with an accelerating force that I can barely stay conscious. Suddenly I hear my husband shout on the phone, "Where is that ambulance? She will bleed to death!". Blood pulps with force. Sometimes my vision turns black and occasionally I see blurry characters around me in the brightness of the hallway lamps. The open front door brings in cold air, even though the April nights are already getting warmer with caution. Nature is opening its eyes towards spring, but can I still see this spring? No birds are singing. Not now. Or at least I can't hear anything from the outside. I distinguish a character who speaks quietly to themselves, "As if someone had been murdered."

I hear the sound of sirens. Outside, my husband's waving hands reflect a blue flashing light. The sounds of the sirens are amplifying and approaching. The ambulance stops and paramedics arrive. They kneel and start treating me with pace. "1.3 litres of blood have already been lost." "Life threatening, she must be taken to hospital urgently." I hear individual sentences from a distance when I am lifted on my stretcher. "We don't know how it will go, she has lost and continues to lose so much blood. We do our best", the paramedics say to my shocked husband Petri as they leave.

Memories are flimsy. Everything is like a dark cloud in my head. I am quickly transferred to an ambulance. Petri will have to prepare for the worst. The bleeding turns into like water balloons that explode when dropped on a stretcher. The sirens are ringing, and the ambulance is accelerating at full speed. My dad sits completely quiet in the front seat of the ambulance and holds the door handle with all his might.

I feel bounces on the road, but there's nothing I can do to prevent things from happening. The person behind me is talking to Jorvi Hospital on the phone: "Can't we get there? The situation is extremely serious, do we really have to go to another hospital?". He shouts in disbelief to the front seat that we are going to the hospital in Helsinki! The blood pressure is 75/44 and blood is still pushing out from inside. I hear the nurse's intensified conversation on the radio: "The caesarean section that is starting in the operating room must be stopped immediately or the patient arriving on our way dies."

U S T W O

Hopes and Dreams

Years before when everything still was well.

– We can get sunscreen from there too, we need to go or we will be late. I am yelling annoyed from the front door.

Petri, as usual, calmly checks his list to make sure everything is in order. I pull heavy bags down the stairs. We live on the first floor, but still need to go down the stairs to the floor leading out. What type of fool designed the elevator like this! Finally, Petri gets in a taxi. I say: - To the airport. It is finally starting to feel like a vacation. No work or study for a week. When we arrive at the airport, my dad's uncle is already in line with his harmonica. More family and relatives arrive, and the atmosphere is happy. We are going to celebrate my mother's birthday in the Canary Islands. It's wonderful when both of my grandfathers are involved, they've become even closer friends after

they both become widows too early. As we sit down on the plane, I look at my cousin with her adorable child. I want kids one day myself. This 8-year-old brisk girl was a flower girl at our wedding. Our wedding was less than a year ago. I lean back, close my eyes, and return to those moments.

Before I was born, my parents had given a name for a girl and a boy for emergency baptism as the old days they used to do, the boy's name would have been Petri. On Saturday, July 2001, they got Petri as a son-in-law in a yellow wooden church on the countryside, in the landscape of my parents' childhood. A couple of summers earlier on the churchyard bench, Petri had traditionally knelt romantically and asked:

– Will you marry me in this church?

I had been sitting in the same church on Christmas worship, my father dragged us there in the frost under the blanket with a sledge. Our wedding church reminds us of many good memories of our grandmothers, who were already buried in the churchyard at the time of our wedding.

I was full of energy when planning the wedding. On the day of the wedding, I noticed that I had lost weight and the dress was now too big. Fortunately, there were strings behind the dress that we could tighten it up. We had a lovely flower girl and a boy for whom we had bought the appropriate outfits. It was all like from a fairy tale when we got on horse-drawn carriages with them at our Country Wedding. The priest was Petri's friend - an aikido teacher who contributed to a relaxed and comfortable atmosphere for the wedding.

