

COMFORTED AFTER A MISCARRIAGE

Eighteen weeks into my fourth pregnancy, I woke up to some minor bleeding. I felt anxious when the bleeding didn't stop, so I decided to go to the emergency room.

During the long drive to the hospital, I hoped and prayed that everything would be OK. At the worst, I thought the doctor would prescribe several days of bed rest.

When I was admitted to the hospital, the staff performed several tests. They found that the baby didn't have a heartbeat. The diagnosis was "fetal demise." The doctor couldn't do anything further at that point, so he released me from the hospital.

I went home feeling sad and frightened. I was unable to sleep that night. When I got out of bed the next morning, I was prompted to go to an early-morning endowment session at the temple.

Near the end of the session, my eyes focused on the wedding and engagement rings on my ring finger. They had belonged to the great-grandmother I was named after. She passed away when I was five, and I had recently been reading her life story. I remembered that she had experienced many miscarriages when she was in her 20s.

All morning I had been fighting tears of sadness and fear, but in that

moment, I felt a wave of peace. I felt comforted. Great-Grandma had passed through similar trials in her life, and the Savior had helped her. I felt the assurance that He would help me too.

"He will take upon him their infirmities, that his bowels may be filled with mercy, according to the flesh, that he may know according to the flesh how to succor his people according to their infirmities" (Alma 7:12).

I am deeply grateful for the peace that comes from attending the temple, for a legacy of faithful ancestors, and most of all, for the atoning sacrifice of the Savior Jesus Christ. ■

Emily Miller, Texas, USA

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