

## Chapter 1 : Recurrent Miscarriage

*Miscarriage marks the death of dreams as surely as it does the death of a baby months before it was due. "We counted our lucky stars and you were it," one woman in this collection writes sadly. Another notes, "You can publicly mourn someone others have met, someone people were expecting, someone who looks like a child.*

Supposedly at lunch with friends, Hemingway bet the table that he could write a compelling story that would make them cry with only six words. He won the bet, writing: Our story A few weeks ago, I announced we were expecting our third baby. To my surprise, the doctor reported a baby and a strong heartbeat. She wanted to schedule a second ultrasound in a few weeks to keep an eye on a hematoma that was also present in my uterus; but with her blessing, we went on our kid-free vacation with our little stowaway. When we got back from Hawaii and I got ready for my second ultrasound, I again prepared myself for the worst. But the doctor again reported a strong heartbeat and we chalked up my lack of symptoms to my pregnancies being so close together that my body just adapted quickly to supporting the extra load. She signed off on my workouts, but warned that the hematoma looked larger and would resolve soon, so I could expect some brown discharge "old blood that would not threaten the baby. I made my appointments for the next odd weeks and went home happy and excited. While I knew having a 3-year-old, 1-year-old, and newborn would be exhausting and challenging, I felt I was getting more on board emotionally. My husband researched cars that could fit three carseats. We talked about buying a bigger home to fit all these children. That night our two girls played together, wrestling over each other for toys and giggling if one got a hold of the puppy. Stephen and I watched and laughed, feeling fully complete imagining our family complete. And then the bleeding started. I chalked it up to the hematoma. But a day later the bleeding increased. And slowly became more red in color. By the time I called my doctor and got in for an ultrasound, I knew it was over. And just like that, my husband and I joined the ranks of parents who will forever wonder what might have been. Because between vacation, sick kids, being sick myself, and playing catch-up on writing, I hardly worked out at all. And when I did, I was lifting a fraction of my usual loads in an attempt to perfect form. For me, and for others who were excited for this baby to join our family. Just another question for us to wonder about. One in four Because I announced our pregnancy , it only seemed right to acknowledge the loss. It would have been easier just to remove the announcements from social media and, if anyone asked, to just tell them individually. And that can leave women feeling isolated in their grief. So I announced our loss and began receiving messages from tons of friends and family sharing their own losses. Some only recently had their loss. Others lost their babies decades ago. Everyone empathized with the pain. WebMD states that most miscarriages are a result of fatal genetic problems with the unborn baby, and have nothing to do the mother. And in some morbid way, that gives me comfort. That our losses are a matter of nature and biology, and not the consequence of missing a prenatal or lifting more than 20 pounds. Instead, I like to think that we all come into this world with a complete soul. So we always have a complete soul, but it ends up being made up of many different parts. They took that piece of our soul with them. But it also feels like a part of them has remained. We still have the piece of their soul that will always remain with us. And even though I never had the opportunity to meet this baby, I find consolation in that a piece of him or her remains with me. Moving forward How do you describe the wave of emotions you experience after something like this? But the maternal side of me feels that punch in the gut. And the sadness over what might have been. So what is the appropriate way to move forward? I think my husband will internalize his grief and choose to remember our baby privately. Either way, we carry this little one with us, always.

### Chapter 2 : Our Story - A Male Perspective | Tommy™s

*This is a collection of personal stories, essays, poems, and reflections about miscarriage and stillbirth (mostly miscarriage). Most of the stories are written by women and there are a handful written by fathers.*

Mothers sharing stories about miscarriage, stillbirth, and baby loss 63 Comments October 15 is Pregnancy and Infant Loss Remembrance Day I knew it was approaching. But all of a sudden it was one week away, and the realization sent a whole new wave of shock through my body. But, regardless of the busy, the sting was still there and for the first time I understood what others said about the sensation of aching, empty arms after losing a baby. My arms literally felt heavy with loss that night and I barely knew how to hold them up enough to type. Talk about a kick in the guts. And I believe that things do get easier. As salt-heavy tears burned tracks down my cheeks I thought of the Teacher: At one time he was speaking of the little ones gathered around him for a blessing, but that night he spoke of my little one, of our little ones lost. I let the tears fall. I let Comfort draw near. We know we stand on holy ground. She is one, she is many. Scarlett Grace has been that to me â€” just what her name represents: Still, I miss her. And I remember her today, every day. I share because I know that secrets kept quiet burn away at the interior of a soul and so, as painful as it is, I crack open wide and ask for Jesus to come in. I ask him and he does. Or maybe because of. Today is International Pregnancy and Infant Loss Remembrance Day and today is a day where I want to use my voice to encourage my sisters out from under the weight of silence. You see, he comes through the quiet Spirit whispers and he comes through those Holy Book pagesâ€¦ but he also comes through shared stories and exchanged emails and friends holding hands across the world and across the dinner table. We speak and we write and we share not only for ourselves though it is a balm , but also for the ones who will come after us and who will need light in their dark hour. I want to make space here in the form of a link-up in honor of our lost little ones â€” a place where we can share stories and encouragement, heartache and hope. A place where silence has no place, and our hearts and babes have a voice. Details for the link-up are below. We are not alone, sisters. In honor of my own little girl, I honor your little ones today, too.

