

# A Tribute to Ms. Ann

My mother and I had some pretty rough times while I was growing up. Looking just like her didn't help. Everyone constantly compared us, from our clothing to the way we carried ourselves to our personalities. No wonder we clashed so much.

Years later, my husband and I found out we were pregnant with our first child. I prayed and prayed during the weeks leading up to the ultrasound that I would have a boy. My husband wanted a girl because, as he put it, there was "way too much testosterone in his family."

My desire for a boy was deeply rooted in pain and anguish. We wagered with each other up to the day of the ultrasound.