

Ashley Wells

How My Soul

Yearns

How God Brought Me Through Infertility
and beyond

PREFACE

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A Little Bit About Me

I am twenty-four years old and barren, and I have been for five years *and counting*. Most people would agree that there is something just not right about that. Some would say that I have been served the short straw in the draw of life. However, this is the life that I have been given and I now recognize that it is a gift from God. He has placed this suffering in my life for a purpose, to bring Him glory through it ([1 Peter 4:13](#))!

I want to take some time to share with you a little bit about myself and how my story began...

As a child, I remember daydreaming about being a mother. However, I never really had a sure feeling in my stomach. Something always felt wrong and uneasy. I never really thought about it much, but I do remember feeling it occasionally.

At the age of seventeen, I was experiencing severe abdominal pain, very similar to menstrual cramps. I would experience these pains whenever I was still and not really focusing on anything. I shook it off for several months. However, then it got to be more severe and interfered with my daily life.

I went to the doctor to see if she knew what was going on. She felt around my stomach, much like my cat kneads around to get comfy before laying down. I remember being so scared; I didn't know what was happening or what to expect. The doctor had a worried look on her face as she continued to press harder on my stomach, causing me pain. After the exam, she then proceeded to order an ultrasound for that same day.

From the doctor's office, my mother and I went to the hospital to have an ultrasound done. I never imagined that my first ultrasound would be so scary, or at the age of seventeen, or without the promise of a possible pregnancy. Even though I always had an uneasy, or unsure, feeling when I thought about motherhood and being pregnant, I never really thought that my feelings would come to a reality.

I could tell that the ultrasound wasn't going well. I was nervous to begin with and it didn't help that I thought I was going to pee all over myself (I drank way too much water!!!). After the ultrasound, the technician asked my mother and I to stay in the waiting room while she called my doctor.

As we were waiting for some answers, my mind was racing with possible negative outcomes to this common examination. *What did the ultrasound show? What is going on?*

Finally, the technician called us back into the room and began to tell us that I had a cyst the size of a softball encircling my entire left ovary. Under the advice of my doctor, the technician made an appointment for me to see an OB/GYN doctor the next day and he would take over my case.

That night as I was trying to sleep, my mind continued to move quickly from thought to thought. I could not get it to settle down. Moment after moment, I continued to think about my future. *What was this OB/GYN going to tell me? What was going to happen?*

The next day I met with the OB/GYN and he did not give me very good news. Upon seeing the ultrasound pictures and administering a vaginal exam, he had my mother and I both sit down.

He began to tell us that I was at an extreme risk of the cyst erupting and causing intense internal damage. He advised immediate surgery the next day to remove my left ovary and fallopian tube completely.

After hearing that I would be losing an ovary, immediately my mind went to the uneasy thoughts I had growing up about being pregnant, so I asked the doctor if this was going hurt my chances of getting pregnant in the future. He quickly responded that it wouldn't affect my future at all. "Many women get pregnant just fine with only one ovary," he said. That eased my worries a little, but still something just did not feel right.

From the OB/GYN's office, which was adjacent to the hospital, we walked to the hospital lab where they did all the pre-surgery blood work and recorded my vitals. Afterwards, my mother took me home and I was exhausted, so I went to bed early.

Even in my state of pure exhaustion from the news and tasks that I had done the past several days, I was unable to go to sleep. My mind continued to race and refused to slow down. I was terrified.

The next day I went into surgery and had my left ovary and left fallopian tube removed.

I woke up after several hours of surgery in horrible pain. I was having a negative reaction from the pain medicine. I was in the recovery room for four hours longer than I was supposed to be while they tried to control my reaction, but also keep me medicated for pain. This was a terrifying ordeal. I had no idea what was going on. The only thing I knew was that I was experiencing pain like I had never felt before.

Finally, after they were able to decrease the pain to a manageable level and control my medication reaction, they took me to my hospital room. I was sobbing from the pain and they had my face covered with a wet cloth to keep my temperature down. I saw no one, and didn't want any company. I just wanted to rest.

However, my doctor wanted to give me a post-surgery report. My mother was crying and I didn't really know what to expect or what had happened. He began to tell me that the surgery went great and he was able to remove the entire cyst. Ok, I thought, that sounds good.

Then he told me that while he was in surgery he noticed that the right side of my reproductive system looked underdeveloped. He continued to tell me that although he thought removing this ovary would still allow me to get pregnant, in reality, I would have a very difficult time getting pregnant and an even more difficult, if not impossible, time sustaining life for any amount of time. He told me that when the time came, I could come and

see him and that he would do everything he could to help me get pregnant. He sounded positive.

However, all I could think about was the negative. I remember the immediate feelings of loss, brokenness, and emptiness. I had never felt such intense and raw feelings before. Even though I had always had that weird and uneasy feeling, I never thought that I would never be able to get pregnant.

This was an extremely difficult thing to hear at the age of seventeen. I had desires to get married (I was actually engaged at the time) and start a family. How was this going to happen with the news that I had just heard?

This happened in early July, the summer before my senior year of high school. I remember healing from the surgery and feeling depressed about the news I had heard. I remember staying home a lot during those summer months. I mostly stayed to myself.

However, school started that fall and I really stopped thinking about my expected infertility. I wanted to be optimistic and hopeful. I chose to live life, oblivious to the news I had heard. I went on in the coming months to experience my senior year of high school and then got married shortly after. Then, several months into marriage, the cycle started...

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Author Bio



Ashley Wells loves to share the story that God is writing in her life. She is happily married to Michael, and they are currently residing in Louisville, KY as Michael attends school at The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. In addition to living the seminary experience, Michael and Ashley are currently in the process of adopting from the foster care system.

Ashley has a deep passion to encourage and inspire women to live for the Lord in all aspects of their lives. Ashley writes regularly on her personal blog, [Putting God First Place](#). She is also the co-owner and executive director of the site [At the Well: In Pursuit of Titus 2](#), where she can also be found contributing regularly. Ashley's writing has been featured on many sites around the internet, such as DaySpring's blog, [\(in\)courage](#), and monthly on the [Hope for Women Magazine's blog](#).

If you have further questions, or would just like the opportunity to connect with Ashley Wells, below is a list of ways that you can connect with her:

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