I arrived at church with horse-drawn carriages and my father escorted me to the altar where Petri was waiting with a gentle smile. Petri was so handsome in his suit. I looked at Petri and hoped that he would never change, but would always remain as he is now, gentle, faithful, uplifting, curious, a steady builder of life. As I stood at the altar, I thought of the words of the popular Finnish song "I got

everything from life". As we stood side by side, we looked at each other. We said our I Do's, vows and promised to support each other until death. Standing side by side, hand in hand, we didn't yet know how much we would have to change, dare, and squeeze each other's hands harder, and in difficult moments, find the will to continue together to get everything we dreamed of in life. Nothing came easily.

We left with the flower children from the church to the white mansion where the wedding ceremony was held. Petri's father said at the wedding that he was so happy when I changed my last name to my husband's name. There aren't many people named Nuora in Finland. He also wished us to have children to have more Nuoras. That is what we hope too.

Petri trampled his foot at the pace of the first cake cut - straight on my toes. In Finnish tradition it is believed that which of the bride and groom is the first to step on the floor during the cutting of the cake, has the final say on future decisions in the joint household. The wedding waltz succeeded with a sore foot in a modern style. We were dancing in multiple weddings in that summer when our circle of friends under thirty got married.

After the wedding party, we set off by car to spend the wedding night at a cabin in wilderness that we rented, which was hard to find. We drove for hours along the plains. Navigators were not yet standard equipment, and smartphones with map applications were not yet on the market. Eventually, I was ready to give up and sleep my wedding night on the back seat of my dad's car, after all it was a warm summer. Petri however did not give up and eventually a place was found. The same unyielding and on the other hand relaxation we would both need several times later in our marriage. On the wedding day, it really felt like nothing could ruin our happiness. And it didn't break, but the future cracks in life were so great that the rising of the water onto the ice could no longer be prevented. I learned that we need to move faster on the points where the ice still carries.

Start of our marriage was a wonderful time. We were curious to try many new things and challenge ourselves. Petri who was constantly assessing risks and trying to avoid high places, would never have thought of voluntarily jumping from a fully operational plane until his stag party took him to parachuting from four kilometres. Based on the training before the jump, he was able to state that sometimes you just have to go and have trust. For the other time, I was able to lure Petri, who is scared horses, to horse riding. The excitement was triggered at the latest when the horse had decided to move out to a bush along the route to feed. When Peter realized he had no way to control the horse, he decided to hold on tight and go where the muzzle shows and enjoy the sun and scenery - even then in the bush.

We were looking for a common hobby. The salsa started moving smoothly, but somewhere at the double helicopter spin, we both ran out of coordination. Golf sounded nice, after all, it includes a lot of outdoors and walks in the manicured park areas. However, the first hour of golf lessons, showed that my "swing" didn't fly a small ball further than a couple of feet. Eventually, the making of children, would become an activity that will fill all our free time.

We often talk about the future and have a dream in common: we want a big family. In addition to biological children, we would like to adopt children. We hope to have four children as the four clover of happiness. We think two of them would be adopted from abroad. We don't know much yet of adoption process.

In the early days of marriage, life flowed with its own weight. Studies progressed, we both got caught up in working life, we got a dog, we were young, healthy and happy. We enjoyed our lives and planned to get our careers off to a good start and to travel before children. Children are made "later sometime in our thirties". We had progressed to this stage in our life together quickly so now it could be slow down a little.

“The pool of blood from which I woke up has wrapped my long hair in its red cloak. At first, I try to open my eyes, but I only see a fog. It’s humming in my head. I can’t understand what happened and why? I am trying to ask, but I can’t make a sound.”

When your desire to be a parent is stronger than the fears of losing one’s own life, you are willing to try everything. Adoption journeys to Africa and China comes with a set of new challenges. Surrogacy takes our couple to abroad. What is the role of taxi driver Mr.Trust when it comes to saving the life of the family on ever-changing conditions in middle of Africa? And where does the husband disappear from Finland just when the wife is seriously ill and undergoing surgery in the hospital?

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