



a
Time
to be
Borne

a gift to

from

date

Comfort for Mothers of Miscarried Babies

a
Time
to be
Borne

Compiled by
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and Sue Hooley



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WALNUT CREEK

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Any reference in this book to miscarried babies as angels is figurative, and is not meant to infer that they become one of God's celestial beings.

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*To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones,
and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.*

Introduction

Sue: In Ecclesiastes 3, King Solomon describes my experiences in the past four years. I thought that having a baby meant *a time to be born*. But when my pregnancy ended by miscarrying, *a time to die*, it was the beginning of a new season in my life.


I like to be organized and plan ahead so I had mentally started a to-do-before-baby-comes list. *Who should I ask to help me? How should I decorate the nursery?* The next few months looked full and exciting. My primary focus was on the new little somebody. But my future was suddenly rearranged as I found myself forced into the *time to mourn* stage.

Surprised at the emotions and thoughts that assailed me, it was my *time to weep*. It was a sad and lonely time for me. No one else had loved or prayed for this little life like I had. So it seemed that no one grieved his passing like I did.

I was in the *time to heal* stage when Dianna and I became acquainted. Dianna had just joined a Writer's Workshop by Mail group that I was in (WWM IV) when I mentioned the idea of compiling a miscarriage book. I had previously helped compile *The Hand that Rocks the Cradle*, a book for new mothers.

Dianna: Because I hadn't yet miscarried, I didn't give Sue's idea much thought. But a month later when I found myself in her shoes, I really wished for a book like that. I wanted to read how other ladies felt. I wanted someone to tell me how to react! I'm so thankful for the Bible because it contained answers to all the questions I asked. As I searched its pages, jotting down what the Lord showed me, the vision for a miscarriage book grew.

Sue: Six months later, Dianna got in touch with me. I hadn't given up the idea of a book, but I didn't seem to have clear direction from the Lord. When she contacted me, I wondered if this was my answer. Well, it was! Our *time to heal* turned into *a time to speak*, amazingly across the 1,800 miles between us. It was also a *time to*



blend. Is that one in Ecclesiastes? Our personalities are opposite (she loves unfamiliar words, I prefer the common) but I think God loves blending differences to bring about His plans!

Dianna: I'm glad Sue knew what a big project we were undertaking. I didn't! I think that the phrase *a time to gather stones together* paints an accurate picture of our endeavor. The Israelites gathered stones to make a memorial whenever they wanted to mark a certain incident in their journey. In a way, this book is a memorial made by fifteen of us to mark the place in our lives where God carried us. Stone by stone the book slowly took shape, and we hope that the resulting memorial will show itself an altar of worship to our readers.

Sue: We had many who helped build the book to its completion. We especially thank those who reviewed the entire manuscript, and our writing groups, WWM IV and WWM VIII, for critiquing our submissions. The Lord never let us down in providing help and inspiration when we needed it!

Dianna and Sue: We want you, our readers, to discover what we did—that although a miscarriage is not *a time to be born*, it is *A Time to be Borne* by our heavenly Father. Whenever you are in your private journey of sorrow or uncertainty, may you reach the thrilling conclusion of Ecclesiastes 3:11, that “He hath made everything beautiful in his time.”

The Seasons of the Soul

Laura Waldron

When you feel cast down and despondently sad,
And long to be happy and carefree and glad,
Do you ask yourself, as so often I do
Why must there be days that are cheerless and blue?
Why is the song hushed in the heart that was gay?
And then I ask God, "What makes life this way?"

And His explanation makes everything clear;
The soul has its seasons, the same as the year.
Man, too, must pass through life's autumn of death
And have the heart frozen by winter's cold breath.
But spring always comes with new life and birth,
Followed by summer to warm the soft earth.

Oh, what a comfort to know there are reasons,
Why souls, like nature, must have their seasons.
Bounteous seasons and barren ones, too—
Times for rejoicing and times to be blue.
For with nothing but sameness, how dull we would be,
Only life's challenges set the soul free,
And it takes both a mixture of bitter and sweet
To season our life and make it complete.