

Hi all...

*****Good News*****

My wonderful wife has given birth to two beautiful little girls: Alice Beatrix and Evie-Joy Jessica!
They were born on Wednesday the 3rd November at 9.52am and 9.53am respectively.

The whole birth process was pretty traumatic and (dare I say it) I think a little bit bodged. My consultant (spit!) insisted that she be induced two weeks before the due date and, as a consequence, despite over 24 hours in labour, with the maximum (and dangerous) doses of drugs and artificial hormones available, her body simply didn't respond.

After all that time she was still no more dilated than she had been when we came in.

The twins were born in a petrifying flurry of activity which led to an emergency caesarean under general anaesthetic, which meant neither of us were actually there when they arrived. I'll never forget the look on my wife's face as she said she was sorry and she watched me as I had to walk away, leaving her all alone.
I swear, it broke my heart; that memory will have the power to bring a tear to my eye until the day I die.

It was terrifying being whisked out of an operating theatre and having to wait, alone, for 20 minutes for news, not knowing what was going on at all.

The girls appeared and I... unsurprisingly... cried my eyes out and then I had to wait another 40 minutes for my wonderful wife to appear.

She was unconscious but healthy and slowly came around over the rest of the day.

It's a little sad but, obviously neither were there for the birth, my wonderful wife, after all she's been through due to my infertility, can't remember meeting the twins for the first time because of the anaesthetic.

I wouldn't have minded any of what happened... what we missed, being separated... except that that **cow** of a consultant never gave us any medical explanation as to why to induce in the first place!

When we said that in that case we'd rather wait she said: "Well, don't leave it too long because I've known some twin mums wait too long and go home with no babies at all".

I mean, holy f**k! She's nothing but a twisted, thoughtless, inhuman *witch* of a woman and I'm glad I need never have anything to do with her ever again...

Unfortunately my wife and little Alice both had an infection post op, and the little girl needed seven days of intravenous antibiotics. This meant that my wonderful wife has been in hospital since then and I've had to commute early in the morning and late at night to see her each day. It's been tiring, stressful and hard work for both of us.

Despite all of the above, we feel so incredibly lucky to have these two little girls with us after all these years, fears and tears. We're glad to be home.

It's been a hard trip getting here and I have no doubt that, in a different way, it will be hard too now that we've got them. But now we can step forwards with more certainty in our future and without a huge, aching hole in our lives, knowing that life threw

some serious sh!t at us, yet we survived and are stronger and more together than ever.

If I count my blessings right now, despite all of the terrible ups and downs of the last two years, it's impossible not to run out of fingers.

I promise the Universe that I will never take my daughters for granted ... I will never take *family* for granted ... like I'm sure many people, quite unknowingly, do. They, unlike **you** and **me**, have never had to face a future without family and will never understand the gnawing agony that it brings.

I am so, so lucky and I will always think of the people out there, and those reading this, who have not got there ...

... yet.

Please, never give up hope, never stop trying, lean on those you love and especially on the one who is going through this with you; and provide a pillar of strength for them in return for when their darkest, weakest moments inevitably come.

This helped me at times:

When I used to sit in our fertility clinic waiting for my doctor/nurse, or waiting to have a test or give a sample, occasionally someone would come in with a push chair or a car seat with a baby in it. My blood used to boil as it seemed just *so insensitive* to bring a baby into a fertility clinic!

I'd look over at my wonderful wife, expecting to see her scowling or a little tearful, and it always surprised me that she looked almost happy! She's a very sensitive soul and she wears her heart on her sleeve, so I couldn't quite work out why she wasn't upset.

I eventually asked about it, wondering why, not only did it not seem to upset her, it almost made her happy!

She held my hand and said... "It works, Rob. It just proves to me that *this works!*"

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I truly hope that for anyone who might have followed my story from the beginning, from my first post on April 28th 2009 until now, over 550 days later... this might just help give a little strength and hope.

"It works."

Don't forget that.

Good luck everyone. Good luck.

Rob