



On the 28th June we lost you and I nearly lost me too.
After two days of excruciating pain and bleeding not knowing what was going on, we had a scan.
The scan that made my heart sink because we couldn't hear yours, nor find where you were supposed to be.

We had another scan, this time internal and that's when they saw you, But wouldn't show me, your mummy.
The doctors called in your daddy and spoke to us with urgency they said we need to operate, it's very likely it's ectopic. Although we suspected this hours or even days ago now, still hearing those words made me die inside.

How things can change so suddenly, from finding out we were having you to having pain and bleeding to suddenly realising we have to say goodbye already.
All within the space of two weeks.

I prepped for the operation, still trembling with pain and dazed from the heartache and confusion of what was happening. Daddy looked lost, but he was strong for mummy. He held my hand and told me "I got you".

I cried as I said goodbye to your daddy as they rolled me down the corridor to the operating theatre. There I lay with wires and tubes hanging all over me, doctors rushing around and all I can do is stare up at the clock, 4pm.

4pm and a few seconds was the last thing I saw before the general aesthetic took over, my eyes glazed, and I drifted.

Now it's over. Your no longer with us.

The doctors told us you were growing in my left Fallopian tube, you were an ectopic Pregnancy and my Fallopian tube had burst. My uterus was filled with 400ml of blood from the ruptured tube and it was lucky they operated when they did, I could have bled out and died they said if they had waited any longer.

But I'm not mad at you.
This was not your fault.

My left Fallopian tube has been removed, and I have three holes in my tummy from the operation.

I'm battered and bruised.
I'm sore and I'm lost.
I miss you and I don't know you.
I'm angry and I'm sad.

You're at rest now, in the rose gardens of Dukinfield.

I'm sorry my body couldn't hold you right.
I'm sorry you couldn't grow the way you needed to.

Mummy and daddy are heartbroken; we wanted to watch you grow.
We wanted to see you.
To hear you; to hold you.
But we can't.

We are so sorry we couldn't save you.
It hurts when I move, the operation has left me tender and weak.
Every twinge I feel I think of you.

The scars I look at are from saving me but loosing you and they make me think of how we lost you.
And how much we wanted to meet you.
But no matter what.
We love you our bean.
Always, and forever.

*Lyndsey Flack.
Your Mummy.*