Chapter 3 : Miscarriage stories - page 1 of 5

*Our Stories of Miscarriage Tonight, as I lie awake in bed at 4am unable to turn my brain off, I made my post to my personal Instagram and Facebook about Pregnancy & Infant Loss Awareness. It is October and that is one of the many things this month represents.*

I often say that I devoured stories like medication in those early days—somehow they helped heal me as I absorbed them into my broken heart and assimilated my own experiences in light of the larger human story. My own loss has exposed me to the huge, hidden grief that women and men share all over the world. They are also mysterious and confusing unless we are informed and feel permission to speak openly about our experiences. The paradox is not lost on me. This applies to other forms of pregnancy loss and infertility, too. Your loss is insignificant. Your grief response is silly. Your body is broken. Thankfully the internet age has given rise to honest and vulnerable talk about many issues women face that have previously been considered taboo. For countless women miscarriage sits near the top of the list. Normalizing this aspect of womanhood and parenthood is liberating because it affirms we need not be ashamed of that which is beyond our control. Sharing our miscarriage and stillbirth stories helps and heals. While preparing to write my book, *Grace Like Scarlett: Grieving with Hope after Miscarriage and Loss*, I surveyed more than women and men about their pregnancy loss experiences. As they shared their miscarriage stories with me, I became convinced all over again that sharing our stories to break the silence around miscarriage and loss both helps and heals us, personally and collectively. The following are a sampling of those stories, but they are only a slice of a much bigger conversation. Please join us there. The tears roll back into my hair. I put my arm over open my mouth and try not to sob. On August 23rd, we cried because there was no heartbeat on the monitor. On August 24th we cried as we said goodbye to our boy whom I had carried in my womb for 18 weeks. In September I cried because my belly should have been big and round. But it was empty and flat. As flat as it has been after having three babies. Because a dear friend had her baby that day too. And I was fine. So happy for them. This was our fourth pregnancy, and it was a shock. Not what we were expecting, to put it mildly. This, too, was a shock—and what do you tell people? And how would I know? My loss happens over and over again every month. Being infertile has been the heaviest disappointment of my life. I rushed out of the conference room with the image of a mother sitting by her baby in the plastic NICU bassinet. He talked slowly, helping me find my breath in order to slow the panic from taking over. This was my fifth pregnancy. I dared not hope she could be the third born. How desperately we look for answers, for a way to know why it happened or what will happen. It was first a miscarriage at seven weeks, then a live and perfect birth, then a miscarriage at nine weeks, then a live and perfect birth and now—now what? We made it through week 7, then week 9, then to the second trimester. During my third trimester, my friend learned her baby, at 37 weeks was stillborn. Will the peace never come? We want to hold on and have control, to explain and predict, but it is out of our hands. Even when they are born, as was my alive and perfect daughter from that fifth pregnancy, they are never fully in our hands. We have to let go, do the best we can, and keep our courage to try again. Sometimes I go into infant loss on Instagram just to make myself cry. I cry for the pain of every single Momma that posts in there. I cry for the pain of this world, that for as long as we are here Mothers will lose their babies. But I also cry to feel him close again. My tears bring him back. For only a moment, with those hot tears on my face, I remember what it felt like to hold him. To kiss his cheeks and to play with his toes. I miss him so much. Yet there is this thing that happens when we have hope. This thing that happens when we believe in a God who is all powerful and all knowing and we can still trust Him even in our loss and our suffering. This thing creates in us something beautiful. The trees wave more often than in summer, the geese call out their pleasantries on their way out, unripened colors crop up. This is the month that Lulu was due, the early beginnings of a fresh season. We laid her in a fresh bed of soil, planted a Wisteria that blooms purple in its time. The kids play all around and in her soil, plastic construction trucks and plucked buds find their home in her pot. Butterflies flit around her curly vines; the curly hair I imagine her to have had. A few months later we are surprised to be pregnant again, another chance to hold a new life. I wait and watch and finally hear the strong whir of a

