

Julie

Robert and I thought we had it all. When we finally decided it was time to add kids to the mix, we were shocked to discover having it all didn't necessarily mean we could have a baby. What?!

Suddenly things like work, travel, and saving the world didn't seem as important as a future with children — our own children. It was an epiphany reached in the dark of night walking home from Christmas Eve service and realizing we may never have a tiny shepherd of our own in the Christmas pageant.

Fast-forward to today. I am a blessed and fortunate older mom with two kids, married to a great guy who is also a fabulous father. I think we're both better parents than we would have been in our twenties: more patient, wiser, and settled. We think we look and act younger than our peers who are doling out college tuition while we're still changing diapers.

But we cannot believe we almost missed our place in the parenthood parade. We often comment that had we known how much fun having kids was, we would have done it earlier. We may even have tried to have more.

We finally understand what having it all is really all about.