

The Blessing of a Loss

Finally, after trying for a long time, we were expecting our first child. What joy and what emotion! Everything was going well. Our daughter was developing, growing, and everyone around us was as happy as we were for the blessing of this long-awaited daughter.

But complications set in. A rare blood and liver complication threatened both the baby and me. Doctors also discovered blood clotting in the placenta. When I was six months along, our daughter needed to be born.

When she was born, she weighed just under a pound (0.5 kg) and measured just over 10 inches (25 cm). In the hospital the nurses called her our “little warrior.” But four days after her birth, her condition worsened and she passed away. Giving birth to my daughter and then going home without her in my arms and seeing her little things at home gave me inexplicable pain!

I traveled with her little coffin in my lap for almost 190 miles (300 km) until we reached our hometown of Garruchos and buried her there. At times I could feel her presence, as if

she were touching my face with her hand. My husband, Gustavo, dedicated the grave, and we buried her.

We spent three days at my parents’ home, where people came to visit us. Some could not understand how God could allow this to happen to us. But we never questioned the Lord. He chose us to be the parents of this special person, this little angel, who needed so few days on this earth to fulfill her mission. We didn’t see this as a punishment or a trial. We saw it as a blessing. It is now our duty to be worthy of being with her again.

The gospel gives us the light, strength, and hope of one day being able to raise her. Of course, we are sad on occasion, and sometimes we feel an emptiness. But then the Spirit comforts us.

We are trying to have another baby, and we know that things happen according to the Lord’s plan and time. Heavenly Father loves us and will never abandon us. How grateful we are to Him for having prepared a way for us to one day live together as a family. ■

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