healthy heart. This baby waves and bounces. But September finds us having to say goodbye, again. Our baby boy has gone to play in bluer skies with the ones who wait for him. I deliver him wholly, second-trimester; his tiny body, a perfect plum plucked too soon. The first loss broadsided my joy like an eighteen-wheeler on black ice. The second time, grief wore clothes of disbelief. A repeat miscarriage hurt just as much as a first. My medical chart now contained the foul words, history of loss. The second time my body let go when it should have held fast, I was less surprised but still aching. Bracing ourselves for the impact of pain never really lessens the blow, does it? Grief clothed in anger and self-preservation is a real thing. But the process of pain is one that cannot be rushed. In the crushing realization that it truly still hurtsâ€” that is where we find Him. Deep in the pain that is far from fading, is the beautiful mystery that He is doing something new. I now know that it takes how ever long it takes. One day the wait will be over. We will see with our eyes what we felt in our souls all along. We will agree with C. We press on holding both the joy and the pain. The grief and the hope of what will be. I remember feeling like I was outside of myself or like it was a nightmare. He said I had to have surgery to remove the pregnancy or else my life would be in danger but all I could think was is he asking me to have an abortion? Ultimately I did have the surgery, but I still sometimes wonder if there was another way. Mostly I know the truth, but I still have my days. In the beginning I struggled with so much guilt as well as anger toward God. But then I began to connect with the pregnancy loss community and realize there are thousands of women going through the same thing as I am. Being connected to others while I grieved has helped me not only learn how to process my grief, but has helped me grow in my soul and in hope for the future. As morning tea comes around I brace myself with a big smile to go in for the big reveal. I stand around smiling, sharing my congrats, looking at the latest scan, and ohhhhh-ing and ahhhh-ing. I know women and families heroes who have suffered so, so much more, and those who are still battling. I feel embarrassed to mention it. But excuses are not necessary. Noâ€”more than thatâ€”excuses are dangerous and limiting. They separate us from each other. They diminish our experiences and compel us to keep our true selves hidden. Excusing our pain away, placing it out of sight to make ourselves and others feel comfortable, is stopping us really living. While we tell ourselves:

**Chapter 4 : Our Stories of Miscarriage: Healing with Words by Rachel Faldet**

*Here, we share our story of loss and the hope that remains. There's no easy or right way to mourn the loss of a pregnancy. Experts estimate that one in four pregnancies ends in miscarriage.*

Chances are, someone close to you or within your community has dealt with the same ordeal. While everyone reacts differently to this type of loss, the general consensus is that speaking about it with women who have gone through similar experiences can be a comfort. Jessica, one miscarriage, 16 weeks. My first pregnancy was seamless. We traipsed around the world, enjoying my blooming belly and our final days as just two. Years later, I was ambivalent about having a second child. I thought perhaps our lives as a threesome should simply remain joyous and who knew how things would shift if we added more to the mix? Until I changed my mind. My subsequent pregnancy ended in miscarriage at 16 weeks. I began spotting and within a few days the baby emerged. The next few months were a blur. I had heard many stories of heart-wrenching pregnancy losses, but had yet to understand from a corporeal perspective. My second trimester loss has profoundly shifted my work and has invariably changed me as a person more broadly. I went on to get pregnant soon thereafter, and now have a toddler whose humor has me bent over in belly laughter. Pregnancy after pregnancy loss was incredibly anxiety producing—fear sometimes took over my day. Until my daughter was nestled in my arms, it was difficult to believe that she was actually going to be a part of our family. Now a family of four. Laura, one miscarriage, 18 weeks. Got laid off because you planned poorly. Had your car broken into because you left something in there. But when I had a miscarriage, the worst culprit of this reflexive blaming was myself. It took me years to get over thinking that I caused the loss of my baby. I was 29 years old and in excellent health. We got pregnant on the first try. When we hit the week mark, we started to tell friends and family. My father-in-law had recently been diagnosed with stage 4 colon cancer, so the family was overjoyed to have some good news. I had just launched an online magazine and an annual event a few months before the pregnancy and I had a lot of work to do to get my solo businesses ready for three months without me. I took meetings all over S. At the end of my 17th week, I started to have some pink spotting. This spotting went on for a few days and then a day came where my cervix top of my vagina hurt so much when I stood that I tried to sit as much as possible. At the end of a busy work-from-home day, I was standing to make myself a snack. Right at the moment my husband walked through the front door, he saw my face contort and my body double over in pain. There was no question that this was ER-level pain. Once we got there the ER attendants suggested I sit down and wait for a room, but once they saw me opt to lay down on the floor instead, they took our urgency more seriously. Ready to have a baby dilated. And nothing can make a cervix un-dilate either. So, they asked me to push. The next thing I remember is standing up and looking down at my own feet on the green tiled hospital floor, as blood dripped between them. Vividly, easily, the worst moment of my life. The grief hit in waves and was surprisingly complex. It was my first death. My body was healing from acute trauma. My milk came in, turning my breasts into hot painful rocks for a week. My hormones were a rollercoaster. Our plans were erased. Our families were crushed. I hid my maternity clothes and the things for the baby. I had to email dozens of people, including work connections, about our devastating news. I started over on business plans. I cried for weeks, months. I ached to be pregnant again. I ached for the loss of that specific person whom I felt like I already knew. Based on my instincts, a boy. And based on my insane cravings, someone who would have loved coffee like his dad. And based on my dreams, someone sweet and wry and funny like his dad. They wilted with me around the week of my due date likely due to an October heat wave, but overall grew strong and well. In we had a healthy son, and in a healthy daughter, with the help of very attentive doctors and some medical intervention. Jennine, two miscarriages, weeks. I had two miscarriages, one when I was 18 and the other when I was The things I remember about that time was how insensitive the emergency room staff at the hospital was. I told them I was miscarrying because I was bleeding and they sent me home. They did not explain what was happening. Then after I passed the baby in the toilet, I scooped it out with my hands. It was no bigger than a shrimp, but you could definitely tell it was a fetus. In addition to that loss, the experience at the hospital was horrifying. Ultimately about that pregnancy, I feel it

