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Infertility and Loss

Volume 3, Issue 4, July/August 1998

I Samuel 1

I Samuel 1

1 Samuel 1 tells the touching story of Hannah who was barren. One morning she went to the temple to plead with God to open her womb. The Bible says that she prayed in her heart, and her lips were moving, but her voice was not heard. Eli, the priest, thought she was drunk and told her to get rid of her wine. But Hannah replied, "not so my lord, I am a woman who is deeply troubled. I have not been drinking wine or beer; I was pouring out my soul to the Lord. Do not take your servant for a wicked woman; I have been praying here out of my great anguish and grief." Eli then answered, "go in peace, and may the God of Israel grant you what you have asked of Him."

Hannah's prayers were answered when she gave birth to a son that she named Samuel which means "because I asked the Lord for him." But after he was weaned, Hannah had a promise to fulfill; she told the Lord that if He gave her a child, she would give the baby back to Him. So, she took the boy to live in the temple with Eli. How many of us could have actually done that? I think I would have tried to bargain with God and made another deal. But because of her faithfulness, Hannah had five more children and Samuel grew to be a great man of God.

Although none of us *willingly* gave our babies back to God, I think in a way we can all relate to Hannah. Most of us prayed diligently for our babies - especially those with fertility challenges - then, for reasons we won't know until we get to Heaven, God allowed our babies to go to Him. I can only imagine what it would be like to endure the infertility rollercoaster, finally experience the elation of pregnancy, then learn that my longed-for baby would not be coming home.

I am sure that many of you will feel as if you are reading about yourselves when you read the two articles that we have published in this issue. I hope their stories bring you comfort in knowing that you are not alone. I also encourage you to contact the wonderful ministries that we have listed on our [resource page](#) that reach out to families who suffer from infertility. Hannah's Prayer, Journey to Jordan, and Stepping Stones publish wonderful newsletters that I know would be a blessing to you. And, finally, I want to remind you of Phillipians 4:6-7, "Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."



"Wait"

Desperately, helplessly, longingly, I cried
Quietly, patiently, lovingly, he replied
I pled and I wept for a clue to my fate
The Master said gently, "Child, you must wait."
"WAIT!," you say, "Wait!," my indignant reply
"Lord, I need answers, I need to know why!
Is your hand shortened, or have you not heard?
By faith I have asked and I'm claiming your word!
My future and all to which I relate
Hangs in the balance and you tell me, 'Wait?'
I am needing a 'Yes' or a 'Go ahead' sign
Or even a 'No' to which I could resign.
And Lord, you have promised that if we believe
We need but to ask and we shall receive.
And Lord, I've been asking, and this is my cry,
I am weary of asking, I need a reply!"
And quietly, softly, I learned of my fate
As my Master replied once again, "You must wait."
He seemed then to kneel and His eyes met with mine
And He tenderly said, "I could give you a sign...
I could shake the heavens and darken the sun,
I could raise the dead and cause the mountains to run,
All you seek I could give and pleased you would be
You would have what you want...
But you wouldn't know Me.
You'd not know the depth of my love for each saint
You'd not know the power I give to the faint
You'd not learn to see through the clouds of despair
You'd not learn to trust just by knowing I'm there
You'd not know the joy of just resting in Me
When darkness and silence is all you can see
You'd never experience that fullness of love
As the peace of My spirit descends like a dove.
You'd know that I give and I save for a start
But you'd not know the depth and beat of My heart
The glow of My comfort late in the night
The faith that I give when you walk without sight
The depth that's beyond getting just what you ask
An infinite God who makes what you have last.
And you never would know
Should your pain quickly flee

What it means that, My grace is sufficient for thee!
Yes, your dreams for that loved one
O're night would come true
But the loss, if you lost what I'm doing in you.
So be silent, my child, and in time you will see
That the greatest of gifts is to get to know Me.
And how often may My answers seem terribly late
My most precious answer of all is still, 'WAIT!'"

Posted to the alt.infertility internet newsgroup in August of 1997. We were unable to trace the originating author.



• **The Böers Move To Houston**

The Böers Move To Houston

We sadly say good-bye to our good friends, Paul, Lynne, Paul, Jr., and Maggie Böer. Lynne, the editor of our newsletter, is moving to Houston, TX where Paul has accepted a position as principal of a private school. Thankfully, Lynne will remain as editor of our newsletters so the quality of our publications will not change.

The Böer family will be greatly missed in the Dallas-Ft. Worth metroplex, but we know God has wonderful plans for them in Houston. We pray for God's hand of protection on the Böer family as they travel and settle into their new home.

