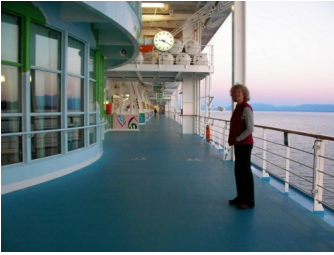


Written by  
Sunday, 16 April 2006 16:00

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p>Almost 31 years ago, when I gave birth to Karley, my firstborn, she weighed in at 6 lbs. 10 oz, I gained all of 22 lbs. and I left the hospital in the skinny little jeans I'd worn before I got pregnant. I was of the ripe old age of 20 years, six months and it was probably because of that, that I regained my little, though lanky figure so quickly. Just 19 months later, I gave birth to Karley's 7 lb. 1 oz. brother, Jay, and my body bounced back just as fast that time too. (Oh to be young!) Not to have just two children, Jim and I decided to go for a third child and 8 lbs. 6 ounces of Jamie Seabrook emerged 25 months later. This body had gone through a lot in a little time, it was a little older and this child was a whole pound and a half heavier, which took its toll on my frame. It took almost two years for my hips to get small enough to re-enter my trusty jeans and even then, there was a lot of excess skin sitting over the waistband that I had never seen before.

As I aged, the skin remained no matter what exercise I implemented but I always said, clothes can do magic things when put together well and I put my clothes together well. Of course once I reached the age of 36, more exercise was required but even then, very quietly, ¼ inch at a time, a layer of fat attached itself to my loose skin. I always told Jim that when I reached 40 I would have a tummy tuck, which he fully condoned, but he died when I was 38 so I never even considered it again.

I was born with endometriosis, a condition that could have prevented my ability of having children but luckily by having my children at such a young age, it only caused excessive bleeding, enormous pain and severe anemia. When Jamie was three and a half, my tubes were already tied so I had a partial hysterectomy (I kept my tubes) to prevent the excessive bleeding. It was the best thing I ever did and to this day, I have never regretted it. A few years after I had it, one doctor told me I had developed a huge amount of scar tissue which could cause me some problems in later life which to me meant when I was 99 years old on my deathbed. End of Part 1

This pic was taken of me on our Alaskan Cruise last year. Beats what you'd see right now!