

Baby Arrivals

I was married at 23 and before the year was ended found myself seriously ill in hospital for the best part of 3 months with peritonitis. Halfway through the next year we decided we would like a baby, this was thought unlikely – I had lost one ovary and the other was blocked. After a while I started having fertility testing and the results were not hopeful.

After about a year I felt God was asking me to give it to Him. On Easter Sunday I went to church and went to the rail where I took communion. I found it hard but felt I had to say “Over to you God” which I managed to whisper. I walked back to my seat only aware of light and music, knowing God had heard me, but not knowing the outcome.

On Easter Monday I conceived. On the Tuesday I went for repeat tests, the results were good, no problems. On Friday I knew I was pregnant and told my mother (I had been doing a temperature chart for a year so saw the difference). Nine months later my eldest son was born. He was christened at 3 months and I gave him back to God in a very real way.

God graciously gave us another son, and then when we had taken all precautions, He decided we also needed a daughter.

Bless the Lord He is good to me.