

# DAY 27: TRINA BURGDOFF

“PORTRAITS OF GRACE”

MAY 27, 2019

With Trina's permission, I am posting this from her Facebook post: I don't usually post our personal life like this but it's been on my heart and I felt the need to share. If I can help one person, then I'll know my struggles have a purpose! Bear with me....Here we go: I had a lot of medical issues after having Aria. I had endometriosis and after surgery the pain came right back. My doctor suggested "shutting me down" and putting me through early menopause. With that came a lot of side affects. Weight gain, change of texture of hair, mood swings, etc. After 4 months of being in early menopause, I started feeling weird so the doctor took me off the meds.

The doctor said the next thing to help me with my endometriosis would be to try to get pregnant! My husband and I were ok with that but didn't expect it to happen as fast as it did. We found out really early that I was pregnant. I had blood work to check my levels to make sure they were elevating, in which they were. I was very nauseous and very sick. April 25th I went in for my first ultrasound. My husband was out of town with military stuff, so I told him to keep his phone close by. The dreaded three words came out of the techs mouth "there's no heartbeat." I was in shock at first because I had no signs of this miscarriage. I've had a miscarriage before so I knew the signs to look for, but I had NONE of that.

The technician then explained to me that I was supposed to be 9 weeks 2 days but the fetus was only measuring 6 weeks and 1 day. I then lost it. Our 2-year-old daughter was in the room with me. How am I suppose to tell her that her "sister" had no heartbeat? She was so excited for a "baby sister." She hugged me and said "mommy don't feel good." I left it at that. I'll explain to her later. Now I had to call my husband. How was I supposed to hold it together to tell him such bad news? We didn't even have each other to physically lean on because he was out of town. That was a hard phone call to make, but we survived.

I went in to talk to doctor (who was so nice and showed so much empathy). Because I didn't have any signs of a miscarriage, he wanted to give me another week to see if I would miscarry naturally. A week later, still no symptoms of a miscarriage, so I went back in for another ultrasound. Thankfully my husband was back and he could be there. We heard the three dreaded words again "there's no heartbeat." The baby had not grown plus this tech showed us how there was no blood flow to the sac. At this point, the doctor gave us 3 options to miscarry. We chose an option, but the first attempt didn't work so I had to do it again. It was emotionally and mentally so hard!

Through this whole process, I've tried to not question God because God has a plan for us all. He knows the ending. But as a human, I've been trying to figure it all out, but that's been putting more of a stress on myself. I've put the guilt on myself questioning, "What did I do?" "Was there something wrong with the baby?" "Is something wrong with me?" "Am I not capable or strong enough for two kids?" "Am I not doing what God wants me to do?" This is where the devil has attacked me and gotten in my head, gotten in our marriage by trying to get me to lean on him instead of the One that I'm supposed to.

I didn't share this story for sympathy. I don't know who needs to read this but the devil attacks the ones he knows are growing closer to God. I'm not sure why we had to experience what we've been through but this is our story. Maybe someone else is going through the exact same thing and needs to know they are not alone. Whether it be a miscarriage, infertility, whatever it may be!!!! YOU ARE NOT ALONE!!!

To say this has been easy and that my faith has been so strong would be a lie. There have been a lot of weak moments for me the past couple of weeks. I do want to say thank you for the ones who have reached out to us and who have prayed for us!

I want to end this on a positive to show you where I am right now. Through all this, it has been a rollercoaster of emotions, of pain, of frustration, of sadness, and of anger. But at the end of the day, we have a beautiful daughter who God has blessed us with. He gave her to me when I didn't want a child. He knew the puzzle piece that was missing in mine and my husband's life. Although my heart breaks because I won't be able to hold our daughter's "sister" in November, I am forever grateful that God allowed our daughter in my arms the past two years. God continues to touch our lives! Our story isn't over yet. Move over, devil, you didn't win this one!!

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