

After 7 years and 7 painful cycles of IVF we eventually became pregnant with our now 4 year old daughter. The day I gave birth to her was the most amazing day of my life. I was told I would never get pregnant naturally so when my period was late just 11 months after our daughter was born I figured it was just one of those things, a few days passed so I decided to do a test. IT WAS POSITIVE!!! We were shocked, amazed and we did a test the following day – just to check! We were over the moon so I called my fertility clinic to see if they could arrange an early scan so at 7 weeks gestation we saw our babies heart beating, tears of joy flowed, how amazing, something we were told could never happen.

A week later I had a little spotting, I tried not to panic but ended up going for another scan, the baby was OK and there was no reason for the bleeding, I tried to take it easy (well as much as I could with a 1 year old) and the spotting stopped for a few days but on and off it kept coming back. Things seemed to settle down apart from the occasional bit of brown spotting and I tried to relax. It came to our 12 week scan, we was so scared but excited too, of course it would be OK I was up to 12 weeks, we saw our baby moving around and there was still no obvious reason why I kept spotting and as it had almost stopped we decided to announce to everyone about our little miracle. So many congratulations came our way and we felt now we could relax, after all we were now in the safe period, only a small percentage of babies miscarried now. We booked a holiday to Greece, we felt after the worries we needed a week away to relax and I would be 17 weeks by then and feeling the baby move hopefully. The midwife said there was no reason we shouldn't go and she thought it would do us good. That following weekend we went away to Scarborough with our daughter and some family. The first evening we was there I passed a clot, we asked my Mum to look after our daughter and went to the local A&E, after several hours there and them confirming the test was still positive and my cervix closed they told us to make appointment to see our local hospital on the Monday. We had another scan on the Monday and our baby was there, kicking and OK, the bleeding stopped and they could again see no reason for it happening.

I was so scared that I purchased a Doppler to listen to the heart beat of my baby, just for reassurance. At about 14 weeks, I couldn't find it, I panicked and went to the midwife in tears, she couldn't find it either, she reassured me not to worry as all other signs and sounds were OK. That weekend I started bleeding again and suddenly I didn't feel pregnant any more, I can't explain why. I just felt empty. I rang the Early Pregnancy Unit, it was a Saturday morning and I was ready for the message that they couldn't scan me until Monday but they said as long as I was in for 9am they would scan me. We had no choice but to take our daughter with us, she helped while we were waiting, a bit of a distraction really, generating a smile on our worried faces. It seemed an eternity before we were scanned. I was shaking so much but was so grateful for my husband holding my hand. We saw our baby on the screen, curled up, no heartbeat and not moving. The sonographer kept looking and looking but I kept shouting our baby is dead isn't it, our baby is dead! He made me empty my bladder to check on an internal scan, I went to the toilet and everyone in the waiting room looked at me and the tears rolling down my face, I knew an internal scan was not going to show anything different and I was right! I hugged my husband and daughter so tightly hoping to gain some strength from them. I felt empty, a failure, how was I going to tell people after all the congratulations we received?

I sent a text message to my immediate family when we were in a quiet room simply saying, "I've lost the baby"

We waited and waited for what seemed like hours, trying to entertain our daughter, trying to smile for her when our whole world had fallen apart, why was life so cruel? We were then advised I was required to take some tablets to help the baby come away and I should come back into hospital on Monday to deliver the baby. A medically managed miscarriage.

We got home after taking the tablets and my sister collected our daughter and I shoved a few things in a bag for her as I didn't want her to see me so distraught. I couldn't explain to her, just hugged her with all my life and in the best way I could explained she was going on holiday for a few days to stop with her Aunty. Thank god we did, as that night I collapsed with so much bleeding and pain that my husband had to call an ambulance, I was semi unconscious and the blood was pouring from me.

They gave me morphine and took me into hospital and luckily after spending some time in a&e was given a private room, I was in the process of delivering my dead baby. My husband was crying so much, I felt I had let him down too, we talked and we tried to rest, I kept looking at a photograph of my daughter for strength. After about 5 hours of trying to push the baby out a doctor came to help deliver the baby from me, I was emotionally and physically exhausted. He recognised me as he also worked in the fertility clinic I had been to for the IVF treatment. As gently as he could he delivered our baby and they took it away to present the baby to me covered, like it was asleep. We was warned the baby would look very red and a bit like jelly as it was not properly formed yet. We looked at the baby and my heart broke into more pieces, you could see it's little fingers and toes, the form of some eyes. I tried to see if it was a boy or girl, I thought it was a boy but its genitals were not fully formed.

The placenta had not been delivered and the kind doctor did not want to put me through any more so he took my down to theatre to remove it under anaesthetic. I went to theatre clutching a picture of my daughter, so far away at her Aunties. An hour later, it was over, at last. We went home the next afternoon and about 10 minutes later my Sister brought my daughter home, I was so grateful to hold her again, she was everything to us.

We then went back to collect a memory box with a photograph of our baby and arrange for the hospital to cremate the baby with other lost babies. The paint print of his foot I had made into a silver pendant to hang near my daughters handprint on my necklace, close to my heart. The baby was a boy, we called him Noah.

A year and a half later I fell pregnant again, unfortunately this baby miscarried too, at 8 weeks, it never got a heart beat.

We make the most of every day with our little girl but I never forget our lost babies, the majority of days I am OK, sometimes I just sit and cry. It was the worst experience of my life, but I have survived.