
Subject: A Navel Orange and the temperament of an expectant mother

Posted by [Jamie](#) on Mon, 11 Jul 2011 15:30:54 GMT

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I can't see jumping from the size of a lemon to the size of a Navel Orange in one short week, but here we are. I'm told that the uterus is roughly the size of a grapefruit - which explains the expansion. Today, I am 15 weeks and 4 days, with approximately 171 days to go!

What is sad is I moved into maternity clothing for comfort a few weeks ago. I'm now wearing them because I *have* to. At least the pants. There wasn't much of a selection for plus-sized gals to begin with, so I purchased three pairs of the same capri jean pants and plan on cycling through them. Later I purchased some maternity shirts that were a bit more form fitting than my "big tees" and thought I looked more pregnant than big-shirt sloppy. DH has been insisting I look pregnant, and I've been strutting around feeling quite proud of looking pregnant rather than fat. Only to have that ego crushed when going to see two groups of people I haven't seen since discovering my pregnancy...to have zero people notice. I announced to a couple of people within both groups about the expected delivery - and of course they all "Oh, really? You are?" Franklin wisely pointed out to me how dangerous it is to approach a woman and ask if she's pregnant before she announces. Otherwise, I was a bit - really, I look this fat normally?

I've been full of the inappropriate and uncomfortable responses. It seems the closer in relation to you the more awkward and forward the questions are...no, it seems the more pressing they are for an actual answer to their questions. When my husband's eternal bachelor friend asked "Again? Don't you know what causes that by now?" I know why he's an eternal bachelor, LOL. As for the "again" my last child (and I only have three) was born 19 years ago...it's not like I'm having one every year. And for the uncooth "don't you know what causes it" part, I know that he, unlike my mother-in-law, isn't really asking if it was planned (MIL went so far as to want to know protection uses, and frequency and - I'll just say this was all asked in front of other people, strangers, waiting for a table in a restaurant...a week or so after my husband failed to give her that same info).

So, it seems, in the eyes and heart of a pregnant woman there is no really right way to recognize a pregnancy. Personally I think people should limit things to congratulations, how exciting, you look fantastic, when is the baby due, and are you planning on finding out the gender? Then take cues from there before proceeding.

The weather has been hot - and I'm always accompanied by a water bottle. The exercise has gone down because I was so out of practice with the morning sickness. Crossing my fingers, the morning sickness seems to have passed, with the occasional bout of nausea remaining.

Headaches have returned...and the moods, while controllable, are of the weepy (and whiney) variety.

My eldest daughter and I roamed Target yesterday to price things like baby socks and plain white onsies...and then I was struck against buying anything. My girls fit into newborn clothing, my son went right to 3-6 months. I thought against my ingrained desire to buy nothing until the month the baby arrived, feeling it might be better to spend a little bit of change here and there so we wouldn't feel all the \$\$ go at once accompanied by the delivery bill. Too, though, I don't want to be shopping during Thanksgiving/Christmas holiday traffic (when the baby is due). I've decided this week to pick up some yarn and try my hand at making items for the layette instead.

Subject: Re: A Navel Orange and the temperament of an expectant mother
Posted by [Tamara E](#) on Tue, 12 Jul 2011 01:39:17 GMT
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Oh Jamie, I am just so excited for you still. What a wonderful thing to be able to get ready for another new little one! I loved being able to put together clothes and supplies from scratch with my last one. I had given all of my baby things away years before (except for just a select few special outfits) and I needed everything. Of course, I also knew from experience what I *really* needed and what I could do without. ;)

Making things for your new baby sounds like a beautiful way to pass the time. I can't tell you how many quilts, crocheted blankets, receiving blankets, etc., I made for my babies over all those months. I loved to cross-stitch little designs on tiny gowns, too. As I'd work, I'd picture myself soon being able to hold my little one in my arms. Bliss!

Forget all the ignorant negative comments. They are just showing how little they understand about God's precious blessings! :)

And enjoy wearing those maternity clothes! ;) Fun! Fun! Fun!

(OK, you can probably tell I have baby fever right now. ;))

With love and hugs,
Tamara