

Let GO and Let GOD... (My Miscarriage Story)

by Dang Fortaleza-Baldonado

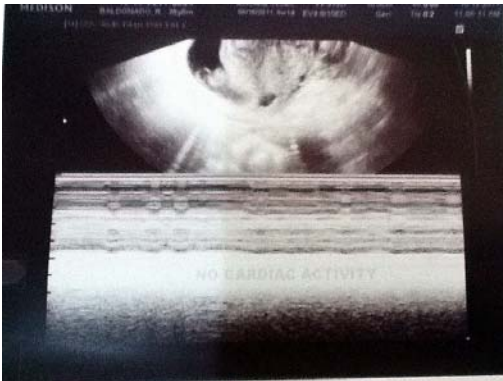
After a work meeting last September 19, I just had an impulse to buy a pregnancy kit and had a test... I was 2 days delayed. When the kit registered 2 lines, I was overjoyed. I called Dada Jay as I held the kit and broke the good news. I thank God for another answered prayer. When I entered our office and told an officemate, the joy was just infectious and everybody was just so happy for their Mimi Dang (I'm a Mimi Dang not just to my kids :).



We were really praying for one last child to complete our family...and we were hoping for a baby girl this time. Matt is 7, Luke is 4. Having our last baby this time around is just right. My 3 boys (Dada Jay included) were just as excited as I was. The kids would touch and kiss my not-yet-obvious tummy many times. Dada always prepared my Anmum milk every night. I could very well feel the pregnancy signs...I was nauseous, I visited the CR frequently, I was very choosy with food, and the most undeniable, my pants had all become tight for my growing waist. :) Anticipating for another baby, I kept some of my pregnancy clothes. So I had all the tight pants removed from my closet and replaced them with the more loose ones.

My first ultrasound was fine at 6 weeks. Though any cardiac activity was not yet seen, it was okay because it was still very early. We were advised to repeat the ultrasound 2 weeks after. I began to feel lower abdominal pains which I also felt during my 2 perfect pregnancies. Going back to my pregnancy journal with Matt and Luke, I also had 2-week bed rest during my 1st trimester.

Last Oct 12, as I was lying down on my second ultrasound, I was excited to see the development of our baby. I was shocked when the OB Sonologist uttered, "***Mommy, bad news po...***" I had to make sure I heard him right so I asked, "Ano po?" "***Mommy, bad news po... Wala pong heartbeat si baby...***" I asked him if he was sure and I just burst into tears... My prayer to God that instant was, "**Lord, please prepare me for this...**"



The second ultrasound at 8 weeks showed no cardiac activity.

Dada Jay came to my side and held me... He was always with me during my check-ups and lab tests. The OB Sonologist said that he would check first my ovaries, probably just to calm me down. But the *iyakin* in me could not just stop... After

checking, he showed me again the heart area of my baby, it was supposed to flicker. But it was not. The heart was not beating. :(

Dada asked the doctor if we could repeat the ultrasound after a week just to confirm. He said yes. The ultrasound report was **embryonic demise at 7 weeks, 3 days**. I also had subchorionic hemorrhage near the gestational sac.

We went straight to my OB/Gyn check-up. I was crying talking to my doctor. She is the same doctor I had with Matt and Luke. We had a lot of questions. What could have caused this? Did I do anything that harmed my baby? Did our baby's heart ever beat at all? Was it 100% sure that our baby was gone?

My doctor's answer to the last question was, in a scale of 1- 10, 10 being the surest, it was 7-8 sure that our baby stopped growing... That was very high... *and it all the more broke my heart...*



The most probable cause is chromosomal problem. There might be lacking chromosomes to make the pregnancy NOT viable. I researched that "most chromosomal abnormalities are the cause of a faulty egg or sperm cell. Since the cause of most miscarriages is due to chromosomal abnormalities, there is not much that can be done to prevent them." Chromosomal defects cause the abnormalities of born babies.

My doctor still prescribed a hormonal support medicine for my baby and advised me to go on a 2-week bed rest. We would see her after a week.

That one week was the longest week of my life... Dada Jay did some internet research and encouraged me to do the same. There were cases that heartbeats were found out later than 8 weeks because of late ovulation, baby's angle at the time of the scan, etc. There was even a dedicated website for misdiagnosed miscarriages. I joined a forum and read many stories of miracles and miscarriages.

I was secretly praying for a miracle :). I know **that nothing is too hard for the Lord. But I also believe in my heart that He wants the best for each one of us... for me and my baby.** I prayed that if ever we found a heartbeat on the next ultrasound, the baby would be perfectly fine.

Telling the kids about my situation was also a hard part. I let Dada Jay do that. He told the kids that *"Jesus might get our baby because she has a problem, so Jesus would just take her."* (Please let me use she to refer to our baby :)



Being on a bed rest gave me a lot of time to read God's Word. It even strengthened my faith in Him. I trust Him fully. I know **that His ways are higher than our ways, His thoughts are higher than our thoughts.** (Isaiah 55:8-9). As I was patiently waiting for the next ultrasound, I busied myself. But of course, the occasional crying was present, again being the *iyakin* that I am.

The week passed. We went to another ultrasound clinic for more of a second opinion. I was excited but quite nervous. The nervousness was quite stretched with the long queue of patients who were either having their checkups or their ultrasounds. The Sonologist is also an OB/Gyn doctor. I could say I was quite ready for anything...so when she said that she was certain that it was a case of embryonic demise, I didn't cry right then and there. I cried outside the clinic. :(

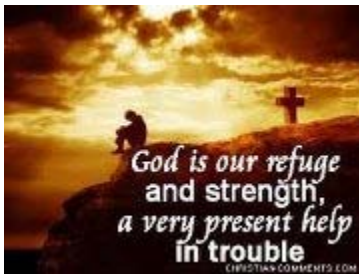
As we were waiting for my turn at my OB/Gyn doctor, Dada Jay said we should **let go** of this situation and **let God** do His plan. He even mentioned that it was okay to just have Matt and Luke as our kids...

When my doctor saw the ultrasound report, she advised for a d & c as soon as possible. It is a surgical procedure to take out the pregnancy products inside me. She said I could be admitted that night but I begged off. I would just text her when I was ready. I was still mourning...and I know that as a friend, God was grieving with me...

Jay and I decided to go to the hospital last Friday morning. He had to go to work that day after bringing me there to endorse things. He was also entitled to a paternity leave. My kind Kuya accompanied me. I asked for a last ultrasound

before the procedure. The Sonologist said that my baby measured 14 mm; at 6 mm, heartbeats could already be detected.

The preparation for the procedure was long and painful. I was like on induced labor for 5 hours waiting for my cervix to open. I couldn't eat or even drink water. The actual procedure was fast and painless. When I was wheeled to the Operating Room, I asked God to see me through. I told my OB doctor I didn't want to feel anything. I remember the pain of the skin test. But thanks to the inventor of the anesthesia, I was put to sleep. The next thing I remember, my doctor was waking me up to tell me the procedure was already done.



God is my refuge and my strength. He also used a lot of people to comfort me. I am overwhelmed by the countless messages of prayers and sympathy I received from my family, churchmates, officemates, friends and relatives. I was surprised to find out from some friends that they also suffered from miscarriages and so they could very well relate to what I was experiencing... It is true that what's harder in having a miscarriage is the emotional recovery...



So how am I coping? I'm sure I will be fine. Though I **cannot promise not** to cry (because you know why :). But I'm getting better each day, all with God's grace... My spiritual buddy reminded me yesterday that "**the Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those**

who are crushed in spirit." (Psalm 34:18)