

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 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 to a Red Sox game in Boston by my good friend Linda. 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 just outside Boston. When my friend 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 I just wanted to hide.

A baby shower is a wonderful thing. Babies are expensive since you need so many things that you don't have. We got a crib, playpen, bouncy chair and of course hundreds of diapers.