worked out the way it should have. Deep down inside I knew I was not meant to be a young mother, and am grateful to have had a life where I could choose to be a mom when I was ready. It took me nearly twenty years to finally be readyâ€”married, financially stable, all that stuff. Luckily, especially because of my age 37 , I got pregnant right away. When we took the viability ultrasound at 8 weeks and they did not find a heartbeat, the doctor informed us with genuine compassion. It was a stark contrast to the experience I had previously. That said, I had no idea what to do after. In retrospect, I believe I was in shock because I just went back to work. Like I had just been to the dentist or something. I just buried myself in work for the following weeks because every time I stopped working I would just cry. I would work until it was time to go to bed, sleep, and wake up and start crying until I went to work. The baby you lost was a different baby. Melissa, 5 miscarriages, weeks. My husband and I started trying to conceive as soon as we were married. My husband and I were giddy. We were concerned, but stayed positive. A week or so later, I experienced the bleeding that made it pretty clear I was miscarrying. We went to the ER on the suggestion of my doctor it was after-hours and they just confirmed what we already knew. It took a few months to get out of the funk. I had told more people than I wished I had, and it was terrible sharing the bad news. And somehow terrible to know they were grieving for us, too. We saw an infertility specialist, who suggested we try a round of injectable drugs and IUI , which we did three times. One try ended in a pregnancy and then miscarriage and the other two were sadly duds. Over the span of 7 years, I had five miscarriages. It was always the same story: Of course, having miscarriage after miscarriage was incredibly hard on both me and my husband. We got to the point where we told no one when I was pregnant, because it somehow made it more tolerable to not have to share the grief. I actually considered not telling my husband I was pregnant once or twice, to try and spare him the pain of another miscarriage, but never could keep it from him. I found myself so jealous and hateful of friendsâ€”and strangersâ€”with babies. I would even try to avoid places where I knew I would see lots of pregnant women or babies. I hated feeling bad for myself and hated the feelings of anger I had towards those who had no problem getting pregnant. I was incredibly frustrated with myself, and with my body. We started looking into adoption, and were getting excited about the prospect. It irritated me, blaming infertility on stress, because while it certainly might have played a part, I knew there were other physical reasons for the miscarriages.

**Chapter 5 : Sharing Miscarriage, Stillbirth, and Infertility Stories to Help and Heal after Pregnancy Loss**

*Read ten women's unique miscarriage stories. Among women who know they are pregnant, approximately 15% of those pregnancies end in miscarriage (with over 80% of those miscarriages happening within the first 3 months).*

