

Hope and Healing After Loss of Baby

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People often question the existence of God and dismiss the idea of having faith in Him because of bad things that happen – personally or on a world-wide scale. My story is one small illustration of how faith in God can hold up, even in the toughest times. Instead of walking through difficult things



alone, in Him we can find hope, healing and strength to get us through.

My background, briefly, is that I became a Christian at 14 years of age. I hadn't had any 'faith' upbringing, no church background. I was invited to church after attending a youth group in my village and, after a few weeks, I prayed a prayer, inviting Jesus into my life. Life carried on; I did well at school, got a Degree at University, went into teaching and had my first son, who is now 9.

In July 2009, **I found I was pregnant again with my second child**; the twenty-week scan revealed that the baby was a girl – the perfect way to complete our little family. We phoned friends and family with the good news.

A few weeks later, two days before Christmas, we had some very different phone calls to make. The day before, I had begun to feel concerned that I couldn't feel a great deal of movement. Trying to dismiss it as unfounded fear, I called the doctor. We waited anxiously and were called quickly. The doctor couldn't find a heartbeat. **A scan at the hospital confirmed our worst fears.**

On Christmas Eve, I was given a drug to start the process of bringing a baby into the world in much different circumstances than the ones I had imagined. **We had a very strange Christmas Day**, although my family did their best to make it Christmassy for our son, then nineteen months old. With only an hour's notice to pack Christmas in the car and bring it to us, they even packed the Christmas toilet roll – a detail of the story that has made us laugh, then and since. On Boxing Day night, I headed to the hospital. Our daughter, Grace, was born, just before 1am on the 27th December, **tiny at 25 weeks of pregnancy.**

It's hard to really capture all of that and the weeks and months that followed, in a few words. **I went through a lot of anger and disappointment.** This was the first really hard thing I had ever had to face. I asked some tough questions and there were moments where I felt like giving up on God altogether.

Ultimately, I had to choose. Was I going to be angry with God and give up, or trust Him and keep going? I chose to carry on, knowing in my heart it would be better to recover from this with God supporting, guiding and healing, than it would be attempting to go it alone.

He has helped me in countless ways – strengthening, healing – bringing the right words at the right time to move me forward when things felt hopeless, giving me the right people to connect with to help me to heal and move forward.

So, although I still have sadness and down days and tricky moments, **I know God is with me** in them and identifies with my pain and brokenness – after all, he walked among us, experiencing pain and brokenness too – a saviour for all the hurt and the broken, who cries with us and knows just how we feel – but **gives us hope for now and for eternity**, whatever brokenness and pain we have to face.