A Mother's Day Double Blessing

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The irritating jokes began when I was pregnant. When acquaintances and strangers learned I was having twins, many would make some jab about twins being "double trouble."

My husband and I were married for eleven years when I delivered my twins. We had been trying to start a family for six of those years. During that time of waiting, I often wondered if I would ever hear the word "mama" spoken to me.

After a doctor told my husband that it would take an act of God for us to get pregnant, we began praying for that miracle. Besides, I had been a miracle baby. If it happened for my parents, it could happen for us as well.

Shortly after the doctor's discouraging report, it seemed almost cruel, but I began wanting twins. Not knowing where this desire was coming from, I prayed for not only one baby, but to have two at once. Even more specifically, I yearned for boy/girl twins. But the clock kept ticking, and month after month held disappointment. A few more years passed when we realized we needed to make a decision. My husband and I weighed our options, considering adoption as well as in-vitro fertilization.

I am the type who contemplates every angle when making an important decision. "Would the embryologist and the fertility specialist get it right? How would the medications affect me?" And then there was the cost. "What if we spend thousands of dollars and the procedure is unsuccessful?" It felt like so many things could go wrong. However, since I am an only child, and my husband is also from a small family, we longed for a baby of our own. Despite my misgivings, we forged ahead with IVF.

When my nurse called with the results, I let it go to voicemail so that my husband and I could hear the news at the same time. Waiting for him to get off work, I spent the moments staring at my phone, fearing another letdown. I could sense my stomach churning, but as we listened to the message, the apprehension quickly turned into euphoria. Finally, a positive pregnancy test! Several days later, I felt even more ecstatic when I learned I was expecting twins. To compound the amazement, the twenty-week ultrasound revealed yet another answer to prayer. I would be having a boy *and* a girl!

When they were tiny, tears of happiness blurred my eyes the first time I heard my twins say, "Mama." Such joy overwhelmed my emotions at hearing the word I had once craved. Yet, as my twins grow older, sometimes when they yell, "*Mom!"*, I just want to be left alone. I am unable to always mask the annoyance in my voice when I retort, "*What?"* On the days when I feel drained, craving a break from motherly responsibilities, I catch myself. I remember those jubilant tears at first hearing my twins call me "mama" and I am reminded of how fortunate I am.

I cannot imagine life without my two. I hear double the laughter, experience double the fun, observe double the creativity, share in double the silliness, and I receive double the love. Each child is so cherished. I have been given the privilege of mothering two unique, vibrant, and sweet personalities.

My babes, who were born the Friday after Mother's Day, and whose birthday sometimes even falls on Mother's Day, are *not* double trouble. To me, my twins are a Mother's Day double blessing.