September 26, by Christina So when we left off on part 1 of our miscarriage story, we were counting down the days until our first appointment with the doctor. June 29 came and I was counting down the hours until we could leave. We ended up leaving earlier than we probably should have because I was so excited. We got there and had to wait a little while and they ended up having no rooms so we had to wait even longer but I finally got called in. I go to Kaiser and the way they do it is they call the mom in, check her vitals, bring her in the room and the doctor asks some questions. After that, they go get dad for the ultrasound. After the doctor asked me my questions, she was prepping me for the ultrasound which happened to be transvaginal and the nurse went to go get Sean. As she started the ultrasound, I could see her body language change from excitement to kind of a blank stare. At this point, I was a little over 8 weeks along. She told us that at this stage, she should be able to hear a heartbeat and see a baby that is moving around. However, all she saw was a tiny fetus and the sac. She said that I would more than likely end up miscarrying. She did want to send us in for a formal ultrasound the next day to confirm. We went to that the next morning and went back to her office and she confirmed that I had a blighted ovum. She told us we had three options: The first would be to miscarry naturally. The second would be to take medicine at home to speed up the process. This option would be the quickest, but there are some risks with any surgery. We got home and started mourning the loss of the baby we were so excited to meet. I ended up getting a call from a RN case manager at Kaiser. She told me that she was looking at our ultrasound and said she saw a fetus that measured 6 weeks and to not take the medicine and come back in for another ultrasound in a week to see if the baby had grown. I wanted to be hopeful but I was also scared to be. After researching blighted ovum, I read that there is no fetal pole when you have a blighted ovum but my ultrasound showed a fetal pole. Finally the day of the ultrasound came July 7 and the ultrasound ended up showing that if there was a fetus, it disappeared. My gestational sac ended up growing over that week so my body still thought I was pregnant. Once we got the confirmation that there was indeed no baby, we decided that the best route would be to take the medicine. The rest of this post details my miscarriage. We got home and ended up taking the medicine that day. I did the first dose on July 7 around 1PM. The doctor also prescribed me Norco and Ibuprofen. Around 3PM, I was cramping pretty bad. Around 4PM, I started bleeding pretty heavily. At around 6PM, I passed what I believed to be the sac. It was about the size of my palm. Prior to passing that, the cramps I felt were the worst I had felt so far. We repeated the dose the next day at 1PM. At this point, I was still bleeding. Later that night at around 10PM Sean called the advice nurse at Kaiser and they recommended I go to the ER. We went to the ER and the wait was 3 hours long. We even went to another location and their wait was also three hours long. If I still woke up feeling like that, we would go back to the ER. I woke up the next morning and still felt pretty dizzy and weak but now I had the worse migraine. We called the advice nurse again and she recommended we go to the ER. I got seen fairly quickly. They hooked me up to an IV and gave me some fluids and some pain medicine for the headache. The doctor wanted another ultrasound to make sure that everything had passed, which it did. After my pain went down, they discharged me. I came home and slept it off and woke up feeling much better. Stay tuned for Part 3!

**Chapter 6 : 5 Myths About Recurrent Miscarriage – Seleni Institute**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Maternal Health Advocate at timoriamcqueen. I Had a Miscarriage in Public I was only about five or six weeks pregnant, but the loss was still devastating to me. I wondered who was this person that I had just lost. Was it a girl or a boy? Was this miscarriage my fault? What did I do wrong? I had been having stomach cramps all morning and had some spotting in my underwear. The bleeding was not alarming to me because I had grown used to spotting since giving birth the previous year. I often wore panty liners or thin maxi pads every day because I never knew what to expect. I assumed my body was adjusting to not breastfeeding anymore and my menstrual cycle was having a hard time returning to normal. We had only been sitting for a few minutes when I felt the cramps in my abdomen intensify and the blood that had been trickling into my panty liner became a full stream. I asked my friend to watch my daughter while I went to the bathroom. I took out a super long maxi pad from my purse and pulled my pants down slowly. I quickly took off the panty liner and put the thick maxi pad into my underwear. I pulled up my pants and washed my hands. Suddenly I could feel the blood spilling out from the sides of my underwear and start to trickle down my legs. I paced around the bathroom in a frenzy. My heart was racing. The maxi pad was full of blood in under a minute. I had been warned by my doctor to call him immediately if a maxi pad ever filled up this quickly. I changed the pad again. That one filled up faster than the first. There was a huge roll of paper towels on the counter. I ripped off about half the roll and stuffed my panties with it, and ran out of the bathroom. I tried my best to remain calm for the sake of my infant daughter, who was months-old at the time. I raced up the street as fast as I could, pushing her stroller as blood seeped through all of the paper towels and began to form an outline around my crotch and create long stains down the front of my pants, and pool in my shoes. I called my husband and told him that I was bleeding and that I was going to the emergency room. He left work immediately but it was almost rush hour, so it would take him about an hour to get there. By the time I arrived to the emergency room, my pants and the bed I was transported there in were soaking wet. The exposed parts of my legs and feet were encrusted with a thick, bloody coating. I touched my knees and the dried blood was so thick that it fell off in huge, thick flakes. Between my legs I felt a warm surge followed by a huge blood clot that oozed its way out into my underwear. Next, I felt pressure building in my vagina and another clot start to push its way out. I held my legs together, afraid that if I pushed this one out, the blood would gush out at an even faster rate. My stomach pulsated in constant waves of pain. Finally the ER doctor arrived. He was so impersonal--there was barely a greeting, let alone any sense of compassion or sensitivity to my situation. He asked the nurses to remove my pants and underwear. He then asked me to spread my legs so he could examine me. I knew that as soon as I opened my legs the blood clot would come bursting out. He used some sort of stick like instrument to examine me and sure enough the blood clot came rushing out along with a huge amount of blood. He looked disgusted, wrote some notes down on my chart and told me that I would get my lab results in a couple of hours. I lifted the sheets, so he could see my body and all of the blood. He sat next to me and held my hand while I cried. It seemed like an eternity before we received any information on my condition. Finally, a different doctor came into our room, greeted us and sat down in a chair next to my bed. He delivered some unexpected bad news. We had no idea. After a few minutes, it hit me. We had recently moved and "christened" our new apartment sometime in March. Later that evening I had a procedure called dilation and curettage known as a D and C. When I awoke from the surgery I was groggy and sore. I spent the night in the hospital and was discharged the next afternoon. I was only about five or six weeks pregnant, but the loss was still devastating to me. We already had a beautiful daughter and I remembered seeing her first sonogram when I was only about five weeks pregnant with her. That little egg sac was now a beautiful, energetic and fun toddler. After telling a few friends what had happened, many of them shared that they had also suffered a miscarriage. Some had several, yet no one had ever talked about it. There is a misconception

