

# It's been one month since I almost lost everything..

It has been one month today. One month ago today that I almost lost everything and everyone I love.

One month ago today, I was preparing to go in for a laparoscopic surgery. A surgery to help my pains I have been having for a while. My OB/GYN thought it must be endometriosis so we pursued to do the laparoscopic surgery to check and planned the surgery for January the 30th. I wasn't scared at all. This is something me and my doctor have done before several times, whether it was endometriosis or removing a cyst from my ovary. Never did I ever think what actually happened could or would happen.

Monday morning me and Matt woke up early to head to the hospital before the kids woke. We got to the hospital and checked in and proceeded to do everything involving getting ready for the surgery; change into gown, get IV in, and wait till the surgical team came and got me. Everything went smoothly (or so we think) and I was in a room recovering with my husband by my side. I was able to drink and eat something so they let me go shortly after. We got home and I went to bed to rest. Everything was going just how we thought it would...Until the next day.

Matt went to work, I stayed in bed and our sweet neighbor watched the kids for me while I continued to rest. Fast forward to that evening. I noticed I had a missed call and voicemail around 6 pm. It was my OB/GYN. She left a message saying I needed to call her back asap because she needed to talk to me about something. I finally talked to her around 6:30 and she said the biopsy she took of my ovary had bowel/colon on it and that's obviously not good. This means she accidentally hit my colon during surgery and it was

leaking into my body. She told me I needed to go to the hospital immediately to be admitted incase I were to go septic. I started crying and panicking. Matt and the kids were at the hunting club to see if their pawpaw or anyone else had killed a deer. I called Matt, still crying freaking out and told him what was going on. Thankfully, since his dad was right there with him, pawpaw and chik were able to let matt leave the babies with them so he could come back home and take me to the hospital. I was terrified, I didn't want to leave my babies. I didn't even get to kiss them goodbye but I knew we had to go.

We got to the hospital and was admitted immediately. We got into a room. The nursing staff came in very quickly, got me hooked up to an IV (my least favorite part, I have rolling veins so I have to get pricked several times), and they started antibiotics and pain medicine. I wasn't hurting bad at that point, it just felt like I was recovering from the surgery the day before. The night went on and my stomach pains got worse. It was like my stomach was blowing up with air. The next morning, Wednesday morning, I started hurting pretty severely. One of the sweet nurses walked in and told me they would be taking me down to radiology soon to do a dye test to see where the possible leak was.

I didn't realize how bad I was hurting until I went down to do that test. I felt so bad for the 2 sweet nurses doing the X-rays, I wasn't very cooperative. I mean I did my best but it hurt so bad so I toughed it out and screamed and cried every time they told me to roll over on my side and then back again to my back. They took lots of pictures and then a doctor came in to do the dye part. Again, I had to roll on my side; while screaming they proceeded to do the dye. More screaming came after that. I was in an unbearable amount of pain at this point as they rolled me to my room. Matt grabbed my hand and asked me if I was ok and I told him no I wasn't ok. I got him to help me up because it hurt to sit down. Little did I know

it hurt to stand up too, I couldn't get any pain relief. Matt made the nurse come in and told her how uncomfortable I was so she gave me some pain medicine. It didn't work at all. I started throwing up while crying and screaming because of the pain. Matt called the nurses in again and told them that something was wrong. All they told me to do was to try to calm down. Well that's easier said than done when you are in the worse pain you've ever been in your life. I kept yelling at them to do something else. They were about to call the rapid response team on me when the doc finally came in and gave them permission to give me 3 shots. I don't know what they were, I don't even remember getting them. I barely remember what went on after getting back to the room because I blacked out in pain. The 3 shots apparently helped and put me out. The doctor explained to Matt that I was in so much pain because of the peritonitis (the bowel leaking into my abdomen) and when they pushed that dye up my rectum it went into my abdomen as well. He said there are so many nerves in the abdomen and that it is very painful when that happens and that's why I was in so much pain. I can't imagine how Matt felt through all of this, we are best friends and I know he thought at one point he wasn't going to see his best friend again.

