



Kyrgyzstan

Age at Implantation: 18 months

Child: Kanykei

Age Today: 6 years old

We got married in 2010.

Kanykei was our long-awaited child.

We waited for her for ten whole years... ten years of hope, prayers, and tears.

One routine visit to the gynecologist divided our lives into “before” and “after.”

The doctor measured my blood pressure and looked at me strangely.

She asked me to stay in the office.

Fifteen minutes later, an ambulance arrived — I was urgently taken to the perinatal center.

There, a team of doctors met me. After consultation, they said the baby had to be delivered immediately.

My baby was only 29 weeks.

I did not agree...

But no one asked me.

On February 27, 2020, at 5:27 p.m., our Kanykei was born by cesarean section.

She weighed only 1,600 grams.

She was immediately taken to the neonatal intensive care unit.

She was diagnosed with NEC — necrotizing enterocolitis.

She couldn't digest milk on her own, and internal bleeding began.

The doctors fought to save her life, administering strong antibiotics — amikacin and gentamicin.

And it was those medications that caused her deafness.

We stayed in the hospital for exactly one month.

Then we were discharged.

At that time, a COVID-19 outbreak began in the country.

The city went into lockdown.

Checkpoints. Curfew.

We cared for Kanykei at home and had almost no opportunity to show her to doctors.

One day, I accidentally dropped my phone next to her crib.

The sound was loud — it even startled me.

But Kanykei continued to sleep peacefully.

In that moment, my heart tightened.

I began testing her reactions to different sounds — while she slept and while she was awake.
There was no reaction.

We went to an audiologist.
We were referred for an ABR test.
And there we heard the terrible diagnosis — bilateral deafness.

She was only three and a half months old.

They told us about cochlear implantation.
But the surgery cost an enormous amount of money — money we did not have.
We registered and simply waited... and prayed.

In the spring of 2021, surgeons from Qatar came to Kyrgyzstan.
They performed the implantation for our daughter on a charitable basis.

Today, my daughter hears.

After everything we went through — intensive care, fear, quarantine, tears, sleepless nights —
she hears.

And every sound she hears is like a miracle to me.

Like an answer to ten years of waiting and thousands of prayers.

And in the end, I want to say this:

This diagnosis is not the end.

It is not a sentence.

It is the beginning of a difficult but great journey.

There will be sleepless nights.

There will be tears in your pillow.

There will be exhaustion so deep you will want to disappear.



But one day...
You will hear your child's voice.
The first sound. The first word.
And in that moment, you will realize —
you have become stronger than you ever dreamed you
could be.

Your child is not broken.
They are not "less."
They are a special gift entrusted specifically to you.

Do not give up.
Even when you are afraid.
Even when it hurts.
Even when it feels like you have no strength left.

Because beyond that pain — there is light.
And I know this.

I walked through that darkness...
and today I hear my daughter say, "Mama."

