

It Wasn't Possible!

When growing up, I loved the movie 'The Sound of Music'. I identified with Maria, her love of music and her love of children. I dreamt that one day I would have a flock of children of my own, to sing and dance with.

I had always had problems in the gynaecological areas with respect to periods and heavy bleeding. I was under a gynaecologist early who helped to regulate my cycle and eventually found out that I had endometriosis and Poly Cystic Ovaries Syndrome. My dreams for my children were initially smashed. I was married at 21 and due to being young we just waited to see what might happen and left it all in God's hands. I started to see an endocrinologist to assist in trying to have a baby. His initial consultation informed me that I really could not have children, as I did not ovulate and would have problems as my ovaries were so damaged and of course, endometriosis was on top of that.

He put me on a fertility pill and I had to take my temperature daily, something I found invasive. I had to record that temperature on a graph. Well, after only three months my temperature graph was showing an increase, which apparently meant 'pregnancy'. After a pregnancy test confirmed this, we had our little miracle. A healthy baby boy was born.

My heavy bleeding continued after his birth and I was told again that it was unlikely that I would conceive again, but to try as quickly as possible. I proceeded to take the fertility drugs again. I experienced 2 miscarriages over an 8 month period. I had all but given up and accepted that my little boy was all I needed when I found out I was 8 weeks pregnant. I had a beautiful girl.

We were obviously ecstatic. Two little miracles that they said we couldn't have! I breast fed my daughter as I had done with my son. I enjoyed breastfeeding. Even the feeds in the night I enjoyed. Those special quiet times together to just talk, sing quietly and be together. The pregnancies were wonderful and I enjoyed the later months when they became so active, kicking around inside; sometimes even seeing the little elbows and heels as they stretched and played.

When my daughter was 5 months old, she abruptly went off my milk. I hadn't been feeling too well and had pains in my right side, so off I went to the doctors to find out what was going on. The doctor asked me if there was any chance of being pregnant? I replied with a "pretty unlikely". He knew my circumstances and I advised him that I had not been taking any fertility drugs, but he did the standard pregnancy test anyway. It showed up positive. He referred me for an ultrasound and this revealed I was 12 weeks pregnant. I had CONCEIVED NATURALLY! Fifteen months after my daughter was born I had another boy. Three children aged 3 and under. Those specialists said I probably would never have kids. What do they know?

It appeared that nature had taken care of itself and righted itself. I conceived naturally again and had my fourth child, another boy. Someone else was indeed taking care of these lives!

Considering they said it wasn't possible, three boys and one girl later, we proved them wrong. I still have some medical difficulties, but I have my family. My youngest is now 5 and eldest 11.

We are not the creators of our destiny and through the last years I have truly seen how God has it all planned. There were times I could have given up and given in, but didn't. I now have, what some would consider a big family. Even the top leading specialists do not really know what our bodies are capable of doing and creating! I will always be grateful for my four beautiful children. They are my greatest joy.

Bethany Nunn

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