

# Grandma's Double Blessing

My life as a grandmother started with a whirlwind of excitement, much like Steve Martin's in the movie, Father of the Bride Part II. I identified with his situation because two of my daughters were in labor at the same time and gave birth 66 minutes apart.

I'll never forget the Thanksgiving Day when Kathy, my oldest daughter, announced that she and her husband, Foster, were going to have a baby after waiting five years. A month later Dori, my youngest daughter, announced that she, too, was pregnant.

OK, I thought to myself. I have two pregnant daughters. No problem. I was to have a grandchild born in July and one in August. I often teased the girls, saying: "You better not have your babies the same day. And if you do, you better have them in the same hospital!"