

Life is full of surprises

By Jo McCormick

Park Ridge resident

My husband and I were at this time bracing ourselves to the fact that our oldest two children (not quite a year difference in their ages) would be leaving the nest come late August/early September. They were about to embark into the realm of higher education, one, Bryan, to Hastings college and the other one, Rhonda, to Kearney.

Another startling revelation was that a new little fledgling would be filling one empty spot in the nest. This surprised not only us but others as well. Our five children took the news quite well.

I had some concerns that the two older ones ready to go off to college might be grossed out to think Mom and Dad still did “that.” They were actually so excited they blurted out all the details to my brother and sister-in-law (Jerry and Shirley) who had come to Palisade to watch three of our kids play in a basketball game. Palisade was Shirley’s alma mater.

My brother’s only comment was, “Have you told Mom and Dad yet?” Well, no, I hadn’t, but neither had I planned that anyone would find out at a basketball game. However, that was probably preferable to how my husband was informed.

We, just he and I, were returning from somewhere, don’t recall where we’d been. Traffic was heavy, we were on Highway 30. Not really paying attention to that traffic I quietly told him, “I’m pregnant.”

He was passing a truck but handled the whole situation quite well as we did not have an accident. His comment was, “Well, we avoided a traffic accident, but the other accident you just informed me of will take some time to recover from, say maybe 21 years!”

Our youngest child at the time, Chelle, made her announcement of the news at “show and tell” in school one day. She got in a bit of trouble with her teacher. The teacher and her teacher husband were friends of ours. In fact, I baby-sat for their son while they were teaching our children.

Our daughter was admonished for telling a “fib” to get attention. Chelle staunchly reiterated her news when given the opportunity to “fess up.”

The teacher called me to advise me I might need to help deal with the child’s need to be noticed. It was easy to deal with for me—I told the teacher “she is telling the truth.” Surprise!! Having a “new” baby was the end of a nine-year reign as “baby” of the family for our youngest.

With the advent of the birth of Angie, Chelle was not always kosher with the concept of time/share. Eight (counting parents) is surely enough!!

August of 1978 was quite eventful. Just a sample of some of the happenings: due to deliver a baby at any time mother (me) and family attended an East/West All-Star football game that our oldest son was playing in the first weekend of the month; our sixth child was born on the 10th of the month and that baby’s mother turned 40 on the 19th of the month.

Life just progressed and happened the rest of 1978, but with each passing day it seemed Mom

(me) probably should think about becoming employed outside the home again.

Joshua 1:9 Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you.