

Learning About Sex

Where Do Babies Come From?

A Guide for the Christian Family



boys ages 6–8

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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

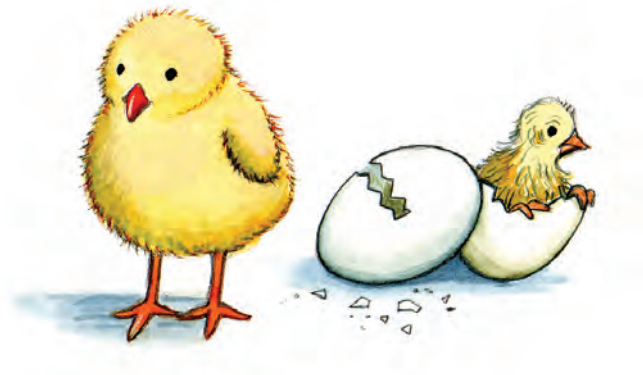
Book 4: Sex and the New You

Book 5: Love, Sex, and God

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

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From text originally written by Ruth Hummel

Illustrations by Janet McDonnell

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A Note to Grown-ups about Communicating Values at Home



In story form, this book answers questions about sexuality that six- to eight-year-olds typically ask—or wonder about. Many children this age will have difficulty reading the book on their own, so plan to enjoy reading it with your child. Depending on his interest, read all of it at one time, or read one chapter at a time.

Make it just another book that you enjoy reading to or with your child at the usual times when you read together. Once you've read it, of course, you may want to read it again—next month or even next year, when your child is at a different developmental level and able to absorb more of the content.

Take your time as you read, expanding on the text when your child asks for further information. Most of all, use the occasion to wonder at the beauty and design of God's good gift of sexuality. After all, what we're most interested in is helping your child develop a reverent, wholesome, responsible attitude about human conception and birth and the way God made us male or female. We want to communicate not only truthful and accurate information about sexuality, but especially a deep appreciation of God's marvelous design and purpose and a sense of respect and responsibility toward all God has given. "God made me a boy—and His creation is wonderful!"

Here are six easy-to-remember guidelines (each beginning with a C) to keep in mind as you answer questions:

1. Commend your child for coming to you and for asking, especially if the question makes you uneasy! You want to keep the channels of communication open.
2. Clarify the question: "When you ask, 'Where do babies come from?' do you mean, 'How do they grow?'"
3. Communicate with simple, direct answers.
4. Connect your answer to what your child already knows (or thinks he knows): "Remember what you learned about . . . ? That will help you understand that . . ." Also, you may want to connect your child's question to other aspects of growing up, thereby avoiding the danger of isolating sex from the wider background of life in general.
5. Care must be taken to warn your child about the possibilities of abuse. You might want to work this into a discussion of appropriate behavior. "Your body belongs to you—including those private parts that your swimming suit covers. You don't show those parts or touch them in public. And other people should not touch your private parts either. No one has a right to do that unless it's a nurse or a doctor helping you to be well or someone who cares for you helping you to be clean. If anyone does touch your private parts, be sure to tell me. I want to keep you safe."
6. Christ Himself is with us and is guiding us in what we say and what we model about relationships. Share with your child: "Isn't it wonderful that Jesus, God's own Son, was born as a baby? He grew up—just as we do. So He knows what it's like when we feel lonely or afraid. He always did what was right—and He died on a cross—to pay for our sins. Now we can be sure that God, our Father, forgives us. And we can be glad that Jesus is there to help us grow as God's loving children."



Simon Has a Birthday

Simon was seven years old today. He could hardly wait to get home from school.

His dad, his mom, and his grandpa were all waiting. Grandpa always came over when there was a birthday or something else special.

“You need me to help you celebrate, don’t you?” he said with a wink. Simon agreed as he gave him a hug. Then Simon saw his birthday cake.

“O-o-oh, it’s cool!” he said. And it was! It had seven blue candles and seemed like it could be seven layers high! With the family gathered around, he opened his presents. There was a set of action figures, a pair of rollerblades, the game he had wished for, and tickets to go to the amusement park today.

“How did everyone know just what I wanted?” Simon wondered. “They must know me pretty well.”

After Simon blew out the candles, his dad picked him up and gave him a bear hug. Simon giggled when he got his breath.

“Look how big our boy is getting, Mother,” Dad said. “Do you still remember how he looked seven years ago today?”





“Seven years ago, Simon, you had just been born,” Mother said. “You looked beautiful to me! Maybe you were just another red and wrinkled baby to some people. But to me, you were perfect! I wondered how your fingers and toes could be so tiny. I saw that you had your dad’s brown eyes. And I prayed, ‘Thank You, God, for such a fine baby.’”

