

They Keep You Young

by Annette

My husband and I were married almost 11 years ago at the young age of 35 and 40 years (me being 40 of course!). We wanted a little marital bliss so we waited a good three months before trying to conceive a child. We spent very little time letting nature take its course and almost immediately began the fertility work-up. We found out the probability of becoming pregnant was very low. At age 42 and 37, we decided to forego the medicine and science and begin our family through adoption. The education and decisions began.

After about a year of research we chose Adoption Choices and began the process of domestic adoption. So now at age 43 and 38, we were finally going to become parents. We were full of energy and could not wait, but that is what we did. We waited and waited for two more years (which is a whole other story) with many disappointments before our wonderful daughter came home. We would get discouraged, and so many people would say, "Your baby has not been born yet." We did not believe this until the day she was born, and we held Maria in our arms. As every day passes and she develops her personality, we see that there is no way she was not meant for us.

When Maria was two years old we decided we would love to have another child. In the interest of time, we chose international adoption assuming the process would be shorter and hopefully by age 48 and 43, we would have a second child. When the international process was prolonged, we decided we were getting too old and abandoned our hopes of having a second child.

This decision turned out to be short-lived. Just a few weeks after making this decision, we received one of those infamous telephone calls while on vacation that only Raquel can make. She told us there was a baby in Las Vegas who would be born in a few weeks and would we be interested? So at age 48 and 43 we brought our son John (Jack) home. A new mom at 48 did not seem too bad. I still had some energy.

What were we thinking? Forty-eight and a newborn did not seem bad but now I'm 50 and have a two-year-old boy, no less! Don't get me wrong - being an older parent has many blessings, but there are also many situations I am finding quite amusing. For instance, I am a member of AARP and have a two-year old! Not long ago I had gout and I have a two-year old! I have hot flashes and I have a two-year old! In August my daughter was trying on new fall school clothes for kindergarten and she was hot. She informed me she was having a hot flash. I thought, she is going to go to kindergarten and say this to her teacher and the teacher will say, "How old is your mother?" I need my glasses or longer arms to read my children bedtime stories! And just recently the inevitable did happen - my son was in a grocery cart made for kids and we bumped into a similar cart with a child in it. The woman pushing the cart who looked only a few years older than me was with her grandchild, and said, "It must be Grandma's day out."

All I can say is it is a good thing my husband is younger than me. There is no greater blessing than being a parent at any age!