

A sister from Lebanon (9)

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As soon Larry found a job, he moved out of his mother's house and rented an apartment in Hayward and put Donald at Principle Academy school. So when we arrived to California, we joined Larry and Donald to live all together in Hayward. But to commute every day to Stanford was very draining and exhausting for Larry. Beside, I didn't drive. That was the biggest obstacle for me to overcome. Back home the transportation is so easy and cheap. You just hop to the street and take a taxi to anywhere. In fact, in Cairo for example, it was much better to not have a car because it will be very hard to find a parking in this overpopulated city.

In the other hand, we were living far from grandma's house, around one hour drive so it didn't make sense to stay there. But where to go? The city where grandma lives and where Larry's work is very expensive to live. Although Larry was working at Stanford, his salary was very little but the benefits were great. So grandma suggested to help us having our own place and be close to her and Larry in the same time will be close to his work. Her idea was, instead of waiting for her to die so her children can inherit, it will be better to help them now as they needed it the most. And that goes to Larry's sister as well.

The idea was great. Like a dream became true. We felt God's blessings on us and we are harvesting the fruits of our labor. But the excitement didn't stay long.

While we were looking for a house, something happened which changed the whole plan. I became pregnant.

When grandma heard about that she became furious. How come I am still having babies. Already we have four kids and Larry's income is little. And how we are depending on her in everything. She decided to cancel her plan to support us having a house and she suggested to abort the baby.

That was a big shock for me and Larry.

Suddenly we felt the blessings slept from our hands. God wants to reward us but satan wants to find an excuse to stop it. Everything collapsed in one day.

I cried a lot. I felt so sorry for Larry. He needs to continue commuting for two hours a day back and forth and I need to persevere all day taking care of four children and being pregnant without any help or support.

I decided to take an action. I will call grandma and talk to her honestly. It's not acceptable to me to be treated harshly. I have my dignity.

And this what I did. I called her and I explained to her our view point. Our baby is God's blessing to us. We don't believe in abortion and we never were depending on any one. I said it's not fair for Larry, who is your only son and for your grandchildren, who are your only grandchildren, to not share the blessings with you, their grandma. We take the responsibility to raise them up well and you take the responsibility to support us.

Well, believe it or not, this phone call made a difference. The next day grandma called Larry and told him that she will get the house for us but it will be in her name and we will pay her a monthly rent.

And this what we did. We moved to our new place in Sunnyvale on January 1998. it was very convenient for Larry as Stanford was twenty minutes from our house. Also the elementary school in our district was providing a bus to pick up the children which was very convenient for me as I didn't drive. Beside, our neighbors were very diverse which I found a lot of common ground with them. And the best of all was to find out that the baby will be a girl. Anne will have a sister. That made me very happy to be a mother of three boys and two girls. Love complete.

To be continued