

Learning About Sex

Where Do Babies Come From?

A Guide for the Christian Family



girls ages 6–8

CONCORDIA PUBLISHING HOUSE • SAINT LOUIS

Book 2 of the Learning about Sex Series

The titles in the series:

Book 1: Why Boys and Girls Are Different

Book 2: Where Do Babies Come From?

Book 3: How You Are Changing

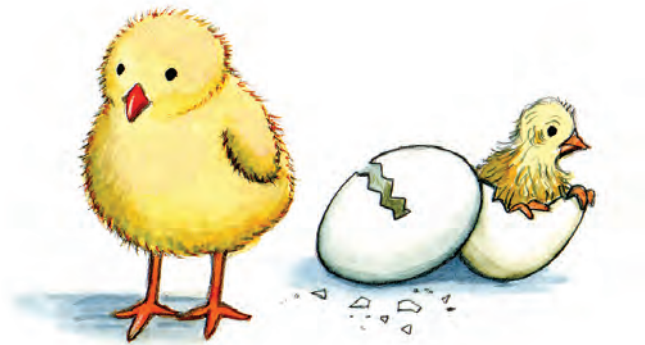
Book 4: Sex and the New You

Book 5: Love, Sex, and God

Book 6: How to Talk Confidently with Your Child about Sex

Acknowledgments

We wish to thank all medical, child development, and family life consultants who have assisted in the development, updating, and revising of the Learning about Sex series.



Copyright © 1982, 1988, 1995, 1998, 2008, 2015 Concordia Publishing House
3558 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, MO 63118-3968
1-800-325-3040 • www.cph.org

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of Concordia Publishing House.

From text originally written by Ruth Hummel

Illustrations by Janet McDonnell

Scripture quotations from the ESV Bible® (The Holy Bible, English Standard Version®), copyright © 2001 by Crossway Bibles, a publishing ministry of Good News Publishers.

Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Manufactured in China



A Trip to the Museum

“Well, I think I’m ready,” said Mother. “Shall we go now?”

Alisa was so excited! She was going to the museum with Mother and Dad. It was a special treat. They had promised Alisa that she could take her friend Nate along too.

In the car, her Dad asked, “Well, Alisa, what are we going to see first?”

“Oh, the baby chicks are hatching!” Alisa didn’t have any trouble deciding. “They are my favorite thing in the whole museum.” And she told them all about the little, fuzzy, yellow chicks sitting under the light to keep warm.

At last they were going up the steps of the museum. “Look, Mom, a balloon man! May I have a blue one? Please?”

“Okay,” said Mother as she paid for the balloon. “But when will I ever get to see those chicks?”

