This is a memoir of “What I Remember”. I would like to start off recognizing my most prize possessions, my three sons. Of course, I do not possess them, but I am so proud that I was blessed to carry them during the eight to nine months that they grew inside me.

I should mention that the thought of having a child grow inside me crept into my thoughts one evening when I was a young adult and meditating on my future. I had been a salutatorian of my school, an honor roll student most of my life, an avid reader of many philosophies, somewhat bilingual, a song writer, poet, musician, athlete and dancer. Therefore, I had plans for additional activities for my future.

My oldest son, Graylan Al’lon Quarterman Jr. was an unexpected miracle. At that time in my life, I was told by my gynecologist that I would never be able to carry a child to term. Not only did my physician diagnosis my inability to carry an infant, but he also stated that due to my medical condition, I would not be able to get pregnant either.

I met, dated, fell in love and moved into a small rented house with my son’s father, Graylan Quarterman Sr. many years ago. The boy’s father and his brother were renting a home and I was invited to rent along with them. I was working about thirty miles away and I had to travel each day in order to bring in an income to pay for the room that I had rented from them.

My relationship was gradually developing into love affair and I found myself enjoying his Father’s company more and more. Eventually, we fell in love and he proposed to me. I set an immediate date and we were married. Several months later my oldest son, Graylan Al’lon Quarterman Jr. was born into our lives. He was a sweet blessing for the entire family.

Well, there were a few discomforts that went along with the pregnancy. First, the doctor put me on bed rest for most of the developing months, so I had to quit my job. Then because I already had a low blood anemic disorder (SSA) the growth of my infant became a struggle. The more he grew inside me, the less energy and vitality I had. As he got stronger I got weaker.

Graylan’s father and I took the six weeks natural childbirth birth classes together. He was so excited, as we watch our infant grow inside of me. Thinking back, he took good care of me and helped to ensure that all my needs were met.

At the time of Graylan’s birth, I was already a patient in a private room in the Memorial Hospital in Savannah, Georgia for low blood anemia and then my water broke. I remember apologizing to the night nurse because I thought I had accidently wet the bed. OMG I was so embarrassed. It wasn’t until she started to change the linen and we noticed that the substance was not urine but water. Yes, my water had just broken and I was not aware of it. A wet bed, water, not urine; Yea!

Hours later, after my Mother, Husband and all our family members arrived to the hospital, I went into labor. It took eighteen hours of what I called at that time an “Oh God, please help me get him out” experience. I had a day, a night and another day of extreme, abnormal pain before my doctor finally admitted that I needed to have a C-section instead of a natural birth. Oh well, all those natural birth classes had gone to waste. But I was elated to know that I was going to get some meds.

I am a strong woman and I endured all that it took, to get to the moment, when my son was born into this world.

Graylan Al’lon Quarterman Jr. was born on May 24, 1983. He was the first son and therefore had no one to guide him and we as parents had no one to guide us, either. So, as they say, we all learned our parenting skills from trial and error. This is not the best way to raise a child, but we did it in love and that covers a multitude of errors.

My next bundle of joy was given to me with the birth of my son, Terron Lavard Quarterman. He was born on September 6, 1984. This was sixteen months after his oldest brother, Graylan’s birth.

Terron was a much easier birth because by that time, my mind, body and spirit had already experience the trials and triumphs of childbirth.

When the doctor told me that I was pregnant again, I was a little more at ease and little better prepared to care for this infant while he was in his development stages.

During this pregnancy, my husband worked very hard and therefore most of my care was in my hands. My Mother and my Mother in Law were very helpful in providing me with good advice, as I struggled to eat the proper foods and exercise in the most appropriate manner.

My husband worked out of town during this period of my life, therefore, traveling was a large part of my pregnancy and became a larger portion of the stress that I had during that time. I remember plenty of weekend travels down to the St Simons Island area located in South Georgia to spend the weekends with the boy’s father while he worked.

This would mean packing up all, my infant son’s supplies, toys, etc. for my one year old, Graylan Jr., all the time. I would then make sure that I also prepared and packed up the assigned nutritious foods that my physician regulated for my diet. My other concern was that I also had to give time, to my growing little one inside me, because I wanted to maintain a standard of good care while traveling.

This would mean emptying my bladder regularly, so that there would be no pressure on him while in the car. I then made sure I was eating properly to remain strong, while managing the right weight, as to remain healthy while I carried my children up and down the highways of Georgia. This also included, driving regularly back and forth in an appropriate timeframe to get to our hotel safely, so that my husband could enjoy all of our family amenities. This became the focal point of my pregnancies. It however was worth every minute because I loved them so very much.

These trips meant locking my son into a car seat and locking myself and my growing baby into a buckled two seated Toyota Camry for a about four hours round trip, every other weekend of the month, for many years. The best part of this story is that the trip afforded us the opportunity to spend time together as a family. These trips continued after the birth of Terron and up to the birth of my third son, Esrom. Each visit brought happiness to the boy’s father. He was ecstatic to see them, every time that we visited.

One year passed very quickly and then I was told by my gynecologist that I was pregnant again. This was very unexpected and I remember saying in a tearful voice to my mother, that I was not really prepared to go through another pregnancy so soon. I think I feared that this one could become extremely complicated. By now, I had already experienced two cesarean section surgeries and I felt that another one may well become my last one, in more ways than one.

But to my surprise, I was able to get through my last pregnancy in a healthier manner than my previous pregnancies, while holding down a lucrative job, I might add. Being pregnant again and carrying my final seed of wonder, Esrom Sean Quarterman during his progressing period, was an easier task than expected. And working as an instructor, during his formative months seem to help augment his development in a more positive light for me.

I was excited about this last birth. The doctor, family and I had the opportunity, this time to schedule the date of my baby son’s arrival and almost the time. We were all ready and prepared to welcome him into our world. Little master, Esrom Sean Quarterman joined us on May 2, 1986. This was twenty months after his older brother Terron’s birth and thirty six months or three years following his oldest brother Graylan’s birth.

I say all this, to say, that my three sons are a special blessing to me. They each came at as a small gift in a particular point in time and in some way or fashion brought more love and joy into my life and the lives of those, who have gone before us. This is the generation that is given to them and I celebrate the occasions and the memories that I have had with them all. In this, their era, they can do all things and dream anything and go wherever they choose in mind and spirit. I count them all rich, wealthy and prosperous and I measure for them an abundant amount of love, hope, peace, joy and happiness.

This is the story of my dear sons at their birth as I remember each of their first experiences into this life.

May God Bless Us All,

Theresa Mills/Quarterman/Brack -

Grateful Mother ☺ Writer

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