

# Jayne Foster



Hi Friend,  
Here's a short story to help you smile, reflect, and rejoice in the journey you're on. I hope this lightens your load and encourages you to keep your eyes on the One who is always a part of your next steps.

Jayne



# Thanksgiving circa 2016

This is one of my favorites. Baron, Brodie, and Scarlett ready for Turkey Day at my parents' house.

## Unconventional Holidays of Thanksgiving...

It's now November- otherwise known as the forgotten month. It's the time of year when we merge leftover Halloween candy with early Christmas shopping. Is it just me or did Halloween get sped up this year? The Home Depot had 15-foot lawn skeletons on display right after the 4th of July. But, I digress...

I remember Thanksgiving being its own distinct holiday as a child. I looked forward to dressing up as a pilgrim with my younger sister to balance out my 3 brothers running around shirtless, donned with war paint to masquerade as Indians. Did the pilgrims look like the characters from Little House on the Prairie? I certainly assumed so. I was a faithful watcher of "Little House," and pinafores weren't that hard to come by in the 80's.

In this forgotten month, I have already totally missed buying festive paper products for our annual Thanksgiving gathering at the deer lease. Paper products are a must at this event. Eleven of us congregate under the roof of a roughly 1,000 sq. foot 3 bedroom and 1 bath home with no dishwasher. We do this in the name of filling our freezers with venison, making memories with cousins, and watching football. I do love to set a table for celebrating, but this year, white Chinet plates will take center stage because now, there's nothing but Christmas patterns in every store. But, in spite of how understated the month of November is on our calendars, it holds my favorite holiday of all. The holiday of 26 weeks.

I began to tell people I was carrying triplets near the end of my first trimester. After experiencing 2 early miscarriages, I arrived at each OB appointment with a mix of fear and anticipation. I kept asking God for more... more days... more days to grow these babies strong and mighty. I was closely monitored with an ultrasound at each and every visit, for it was impossible to determine who's heartbeat was who's with such a high baby census. At all of these early visits, I was assured my babies were growing fabulously right on schedule.

The question I kept getting from friends and coworkers once I shared the news of my growing trio was, “when are you going to be put on bedrest?” I scoffed at the question. The only reason to go on bedrest was if the babies were in danger. Besides, I knew as a women’s health physical therapist, research doesn’t even support bedrest for the prevention of early delivery. Would you greet your friend who shares with you the blessing of buying a new car with the question, “when do you suppose you’ll wreck it?” Would you ask your co-worker who just received a coveted promotion, “when do you expect to get fired?” Why then was everyone around me preoccupied with bedrest right after I shared my glorious news of burgeoning new life? And then it happened, the OB visit that changed it all. Just shy of 20 weeks, my body began preparing to deliver. The consensus of 3 different OB groups was to put me on, drumroll please, you guessed it, BEDREST.

All joking aside, the terrifying part of the bedrest proclamation was not, “how will I survive week after week lying down? It was, instead, “will these babies survive?” At our hospital, if a baby was born prior to 26 weeks, the parents were asked to designate which resuscitation methods should be employed in attempt to save the premature infant. After 26 weeks, the hospital would automatically go full court press with all measures to support life. While there are always exceptions, 26 weeks is the marker for abundant life. So, after 6+ weeks of lying on my right side and then on my left, begging God- pleading with Him in every breath-“please let them make it...” this beautiful threshold was crossed. The Monday of Thanksgiving week, my trio hit 26 weeks. Although we were not even close to being out of the woods on all the potential things that could go wrong, one thing was certain: we were one giant step towards meeting them this side of heaven.

What’s your favorite unconventional holiday of thanksgiving? Is it the day you heard the words, “cancer-free?” Is it the day a broken relationship was reconciled? Is the day you got engaged or married your sweetheart? Is it the day you got the acceptance letter in the mail, or the day a loved one got out of rehab? Is it the day your deployed son returned from overseas? Or is it the day your youngest child became fully potty-trained? There is always much to celebrate and always much to be thankful for, especially our unconventional holidays.

Wishing great blessings to you and yours and greater awareness of how the One who made us pours out undeserved favor upon our lives.

Blessings to you and yours,

Jayne



**REMEMBER, FRIENDS, IN ALL THE THINGS YOU CHASE, IT IS GOD WHO IS CHASING YOU. JAYNE FOSTER**

**Jayne Foster**

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