“Yep,” said Dad. “We thought you were really something special. Crying loudly, but very special! We were so glad God gave you to us. And wow! Did you change our family!”

“I changed our family?” Simon was surprised. “How could I do that? I was just a baby.”

“Just a baby?” Dad laughed. “Before you came, Simon, there was just Mother and I to love each other. But after you came, we had another person to love. Soon you learned to love and trust us too. So then there was a lot more love in our family than ever before.”

“You mean each new baby brings more love to a family?” Simon asked. When Mother nodded, Simon said, “Then every baby does change a family.”



“But in some important ways we are all the same. We are all people

- loved by God all the time,
- loving one another all the time,
- living and working together,
- doing things for one another,
- celebrating good times together,
- helping one another through bad times, and
- caring about what happens to one another.”

“It was God who thought of putting us into families,” Dad said. “Wasn’t it a good idea? God knew that our family should start off with your mother and me, promising to love each other our whole lives. It was God’s perfect plan that our family would grow to include you. We promise we’ll always love you too.”

“I’m glad God put me into this family,” Simon said. “It’s just right for me. God knows what I want. He knows me so well!”

“O families of the peoples, ascribe to the LORD glory and strength!” (Psalm 96:7)



In Mother's Workroom

"Mother, where are you?" Simon called when he got in the house. He was hungry.

"I'm here in the workroom," Mother answered. "Why don't you get a cookie and come and talk with me a while?"

I wonder how she knew I wanted a cookie? Simon thought. Then he called, "May I have two, please?"

"Okay, Simon," Mother answered. "But put the lid back on the cookie jar."

"M-m-m! These are good," Simon said when he got to the workroom. "Thanks a lot."

"You sure had fun with Evan and Brenna yesterday," Mother said as she arranged some silk flowers.

"Uh-huh," Simon said. "I like playing with Brenna and Evan. But Evan sure says some funny things."



“Like what?” Mother asked as she attached the flowers to a wreath.

“Well,” Simon said with his mouth full of cookie, “Evan wondered why he couldn’t be a mother. And he complained that babies are always messy and crying.”

“Well, they do cry a lot. But that is the only way they can tell someone they’re hungry or hurt or cold,” Mother said gently, as she added some berries to the wreath.

“You mean crying is like their way of talking?” Simon was surprised at that.

Mother nodded. “If they could say, ‘Mommy, I want my diaper changed,’ they wouldn’t have to cry, would they?”

“I guess not,” Simon said. “Are babies a lot of trouble?” he wondered out loud.

Mother laughed as she put her wreath down. “Babies do need care. But lots of people still want babies because they add so much joy to families. Why do you think people like babies?” She snipped off a piece of ribbon and began to make a fancy bow.



“Because babies are cute. And it’s fun to take them on walks in their stroller,” Simon said. “I see Anne doing that with her baby sister. And her baby sister laughs so hard when Anne plays peekaboo with her.” Simon imagined what it would be like to do that with his new baby sister or brother.

Mother said, “I’m glad I wanted a baby a long time ago. Now I have my seven-year-old Simon to keep me company. What about you, Simon? Will you be happy when we have a new baby in our family?”

“Yeah . . . but I kind of like being the only kid in this family.” Simon wasn’t sure they needed any more kids. “I hope you’ll still have time to play with me after we get a new baby,” he said.

Mother pushed away the wreath she was working on and gave Simon a big hug.

“I’ve told you many times how much I love you. You will always be my boy, Simon. You don’t ever have to be afraid that I won’t have time for you. I like to do things with you. And you are getting so big now. You do so many things for yourself—like taking a bath and hanging up your clothes. Why, you’re big enough to help Dad and me take care of our new baby.”



Simon still wasn't sure. He looked at his mother. "It's hard to believe a baby is growing in you right now. What do you think? Will the baby be a boy or a girl?"

"We don't know yet. But soon the doctor will do a test that will be able to tell us," Mother said. "But one thing we know now is he or she can kick!"

"Is the baby kicking now?" Simon asked.

"Yes, Simon," Mother said. "Put your hand right here and you can feel the baby moving."

"Ooh, I can," Simon said. "The baby is really moving."

"Isn't that exciting?" Mother said as she gave Simon a little squeeze.

Simon had lots to think about as Mother flipped the wreath over to fasten a hook on the back. "Will the baby have to sleep in my room? I don't think there would be room for another bed. I know how much baby stuff Anne's little sister has. My room could get crowded."