that miscarriages are rare, when the reality is that 1 in 4 pregnancies end in miscarriage. I would later learn that although common causes of a miscarriage are stress or a stressful event and lifting heavy objects -- the main cause for over 60 percent of miscarriages is a chromosomal abnormality in the fetus. Many women keep the trauma of having a miscarriage to themselves because they feel guilty and isolated in their experience. None of this advice was helpful to me. Not only was my miscarriage traumatic because I had lost a child, I had also been publicly humiliated and embarrassed. Although a year had passed by, I was still haunted by how painful that experience was. I was still replaying the events of my first birth but found myself temporarily healing the wounds from the previous year by joining a new mothers support group and taking mommy and me classes with my daughter. The public miscarriage was another traumatic situation that caused me great anguish. After the miscarriage, I found myself angry at the circumstances and began replaying the events over and over again, constantly asking myself questions like "Why did this happen to me? This time I searched for one who specialized in PTSD and treating mothers who had experienced birth trauma. I found Rachael to be compassionate, sympathetic and accessible. She is very knowledgeable about birth trauma and was able to connect to me in a way I desperately needed. If you have experienced trauma related to birth, fertility, or of any kind, please know that you are not alone. Most important, please express your feelings to a friend, family member or health care provider and seek help. If you find that your doctor or therapist is not a good match for you, find a new one. The feelings you have about your experience deserve to be acknowledged and validated. Rachael, my therapist, became my partner on the road to healing and helped me acquire the necessary tools to recover. I am happy to tell you that I am now pregnant again and we are looking forward to welcoming a new addition to our family in March. Read more about Timoria on her blog:

**Chapter 7 : Moving forward after losing your baby | Our story of miscarriage**

*The women and men who inserted themselves into our lives at that point, and gave us all of them and shared their stories and listened to ours, over dinner or lunch, the people that came in and cleaned my entire house top to bottom before I could even come home from the hospital - these are the moments and the relationships I will never forget.*

