

Their Bun, Our Oven: Memoirs of a Surrogate  
Excerpt – Stop It

I cried the ENTIRE way home.

I didn't even really know why. I couldn't peg one certain thought or reason or emotion that was causing it. But I couldn't stop. That hint of relief popped up. That, whew, thank goodness, I wasn't giving up my body for the next nine months. Pregnancy was tough. But the whole rest of me was devastated. I thought it would be one thing if I could still be matched with Allison. It would be okay. We could try again. But we couldn't. If this baby didn't happen, I would lose her, and the thought of that made my chest physically hurt.

I felt angry at that feeling of relief, even though I knew it was just my fears. As much as I felt like I'd prepared, I didn't know what this was going to feel like. It hurt so much *not* happening. What would it happening feel like? By the time I made it home, the tears had stopped, and I recognized that I wanted nothing more than for this baby to happen, and things were not looking good.