

My Story Claire

A tiny side room ushered away from all the other bumps and parents to be.
Here's a leaflet there's nothing we can do.

Sit here quietly until you're ready to leave
But exit out the side door so no one else can see.

Waiting on nature with a broken heart
Natures not kind I said it's tearing me apart

Surgical intervention they suggested but it's Easter
Waiting on a space, how long? A week at least?

Natures taking course now what more can I do?
A sea of red in the bathroom how can this be true?

But its not over, your body has failed again
Surgical intervention it must go ahead

They took my baby, a baby they say is no longer there
It's time for home now but home is not the same

Because someone's switched the light off
Until we met again

I had just bought my first set of maternity clothes the morning of my scan. 3pm could not come quick enough 13 weeks have gone so slow but the day was here to see our precious baby.

I could see it in the sonographer's eye that something wasn't right. I stared so intensely at that screen hoping something was going to change. An anembryonic pregnancy they told us. Our baby had died but the gestational sac had kept growing.

My body started to miscarry on Easter Sunday but not fully; due to a holiday weekend my surgical evacuation (the terminology I detest) would take place a week later. Unfortunately this had to be repeated a week later as they called it there was "retained product".

Many people said my body had tricked me my pregnancy was "phantom" and "not to worry we could try again" or maybe "that was nature's intention".

I felt as if someone shut the lights off. My Husband was hugely supportive wanting to make sure I was ok. However, he would not speak about how he felt at all, something I struggled with massively. He has still not been able to openly talk about what we went through.

As I work close by to SCIM and passed it frequently I suddenly one morning I had the courage to pick up the phone. It took me two attempts to leave a voicemail and a friendly voice called me back that day.

That friendly voice was my counsellor who arranged our first appointment. I really didn't know what to expect as I sat down in a lovely cosy room with my counsellor in the SCIM office. She made me feel so at ease I felt like I could just open up to her.

After the first session, I felt a lot better but my counsellor had suggested this would be the case. I felt like "I didn't need to go back again" However, after my second and third session I quickly realised this empty, dark and guilt ridden feeling which my counsellor helped me realise was grief after the loss of my baby was not going to suddenly improve.

My counsellor helped me make sense of my thoughts and feelings, as they were a chaotic mess continually swirling in my head.

My counsellor helped me put the pieces back together, helping me cope with the loss of our baby and rebuilding me as a person.

She supported me throughout my second pregnancy right up to the birth of my son in April this year. After loss, my second pregnancy felt like I was on edge all the time waiting for something "bad to Happen" Through counselling and relaxation techniques my counsellor allowed me to separate my 1st loss with my second pregnancy and supported me to allow me to overcome the "fear" and "anxiety" surrounding being pregnant again.

I am truly so grateful for the support my counsellor has given me. The heartache of loss never leaves you but my counsellor helped me become me again.