I know I did. Even my doctor told me that I could avoid future miscarriages by taking baby aspirin and progesterone supplements. Two more miscarriages proved that wrong. One truth to share is that you are not alone. Five percent of couples trying to conceive experience two or more consecutive miscarriages, and 1 percent of couples experience three or more miscarriages, according to the American Congress of Obstetricians and Gynecologists ACOG. Another frustrating thing to know is that no one, not even experts in the field, can explain why many of our pregnancies ended. That mystery adds to the agony we already feel, but at least we can let go of some of the most common “and persistent” myths. When she miscarried shortly after a plane trip, Rachael B. As many as 70 percent of early pregnancy losses “recurrent or not” are due to chromosomal abnormalities, according to Charles Lockwood, MD, professor of obstetrics and gynecology and dean of the Morsani College of Medicine at the University of South Florida. This usually means that the lost embryo carried an extra chromosome, was missing a chromosome more rarely, or had chromosome defects like deletions. All of these can cause a pregnancy to be nonviable. A small percentage 4. It is easy to diagnose with a blood test. Treatment options include IVF and then testing embryos for chromosomal abnormalities before implantation. Later recurrent losses between 10 and 20 weeks are less likely to be from genetic factors. If you have lost two or more pregnancies after 10 weeks, doctors are more likely to find clotting disorders, such as antiphospholipid antibody syndrome, or very rare abnormal immune reactions. They may also want to rule out certain medical issues including uterine fibroids, an abnormally shaped uterus, or a weak cervix. You must lose three pregnancies in a row before seeing a doctor. In the past, women were advised to wait until they had three successive miscarriages and no completed pregnancies before seeking help. With the exponential improvements in genetic testing, couples can learn more about their losses “and possibly how to prevent them” than ever before. The current thinking, according to Dr. Just take [insert wonder drug here] and you will be cured. Unfortunately, the tough answer to “What can I do to prevent another miscarriage? And although there are no conclusive studies showing potential harm from these therapies, aspirin may increase the risk of maternal bleeding. According to Lockwood, unproven immunotherapies and biological therapies are sometimes sold to couples seeking to end the heartbreak. You must wait [insert unbearably long time period] to try again. Some OBs ask their patients to wait at least 2 to 3 months before trying to conceive. Hugh Taylor, MD, chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Yale-New Haven Hospital, recommends that couples hold off that long because the uterus needs time to recover. Others believe there is no reason to wait. You will never be a mom. After multiple miscarriages, women like Stephanie Tomasco, a mom in the San Francisco Bay Area, observe with jealous wonder when other women plan for live babies moments after the second line appears on a pregnancy test. For women who have experienced RPL, a full-term pregnancy seems far from certain, and it feels much wiser to brace yourself for imminent heartbreak. For advice and support on coping with the emotions of recurrent miscarriage read *The Emotional Rollercoaster of Recurrent Miscarriage*.



to be to make it here to me and I thank God for those qualities in her. Lily often talks about her twin sister she has the sonograms in her baby book and it nearly brings to my knees even 7 years later. Again, John is so much stronger than I am. When Lily was just 4 months old and Nate was 2. We ended up finding out that I had a severe hormone imbalance and that many of my hormone levels had still not come down from my pregnancy. Although I was on birth control, I got pregnant again and it was ectopic. I went through trial after trial to clear the clotting in my Fallopian tubes. Nothing worked and I was rushed in for emergency surgery in March. They removed my one tube and made the decision, for my own health, to tie the other. I woke up from that surgery as a year-old mother of 2 with no more opportunities to have more children. I had to let go of the other brothers and sisters I thought Nate and Lily may someday have. I had to give up my dreams of being a mom of 3 or 4. I really struggled with that- and some days, I still do. I love my 2 children more than anything in this entire world and I literally would have given my life to get them here " but I love my other children as well and I miss them and what they would have been. You can be both thankful and sad. You can feel blessed and broken. How do I answer that? Empty due dates come every year and the pain drowns me like a tidal wave. If anyone takes the time to read this, I hope that you can take 1 of 2 things away from it. I hope that you either: Realize the weight of your words when speaking to women about fertility in any form. Be careful about the questions you ask. To all of my friends and family who have suffered miscarriage, stillborn or infant loss, my heart is with you on all days " but especially during the month of October when we are surrounded by stories that break our hearts to pieces.

Chapter 9 : True Story: I Had a Miscarriage in Public | HuffPost

*Our second pregnancy was even more exciting, it happened just one cycle after the miscarriage, we had our rainbow baby! Surely it wouldn't happen again. I went in for a 10 week ultrasound just to find out the baby had died at 7w 5d.*

