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From Mischief to Mom

By Genifer Wooten

Three months before the end of my seventh-grade year, I made a big change and moved in with my grandparents, who lived two hours away from all my friends and everything I had known. I felt like it was the end of my life, but really it was just the beginning.



A few weeks into my new school, I meet an intriguing guy, someone who, in my eyes, was perfect. He was funny, cute and mysterious; something about the unknown kept me curious about what would happen next. He was so risky and always had some wild adventure for us to do together. We spent the whole summer getting into things and doing things we weren't supposed to. We would stay out late walking around town in the dark, sneaking in and out of each other's homes, and meeting up with each other at our friend's house. Once when we had met up at my friend's house, I had ended up losing my virginity that night.

The next morning, I woke up and immediately left my friend's house, feeling guilty and nervous that I did something I could never walk away

from, like a little kid who just got into the candy jar behind her parents back and got caught red-handed. A month went by, and I start having medical problems, unbearable cramps, like a needle stabbing into my uterus. I talked with my mom and told her my complications, I saw a few doctors and eventually got into a specialist, who suspected that I had ovarian cysts and wanted to do an ultra sound to see if they need to do surgery or not. A week or so went by and I got an appointment for my ultrasound. Already nervous to see how bad my cysts were, I was scared my mom was going to find out I had lost my virginity. We walked into the ultrasound room, and the nurse laid me on the bed and started the process. As I lay in the quiet room, a million things were going through my head and all I can hear is the air conditioner running and people walking through the hallway. The nurse was steadily hitting keys on her computer, and then I heard a swooshing that sounded like a horse galloping for a split second off her monitor. With a confused look on her face, the nurse turned to my mom.

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“What exactly are you here for today ma’am?” asked the nurse.

“We are here to check on her ovarian cyst,” Mom replied.

My heart immediately dropped. I felt there was something wrong with my ovaries and I was thinking all the absolute worst scenarios. The nurse then got up and left the room, leaving both my mom and I sitting there with questions and wondering what was going on. Then after about two minutes that felt like fifteen, the nurse walked into the room and said the doctor was on the phone and needed my mom to step out and talk to him. After that, both the nurse and my mom walked out of the room, leaving me by myself. A few minutes passed by, and they both walked in again, both silent. My mom walked by me and I notice tears falling from her face. Confused I look at the nurse, whose head was down and wouldn't look up. I was starting to panic on the inside and was not sure what was going on. I look over at my mom, who had just sat down on the bench beside me. While she was still calmly crying, she wiped her tears, and looked at me.

“You have a lot of explaining to do.”

At that moment, I knew at this point whatever was wrong was my fault. Just like any young child would do I looked at my mom and asked,

“What did I do?”

“You're pregnant, Genifer,” my mom sternly replied.

That very moment the air conditioner was wheezing, I could feel the cold breeze shocking the lubrication on my stomach. The sound of each door shutting echoed down the hall. I spaced out, battling myself in my head, asking “How could you be so stupid and care-less?” and “Was it really worth it?”

As I laid there, all I could feel was the pressure of what felt like an elephant on my chest and the breeze gently caressing every tear that fell from my face. My ears eventually felt full of tears as I laid flat on the bed, like I had been laying in the bottom of a pool, so lifeless. I felt my entire life had come crashing down on me. What is going to happen next? How do I deal with this? I just turned fourteen. I'm not supposed to be worrying about raising a baby I am still a baby myself.

Immediately after leaving the hospital not only did my mom drive me to my boyfriend's house, she walked me to the door and handed me the ultra sound picture and told me I was responsible for telling his parents. All I could do was cry! I felt scared and confused and just absolutely lost. We walk into the living room, anyone could tell we

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have both been crying, and I handed Oscar the ultrasound picture.

“What is going on?” he asked, with a confused look on his face.

“I am twelve weeks pregnant,” I replied. Oscar’s parents don’t speak English, so he looked at my mom and I and said, “I will tell them when my dad gets home.”

Looking back at it now, all I can think is how big of a blessing my son Isaiah is. I may have been way too young, and I may have had no clue what I was doing, but with the amazing mother and family I have, Isaiah has grown to be such a wonderful young man. Throughout my pregnancy and even the first few years of my son’s life, I really had no clue. When I first found out, I didn’t even know what to do with myself the next day, let alone think about the rest of my life.

Today, all that has changed! Isaiah has taught me how to grow up, how to love unconditionally, and how to overcome any obstacle thrown my way. Getting pregnant at thirteen has shown me that some sacrifices are worth it. I may have missed out on my childhood, but not only did Isaiah have a great childhood, but my other three children have as well. The beginning of all our lives have started with him, and I truly believe it was a God-given blessing, and that is where he got his name, because he was my salvation from my wrong doings.

I may not have realized it at that moment, but looking back, I am beyond grateful for the way my life has turned out. If I wouldn’t have had him to stop me from doing more riskier things, where exactly would I be? The moral of my story is, sometimes we are given a big battle to fight, one that seems we could never win, but as long as we fight with everything we have, we will be amazed with the things we can accomplish.

