

Their Bun, Our Oven: Memoirs of a Surrogate
Excerpt – They Said Yes

With Brandon's blessing, the next conversation was with Olivia. She was four years old and, unlike Christina, would be very aware of what was happening as far as my stomach growing and understanding there was a baby in there, and I felt like she should be part of this conversation from the start.

So I crawled into bed with her at bedtime as usual. Her white-blond hair and gray-blue eyes shone up from her pink pillow. I could see so much of her father in her, with a big heart to match. I snuggled up next to her, read books, then we both stared up at the princess pictures above her bed while we talked about the day. After a few minutes, I took my opportunity.

"Hey, Olivia, I have a friend, and her tummy is sick and won't let her have a baby in her tummy." I turned my head to face her so I could watch her reaction. Her little eyebrows squished together softly as she thought.

"What's her name?"

"Her name is Allison."

Her eyes searched the pictures above her for a moment. "And she doesn't have a baby?"

"No, sweet girl, she doesn't."

"Does she want a baby?" Her little voice was starting to rise in pitch and do that little tremble it does when she gets sad.

I took in her face, her little chin cupped up into her bottom lip as her face formed a frown. "Yes, she does. Daddy and I are thinking I could put her baby in my tummy and let her baby grow. Then when the baby is big and healthy and ready to come out, we could give her, her baby. What do you think about that?"

Her little eyebrows squished together a bit harder. "But how will the baby get in your tummy?"

My eyes widened as I searched for the right thing to say. *Snap. I didn't think about THAT question.* "Well, there is a nice doctor, and he is going to put the baby in through my belly button."

She paused a moment, then started to nod. "Yeah, Mommy, let's do that."

I noticed I was holding my breath and exhaled quietly. I wasn't exactly expecting that question, and I'm definitely not having a conversation with my four-year-old at bedtime about my cervix. Thank God for their sweet innocence and for quick thinking. I sat up to lean on my elbow so she could see me. "Okay, cakes, we'll do that. Do you have any questions about it yet?"

She paused for a moment. "No."

I brushed her hair around her face with my hand. "We can talk more tomorrow, okay?" She nodded, her eyebrows softened, and the pouted lip was hardly even noticeable now. Her little brain couldn't fully understand what I was asking her, but her heart wanted to help. We said our prayers. I told her how much I loved her, and I kissed her good night.

Back in the living room, I picked up my phone, opened up my email, and replied to my most recent email from Rozanne.

Well, I talked with hubby, and the Jones family is all in.

I pressed send and hugged my phone into my chest. I felt a warmth in my heart, and a smile softly rested on my face. I exhaled deeply, recognizing the gravity of the situation before me. My phone chimed.

Yay! They feel the same. When do you think you would be ready to start?

Tears welled up in my eyes as my smile reached my ears.

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Wow! This is so awesome! Regarding starting, let's see, what time is it?
Ha ha! We are ready to start moving forward, if they are ready. What
is the order of operations from here and general expected timeline?

Yes, it sure is! I'll call you tomorrow and explain everything going
forward.

Still smiling, I set down my phone.

Holy smokes. That just happened.

My mind was going a million, happy miles an hour. I turned my head to the sound of the garage
door opening as Brandon walked in.

"We're matched! They said yes!"