

The Reversal

I have been MIA from blogging since everything has happened. I hate it too. I want to update on everything that's going on in life right now but it has been very hard to find the time or the words to even describe how I feel about everything.

I had my ileostomy reversed March 28th. I had the ileostomy for a total of 8 weeks. I couldn't believe it, I thought I had at least 6 more weeks with it before reversal. But I had started having some problems which apparently pushed the surgery forward. My stoma had prolapsed and was literally hanging off of me about 4 inches by the time night rolled around everyday. I know this is gross, believe me, I KNOW. Then a different part of my small intestine had started protruding out about that much too so I had to do a lot of laying down about a week before surgery.

The hardest part before facing surgery was saying goodbye to my babies...



They all cried so hard the night before my surgery and gave me lots of hugs and kisses. The last time their mommy left for surgery I didn't end up coming back like I said I would. They were scared to let me go, they thought something would go

wrong again. I reassured them and told them everything would be fine and Mommy would be home in a few short days. Thanks to my mother-in-law, wonderful husband and SIL, the kids didn't have to worry as much.

The day before surgery I was reading my daily scripture for that day and decided to go ahead and read March 28ths also since I didn't know how I would feel. I felt very scared, the scripture for that day made it sound like my time had come to an end. God was talking about taking his hand and trusting him in that scripture. I trust him with all of my heart and I love him and I am not afraid of death, I am afraid to leave behind my babies and husband though. I want to live life to its full advantage, especially now. So needless to say, I was very scared the morning of surgery. Me and Matt walked back to pre-op that morning, they started the IV and yada yada. I honestly didn't want to go back, I didn't want to have surgery again, I didn't want to feel this afraid but this had to be done. So, I trusted God and let him guide me through it all.





Jocelynn gave me a monkey to take with my and help me feel better. I took pictures with it and sent them to her while I was in the hospital

I woke up in a room with Matt by my side. I was in and out for a while. I finally was able to wake up enough and realize it was gone! And most importantly I was ALIVE! I looked at Matt and asked "Did it work?!" He held me and told me it did, my ileostomy was gone and surgery went well. I started crying. I couldn't believe it. It was all going to be over with now and I could start healing emotionally, mentally and physically. After crying I prayed to God and thanked him for holding my hand through this. Matt had to leave later that afternoon so I took advantage of being alone and rested, did a little coloring and watched stupid TV shows! I also looked at my daily scriptures and realized I was a month ahead. The one I had read that had scared me so bad wasn't even for that day! In fact the one that ended up being for the day of March 28th was very calming. I felt relaxed after realizing that and even ended up laughing. Sometimes when life keeps throwing you these horrible phases, you just have to laugh. I mean y'all,

we've literally been through hell the past few years and all we can do is laugh and keep our faith strong.

This has all changed me without a doubt. It's a funny thing, when you come close to death of course you turn to God. I have always been a believer and I have always had a good relationship with God. I might not go to church every Sunday since having kids but my church is in my heart until we find a church home we love. During all of this I really turned to him more so than I have in a long time. He helped reassure me everyday that it was all going to be ok. No matter what happened, or how everything turned out, he was there for me. I was able to really enjoy that overwhelming feeling of love I felt from him and still do.

Recovery has not been easy. I hate it for my kids and husband mostly. I have my good days and I have my bad days. More bad than good most weeks but I am just grateful to be here. My family has been amazing through this, especially the kids. They've been patient, understanding and helpful when I need them. I am just glad that it's all over, we can all move on from this now.