

His Way by Tami Scott

I knew it before I knew it. Call it women's intuition or maternal instinct, maybe. But when I looked, I was still delightfully — stunned. Two lines. Two lines. Two lines. I woke up my husband and showed him. He lifted his sleep mask from his eyes to see, then responded cautiously. "It's still really early," he said. That didn't deter me from spreading the news. I put the long-awaited two-line stick in a brown paper bag and with a bounce in my step, skipped to my parent's house — a one-minute walk away.

They greeted me at the door, wondering what exactly I was so excited to tell them. When they looked in the bag, their emotions were a combination of surprise, disbelief maybe, and concern. I was 44 years old but felt like I was 30. Those first moments were the biggest high for me. My sister came with me for my first appointment to confirm the pregnancy; Teo was traveling for work.

After the exam, the doctor sat down and told me I had a very large uterine fibroid, which, with no uncertain terms, would affect my pregnancy. If I were to carry to term — and that was a BIG IF — I would be in tremendous pain. There was a very good chance I would miscarry. "Don't tell anyone at this point," he said. I snickered, of course, picturing my brown paper bag swinging back and forth as I ran to tell my parents. "I'm serious," he said.

That night I went home and sobbed. And sobbed and sobbed. I sobbed the next day and night, and the next day and night. There was no consoling me. I switched practices almost immediately and was comforted over the phone by a sweet voice who welcomed me as a new patient. They were well-versed in pregnancies with older moms and didn't even sound the alarms when I told them my age. And so, the journey began.

We told our two newly-adopted older children (our daughter was 12, our son, 6) about the little one on the way. Leidy was ecstatic with the news, Sergio not so much in the beginning. He only liked the "word" baby, he told me when I asked him what he thought.

My appointments came and went. Not once did I feel pain while carrying my baby. The fibroid was still there. The doctors could feel it. It was big. But it caused no issues. I didn't even experience morning sickness. My cravings were gulping big, tall glasses of cold milk and sipping on soda through a straw. Eventually, I did develop gestational hypertension, which was controlled with medication.

Mom and I shopped for two outfits — one for a girl and one for a boy — to have wrapped by a retail clerk for our gender reveal party later that evening. I knew I was having a boy. Not because I peeked and saw "boy" scribbled on the paper, but because I just knew - just like when I knew before I knew. I had always believed I'd have three children — two boys and a girl. I just never dreamed they'd all come at once.

Within a year and a half, I was blessed to be the mom of a pre-teen, a six-year-old, and a newborn. Our ways are not God's ways, and though we may not always understand what's going on, or the why's or the when's, I've learned it's always best to set aside what we think should happen, to allow for what God knows is best to happen. When you let go and let God, you'll never be let down.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways," declares the Lord. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts. Isaiah 55:8-9

