

Beyond the Surface

I won't get to publish this today, because my first post about pregnancy is going to be happy and bright. Don't get me wrong, I am beyond excited to become a mother with my very best friend as this baby's father. Nevertheless, along with the physical changes I am experiencing, mentally I am changing, too. My thought processes are different. My instincts no longer reflect the preservation of self, but the preservation of someone that I haven't met--my dear, sweet 12 week old baby.

I am a cynic. I have always had a bit of cynicism in myself. I also honestly used to care far more of what people thought of me and if I had the approval of everyone I met. Over the last six weeks that I've been aware of this pregnancy--I have changed.

I am quiet to a degree. I initially could not keep my secret to an extent. I waited two days to tell my family and my husband's. I talk to my mom everyday, and I pressed ignore on her phone call because I knew that I'd spill the beans and I wanted a little more time to myself. After doing a happy dance and smiling for what seemed like hours, my mind began racing to thoughts of the world in which my baby would grow up.

I want my baby to be brave, kind, and smart. Knowing what I know about the school system, I am not sure that I trust public schools. I do not trust most people in this world. I will not be able to "shelter" my baby from the bad in this world and that realization scared me. My pregnancy was immediately classified as high risk by a doctor thanks to some pre-existing health issues, but once I found out that I was pregnant I classified my baby's life as high risk.

Pregnancy makes some women more optimistic and empathetic. I, on the other hand, feel quiet, contemplative, frustrated with the world's state, and scared out of my mind. I find myself appreciating life, but also questioning other's actions consistently: didn't their moms teach them better? how can I raise my child to be kind when the world can be filled with such cruelty? what can I do to make this baby see the good that I have seen in this world even though I struggle to see it now? how can teach love and caution?

I am cynical and grumpy. I am happiest on my couch with tea, my cat, a good show, and my husband watching YouTube nearby. I am quiet. I am worried. I am numb. I am excited. I am pregnant. I guess all other concerns other than that last statement need to fall aside for now. I try to be kind to myself, stating that my pregnant state is temporary, and I need to be at least pleasant if I won't stop being grumpy.

Suddenly, what I wear, what is on my resume, and where I've been seem minimized in the grand scheme of my life. My sole responsibility is not to present myself in a manner that makes others proud, but in a way that is conducive to giving this baby the best life possible and that paradigm shift has left me in awe.

I have never felt more grateful and scared. Ever.

Has anyone else felt this before?

P.S. Mom, don't worry. I'm not depressed.