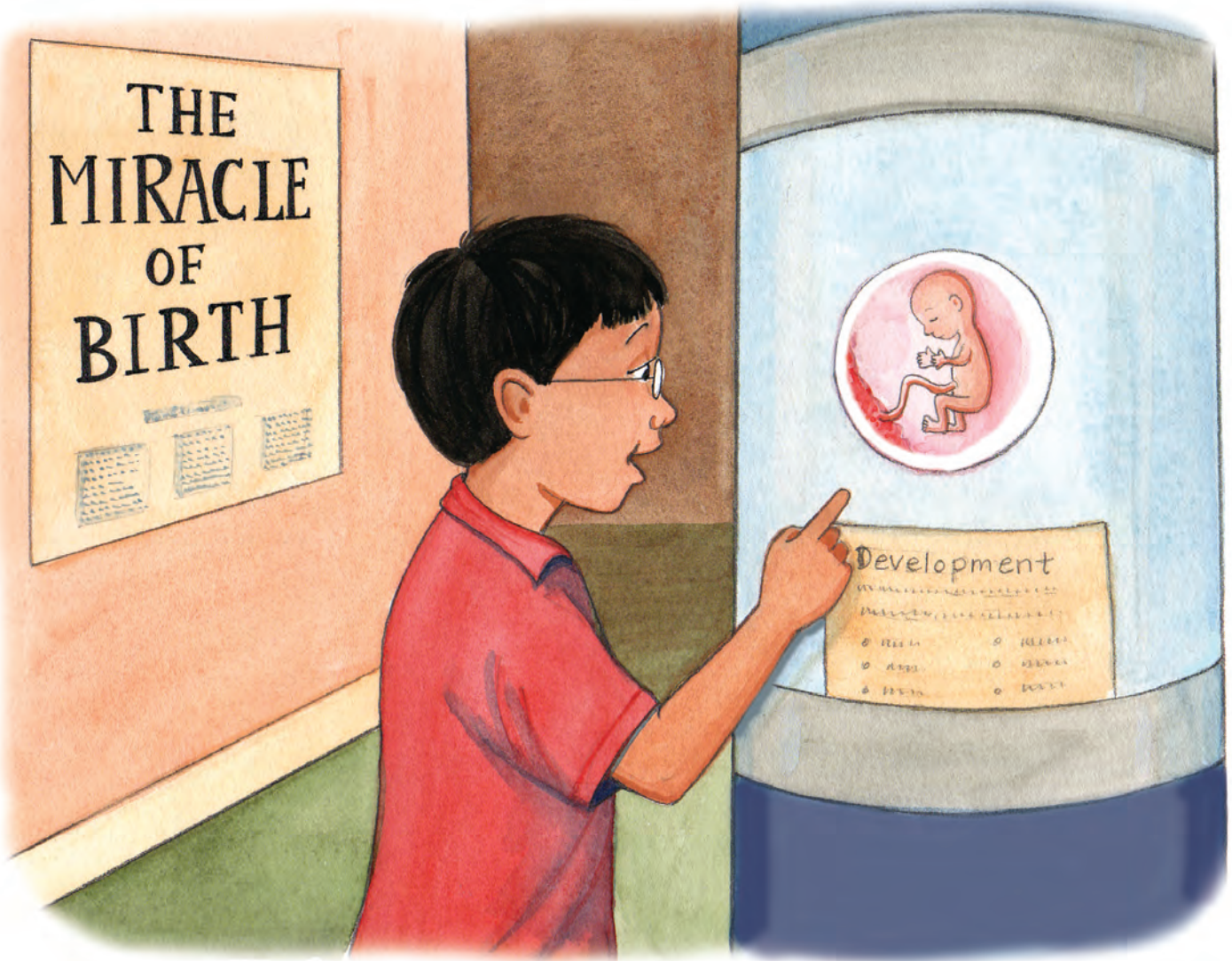
“Come on, they’re right over here,” said Nate.

“Look at this,” Alisa whispered. One little chick was just pecking through his eggshell. Alisa was so excited she almost stopped breathing. Peck! Peck! They could all hear the tiny sounds from inside the egg. They watched quietly until the eggshell fell apart.

“Ooh, look at how wet and tired he is!” Nate said. “Now he’ll have to sit and rest until his feathers start to dry and get fluffy.”

“I know babies don’t hatch like chicks do,” Alisa said softly. “But I wonder just how they do get born.”

“H-m-m-m,” Dad said. “That’s a big question.”



"If you are finished watching the chicks," Mother said, "we may be able to find out over there by that sign."

"Oh! Look how tiny that baby is!" said Nate. "I've never seen a baby that little."

"Hardly anyone does! When a baby is that tiny," Mother explained, "it can't eat or even breathe for itself. It has to live inside its mother's body. God made a special place for a baby to grow. It's called a womb. It's a cozy, warm, comfortable place that protects and takes care of the baby while it's so small. It is also called a *uterus*. That's usually what doctors call it."

"A *you-ter-us*?" The word sounded strange, but it wasn't hard to say.

GROWTH STAGES IN THE UTERUS



Nate asked, “What is the uterus like? Is it like a little box?”

