



Psalm 23:4 (NIV)

⁴“Even though I walk
through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.”

Rod and I decided to start a family and no one could have an easier time getting pregnant than I did. With the exception of one week of craving the unfortunate hotdog, with milk to wash it down, my pregnancy was uneventful. On April 7, 1989 within three hours of my water breaking and with three pushes, our beautiful daughter, the most exquisite gift God could give us, came into the world. I remember Rod exclaiming how I was “made to have children”. I was so proud of my extraordinary ability to give birth. But the ease would not last.



I remember the blood, I remember the fear. About 5 weeks after delivery, I began to hemorrhage. The trauma of leaving my sweet baby girl to make several trips to the hospital and being afraid I might not return was more than I could bear. This wasn't how it was supposed to be. Everything had gone so well. Why was this happening? How could it? With medical procedures and blood transfusions, the hemorrhaging stopped and my world slowly returned to normal. Well, as normal as it could be with an infant!

But within months, it was apparent things weren't normal and I was told I would probably never be able to conceive again. Like a knife through my gut, the pain was unbearable. My dream of a big family died. While we had received a most beautiful gift, she would be our only gift.



I just didn't seem fair. I would watch other women experience labor and delivery with no issues or complications and wonder why I had to be the exception. Could I ask God why? Would he listen? Was I alone in my pain? Was He near? He didn't seem to be. Looking back and knowing what I know now, Yes, God was near. And with Him, grace that whispered through the gift of the daughter He had blessed us with.

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