

# My Story by Kerry H

*One of our members shares the story of her difficult conception and birth.*

As you are reading this in a twin club newsletter, you have probably guessed that I am a mother of twins, a fact which still amazes me and you will no doubt realise why.

The 'incredible events' start way before my twin pregnancy. In 1994, after being married for four years and still no sign of the patter of tiny feet, I went to the doctor. I was subsequently referred to an infertility clinic where I was diagnosed as infertile because I didn't ovulate. We began the rollercoaster of infertility treatment from pills to injections, numerous 'procedures', which I don't wish to relive.



The treatment took its toll and after a couple of years of thinking of nothing but babies, we took the decision to stop trying. I started to 'count my blessings' and get on with life, Mike and I enjoyed a good social life and we always had plenty of nieces and nephews around to enjoy and spoil.

We made a few positive changes. I passed my driving test at the ripe old age of 32, gave up smoking and we moved to a new house. I also got a bit fitter by doing plenty of swimming.

In October 2003 a few little niggles drove me to the doctor. After listening to my symptoms and examining my stomach he referred me for an ultrasound due to 'tenderness in my stomach'. The appointment was not until 15<sup>th</sup> December 2003 and I prepared Mike and myself for a possible hysterectomy, as I had had nothing but problems since finishing infertility treatment.

On the day I drank masses of water and arrived for the scan. That was when the nurse informed me that I was pregnant – 21 and a half weeks pregnant to be exact. I was absolutely stunned. The nurse made an appointment for me the next morning to have scans and blood tests etc, at the maternity hospital, as I had missed several routine appointments. She also advised me to ring Mike to come and collect me rather than drive home, which I did. I will never forget the look on his face when I told him, or the reactions from all of our family and friends. I will also never forget how scared and excited Mike and I were when we sat in the maternity hospital the next morning.

All went well with the pregnancy, well it would, being only half as long as it should have been! Our beautiful baby girl, Cerys Leigh Head, was born on the 22<sup>nd</sup> April 2004. She was (and still is) adored and spoiled by all, even though she is the most stubborn person I have ever met.

After 18 months or so we began to wonder if we could have any more children, but I was worried how a second baby would feel. Everyone made so much fuss about Cerys, given the circumstances, how would we top that?

Regardless of all of my concerns, I went to see the doctor. She patiently explained it would probably take twice as long to get pregnant the second time round (so just the 28 years then!), but we decided to try anyway. On the 1<sup>st</sup> October 2005, I was sat staring at a positive pregnancy test, I quickly did several more and we were so happy, although we had no idea when I was due. We booked to see a doctor and she arranged a dating scan, however a problem saw us referred to the

early pregnancy unit at Poole Hospital. They patiently explained that it was very likely we had lost the baby, but they would scan me and check. When I arrived for the scan, the same nurse who told me I was pregnant with Cerys was waiting to scan me. "Let's see", she said, "one baby, two babies. Let's just check there aren't any more." As you can imagine Mike and I were absolutely stunned. I was only eight weeks, so we had a very traumatic couple of months waiting for a 'safe' time.

However all went well (apart from Carpel Tunnel Syndrome, pelvic displacement, chronic Indigestion and every other pregnancy problem multiplied by two!). Ryan and Callum were delivered by arranged C-Section on 23<sup>rd</sup> May 2006 and we've never looked back since – haven't had the time!!