

# Last night I dreamed I was pregnant

Last night I dreamed I was pregnant. I was 23 weeks along and I was having a girl. Naturally because I am so good at overthinking, I woke up worrying about how we would need to help our older sons adjust to this news.

Of course when I woke up I wasn't pregnant. And all I had to worry about was how we were going to get everyone out the door on time for school.

Now before you get excited, I should confirm for you that this was definitely a dream, and that I'm not entirely sure why my subconscious mind decided to explore this as a possibility.

What's funny to me is that when I woke up, I thought, "I should write this down! What if we happen to adopt another child at some point and this date really matters?" That's the kind of meaningful idea I have in the morning before I have my coffee.

It was a funny kind of a dream to have, except that I had visited with a friend who is expecting and is more than halfway along and having a girl. So even if you're not a professional dream analyst, you can probably connect the dots there.

The best part about having the dream was that when I woke up, I wasn't disappointed. Don't get me wrong. Having a baby would be absolutely wonderful news. But for some time now I have recognized that that just isn't the way God is going to grow our family. And I have accepted that.

The other day when one of our sons said matter-of-factly—and out of nowhere—"Mama, I don't think you will ever have a baby," I agreed that that was probably true. I realized that I responded without any pain or sadness.

"I have two baby boys," I told him. Then we laughed as he reminded me that they are very big boys—8 and almost 6. And they are.

I don't know what the future holds. At this point I don't expect our family to grow, but I also never assume anything. I am always surprised by people who know their family has finished growing. I hear people say, "We are done," and I wonder, how do they know? How can you possibly know when God is finished working in your life? How do you know He won't find a way to send another child to you?

For me, all I know is that right now John and I feel so blessed to have our two sons, two boys who are brothers through and through.

And that's a dream come true.



***But if you're looking for a blogger who actually has news of a baby on the way, you should visit my fellow Catholic Review blogger Robyn's post!***