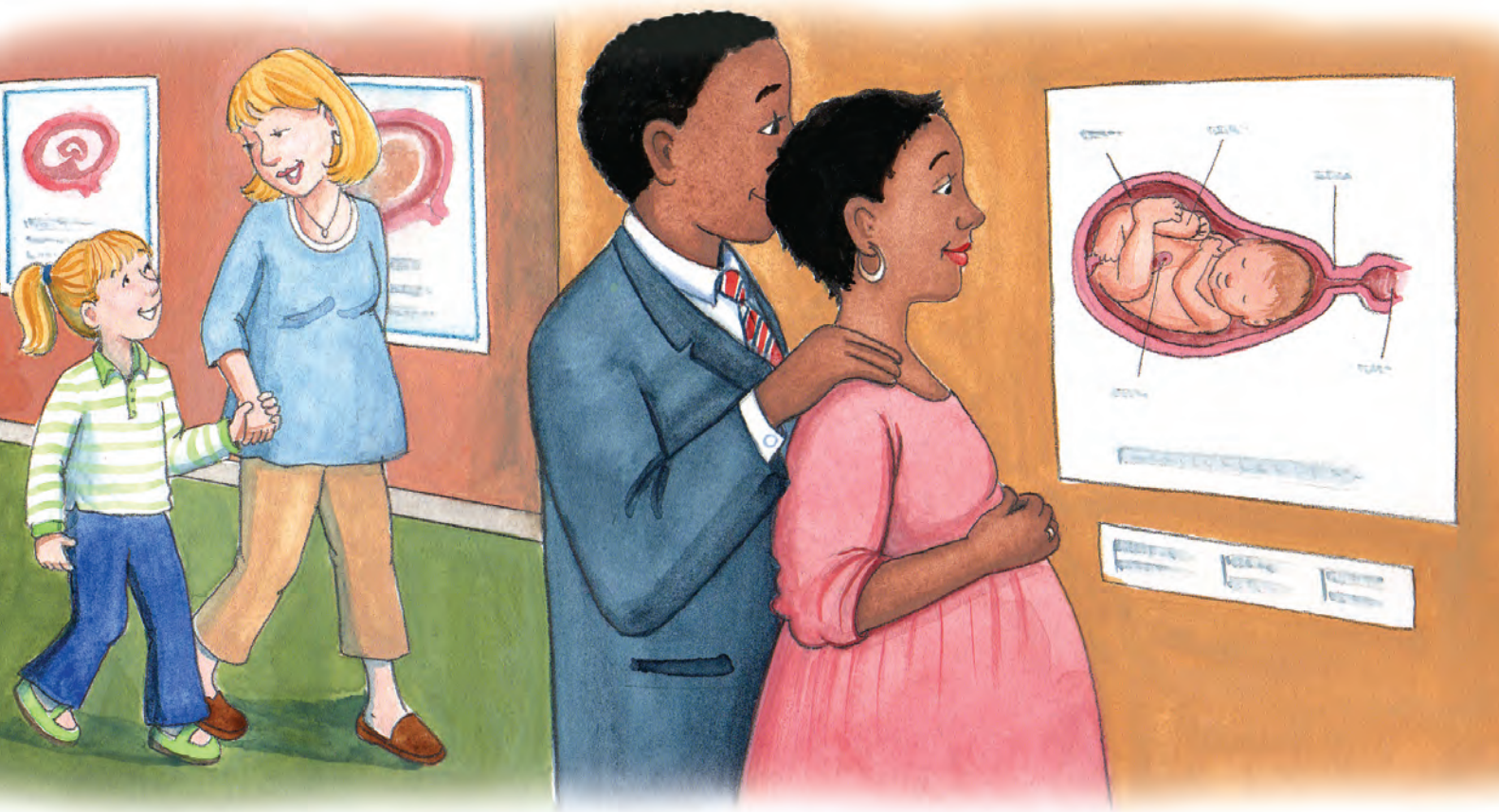
“More like a little balloon,” Mother said. “Look, I’ll show you.” She took Alisa’s balloon, let some air out until it was about the size of a pear, and said, “It’s just about this size. And it’s hollow inside too.”

