

Jenny's story

Why I'm glad my IVF failed.

Well to be honest I never thought I'd be writing this. When our final IVF failed I felt so low I had no idea what the future held. We'd had two failed intracytoplasmic sperm injection (ICSI) treatments and I remember that final devastating blow when the treatment failed. It was New Year's Eve and, as most people were out celebrating, we were taking the pregnancy test that would forever change our lives one way or another. It was negative.

That was our last chance and nothing can prepare you for that feeling. That crushing desperation and that feeling of; what now? All I had ever wanted was to be a mum and something that is so simple for so many people seemed impossible. We had considered adoption before but I wasn't sure if this was the right route for us. Even with amazing friends and family, when this happened I felt so alone. You hear so many struggles and stories about fertility and they always have the same ending - their IVF finally works and they get their miracle baby. But why does no one talk about when it fails? Because it does and it fails many more times than it's successful.

We took a year to get our life back and consider our options. I went to counselling which helped me to work through the grief of never carrying a birth child. And we spent time together enjoying life just as the two of us. We began talking about adoption a year later and went along to an open day. We came away feeling so excited but scared that this wouldn't work out either.

The adoption process for us was fantastic. We were accepted on to stage one which involved a two-day workshop to learn more about the children who come into care. Once accepted on to stage two we started the social worker visits where she got to know us enough to write a 100-page report all about us for the adoption agency. I spent the whole time worrying what hubby was going to say but he kept the jokes to himself!!

We went to panel in August, which is where you face about ten experts in adoption who read your report and decide if you should be allowed to be parents. This is very daunting and a very emotional experience. At the end of the panel each panel member says whether they will recommend you for adoption. It's like an emotional X Factor audition where each judge says yes or no and why! I made it to the second yes before I started blubbing. Having a group of strangers make the decision to accept you being parents is a very strange feeling.

After months of social work visits, endless paperwork and many highs and lows we were approved and matched with our amazing son - an eight-month baby boy. The day we met him was the happiest day of our life! This gorgeous little man, our son, smiled at us as we played with him and his toys, getting to know one another. Fast forward one year on and we've never been happier. That's why I'm writing this. When IVF fails it's the end of a dream, but now I know that just because your original dream dies, doesn't mean a new more amazing dream isn't just around the corner. In all honesty I wouldn't change a thing. Adoption is magical and we were matched with the son we were always meant to have. I'm thankful for every failed pregnancy test and for every unsuccessful IVF we encountered as it brought us to our baby boy.

I still have to pinch myself sometimes that it's actually happened! My original dream was replaced with an even more special dream - one that's fast asleep in his cot upstairs. The son we were always meant to have. I'm thankful for every failed pregnancy test and for every unsuccessful IVF we encountered as it brought us to our baby boy.