



Job 1:21b

**"The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord."**

One never forgets the loss and life of a miscarried child. The dream dies but the vision remains. There is the vision of the child at each year of their life. In every season you think about what would have been. What would they be doing, what they might look like, how they would fit into your family.

When the date comes around that their birthday would be, you calculate how old they would turn. When school starts, you think about what grade they would be in. At birthdays, you imagine there would be another one to help blow out the candles. When you watch your only child, you picture a little one tagging behind his older sister. You watch your husband head out to fish and wonder if our boy would have loved to fish like his daddy? Would he look like me? Would he look like his daddy? Would he have a quiet personality like his sister or be a bit "out there" like his mom and dad? Would he love all things related to sports? Would our table be larger at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter?

I miss the second chance at parenting I never got. The chance to correct all the mistakes I made with the first one. As we age, I think about our daughter trying to handle things on her own without a sibling to help. I think about our granddaughter without a cousin on our side to play with or an uncle to love her. I watch other families with multiple children and sigh.

I can only imagine how different life would be. But I am also grateful for how life has been. Because we've experienced the "even if", we know God is still good. And that is a whisper of grace in our lives.

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