

A BIG mistake!

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By ANGEL KANE, *Wilson Living Magazine*

You know THAT feeling you get in the pit of your stomach - when you first realize - you've made a mistake? It hits you like a ton of bricks and then the bricks just lay there at the bottom of your stomach and you think....

....&*%\$*.....this was a BIG mistake!

Your mind races, you hope and pray that you're dreaming, but try as you might to wake up, you soon realize, this is now your life!

So, the other day as my eldest pulled my car into the driveway....I had THAT feeling...and it reminded me of the day she was born.

On the evening we arrived at the hospital for her delivery, all the proper boxes were checked: nursery painted (check), baby clothes purchased (check), books read (check), class taken (check)....we were ready!!

But as the doctor handed her to me, those were not tears of joy. No...that was me crying out...&*%\$*...this was a BIG mistake!!

When all the well-wishers were gone, there we were - just the two of us andthis little pink, squalling creature.

I remember looking at my husband and saying, "I don't think I'll be able to keep her alive."

And my rock, my steady hand, my husband, responded, "I don't think you'll be able to either."

And 6 weeks later when the ambulance pulled up to the house, all I could think was ...
" I told you so!"

She choked, turned blue, 911 was called and we spent the night in the hospital trying to determine what was wrong. The next morning - the doctor came in,
"I think we've found the problem. You told the nurse you're feeding her 8 ounces of milk, 8 times a day."

"Yes - she is like a super baby!" I gushed.

"That is way too much. She can't keep it down and you are basically choking her to death."

I looked at my rock, my steady hand, my husband, and I swear the look in his eyes was - "I knew she would kill her."

And that has been the road we have traveled with my eldest since the day she was born. She has been our "trial and error" child and each and every time she has hit a milestoneI get THAT feeling ...in the pit of my stomach.

I was terrified of leaving her, on her first day of school.
Wanted to throw up, the first time she jumped off the high dive.
Couldn't sleep a wink, her first trip out of town, without me.

But slowly, as she has grown into a responsible young lady, I've come to realize...THAT feeling...isn't always one of impending doom, but instead, sometimes ...just sometimes, it's God's way of having me stop a minute to prepare for a ...BIG blessing.

And so on Sunday when she drove up the driveway, with her father in the passenger seat, she jumped out and screamed, “Did you see me? Daddy let me drive all the way home!! On the road!”

I looked at my rock, my steady hand, my husband and said, “How did it go?”

And looking as pale as he did, as on the day she was born, he said, ...“BIG, BIG, BIG mistake!”

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