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The Miracle of Birth

A woman is pregnant for approximately nine months. Within that nine months are trimesters, "tri" meaning three. Many women have said that they loved being pregnant, but I like to refer to the trimesters as the puking and crying stage, the fat stage, and the always-have-to-pee stage.

In the first trimester, the baby is developing its nervous system and other important little body parts. While all of this is happening inside, the mom-to-be is usually puking her guts up. The fun doesn't stop there, however. Hormone levels skyrocket, and all of a sudden, mom-to-be is crying over the slightest thing, such as a McDonald's commercial being cute or sweet.

The second trimester is usually slightly gentler on one's stomach. That may be because it has now doubled in size, along with mom's butt and thighs. The baby is growing faster now, and the vital organs are developing. The baby is beginning to do somersaults, and suddenly there is a new stabbing sensation, almost as if the baby is using mom's ribs for gymnastic rings. Comfort is now a thing of the past.

The third trimester never goes by fast enough. For some odd reason, sleep is completely out of the question in the last stages of pregnancy. Perhaps the lack of sleep is due to the up-and-coming gymnast in mom's stomach or the five hundred trips to the bathroom in one night. The many sleepless nights may also be attributed to the anticipation of not having to pee five hundred times a night or having a waist again. The baby is now gaining about a pound a week, and all the

intricate fine tunings of development are happening on the major organs, hair, and skin.

Pregnancy is a wonderful experience as long as puking, gaining forty to sixty pounds, and peeing five hundred times a night do not bother the mom-to-be. To me, pregnancy was a bummer, but like the old saying goes, “no pain, no gain.” The end definitely justifies the means, and now that I can control my bladder and have most of my waist back, the fun really starts.