Rebekah Mitchell



• **Infertility and Loss**

Infertility and Loss

• **Kirstin Jenkins**

Getting pregnant, no big deal right? That's what my husband Mark and I thought when we started trying five years ago. We decided we were ready to start a family after five years of marriage. I quit my teaching job thinking that I didn't want to work full time and be pregnant. We figured it would take six months at most, and at worst a year. Well, after four years, two infertility doctors, countless blood tests and dollars, sonograms, medications, etc., we finally go pregnant. How blessed and excited we felt!

Eight weeks into the pregnancy we learned that we had identical twins; our excitement doubled.

The next day, however, we learned that our precious twins were conjoined. The doctors painted a bleak picture. They told us they were joined in the pelvic area and that they didn't know how many organs they shared, how many legs they had, or if they could be separated.

As the weeks went along, things began to look better. Sonograms showed that they had four legs and most likely didn't share organs. They seemed otherwise very healthy and the doctors all said it should be an easy separation. It really seemed like God was performing many miracles.

On April 1, 1997, we went to the doctor for a routine sonogram thinking everything was fine, only to discover that both of our babies that we had waited so long for had died. Three days later, after 13 hours of induced labor, our precious baby girls were born. We named them Hannah Joy and Sarah Grace. We were so thankful that we got to hold them, see their features, get pictures, etc. But the pain and grief were stronger than any we had ever experienced. God's grace was abundant, but the pain was intensified by the fact that we had worked so hard to get pregnant. We had decided not to pursue any more infertility treatments or to spend any more money, so we didn't think we would ever get pregnant again.

We still desperately wanted a child and believed that God had one for us through adoption. Four months after Hannah and Sarah were born we went in for an interview with a local Christian agency. What a peace God overwhelmingly showered us with as we left the agency that day. We knew we were in the right place. We held on to the promise God had given us for a child.

On December 1, 1997, we learned that we had been chosen by a birth mother for a baby boy that was born on Thanksgiving Day! Since we didn't have any baby items, and thinking that this baby would be coming home in four days, we scrambled to get all that we needed. On December 4, we met the birth mother. Boy, were we nervous. We soon discovered that she was, too. We really clicked with her and she seemed very comfortable with us. Now, we were finally going to have a baby of our own! But, God still had more to teach us about trust and perseverance. Four days later we learned that this precious boy, who we named David Allen, might not be ours after all. Due to a legal setback, we went through a seven week wait not knowing if David was for us or not. The thought of the loss of another baby seemed overwhelming to us. What on earth was God doing? Didn't He know we couldn't handle three losses in one year? It was a very difficult wait, but we kept trusting that God's plan would be the best one. On January 15, 1998, we brought our beautiful seven week old baby boy home. What a blessing; it was worth all the wait, the pain, the loss. This was the baby God had planned for us; it was a perfect match.

God has continued to bless and surprise us. On April 25, much to our amazement, we learned that we are pregnant. This is truly a miracle, especially considering all the medical problems I have. We are guarded not knowing what this pregnancy will hold, but we trust that God is in control. God is so good!!!! Trust Him, embrace your pain, pour your heart out to Him and He will carry you through your losses. The end result is a closer walk with Him and joy and peace in knowing that He is in control and will carry out His perfect will for your life.

Kirstin Jenkins
In loving memory of
Hannah Joy and Sarah Grace,
stillborn April 4, 1997

● [Jo Ellen Mathews](#)

Scott and I had been married three years when we decided we wanted to have a baby. It was a

big decision for both of us. I was 35 and always thought I would never have children. Before then, Scott was too much into his hunting, fishing, and golfing to consider having a baby. But we both decided it was the right time and we both wanted a baby.

After trying unsuccessfully for over a year, my doctor decided I should see a fertility specialist. He was concerned with my age and did not want us to try for too long on our own only to have to try alternative solutions years down the road. I was grateful for his sensitivity and understanding. Seeing a fertility doctor is not an emotionally, physically or financially easy thing to do. There are weekly and sometimes bi-weekly visits for personal questions and forms to be filled out, temperature checks, blood work, and so many different kinds of tests. I was poked and prodded so many times I quit asking what it was for. Eventually, we were both diagnosed as being medically okay to have children. Whew...The next step was to get us started on fertility medication. Again, this would require me to be at the doctor twice a week for blood work and evaluations. I can remember thinking and feeling as if I had become some kind of lab experience for everyone else's benefit. We were told what to do, and how to do it and when to do it. Getting pregnant had become my new career. And it was a very tough job. It seems as if all your family and friends need to do is think about babies and they get pregnant. And although you try, it's hard to celebrate the news of their pregnancies. It's a constant reminder that you aren't pregnant. Why is having a baby such an emotional state for a woman? It's easy to become obsessed with the idea. Every month is spent looking at your calendar. "Okay, if I pregnant this month I will have an August baby." I replayed this scenario each month only to be disappointed once more.

