

“And I Laughed....”

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I was taking fertility drugs in an attempt to have another child. I was 42 years of age, and counting....Two years earlier, I had the “understanding” I would successfully deliver when I was 43 years of age. A close friend of mine had a “vision” I would be able to have another baby.

They said I could not get pregnant again because my eggs were too old.... They said we should quit trying.... Later they said the fertility drugs produced two follicles - but only one was viable. Many weeks later, the ultrasound showed we had twins - and I laughed...

Earlier, they said the odds were extremely slim that I would be able to conceive. They said the odds were only 50% that I would keep a baby, if I did conceive. And now they would not even make odds of my keeping twins. They said I would definitely lose at least one of the babies.

With the anxiety surrounding our fertility attempts, I decided to make a quilt to express my feelings. I decided the quilt would either be a mirror image of our only child, Ashley (indicating I would only be able to have one live birth) , or the quilt would be a scene of Ashley looking out of a window with another child looking in the window (indicating we would be able to have another live birth). I decided the quilt would tell me what to do and where to go when the time came.

The quilt progressed smoothly enough until it came time to design the face. Time and time again, I tried to “hear” what the quilt told me to quilt. However, I was unable to “see” what the face was supposed to look like. I reworked the

face repeatedly until I gave up in desperation, and decided to merely reflect Ashley's face. I decided I would need to learn to be happy with the outcome if this was to symbolize the results of our fertility work...

At exactly half way through the normal pregnancy (20 weeks out of 40 weeks), I bled. I had complete placenta previa. They said I would definitely bleed again - it was just a matter of when it would occur. They said women don't bleed that early and still deliver healthy babies. They said if I bled again before 24 weeks, they would merely deliver the babies and hand them to us to die in our arms. There would be nothing they could do for our little ones. And they said there was a risk that I could hemorrhage and bleed to death.

I was hospitalized 5 times. Each time they were fearful of early delivery. Each time, I went home - still pregnant. I finally delivered healthy twin girls exactly one week after my 43rd. birthday!

This morning (in 1998), as I wrote about my quilt, my 14 month old daughter Heather squealed "No!" as she threw her biscuit on the floor. She promptly began to dance to her Mam-Maw's singing. My 14 month old daughter Brooke hollered "Uh-oh!" as she vaulted her milk towards the sink. My 5 ½ year old daughter Ashley once again asked when her little sisters would be finished eating breakfast so she could play with them.

And I laughed as I gave thanks....