

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!"

I felt the tension of having two pregnant daughters. I jumped every time the phone rang and slept with one eye open.

"Mom, what does labor feel like?" Dori asked one day, seeming a little more than curious. As she explained her symptoms, I decided that we should go to the doctor, who admitted Dori into the hospital in Central California immediately.

I walked out of Dori's labor room to find that Kathy was being admitted also. Oh my, I thought, as my mind raced excitedly. They're going to do it after all! They're going to have their babies at the same time.

The girls were in a large room with only a curtain as a divider. I asked them if they minded if we opened the curtain so I could be with both of them. I paced and prayed at the foot of their beds that were beside each other.

I watched their monitors making large hills at two minutes apart as they had their contractions. It was as if they were both connected to the same monitor. I felt my whole being tense up, and I held my breath until the contractions eased.

It was time; Dori went first. Standing outside the delivery room I could hear the baby crying at the top of her lungs at 12:59 a.m. I heard through the doors, "It's a girl."

When I went into the room, there was little Miss Tiffany, weighing 5 pounds, 14 ounces. As the doctors settled Dori, I went to check on Kathy.

Suddenly Kathy's nurses rushed her out of the labor room and headed for a delivery room. They called the doctor out of Dori's room, and he hurried to Kathy's just in time.

Again, standing outside the room with my heart now racing from the adrenaline, I could hear a baby crying loudly. "It's a boy," I heard through the doors at 2:05 a.m.

When I was finally allowed to see my daughter, she had my new 9-lb. grandson, Marcus, with her. Kathy was released to take Marcus home that afternoon.

Tiffany's breathing wasn't normal so the doctor wanted to keep her for observation. Then the call came. Tiffany had a hole in her lung.

We headed for the hospital immediately. My heart broke when I saw our precious little girl in an incubator alone in the empty hallway with tubes everywhere.

Moments later, I drove Dori and her husband to Valley Children's Hospital in Fresno, trying to keep up with the ambulance. Dori asked me to pray for Tiffany. "And pray out loud, Mom," she said.

"Dori, I can't pray and drive at the same time; I'll cry," I replied. But I could see that she was sincere so I prayed for

Tiffany, crying and driving 70 mph down the freeway with blurred vision.

When I said "Amen," I remembered a Scripture from Jeremiah 31:16, which gave me hope that Tiffany wouldn't die. I shared it with Dori: "Refrain your voice from weeping and your eyes from tears, your children shall return from the land of the enemy."

In a few minutes Dori began to recount the testimonies of miracles she had witnessed at church and said with strong faith and determination, "Tiffany's going to make it."

Tiffany remained in intensive care for two days and was home on the third day, healed and gaining weight.

The special "twins" are 14 now, and Marcus is more than a foot taller than Tiff, but she will always hold it over him that she is the older of the two-by 66 minutes!