

My journey to motherhood was deemed, biologically, to never be a successful one. Diagnosed in my early 20s with chronic endometriosis, my daily life involved severe pain, discomfort, and hormonal imbalance. None of these were ingredients to forge a loving relationship, in which to explore alternative methods of forming a family.

Endometriosis equalled infertility for me, and it was a circumstance I had to accept and come to terms with. I knew that not to do so would cause me even more suffering.

And so, over a period of 25 years, as well as coping with the disease, which impacted employment, relationships and friendships, I carved out a life to the best of my ability.

In my 49th year, I had surgery for the disease alongside a full hysterectomy. Admittedly, there was a sense of relief from no longer having a monthly cycle of pain, but more intensely was the feeling of loss, of grief, for all that could never and would never be.

Now, in my 50th year, I have been empowered and enabled to neutralise so many of the hurts that life in all its forms has offered. I am at peace with the hand I have been dealt, and I accept the role that I have in this life; ultimately, it is up to me to make the most of the gifts I have been given, and I do so gratefully.