Most women in Texas don't want to be pregnant during our awful summers and carefully plan their pregnancies. I didn't have that luxury. I didn't care when I delivered. I will never forget the day I learned I was pregnant. I looked at the pregnancy test twice and threw it away. Still not believing what I saw, I retrieved the test from the trash to read it again. I was shaking with excitement. This was it. This was the moment we had been waiting a long time for. However, the visits to the specialist were not over yet. There were more tests, blood work and evaluations to be done. At seven weeks, we went in for another sonogram and learned we were having twins, we learned they were boys. I will never forget the proud look on Scott's face when he learned we were having two boys. It was at that moment that he had begun to bond, and they were "Daddy's little buddies."

At 32 weeks, we learned there were potentially some problems with one of the babies hearts. We dismissed it thinking they were just not able to get a good view of the heart because of the way the baby was positioned. On February 14, 1998 at 38 weeks, we delivered what we were told were two healthy baby boys. However, five weeks and three surgeries later, our world came crashing in. Jared Matthew passed away of heart failure. How could this tragedy happen to us? How dare them to tell us our baby was dead. This was supposed to only happen to other people. Oh my gosh, we were now those 'other' people. Was it something I did? Was it the fertility medication? There are too many unanswered questions.

I now long and ache for another baby. But what if we require medical assistance again? Will we choose to go down that long road again only to fear being left with broken hearts and dreams? I know I can't replace Jared with another baby. And I know that having another baby will never take away the pain and sorrow of our loss. But I do know that Jared's twin brother, Hunter, is here with us now because of our decision to receive help with infertility. So, if having another baby means having to see a specialist again, then the answer is yes.

*In loving memory of
Jared Mathew Slough
February 14, 1998 - March 20, 1998*



🕯️ **Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels**

Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels

🕯️ **July Sunset Oliveaux**

What is this date that approaches too quickly? Your birthday? The anniversary of your death? I'm not sure what to call it. I only know that you are alive in my heart and I miss you.

I have been thinking about what this day would have been like were you here, but I don't want to be sad on this day. I want to rejoice in the short time I knew you. I want to remember what it was like to carry you, the conversations I had with you, the songs I sang to you. I want to remember your sweet tiny face and fingers, but most of all I want to remember what you have taught me over the last year - painful lessons I would rather have learned another way, but more beautiful because they came from you.

My Sweet Tiny Angel, you have taught me about love and how very huge it is. You have taught me to expect the unexpected especially in people. Your father and I have experienced a deeper love and understanding of each other. I have seen I will bend a lot further than I thought before I break - every time I was close to a breaking point I would see your sweet face and know I had to keep going - I want you to be proud of your Mama. I am more sensitive to others who experience loss of any kind. I understand now how very short life is and that we fill it with so much that doesn't matter. I am doing my best to change that in my life. Thank you my Sweet Angel for these bittersweet gifts.

What will this day bring? Lots of tears. But I will do something on this day that I have come to realize I need to do in order to go on with my life and to honor yours. I have not wanted to because I am afraid what will happen when I do. I want you always in my heart. I want to never forget you. I want the world to always remember you. I have to come to realize that for all these things to happen, I must do this...

Good-bye My Little One. Mama loves you.

*Jamie Oliveaux
In loving memory of
July Sunset,
stillborn July 3, 1997*

🕯️ **Dana Jilleyne Payne**

My Beloved Angel

Today, I prayed and asked the Lord to help me through this life's storm.

I told Him I needed more strength today because, its your birthday.
He spoke to me so clear and sweet and told me not to fret;
He said that you are with me and I will never let you forget.
He placed you in our hearts so sweet and tender still.
We can find you in a garden with other children, too;
Even Austin Jeremiah is there with you.
When we go to visit you, we bring you pretty things although you are not there;
I know that you are under the angels' wings.
We wish you were here with us today.
We love you so much.

Happy Birthday!!

Love,

Mom, Dad and Jonathan

Jilleyne Payne
In loving memory of
Dana Jilleyne Payne
Stillborn August 16, 1997

● **Michael Joseph Böer**

It's hard to believe this is your second birthday. How different life would be if you were here.

Your brother and sister remember you and often ask "How old would Michael be now? What would he be doing?" They are looking forward to celebrating your birthday again this year though they would have had a lot more fun watching you eat your cake and ice cream and open your presents. They miss you and wish you were here to play with them. They would have been a great big brother and sister to you.

Your dad and I miss you very much as well but carry you in our hearts always and think of you often. We know that you are safe and well taken care of and we look forward to being with you again some day.

Thank you for the lessons in life you have helped teach us. Though we still wish it could have happened another way, we are grateful for the many good things that have come as a result of your life with us.