“The tiny baby settles down near the side. The side of the uterus is much thicker than this balloon. That is where the baby grows.”

“Here’s a baby when it is bigger. Look!” Nate said. “See those little fingers and those tiny little toes! And look at that little mouth.”

Alisa wondered aloud, “Can a baby eat with such a little mouth?”

“No, it can’t eat when it is so tiny,” Mother explained. “It doesn’t need to eat while it’s in the mother’s uterus.”



“The baby gets its food from the mother’s body. See that cord going from the baby’s tummy to the side of the uterus? Food from the mother’s body comes to the baby’s body through that cord so the baby can keep growing. The baby can’t breathe yet either, so oxygen comes through that tube too.”

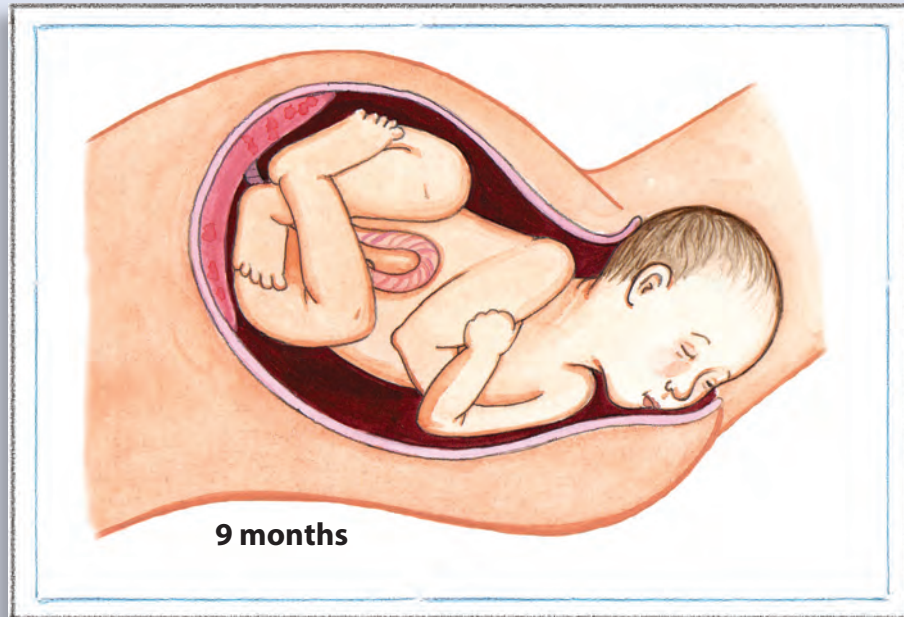
“Was I ever so little that I couldn’t breathe?” Alisa wondered.

“You sure were!” Dad said. “Even somebody as big as me was that small once.”

“It was a good thing you both had a mother to be connected to,” said Mother. “Do you know where your cord joined your body, Alisa?”

“Right in the middle somewhere, I guess,” Alisa answered with a little giggle. “At my belly button?”

“That’s right!” Dad chuckled. “Sounds like you were buttoned onto your mother. The real name for that place is *navel*.”



Another thing seemed strange to Alisa. "I wonder why these babies don't have any clothes on," she said.

"They don't need clothes," Mother said. "It's so warm and comfortable in the uterus."

"And how can they ever go to the bathroom?" Nate asked.

"Well, God had that all figured out too. You see the area around the baby, inside the uterus? The baby is actually floating in liquid that is mostly water. Not only does the water feel like a squishy cushion, but the baby can even urinate right into that water," Mother pointed to the *amniotic fluid*. "That water takes care of a lot of things. It keeps the baby warm, it protects the baby, and it even handles the baby's waste."

"Oh, wow!" Alisa said. "But it must get pretty crowded in there when the baby gets bigger."

