

My Lost Babies

Testimony of my journey through miscarriage

Soon after getting married, my husband and I wanted to start a family. After 6-7 months I fell pregnant. I never had a pregnancy test done because I wanted to wait a couple of months. Then it happened. I started bleeding heavily with severe pain. On the day that started we were to travel down to my husband's family – about 6-7 hours drive for the weekend. I was to leave work at mid-day. I didn't think I could hold out until then, as the pain was quite bad. When I got home I took pain relief, then we left on our trip. I felt really bad that whole weekend. On the following Tuesday I went to the doctor and had blood tests done which showed positive. I had a repeat of these blood tests done which showed a drop in count – which meant I was pregnant, but miscarried.

After that setback, we started trying again. Only a couple of months later I fell pregnant again. I went and had a pregnancy test done this time, and it was positive. I was so happy. I started buying little bodysuits etc (neutral colours, of course) when they were on special. Then it happened. I started bleeding again with severe pain. I remember lying in bed with what felt like contraction pain. I remember going to the doctor, and she insisted on me going to the hospital. I went but did not want to stay overnight. They agreed to let me go home, but to come back in the morning for a scan. I did and there was no baby.

About 6-7 months later I fell pregnant again. I don't recall being overly excited with the positive reading. Yet again bleed and lost it. I had a scan on the Friday which showed something there, and another scan on the Monday that showed nothing was there. I remember walking out of the Doctor's office and saying to my husband "I'll try one more time, and if I miscarry again that's it. I can't keep going through this". I felt bitter. Every time someone got pregnant at work, I would distant myself from them. I felt, I guess, jealous of them. I wondered when it would ever be me. I developed a bad attitude towards them. I often thought about adoption, but deep down I really wanted to have my own.

I was feeling quite depressed and felt like I'd just try once more – then give up. I managed to fall pregnant again. The week I went to have the test done, I bleed heavily for 2 days – then it just stopped. I was left with abdominal pain. On the Friday of that week, I went to the Doctor for something else, I had a long wait so I thought while I'm waiting I'll have a pregnancy test done. It was positive. I thought 'I wonder how long this one will last'. Though I never bleed again, I did have bad abdominal pain. I kept thinking I was going to lose it.

One day I thought I would read the Bible hoping God would speak to me and confirm this pregnancy. I didn't have a devotional at the time, so re-read an old one that was in the back of my bible. I turned to the same date and found the reading was from Exodus. I thought 'Great. What encouraging thing can come from Exodus?' But as I read it, God spoke. The scripture in Exodus 23: 25-26 really leaped out at me. "You shall serve the Lord your God; He shall bless your bread and water, and I will take sickness from your midst. None shall lose her young by miscarriage or be barren in your land; I will fulfil the number of your days."

After reading it, I looked up and thought 'I'm going to carry this baby to term. Although the pain was still there, I did carry him to term. My first son came into the world 30th April 1996.

I went on to have another son in May 1998. But just before falling pregnant with our 3rd, I miscarried again. That hit me hard. I didn't understand why God would allow me to go through this again. A few months later though, I fell pregnant with our 3rd son.

You know we don't always know why things happen the way they do, and why we suffer so much. We may never know this side of heaven. But we can tell our story to bring hope and comfort to someone else. Just to know there is someone else out there that can identify with what we've gone through – helps us to be able to go through it.

P.S. God also gave us a little 'girl' in June 2004.

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