We love you, Michael.
Happy Birthday!
Love,
Mom, Dad, Paul, & Maggie

Lynne Böer
In loving memory of Michael Joseph Böer,
stillborn July 17, 1996



Resources published in the printed version of this newsletter can be accessed online directly from M.E.N.D.'s resource pages. To access the resource pages (at any time), navigate to the following URL:

URL: http://www.mend.org/resources_internet.asp

In the M.E.N.D. resource listing, you will find resources which include internet web sites, national organizations, and family bereavement pages.



Impossible Wish

Impossible Wish

I cannot always face the truth
Of death's finality;
It's easier to just pretend
He'll soon come home to me.
And yet, my spirit knows the son
I loved so much has died;
Reality, though harsh and cruel,
Must never be denied.
I want him back! I want my son!
I want to see his face!
How will my broken heart survive
With this hollow, empty space?
I must allow the tears to fall,
Allow my heart to grieve;
To close my mind to fact is but
To cripple and deceive.
With agony and sorrow,
This world of mine of rife;
My soul is struggling, battling the
Worst nightmare of my life.
In bitterness, I'm much aware
Of all that I now lack;
In utter pain, I can but cry
"Oh, God, I want him back!"

*by Peggy Kociscin
Albuquerque, New Mexico*

Used with permission from Precious Children Remembered.
This poem is included in a collection of poems entitled *Voices of Longing, Voices of Hope*



• The Pain of Infertility

The Pain of Infertility

Most people who have not dealt with infertility don't realize that it touches every area of your life. It becomes a financial, marital, emotional, and physical ordeal that can stress your marriage. There are many decisions to make along the way about new doctors, treatments, how much to spend, how long to keep trying, etc...Meanwhile, it can also affect your sex life, making it mechanical and something you dread. I found at times that it also affected my self-esteem; you know in your head that you're valuable, but at times you feel like a failure. It's also difficult because there seems to be no closure. It is a real grieving process that can go on and cycles through for several years. People don't realize there is a real loss, the loss of a baby that you've always dreamed of having, the loss of getting to do motherly things. It's hard when all your friends around you are getting pregnant. You begin to feel like you don't fit in with them any more since, understandably, they talk a lot about their new babies and children. Baby showers are especially hard at times; you dream of the day when you might get to have one. Friends and family try to be encouraging and comforting. They mean well, but you get tired of hearing comments like, "Just relax, you're trying too hard," or "Go have a romantic evening out," or "You're still young, you've got lots of time left." These get old quick. You just want people to listen and acknowledge the fact that it's difficult.

While all this sounds very negative and miserable, I am reminded of how God used these years in our lives. He provided some very special friends who either had dealt with or who were also in the midst of dealing with infertility. He provided me a wonderful husband who knew how to just listen and hold me during the times that I needed to cry. And, while it was hard on our marriage at times, ultimately He used it to draw us closer together and to humble us and teach us to be more sensitive to other people. He also taught us about the true meaning of perseverance and trusting Him even when things don't make sense. I could go on and on about all the good that God brought out of those years. And, while it was very difficult, I don't think now that I would change it since we can now truly, "comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God." II Cor. 1:4

Kirstin Jenkins



• In Loving Memory

In Loving Memory

[Jonathan Daniel Mitchell](#)

Grateful Acknowledgement

M.E.N.D. gratefully acknowledges gifts of

Stillborn June 24, 1995
Cord Accident

Donation in memory of
Jonathan by his parents,
Rebekah and Byron Mitchell
Sr. and big brother, Byron, Jr.

Donation in memory of
Jonathan by his grandparents,
Sue and Dennis Brewer.

Michael Joseph Böer

Stillborn July 17, 1996
Trisomy 18

Given by parents Lynne &
Paul Böer and siblings, Paul,
Jr., and Maggie.

Timothy "Schuyler" Morren

September 28 - December 23, 1997
SIDS

Donation in memory of
Timothy by parents Pam and
Tim Morren.

Dana Jilleyne Payne

Stillborn August 16, 1997

Given by parents Jilleyne and
David Payne, and big brother,
Jonathan.

Gift of Love

Given by Allstate Insurance.

Martin Joseph Craig III (Baby Joey)

Born and died April 17, 1997
Prematurity and Severe Aortic Artesia

Given by parents Kim and Joe
Craig

Hannah Joy Jenkins

Stillborn April 4, 1997
TTS

Sarah Grace Jenkins

Stillborn April 4, 1997
TTS

love given in memory of a baby, relative,
friend or given by someone just wanting to
help. These donations help us to continue
M.E.N.D's mission by providing our
newsletter, web-site, and other services to
bereaved parents free of charge. Please
refer to the page entitled [Contributions](#) for
more information on where to send your
donations and what information to include.
Thank you so much!

Given by parents Kirstin and
Mark Jenkins and little
brother, David Allen.

Jared Mathew Slough

February 14 - March 20, 1998

Heart defect/failure

Given by parents Joe Ellen
and Scott Slough and twin
brother, Hunter Scott.



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