Dad laughed. "It is cozy, all right. The baby has to lie all curled up, with its legs bent and tucked under its chin."

"Look how big this next baby is!" Alisa said. "Is there still enough room for such a big baby?"

"Bring me your balloon a minute," Dad said. "What would happen to this balloon if you blew more air into it?"

"I guess it would get bigger," Alisa said.

"That's the answer," said Dad.

“You mean the uterus gets bigger like a balloon?”

“That’s right,” Mother said. “God designed a woman’s body in an amazing way.

“As the baby grows, there’s always room for it. When the baby grows this big, the mother’s body becomes big and round. Then everyone can see that the mother has a baby growing in her.”

“You mean she gets bigger, like Grandpa?”

“No, no,” Mother said. “It’s not the same as being overweight. We say she is *pregnant*. After the baby is born, the uterus will slowly go back to its normal size again, just like when air goes out of a balloon!”

“How does the baby get born then? Does the uterus break open like when a balloon gets popped?”

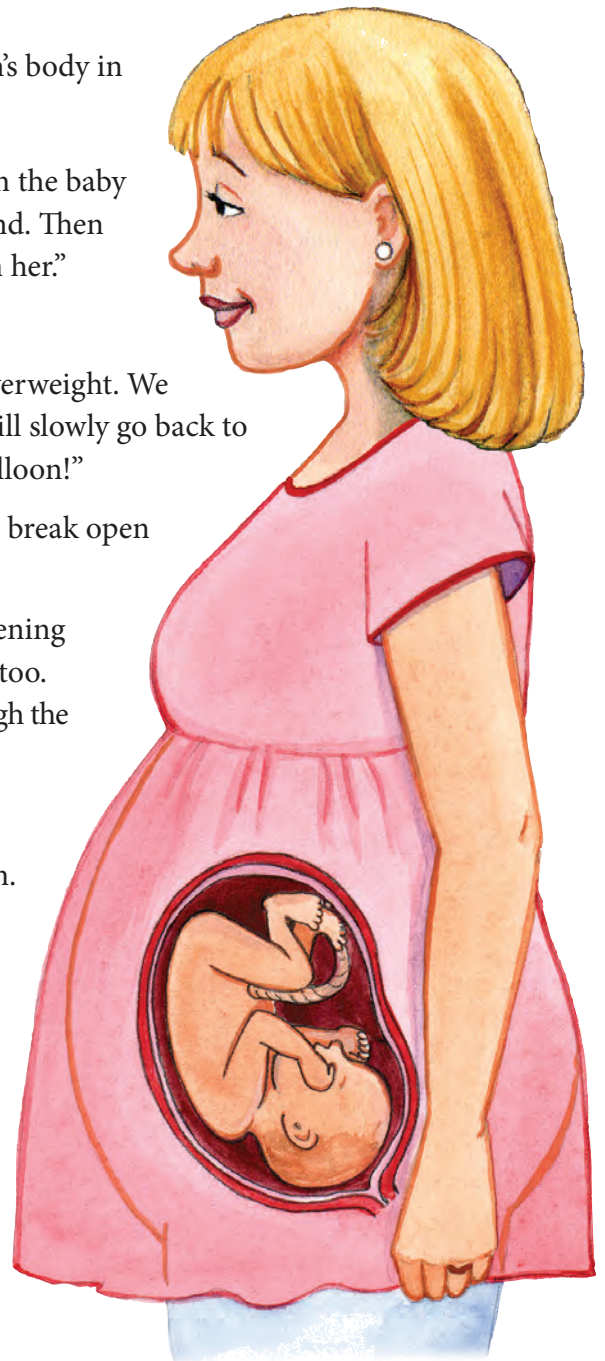
“Oh, no, Alisa,” Mother said. “The uterus has an opening something like a balloon has. That opening can stretch too. When it is time for the baby to be born, it comes out through the opening.”

“Is that how I was born?” Alisa asked.

