

Dear SG

I often sit when the room is quiet and contemplate the, what ifs, the, I wonder, and the why's.

4 years ago I discovered that my longed for child had been and gone, and in that one five minute consultation with the doctor I knew something had changed, how did I not know, how could I let this happen, why had this happened? My mind was in a spin.

We had been unsuccessfully trying for a second child for over a year, something I felt would be an easy process after having my son. My first pregnancy has been easy, I had caught pregnant easily and everything had gone to plan. So why did it take so long? And then why did it all shatter around me? The answer... It just happens, we don't know why!

At that moment I felt empty, I didn't even know my baby was there, they didn't feel my love because I didn't know they were there. Numb, lost, alone, I didn't know how to feel, what was right? Should I mourn or should I just carry on? after all I didn't know they were there.

I mourned, I still do, my baby was a part of me, however briefly they came into my life they touched my heart and will be with me forever.

After tests with bad results and another 9 months of trying with each month bringing the same feeling of, will this month be the month?, I took a test. I had plenty in the cupboard after all I was doing a test every month.

Obsessive... Oh yes I was. I knew I was but I couldn't stop, having a baby took over my life. People around me got pregnant, had babies, everywhere I turned I was faced with someone with a bump, or a pram.

But that day, it happened, that faint line on a test 9 months after our loss. I felt sick, shaky, scared, happy, amazed, and excited, it had finally happened.

Our loss touched all of our close friends and family, they went through the journey with us and were elated when told the news, all of us counting down the days until the first scan.

3 days before my 12week scan, my world crumbled, I was bleeding, I knew, this was what had happen almost exactly one year before. A scan the next day confirmed my fear, "I'm so sorry I can't find a heartbeat"

I sat in the cold, clinical family room and cried, Why? Again? Why? What did I do? The answer, it just happens, its one in 4.

I was given a leaflet and told to go home, I would be called the following day to arrange surgery. Surgery! The last and only time I had had surgery was delivering my son, this time they were removing "products of conception" I felt like screaming.... That is MY BABY.

I didn't, I was numb, I needed to be strong, I felt I had let everyone around me down, I had to tell everyone that knew that I had failed, that yet again my body hadn't worked. To see your family, friends and the man you love with all your heart, cry, uncontrollably, because of something you had done was something I felt I would never get past. How did I deal with that?

By keeping it inside, being strong, holding back the tears and being there to support everyone around you. Until it gets to much and you crumble, I knew it would happen, but at the moment when your walls come down and the tears start to flow you should feel better, you should be relieved but all you feel is empty, all you wished for is gone, and in that brief moment you wonder how will you ever move on.

It was at that moment of ultimate despair that Saying Goodbye, and the Mariposa trust was introduced to me, by my best friend. I connected on Facebook and haven't looked back. It was through them that I realised I wasn't alone, that I would be able to move on, that lying awake at night and crying was ok, that feeling like the world was turning around me but I was alone, standing still, was normal.

When I was crying so hard that I didn't think I could ever stop they showed me that I would and that it would get easier, the grief would hurt less and most importantly that my babies mattered and not be afraid to talk.

One year on and I was pregnant again, 'Growing You' was there to help support and reassure me, a pregnancy after loss is a scary road to travel, with every day one step closer to a happy ending, and thankfully our beautiful daughter was born nearly 2 years ago. She is our rainbow baby.

I have not had the chance to ring a bell for my babies at an SG service something that I plan to change this year, however in Canterbury at an SG service recently my babies were honoured and remembered, I cannot say how proud and thankful to SG I was on that day, my babies and hundreds of others were remembered in a beautiful and delicate way.

SG are a support, a voice, a family and I am so thankful that I found them, they give me hope, and guidance and help with a grief that will never fade, as each year that goes by I celebrate my babies.

Thank you