

## Chapter 15 – The Circle of Life



Excerpt From  
*Out of the Cocoon: A Young Woman's Courageous Flight  
from the Grip of a Religious Cult*  
[www.outofthecocoon.net](http://www.outofthecocoon.net)

Sean and I had spent the last eight years together, and I desperately wanted to start a family. As soon as we stopped using birth control, I became pregnant. As I had predicted, the baby was due in April, one month after my twenty-eighth birthday. Once again, my life seemed to be on track. I was in control.

Four weeks later, however, I began to bleed. A white, mucous-like mass fell into the tissue on my hand. A sinking feeling came over me as a fog of disbelief enveloped me. I pondered, “Could I be holding my baby’s embryo in the palm of my hand?” The minutes ticked by ever so slowly as I stood there, frozen, my eyes gradually filling with fluid sorrow. Not knowing what else to do, I reluctantly dropped the tissue into the toilet and painstakingly pushed the lever. As I watched my baby swirl around in the bowl before plunging into the abyss, my life seemed surreal. “Why does everything have to be such a struggle?” I pleaded through intermittent sobs.

I hurried to the doctor, hopeful I was mistaken but apprehensive that I would hear what I already knew in my heart to be true. After a short exam, the verdict: I had indeed miscarried. My doctor assured me with a cold precision that I shouldn’t be so distressed. “It wasn’t really a baby anyway,” he coolly remarked. He was right. It wasn’t *a* baby. It was *my* baby. How dare he minimize my loss! I left feeling my life had betrayed me.

I drove home from the doctor’s office that day, fighting back the salty tears rolling onto my lips, blinking repeatedly to clear my bleary-eyed vision so I wouldn’t veer off the road. Sean met me at home later that afternoon. He too had been crying. We collapsed into each other to find comfort and strength.

Being a Jehovah’s Witness and having a miscarriage taught me a valuable lesson. Although we would like to think that we are masters of our own destiny, we aren’t always able to fly in sync with the wind currents. Life’s storms may thwart our **hopes** and **dreams**, even when we skillfully lay out a flight plan. Fortunately, it doesn’t mean we have to cling weakly to a branch and feel sorry for ourselves, accepting our fate, playing the victim.

Everyone has a choice, every day. Every path we choose—whether we go right, left, straight ahead, backwards, or soar towards the heavens—leads us to a different destination. We can be defeated, or we can strengthen our wings and rally our inner strength to find a semblance of peace with the journey we are on, and then set goals to alter our path. If we don’t at least try to overcome the turbulence in our lives, we will be sucked deeply into the victim mentality vortex and perhaps never escape.

I wasn’t about to let this miscarriage hamper my flight. Sean and I made love the next month and nothing happened. Disappointed but determined, we tried again. A few days later, I took a home pregnancy test. Unfortunately, it pronounced that I was *not* pregnant. But a little voice inside me raised doubts. That same day I made an appointment with a different ob-gyn. My trip to the doctor was filled with great anticipation. A movie billboard along the way said: “Parenthood, It Could Happen To You.” That was a good sign.



The results came back: I *was* pregnant! This time I couldn't see the road as I drove home because the sun, which shone brightly in my eyes, created prisms through my tears of joy. Ahead the horizon glistened with the colors from a rainbow, and it was brilliant.

Unexpectedly, this day turned bittersweet. As I walked through the door of my lovely home, I noticed my answering machine blinking. I casually pressed the message button. It was my aunt: "Brenda, your grandmother has passed away." I dropped the prenatal information in my hands as I fell to my knees and wept. The woman whose hands I had held just a few months earlier, the woman who had lovingly hand-sewn a blanket for me with those hands, would never hold my child...(continued)

©Brenda Lee, 2006, author "Out of the Cocoon: A Young Woman's Courageous Flight from the Grip of a Religious Cult," [www.outofthecocoon.net](http://www.outofthecocoon.net)