

Rachel Hoag

For anyone who knows me, knows that I would have babies for many, many years - give me all the babies! But God had other plans for me - and trust me, my husband was on board with him! Lol

When I had Jonah, it was rough and terrible. He was our rainbow baby already and then we found at 18 weeks I was super high risk, with a risk of bleeding out on the table at the time of delivery. I had placenta accreta. I was put on complete pelvic rest and was just instructed to take it easy and do not work out. I had to give my work a card with my blood type and instructions in case of an emergency. My doc also had me laminate the card and attach to my phone in case I was alone if I started to bleed and passed out. I cried for about four months, most nights, afraid I was going to leave my husband and Parker without a wife and mom. I had no significant bleeding episodes at all which was such a blessing and answered prayers without a doubt. Delivery day was very complicated. I was already in a mood because it was Christmas Eve, 2014, and I wasn't going to be at home with my family on Christmas. Good thing Santa was flexible that year! I remember crying my eyes out that morning as they were hooking me up. Crying was my thing, often, in those months. I was terrified. I mean absolutely terrified. There were 18 people in the main operating room. I had to get balloons in my veins first in case I started to bleed out and they needed to stop the bleed. Delivery went well (at 344-1) and I was only able to touch Jonah's little face for a quick second and he was off to Nicu for 12 days. I had PTSD from this for years; not just the Nicu stay but thinking I was going to die during my c-section. At times, I still get emotional thinking about it still to this day.

Fast forward to Jonah being about two. I wanted another baby so badly that I cannot even explain it. I begged Jason for a baby and I wanted to try for a girl. He was afraid of a repeat and didn't want to have another one. After meeting with multiple high risk doctors, our wonderful pastor and his wife along with many, many prayers from our small support circle who knew about this journey, we decided to try for another baby! I felt at ease with this decision, and we became pregnant with Finley. God carried us the entire way! It was a calmness that I had and knew that everything would be okay. Jason said we weren't finding out gender and I had to agree to get my tubes tied because of my risks. I agreed. Well, I knew all along in my heart that Finn was a boy and on May 30, 2018, that was confirmed! It was a good thing that I did get my tubes tied because my uterus ruptured during delivery but my high risk doc was so good that everything turned out fine. I believe God put him in that delivery room to make sure I didn't bleed out or have something else bad happen! It was so in God's plans!

After Finn was born, I so badly wanted another baby. Yes, I am that crazy about babies! I used to pray for God to allow me a miracle (1 in 200 chance in the medical field), and I didn't care if it was another boy! I just wanted another baby in my arms! In all reality, I knew it was unlikely I would be that 1 in 200, but I started praying to God for a sign to tell me that it wasn't His will for me to have any more babies. And this is what happened.

We are a swim team family and I met another mom who just moved to the development. When we became friends on Facebook, I saw that her profile picture said she was an accreta survivor. I never met someone in real life who had it. I was part of support groups on Facebook but I had to leave them because they were too traumatizing when I saw someone post about a real mom, in the group, who died during delivery from some form of accreta. When I told the mom that I also had it, she told me how she was still in counseling from the trauma and her daughter was now three. Jonah was 5 ^{1/2} years old at this time and I told the mom that I just started to be okay with it and no longer am as emotional as I used to be. She shared her story with me and it was super intense. She said that her surgery was six hours. Her husband had no idea what was going on because they rushed him out of the room when she started to bleed. She stocked her freezer with meals in preparation for her not being there prior to delivery so her husband didn't need to cook for the large family right after her death, if that was the outcome. Good news is that she survived this dangerous delivery and was in the intensive care unit while her daughter was in the Nicu as a premie. She said it was so terrible for her husband. She needed a total hysterectomy to stop the bleeding. But, that saved her life! Hearing her story was one of the worst that I heard someone survive. We both had chills after chatting about this and we both were emotional. We were connecting on a level that I couldn't do with anyone else I knew because no one else had gone through it. In that moment, I realized that God was showing me how it would have been for Jason if I had another baby and the worst case scenario happened. God showed me that I had to support my husband and family by saying Finn was our last. And that's when I knew, it was the sign from God that I had been asking for. I would be overjoyed with another baby if I really was that 1 in 200. But now I understand and I trust in God's master plan. Thank you, Lord, for putting another mom/wife/friend in my life to show me what I couldn't see from anyone else's point of view.

And thank you to our church family for the many prayers over our family through these births, terrible deliveries, miscarriage and being part of our village whether it be with a hospital visit, text, prayer, meal, home visit, kind word, hug or keeping our secret about Finn until we knew it was safe to tell others when we knew the ultrasounds showed good things! You all mean so much to us for just being you.

1 Samuel 1:27

For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him.

2 Kings 20:5

But I will restore you to health and heal your wounds, declares the Lord.

Ephesians 5:22

Wives, submit to your own husbands, as to the Lord.