

My Story

It all started on a little road trip with my mother. She began to tell me about this book she was reading...I was already not interested. Then she handed me a dime and told me to look at President Roosevelt's ear. I took the dime in my hand and rotated it to see this ever-so-magnificent ear my mother wanted me to see. With that sincere and ever so caring motherly tone, she explained that the size of that ear is the same size as a three week old fetus. This got my attention, unknowing to her at the time. I was shocked and realized that at that point, at three weeks, most women don't know they are even pregnant. For me, physically seeing the size of that ear, and knowing that a baby is that size just three weeks after being conceived...it really hit me.

At that moment, I realized that I, myself, was living the "college life" and drinking alcohol. I was dating a wonderful man, but having a child was not in my planner for the near future. With the image of the dime in mind, I decided to cut back on my drinking, especially until I got settled with this new birth control I was on to help control my ever growing endometriosis.

My mother didn't realize the impact that the book and dime had on me until just over two months after our little road trip. I told her that she was expecting her first grandchild. Knowing that I abstained from alcohol, I am relieved that my child is not and will not be prenatally exposed to alcohol. I see that I have already been making decisions that will affect the rest of my child's life. I have my mother to thank for opening my eyes to not just the dangers of drinking alcohol and all the usual "parental talks" that come up with the choice to drink alcohol but also for taking the extra step that I believe everyone should take and address prenatal exposure to alcohol and the affects it has on everyone.

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