

A Wonderful Thing

By Suzy Hopkins

In May of 1974 I was going on nine months pregnant. Big as a house. The only thing that fit me was a brightly colored muumuu that I wore over my maternity jeans, every day, as I raked the past years of leaves in the woods surrounding my New Hampshire lakefront home. I had quit my job a month before my due date so I killed time doing a job that needed to be done. That muumuu was getting shabbier every day but I didn't care. The only person who saw me was my husband, Tony.

One day Tony told me we had been invited by my good friend Linda to a Red Sox game in Boston. I agreed to go to interrupt the boredom. When we were getting dressed to go my husband questioned my muumuu outfit. I said, "I have nothing else that fits." He was persistent with his line of questioning but I said, "I don't care what I look like. It's a baseball game." I was wearing my Red Sox baseball cap over my messy ponytail.

We arrived at my friend's mansion in a ritzy neighborhood in Boston. When Linda answered the door she said, "Come on in for a minute. I'm not quite ready." She said to wait in the living room that had elegant closed doors. When I opened the double doors I was greeted with "Surprise!" Oh my god! Everyone I have ever known in my life was filling that huge room – high school friends, past and recent co-workers, my sisters and my church friends. Linda had thoroughly beaten the bushes to find my friends. I was so embarrassed because now I was the center of attention for the next few hours and since I looked like a homeless person I just wanted to hide.

A baby shower is a wonderful thing. Babies are expensive because you need so many things. We got a crib, playpen, bouncy chair, of course hundreds of diapers and many cute outfits and pj's all in baby sizes. Thanks must be given that I was a mom-to-be in a country where everything is readily available as opposed to in a refugee camp or where poverty is the norm.