



Fertility Stories

Fertility Stories by people like you

Alex's Story

“Hi. My name is Alex and I am an egg donor.”

Sounds like the line people use when introducing themselves to support groups, doesn't it? But actually I am just a regular (if overscheduled) college student: a full-time employee, full-time student, and full-time mother of twins who just happened to answer one of those ads you find in the pages of college newspapers. For those that don't know exactly what an [egg donor](#) does: I help couples who are unable to conceive using their own eggs by donating my own. Each family's situation is different, with special circumstances and demands. These families come from all different parts of the world and all different cultures. Some are American; others come from overseas, where fertility laws are stuck in the Dark Ages. Some couples are all-male, some are all-female and others are traditional married couples; but all have a common dream: to have a child to love, cherish, and raise.

I became an egg donor only last year at age 24, and so far have already helped two families give birth. I must admit that I became an egg donor as the result of being in a financial disaster -- and the \$5,000 fee provided the needed assistance to hoist myself out of the hole I had dug.

I have taken several psychology and child development classes and am familiar with infertility issues and science-assisted reproduction, so I decided to give it a shot and do some research on becoming an egg donor. Once I felt I had found the right agency, I mustered up the courage to apply and wait to see what happened from there. The application process was fairly painless: questions about my health, ancestry, hobbies and goals. I also participated in a psychological evaluation to insure that, yes, I was mentally sane and healthy, and had the intended parents' best interest at heart.

Not too long after, I received the first email of many that would change the rest of my life, as well as those of others. It was Karen of Beverly Hills-based Fertility Miracles, emailing to inform me that I had been matched with a family who were interested in me and wondering if I would consider working with them.

I must say, at first I was surprised -- and kind of flattered -- that a couple foresaw their future family coming from my genetic material. I agreed to become their egg donor and was actually excited to start the process of doctor appointments and medication. Fertility Miracles was great to work with, and though there were tedious legalities to get out of the way, afterward I had the green light to begin prepping my body for the procedure to take place.

This mainly consisted of taking daily injections -- a terrifying prospect. I hate needles, but am lucky enough to work with a diabetic who injects herself daily with insulin. She agreed to play doctor for me, so on the morning of my first shot, I squeezed my eyes tight, grabbed the heck out of a friend's arm, and stood still for my injection. After it was all said and done, I said “Is that it?”

I'm pretty much over my fear of needles, have been an egg donor twice and am currently in the process of another donation. To help give life to a family is an incredible feeling that's tough to describe without seeming cheesy or maudlin. More than the financial reward, it made me feel righteously proud -- a feeling that intensified when I heard that my first family gave birth to twin girls.

Just recently, upon finalizing my third family to work with, I actually had the pleasure of meeting the intended mother. At first I was quite nervous and unsure of what to expect, but once she walked in the room, all my insecurities went out the window. This woman, so full of warmth and personality and character, told me about the horrible experiences she had faced previously, and the pain and agony she endured with each failure. She was warm and welcoming, friendly, and funny. She already had everything she would need to become a mother, except for the one thing that I could provide.

Now when I speak about my experiences as an egg donor, I am proud to share my story. Yes, the money is still an important benefit, but now I find myself very involved in the process and actually excited each time I have the opportunity to help. I am eager to find

new families who need my assistance in creating their family. And so when people ask me why I am an egg donor, I respond back, "Why aren't you?"

My name is Alex. And I am an egg donor.

(Mother of 5-year-old twins and a student in Northern California)