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Dr. Partridge

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Answered Prayer

At a young age, I started having female problems. After years of pain I was diagnosed with Endometriosis. Endometriosis is a painful disorder where tissue that normally lines the inside of the uterus grows outside of the uterus. My doctor informed me that because of this I could have trouble getting pregnant. At the time I was in high school, and that was the last thing on my mind. I never gave a lot of thought to it until I was older, got married, and we began talking about children.

Years went by and nothing. I had tried everything. I had even resorted to searching online. I was desperate and willing to try anything. My infertility issues consumed me. All I could think about was having a baby. I would often cry myself to sleep, begging God to give me one child. I could not wrap my head around my body not being able to do what it was intended to do.

After four years of trying, I finally had my positive test. I was the happiest I had ever been. My husband was at work when I took the test and I could not wait until he got home to tell him. Therefore, I called him and blurted it out over the phone. I made an appointment with my doctor for the next day and had my first sonogram. I still could not believe that this was finally a reality.

My happiness was short lived. A couple weeks later I began to spot and have some light cramping. I went to the emergency room because my doctor’s office was closed for the day. The emergency room doctor told me everything was fine and I was just overreacting. They told me that some bleeding and cramping in the beginning is normal. I knew with all my heart that this was not right. Later that day I miscarried. I was let down. How could God make me wait all these years just to give and take away? This day and the hurt that it brought will forever be etched in my mind.

Two years after miscarrying, I still was not pregnant. I was at work one night training a new nurse and she commented on my frequent bathroom trips. She asked if I had a urinary tract infection and I told her I did not and that I wasn’t sure why I was peeing so much tonight. She said, “You’re not pregnant are you?” I looked at her and said, “I sure hope so!” Initially, I didn’t think too much about it. Later in the night, I began to think more about it. I couldn’t remember the last time I had my period. I had stopped keeping up with it long ago because it always ended in disappointment.

When I got off work the next morning I went and bought a pregnancy test. I had anxiety the whole way home and thinking I was just getting myself worked up over a negative result. To my surprise, it was positive. I kept looking back at the test to make sure my eyes were not playing tricks on me. It was positive. It was raining that morning and I had so much adrenaline running through me that I could not be still. When my husband got home, I was pacing back and forth through our yard in the rain. I know he thought I had officially lost my mind. After telling him, we both sobbed. I was so happy, yet so scared. I was scared I would get let down again, but excitement overpowered my fear.

After six years of trying and a perfectly normal pregnancy, I gave birth to a 7 pound 4 ounce baby girl. My heart could just explode. Realyn was the answer to a prayer I had been praying for six years and she was worth every minute of the wait. Realyn is twenty months old now and changing every day. After she was born, I went to part time at my job so that I could spend most of my time with her. I had waited on this sweet soul for far too long and I didn’t want to miss a thing. I am grateful for the opportunity to stay home with her because times flies and she won’t be little forever. It now seems like an eternity since those days of longing for a baby. I believe that my struggles to conceive make me appreciate her even more.