As most of you know from Facebook , I recently had a miscarriage. I was almost 12 weeks pregnant. The whole experience, even though I know there is always good in every situation, has pretty much sucked ass. I want to share my story for several reasons: It is therapeutic for me. I have been so tight lipped about previous miscarriages, that I feel like this miscarriage is an opportunity for me to pull everything back up from the past, things I stuffed down, and really grieve and process them all. I also think that more women should talk openly about miscarriages. It happens so frequently and it is such a normal part of being a woman, but hardly anyone talks about it or even acknowledges it. For me, in the past when I was younger, I did not want to talk about it at all, even with close friends, because I was so ashamed. I also want to tell the story of what natural miscarriage at home is like. There is hardly anything online about it. I found this article and this one and then a few random comments on forums. She even has lots of pictures of what babies look like when they are born this early. And I think it can be a very scary process, especially if you have not had a natural live birth as in totally drug free before and do not know what to expect. So here we go. At almost 12 weeks, I thought I was in the clear. The pregnancy started out tough with spotting happening from the placenta tearing away and then reattaching. Being on bed rest was hard but I thought it was all behind me and everything would be ok. Viable pregnancy, the doctor said! When I started spotting again, I figured it would be ok. I figured I would go get an ultrasound and see the heartbeat and it would all be fine. I had been spotting all weekend and called my high-risk ob first thing in the morning on Monday. They left us alone and Peter and I hugged and cried. Having a natural miscarriage was a no brainer for me, no question about it. I wanted to avoid the hospital and an operation if I could. We also talked about having tissue sent off to be biopsied, but opted not to. I wanted everything to be buried together in my garden. And then we left. Peter asked if I wanted him to take the day off work and be with me. I just wanted to be alone. I came home and took a long walk around my neighborhood to process everything and make sure I was centered. I also wanted to bring on labor and start the miscarriage as soon as possible. I had long talks with my body about getting this show on the road. I did not want to have to wait weeks for it to start. Thankfully, I was lucky. My body got right with the program and labor started that night. It started as soon as I put Penelope to bed. I walked around the house for awhile and rocked my hips back and forth during contractions. It started off slow and then got very painful, very fast. I came out of our bedroom and got Peter and just fell to my knees and started crying. I kept crying and telling him it hurt so bad. After a few minutes I went to sit on the toilet. I never actually said it out loud but the thought lingered in my mind for awhile as I worked up the courage to carry on at home. Then my water broke. I passed lots of blood that night, and contractions eased up enough for me to go to sleep around 1am. The next day I felt fine in the morning, but around 2: I felt a strong urge to get in the bath. I sat in the warm water for about an hour having contractions. During the contraction, I would tell my body to open. After the contraction, I would just breathe and relax and sometimes curse at the universe for this fucked up shit. The pain was the same feeling as live birth, but just not as intense. I could feel my cervix opening and my belly getting hard with the contractions. My back felt like it was on fire. And then the baby came out. I put him in my hands and just looked at him. He looked just like a little fetus, all curled up and tiny. I called for Peter to come and he touched him and said some sweet words. I held him for a little bit and I seemed to have a break between contractions. As a side note, I am so glad that I had that time to hold him and look at him. The day after, I had this huge empty feeling. All I wanted was my baby and to hold my baby. Having had the experience of holding him, even though he was dead, was very comforting to me and gave me a sense of closure. Then a little while later, I kinda of lost track of time, I birthed a huge chunk of the placenta. I am not sure why it does not all come out in one piece, but breaks apart in chunks. I wanted every piece to be together when we buried everything in the back yard. I had another little break and decided to get out of the tub and rinse off. It was kind of creepy to be sitting in a pool of blood, but it was also kind of inspiring. The female body never ceases

to amaze me. Even during this miscarriage, I am in awe of what my body is capable of. I got into the shower and had more contractions. A little while later, I birthed another big chunk of placenta. I felt much better after that and got out of the shower a little later. I am really glad I was in the tub and shower. Sitting on the toilet feels good for many people while miscarrying, but logistically it is pretty gross to go in after and fish out the fetus and placenta if you want to save it. Everything that came out was nice and clean from the fresh water of the tub and shower. By 9pm, the contractions had stopped and I was eating some soup. I was totally exhausted. That night I felt lighter, and knew the worst was over. I had survived, yet again. Over the course of the rest of the week, I continued to have cramps and back ache, but I was still able to function. I also started drugging myself with ibuprofen. I also had times of full on contractions. During those contractions, they would come on out of nowhere and then I would go the bathroom and little piece of placenta or tissue would come out. The first two days, after the worst was over, I felt like a rotting corpse and as if the weight of the world was on my chest, holding me back. Each day has gotten easier and easier. I have been lucky to have Peter taking good care of me and Penelope, and I have already had several acupuncture, energy healing and massage appointments. Physically, I am doing ok. I am still bleeding and expect to continue bleeding for at least another week. I am really looking forward to being done bleeding. I am sick of looking at blood, and walking around with a ginormous pad in your crotch is not fun at all. In the end, I am really glad I was able to do everything on my own and at home. Forcing me to be present and connect my emotional heart to what is going on in my body. If you have any questions, just let me know and I will try to answer as best I can. This is a pretty good site for more information about natural miscarriage and pregnancy loss. If anyone is reading this going through a miscarriage and searching for information, my heart goes out to you. I pray that grace washes over you and makes things easier. Also, one more note, please know that every miscarriage is different. Everybody is different, every pregnancy is different, and every miscarriage, especially depending on how far along you are, is different. It is more like a heavy period.