



***Psalm 34:18 (NLT)***

***“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted;***

***he rescues those whose spirits are crushed.”***

The signs were unmistakeable and my heart skipped a beat. After several years of hoping and asking, God answered our prayers. It had been six years since the last surgery. Six years of hoping but believing in our hearts it may never happen. I had pretty much resigned myself to knowing we would be a one child family. But here I was, pregnant. We were ecstatic. Those that had prayed for us were thrilled and rejoiced with us. We had our miracle. Praise God!

Excitement and rejoicing turned to fear when I began to bleed. The doctor tried to remain optimistic but said I would probably lose the baby. Could this really happen? How could this be? I saw my sweet baby on an ultrasound. The little legs were kicking, Please hang on little one, please hang on! Please God, save our baby!

At 13 weeks, I miscarried our child in horrifying fashion. I knew what was happening because I had experienced it before. Not only was I losing the baby, I was hemorrhaging again. It was terrifying and it was during an ice storm. Rod knew I needed to get to the hospital so we left our 6-year-old daughter with a neighbor and headed out in the treacherous ice. The pain was unbearable physically and mentally. The tears flowed. No, this couldn't be happening.

By the time we arrived at the hospital, I had lost so much blood I could not stand. Our miracle baby was dead. I remember the attitude of the attending ER physician. No sympathy, no concern. Just another day, just another miscarriage. Once again I required blood transfusions and a hospital stay. I wept in my hospital bed and felt so alone. A day later I left the hospital heartbroken and no longer carrying a child. The only proof I had of my miracle baby was an ultrasound picture.

I can remember sitting on the floor with Caitlin trying to explain what had happened. I will never forget the look on her sweet face. How do you tell a little child they will never have a brother or sister? How do you explain why mommy and daddy are so sad? How do you explain that God had answered our prayers but then allowed the answer to die?

God answered but for some reason took the answer away. It's unexplainable and something I will never understand. Along with our baby, our dream died. We made the decision that



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we could not risk pregnancy again. I wanted so much to have another child but more than that, I wanted to live to raise the one we had. She was my life and my heart.

I will never hold him here on this earth, but our little boy will always be in my heart. And I live with the hope that I will hold him in heaven. His name? Samuel. Jesus, will you rock him for me?

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