

Behind their brave smiles **DAVID CASSIDY & SHIRLEY JONES**



■ A wordless prayer repeated itself over and over in Shirley Jones' mind as she stared down at her tiny son—inside the oxygen tent.

Her heart lurched with every labored breath the infant took. Only five weeks old! How long could this helpless bit of humanity struggle for each life-giving breath?

His baby features, so newly-formed they were scarcely set in a permanent mold, were pinched with the pain of breathing. His skin was waxen and tinged with the telltale trace of blue. If only she could breathe for him!

"His first actual attack was when he was five weeks," Shirley says, the memory reflecting in her expressive eyes and in the quiet tone of her voice. "It started with that heavy wheezing and he couldn't get his breath."

She breathed deeply herself, as though even now, she could still feel that urgent need to help her little one breathe.

"He started to turn blue!" she said. "I picked him up and rushed him to the doctor. . . ." It's harder for a mother to watch her little one suffer than it is to bear the pain herself. "Then the (Continued on page 62)