They took me down after they gave me those shots for immediate surgery. I had no clue what was going on, obviously. Matt told me I was back there for 5 hours. The surgery resulted in the doctor giving me an ileostomy. This amazing doctor was able to do this under laparoscopic instead of having to cut me all the way open since I had just had surgery two days before. I do have one big cut where my caesarean scar is. I can honestly say I never knew what an ileostomy was until now. After surgery I don't remember much. I woke up in a room full of friends and family and felt very blessed to have everyone care so much. I had a feeding tube and some other stuff all over me but the pain pump helped with all of that. I didn't even know I had an ostomy at this point. Matt decided not to tell me until I was more lucid. I don't blame him one bit.

The next day Matt said I asked him "what the hell is this on my stomach?" He said he explained it to me and I was pretty furious about all of it. Not about the doc who saved my life because don't get me wrong I am so very grateful to be here, but I was just mad. Mad at the situation, mad that this happened to me. Just mad. I don't remember a lot of that week. I remember a lot of crying, a lot of pain, and more pain. I remember having a lot of visitors and again I felt so blessed for that. One who didn't leave mine and matts side much was my Aunt Jane. She was there a lot and I will never forget that. It was hard going through all of this without my mom but having jane there made it better. And my husband? He didn't leave my side often. I want to cry when I think about how he felt that week. He was amazing though. Matt was tough for the both of us, caring, compassionate, and took such good care of me. I wish I could give my husband the world after all of this. He is my person.

They released me to home health on that Saturday. We got in the car and headed home. As much pain as I was in and as scary as it was to face everything that was happening and was going to happen I could not wait to see my babies. I walked through the door and started bawling crying and hugged all three of them. I could have lost my life during all of this, I could have lost them, lost matt, everything. But I didn't, thank god, so I hugged them and didn't want to let go. I was given a second chance.

It has been a very hard recovery. Thankfully Matts mom, Cathy, has had someone over every single day to take care of me and the babies and help Matt out with housework. People have brought dinner, lunch and groceries. I have been overwhelmed by the good that people have done for us and I will forever be thankful and grateful to everyone that has helped. Cathy has been such a blessing during all of this and I could never repay her for all the stuff she's done but I will spend the rest of my life letting her know how much she means to me, to

us. We love you so much Milly.

I can't go back to work for 3 months. I am getting use to the ileostomy but doesn't mean I have to like it. I admire the people who have these permanently, God Bless you. Not that its a bad thing, it is just very uncomfortable. The kids seem to think it is really cool. They are actually very interested in all of it, especially when Matt changes it, they ask so many questions. Maybe I have future doctors on my hands? I can't bend over, I can't hold the babies or anything over 15 lbs. I miss picking up my babies and can't wait until the day I can do that again. Please do me a favor and pickup your baby/child and hold them like you won't be able to one day. I miss being their mom. I know I am mom but I can't be the mom they need right now and it breaks my heart every single day. My mom taught me to look at the positive in bad situations and I have discovered many. Ive been able to sit down and relax which I never do and really enjoy my babies like I never have before. I see them play, laugh and fight like I never have before. I have laughed a lot since being home (which hurts very bad) but maybe its therapy? I have a beautiful home and lake view that makes the recovery a little better. Its hard, and it is going to continue to be hard but this week it has been one month so we are t minus 2 more months that I can get the ileostomy reversed. I am terrified to go back to the hospital and have yet another surgery but looking forward to it in the same sense.

For now, I am going to continue to heal and enjoy life as it is. I know this is just a season and it will pass. Something I tell myself every single day to help the pain. I plan on strengthening my relationship with the lord, sitting down and reading the bible more now since I have the time. I plan on watching a lot of movies with my sweet family and just living life day-to-day right now.

I thank you for all of your prayers, comments on IG, and feel better texts. Y'all know how to make a girl feel very

special.