



Mom, I'm Pregnant

By Lynne Cobb

With any luck, after all my efforts, a car will finally fit in there, I thought to myself, as I tackled the very last bastion of boxes stored in the garage from our recent move.

Then I happened upon the baby toys. Just peering into the bag brought back a flood of memories of my children being tiny.

As I played with a rattle, my oldest daughter, Rachel, then 20 years old, walked into the garage. I started to tell her how I was saving these toys for my future grandchildren, when she said one simple word: "Mom."



It was the *way* she said it that made me brace myself. In the seconds it took for her to speak, my mind went in a million directions as I felt panic. Oh Lord, aren't we going through enough right now? My spouse is in a war zone; I had to change jobs because of the burden of full-time work during this deployment; my dad was beginning to show symptoms of Alzheimer's disease. What now?

Then she spoke. "Mom, I'm pregnant."

My head started spinning. My daughter is *what?* Pregnant? Just barely engaged, Rachel found herself facing an unplanned pregnancy. Questions zipped through my brain, coming at me faster than I could speak.

How does this happen to a top-achieving college student? What about the degree she is just shy of obtaining? How are we going to tell her dad, half a world away? How can this be explained to her siblings, two who are considerably younger and didn't really know how "it" happened? What will family

members, co-workers, and church members, say? How does this happen to a "good, Christian family"?

Desperately wanting to scream those questions at her, I looked into her tearful eyes and whispered, "We're here for you."

**"THE WISE WOMAN BUILDS HER HOUSE,
BUT WITH HER OWN HANDS THE FOOLISH
ONE TEARS HERS DOWN."** PROVERBS 14:1

Getting angry and peppering her with questions would have done nothing more than to upset and alienate her. Instead, I asked the Holy Spirit to guide me. My daughter really needed me now, probably more than ever. She was afraid.

Fears raced through my head too. I knew we had to help her graduate from college and that being pregnant would

make that goal even more difficult. As a woman and a mom, I also had to deal with the knowledge that my baby would have to go through the discomfort and possible complications that come with pregnancy, labor, and delivery.

A lot of selfish emotions and thoughts swept over me. I was embarrassed by the situation. I know how people react, and how judgmental even fellow believers can be. People would think we were terrible parents! Even vanity came into play; I was only 45 years old — too young, in my opinion, to be a grandmother, especially since our youngest child was only nine-years old.

We geared up for the looks and whispers of gossip and judgment. But the fear of being labeled as “terrible parents” melted away when we realized that we raised a daughter who chose life over convenience, who chose life over fear of embarrassment. It took nine months for that precious baby to develop and for me to process this change in our lives.

As Rachel’s pregnancy progressed, I became more and more excited. I looked at the ultrasound pictures over and over. I listened to that little heartbeat. I was a phone-dialing maniac when Rachel’s fiancé called from the hospital and said, “She’s here! Nine pounds, two ounces and the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen!”



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“DO NOT BE ANXIOUS ABOUT ANYTHING, BUT IN EVERYTHING, BY PRAYER AND PETITION, WITH THANKSGIVING, PRESENT YOUR REQUESTS TO GOD.”

PHILIPPIANS 4:6

It is amazing how fast the brain works in panic mode. Whom do I call? Should I tell anyone? Should I tell my husband now or wait until he comes home from Iraq? Well, the Lord works in mysterious ways: As I was drowning in emotions and questions, the phone rang — an overseas call from the war zone.

I prayed for direction. I prayed for air, feeling as if I couldn’t breathe. *Jesus, throw me a life jacket.*

After 20 years of marriage, my husband and I know when something is wrong by a simple look or sound of expression. I barely said hello ... and paused.

“What’s wrong?” he asked. He knew by my tone that something was amiss. So with his call began the sharing of the news that a baby was on its way.

An unplanned pregnancy can be good news and bad news. The good news is that God has created a brand new life and that the mother chose life. The bad news is the shock factor. An unplanned pregnancy — that always happens to someone else’s daughter.

Grandchildren are the crown of the aged, and the glory of children is their fathers (Proverbs 17:6 ESV).

A sobbing fool, I stood hand-in-hand with my husband — now back home — as we watched our first grandchild get cleaned up in the nursery. I snapped a zillion pictures of that beautiful baby girl.

When Rachel and I had a quiet moment together with baby Sarah, we relived that harrowing moment when she told me she was pregnant. I laughed at the irony of going through baby toys as the proverbial “pregnancy bomb” was dropped.

With tears in her eyes, Rachel explained there was no irony. “Mom, when I found out, I prayed and prayed for a way to tell you,” she said. “And He answered.”

Yes, indeed He did.



“CAST ALL YOUR ANXIETY ON HIM BECAUSE HE CARES FOR YOU” 1 PETER 5:7