



Choosing Joy Over Sorrow

Description

Wow, I can't believe how long it's been since I have sat down to write a blog post. The time has truly flown for me. As you can see this is the reason I haven't been writing. My son has been proudly growing in my womb and with a few bumps and bruises we have made it to his sweet arrival. Along the way we have experienced some life events. I'm currently writing this all out and pray it will be a great story that glorifies God. For now, I want to give you just a snippet of it.

The most recent life event that unfolded with this sweet boy's arrival is a traumatic event that occurred right after his birth. About 10 minutes after Zion was born... my uterus tried to come out with my placenta. It was inverted. A case that has only been seen in 1 of 3,000 births. My doctor who has been a part of 5500 births was seeing this for only the second time. I lost over a pint of blood and many moments vanished into thin air. Those moments that you dream about... Seeing your son and holding him for a good long time. Watching the scale discover his weight and learning what his height is. Looking him over to see everything that God has knitted together. I had my little Zion ripped from my arms about 10 minutes after his birth. He was taken to the nursery with his daddy! The room flooded with over 15 plus doctors and nurses. They were everywhere. The oxygen mask went on. Nurses on either side trying to give fluids and draw blood. The doctor working on my uterus to turn it back inside out and place it back where it belongs. Yeah, this was not your normal birthing experience! Very far from normal!

In just a brief moment, my heart went from complete elation with the birth of my son to utter fear. I feared that I was losing my life. I just carried this precious boy for 9 months and these months have been beautiful. To only have 10 minutes with him and not know if I would ever see him again scared me. Everyone in the room told me that the baby was ok. He was with dad. But I never remember hearing someone say, "Your going to be okay Sarah!" I don't think they knew! It was truly a life or death situation. The scariest thing I've ever been through in my life.

In a matter of seconds, the dreams I dreamed of a beautiful delivery vanished. They went up in a puff of smoke! All that was left was ashes! Ashes from the dreams I dreamed! But I serve a God who can bring Beauty from Ashes. I serve a God who is **FAITHFUL!** I serve a God who has never failed me. I serve the Lord knowing that His purpose will prevail. He has a plan and I can count on Him to come

through. So that's what I'm doing. There is plenty more to this story and in weeks to come I hope to unfold more of it here. For now, I'm working on putting it all into a book that I pray can glorify God.

Right now, as I see it... I have two choices!

I can CHOOSE to Grieve or to Praise God!

I can choose to mourn the loss of a dream or

I can choose to rejoice in the opportunity to make new dreams!

I can choose the way of the world and be silent or

I can choose to speak out and bring God glory through this.

I can choose to wear a mask and hide behind a fake smile or

I can choose to be real, no masks, and have a countenance of joy because of God's peace in me.

I can choose to mourn the loss of a few moments or

choose to praise God for the current moments and the moments to come.

I can choose to grieve the loss of my dream delivery or

praise God that I gave birth to a healthy baby boy.

I can choose to linger in the pain from my trauma or

choose to rejoice that God has given me continued time on this earth.

I can choose to grieve how close I was to death or

rejoice that my life continues.

I can choose to mourn the close call with my uterus or

rejoice that I still have a uterus.

I can grieve the two hours after birth without my son or

rejoice in the third hour he was brought back to me.

I can grieve the moment he was ripped from my arms or

rejoice in the moment he was placed back in my arms.

I can grieve the 24 hours of strict bed rest after the birth or

rejoice in every minute I've had since then.

I can grieve the loss of sleep that first night as the nightmare continued in my mind or
rejoice that God helped me conquer my fear with this quickly.

I can grieve the loss of the first bath, first swaddle, and first diaper change I missed or
rejoice in the fact that I have many baths, swaddles and diaper changes to come.

I can mourn so much!

I can grieve the loss.

I can dwell on the negative.

Or I can make a choice to find the good.

I can choose to put Philippians 4:8 into practice.

I can mourn that I'm one of 3,000 to experience this or
praise God for entrusting me with this testimony!

I can grieve yesterday and the moments lost or
rejoice in today and the moments to come.

I choose to rejoice!

I choose to praise God!

I choose to believe that God has a plan and purpose through all of this!

I choose to glorify God!

I choose to be a testimony of God's faithfulness!

I choose to cling to God's promises!

"being confident of this, that he who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus." (Philippians 1:6)

"And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose." (Romans 8:28)

"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." (Jeremiah 29:11)

Dear Father God, I pray that You will help me cling to Your Promises, Your Truth, and Your ways! Lord, help me to remember that your ways are higher than my ways (Isaiah 55:8). Help me to place my trust fully in You (Psalm 62:5-8). May I be used to bring You glory! I pray that I will not be silenced but continue to speak out of Your faithfulness (Lamentations 3:22-24). May You be glorified through this story! May my life be Yours, surrendered to Your purpose alone, and may I be used to advance

Your Kingdom!

Loving You Forever and Choosing to Rejoice in Your Faithfulness,

Category

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