"Oh, no." Mother held up the finished wreath to admire. "The baby will have this room! All my crafts will be moved to the basement. Would you like to see the new curtains I bought for the baby's room?"



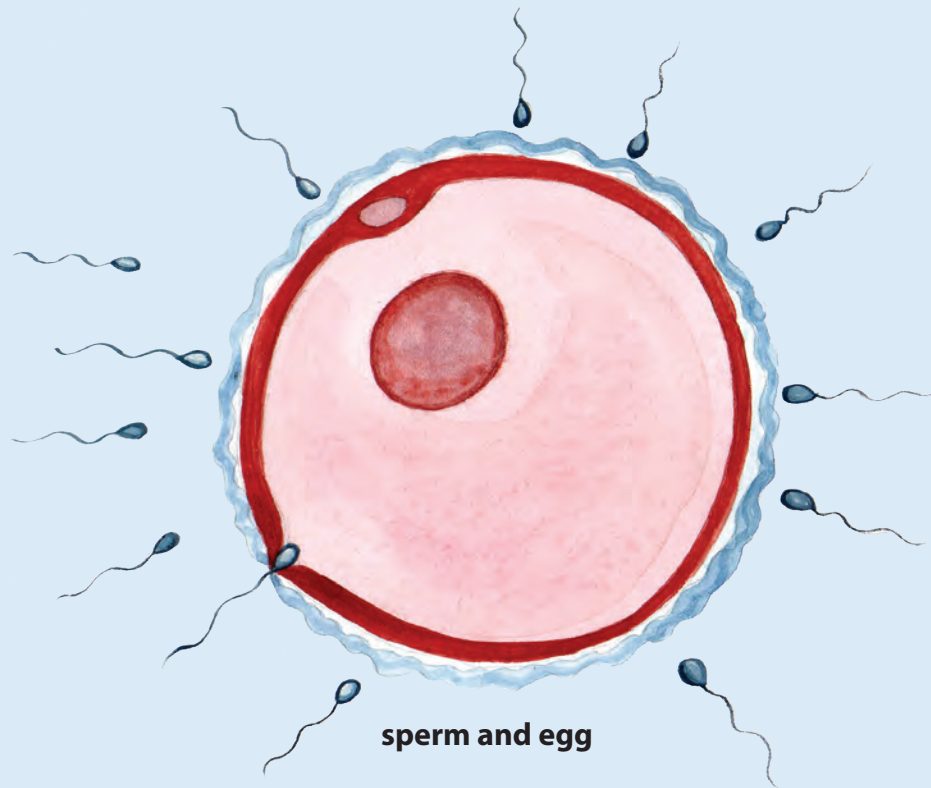
Mother held up the curtains for Simon to see. “These curtains will be just right for a baby’s room, don’t you think? We’ll put them up when Dad finishes painting the walls. He said you could pick out the color. What color do you think would look nice with these curtains?”

Simon thought yellow would, because there were little yellow ducks all over the curtains. Mother thought that was a good choice too.

“I bet I know what the baby will sleep in—my baby crib!” Simon was starting to get a little excited about getting ready for a new baby. “Can we get my crib down from the attic?”

“Not so fast!” Mother slowed him down. “It will be quite a while before the baby gets here. It will be about four months yet. Time enough to finish this room. We’ll have to buy some new baby clothes too.”

“Can I make something for the baby?” asked Simon, “Maybe a picture or a toy?” While he was thinking about what he would make, Mother got out the vacuum to clean up the rug. When the vacuum finally stopped, Simon asked another question. “Did the baby start growing a long time ago?”



“Quite a while ago. It takes a baby nine months of growing before it is ready to be born. That’s just as long as it took you to go through first grade.”

“But what started the baby?” Simon wanted to know.

“That’s another miracle. God planned it so that it takes both a mother and a father. You see, every baby begins when two very tiny parts join together and start to grow. You’d need a microscope to see them. One of these parts comes from the mother’s body. It is called the *ovum* or the egg.”

“An egg? Like a chicken egg?” Simon wondered, trying to make sense of it all.

“Well, yes, it is similar to mother hens laying eggs,” Mom explained. “And the part that comes from the father’s body is called the *sperm*. It’s also called a seed.”

“You mean daddies help babies start?” Simon was getting another surprise.

“Of course,” Mother pinched his cheek. “You are Dad’s boy too, aren’t you?”

Simon laughed, “That’s what he says every time he swings me around and around. But how do daddies help babies start? It’s like planting a seed and growing something?”

“When a husband and wife love each other, they show it in many ways,” Mother began.