

### ***I was involved too.***

Tom tells his story of pregnancy loss

“We’re pregnant!” I gave A a huge hug and tried not to cry. With one beautiful little person in our lives, the thought of another one was overwhelming. We set off on the trail known to every parent – what shall we call her? No, it never really occurred to us that it might be a boy. Well, it did I suppose, but we never managed to agree on a boy’s name so probably best...

So next, time to announce the news to the world. “No!” says A. “Not until after the 12-week scan”. So six weeks not being able to tell anyone, but brimming.

So, here we go. Cold gel on A’s stomach, a kind and smiling nurse, the scanner. And there’s our second child! Blurry and black and white, but there she is. Normal size. Normal placenta. Tiny little heartbeat. We almost skipped out of the hospital. Holding hands, we started to make the calls to those that needed to know. We didn’t try to explain to R, there was time for that when she was a few months older.

Right, planning stages. Most of R’s old things will be fine, so no real need to buy too many things. Enough room at home for the cot, the baby-basket, the new toys we’d receive from well-wishers...

20-week scan. Now we get to find out if we need to decide a boy’s name. Friendly, smiling nurse. Cold gel. Scanner. There she is. Blurry, but definitely there.

The nurse purses her lips and tries unsuccessfully not to frown. She keeps scanning, but unlike last time, she’s silent. “May I bring in a colleague?” she asks with no emotion. It’s not really a question.

I squeeze A’s hand. “Don’t worry you! It’s probably some small deformity. We’ll deal with it”

The senior nurse arrives with her colleague. Scans. And then again. They leave the room without a word. We’re holding hands and A is now very nearly breaking my fingers.

“Sorry, Mrs C. There’s no heartbeat. We’ll arrange an operation as soon as possible. You’ll need to sign some forms”

Next day, we’re in hospital. Just a simple operation. No big deal. Not one person mentioned our dead daughter or asked how we were. Actually, that’s not true. Everyone asked how A was. Quite rightly.

Notice something about the quote from the nurse above? “Sorry, Mrs C...” Not one single person has ever, ever asked how I felt. Never. Not even A...

And yes, I said WE were pregnant. I was involved too, see?