

The Beauty of Boys

Before I became a mother of boys, I would've have told you there was nothing beautiful about them. I had one brother growing up and he was plenty! **I was more than a little surprised when our first 5 kids were boys.** Especially, since I'd made it known before we had any that we were going to have the perfect family with 3 girls ☐ And for very good reasons: boys don't like to take baths, they play with frogs, snakes and other creepy critters, they laugh at gross things, and they're just generally not as pleasant to be around as girls, right?!

I remember the first time I looked at the sweet face of my first-born son...instant love that seemed very old. During a phone conversation shortly after with my best friend, I told her that I was totally in love with my new little appendage and **if I never had any more children, I was more than blessed. And I meant it!** Thankfully, God blessed us with a half-dozen more!



When we're out in public, we often seem to attract a little attention. I think I've heard it all ... and quite surprised that **complete strangers so willingly offer their amazingly scripted commentary about why we have so many kids and tips on how we can prevent it from happening.** I just smile and wave and find the fastest escape route!

However, it's more difficult to escape on an elevator. I was pregnant with our 6th child and my 5 little men and I were on our way up to the 8th floor to see the pediatrician. Directing her gaze at my very large belly, a stranger said with a cynical laugh, **"I bet you're hoping this one's a girl aren't you?"**

Thankfully, the door opened for her to get off along with her

laugh leaving me with 10 little eyeballs looking up at me. My heart sank. **I wasn't "hoping" for a girl so I wouldn't have a boy, nor could I produce any words in that moment before the elevator door opened again for us to get off.** I wasn't surprised by the question ... I'd heard it plenty of times, believe me. But I was amazed that she asked in front of my boys. I never for one second want my boys to think that they were just a stepping stone to get my girl. I've had people ask me a bazillion times if we're trying to get "that girl." Or, "why don't you just adopt a girl...that would be easier?!"

Quite honestly, after mothering boys over the years, I realized there aren't as many layers with boys and raising them seemed to be much more straightforward for my brain. **God knew what He was doing.**

And it's definitely



something



beautiful!