

I have always had difficult periods and was diagnosed with polycystic ovary syndrome (PCOS) at an early age, so I knew I might have difficulties having children. I met my husband when I was 30 and was very honest with him about my issues. We started trying for a baby before getting married.

Due to my issues, we were referred for fertility support straight away. We started Metformin, and that made me sick. We moved from this to Clomid. We were only allowed to be on this for six months and for the first three months the consultant didn't check I was ovulating. In month four, she tested and realised I wasn't. They upped my dose but then there was a concern about multiple pregnancy due to my PCOS, so I was referred for IVF.

When we started IVF, our first cycle was cancelled. This was devastating and was something that hadn't even occurred to us. Everything we had read about IVF had been about couples going through treatment and having a baby – why were we any different?

We had another go and this time I was given different drugs. The cycle was going well about unfortunately I ended up over-stimulating and getting OHSS (Ovarian Hyperstimulation Syndrome). This meant that we had to freeze all the embryos and wait for my body to recover.

We started the process for a frozen transfer but unfortunately found out during the two week wait that it had been unsuccessful. We decided we needed a break from IVF to regroup and process everything.

The next year, we decided to try again. We thawed all the remaining embryos and transferred the best one. After an anxious two week wait, we found out we were pregnant, but just a few days later realised we were having a miscarriage. At this stage, we decided to stop IVF. If pregnancy happened naturally that would be great, but if not, we would embrace a childless future.

We were offered ovarian drilling as a last way to try and encourage my body to ovulate. During the surgery for this, the surgeon found that I have endometriosis.

Then, completely out of the blue, we were hit with another miscarriage. We had not even known I was pregnant. Due to the irregularity of my periods, it is hard to know how far along I had been, but the doctors said it was around 12-14 weeks. This miscarriage really set me back, as I had finally come to terms with being childless and it gave me renewed hope of a natural pregnancy.

Due to an earlier pregnancy (before meeting my husband) also ending in miscarriage, we were referred for tests with the early pregnancy unit, but they could not find any reason for the recurring miscarriages. This was a particularly traumatic experience as it was during Covid. I had to go to the appointment on my own, they had not read the notes and thought it was an early pregnancy scan.

Today, we have once again come to terms with a childless future. We set up our own charity in 2015 and have put all our efforts into that – why inspire just one child when we can inspire thousands! We also spend time with our gorgeous fur babies – Henry and Tudor – and our family and friends. Life may not have worked out how we had planned, but who is to say this life isn't even better!

I would be lying if I didn't say it can still be difficult to see pregnancy announcements or to deal with baby showers, but I now have a process for dealing with those situations and thanks to the Fertility Network I have made friends with other women who are childless who help me cope when I am struggling.