“Yes, Alisa,” Mother said. “That’s how you were born. That is God’s special way of bringing new people into the world. Sometimes things happen that make it harder and less safe for a baby to come out through a mother’s vagina, so doctors have to help the baby in a different way. But yes, that’s God’s wonderful design.”

“I don’t understand it, but if it’s God’s plan, I think it must be the way it should be. Don’t you think so, Dad?”

Dad agreed. “It is amazing. That’s why they call it ‘the miracle of birth.’ And you thought learning about the way chicks are born was neat. God made you even more special than that!”





Loving and Caring for One Another

“Alisa,” Mother called, “will you please come and set the table for supper? It’s almost time to eat.”

“Coming!” Alisa followed the good smells into the kitchen. As she put the knives and forks beside the plates on the table, a big, round pizza came steaming out of the oven. It smelled delicious! Mother poured the milk and told Alisa to call Dad to supper.

“I’m as hungry as a bear,” he said as he sat down and put his napkin on his lap.

“Me too,” Alisa echoed. “Well, maybe as hungry as a bear cub,” she smiled.



When everyone was sitting down, they folded their hands to pray: “Thank You for this food, Lord. You are good and Your love lasts forever. Bless these gifts you give us from Your mercy through Jesus. Amen.”

“Is the new baby one of God’s gifts to us?” Alisa asked as soon as she had helped herself to a piece of pizza.

“The baby will be God’s gift to all of us in this family and to so many others,” Dad agreed. “We will all enjoy the baby. Everyone in the family can help take care of it too.”

“Isn’t it the mothers who take care of the babies?” Alisa asked.

As Dad cut another piece of pizza for her, he said, “Fathers and brothers and sisters can all help keep babies clean and comfortable and make them feel happy and loved.”



“Did you help take care of me when I was a baby?” Alisa asked her dad as she took a big drink of milk.

“Did I ever!” Dad remembered. “When you were little, you had tummy aches almost every night after supper. I used to put you on your tummy and lay you on my lap. I’d bounce you a little, then pat you a lot. That seemed to be the only thing that would make you stop crying.”

Alisa wanted to help take care of the baby too. “Will I be able to hold the baby on my lap?”

“Sure, you’ll be able to hold the baby,” Dad promised, “as long as it doesn’t wiggle too much.”

“Will I be able to feed it too?” Alisa wondered.

“No, not at first,” replied Mother. “Newborn babies need only milk, and I plan to nurse the new baby just as I did you.”

“You mean you’re going to be the nurse if the baby gets sick?”



“No, no!” laughed Mother, “I should have explained that word *nurse*. When babies are born, their mothers have milk in their breasts to feed them. This is how God provides just the kind of food the baby needs. The baby snuggles close to the mother’s breast and drinks the milk and feels very much loved.”

“Babies don’t know very many things when they are born,” said Dad, “but no one has to teach them how to suck. They know that! They suck on fingers and pacifiers. They suck almost anything they can get into their mouths.”

Alisa laughed at that; then she remembered, “Anne’s little brother drinks from a bottle with a nipple on it. I wonder why he gets his milk that way.”



Mother knew about that too. “Some mothers feed their babies milk from bottles. That milk helps them grow strong and healthy too. Those mothers also love their babies very much. They hold them close, cuddle them, talk to them, and smile at them.”

“You and I will be able to help feed the baby later, Alisa,” Dad said, “when it is ready for cereal and fruit juice and baby food.”

“And we can talk to it and play with it and love it!” said Alisa.

“We sure can,” Dad said as he picked her up. “And that’s a very important part. That’s what families are for—working together and loving one another, each in our own special way. It’s all part of God’s plan. Moms and dads and children all share their lives together. We love one another no matter what!”

Alisa smiled and said, “What a special blessing it will be when this baby is born into our family and is born into God’s family too!”

“Jesus said, ‘Let the little children come to Me . . . for to such belongs the kingdom of heaven.’” (Matthew 19:14)