



The rollercoaster of 2020 continues. I've got to believe that there is a reason behind our tragedy and hardship, even if we don't know exactly what that is.

After Logan's game, I was texting him at 1:30 am in excruciating abdominal pain. The same thing had happened the night before, so I was hoping it would just pass. Logan had just left the facility after getting post-game treatment and texted one of the Giants trainers about what was going on. As much as I wanted to eat some Tums and try to go back to sleep, I followed this trainer's advice and my sister took me to the ER.

The bloodwork came back fairly quickly and informed us that I was pregnant, despite having a fully functioning IUD. The chances of this are less than 1%. I took a minute to process and then called Logan with the news. Obviously, this wasn't in the plans, but we laughed and wrapped our head around the idea of becoming parents again.

About an hour later, the lightness dimmed as I noticed my ultrasound tech was very quiet and my pain was getting worse. The pregnancy was ectopic and had implanted in my fallopian tube. The pregnancy was not viable and we learned that the tube had ruptured. I had to have emergency surgery at 9am this morning to remove the ectopic pregnancy and stop the internal bleeding.

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The pain was unbearable. The emotions that followed were unbearable. I am still sorting through most of this in my own head. Why was I that 1%, what does this mean for the future, how that trainer quite possibly saved my life. How I asked my sister to come on this trip with me with 2 days notice. I was supposed to be alone. How that could have been baby "Ozzy," a name I've always had picked out for the third child I never planned to have.

I'm spending time recovering in Florida before heading back to NJ. I'm hurting, I miss my kids and Logan. But I'm thankful for how our family rallied around us to take everything else off our plates. For my in-laws keeping the kids as long as needed.. my sister taking on the full time care taker role and being my support system through something that had to be an equally traumatic experience for her. I'm so thankful for a husband who smiled at the potentially life changing news of an unexpected pregnancy and was on board and ready for the adventure even though it wasn't in the plans. Logan's support never wavers. His strength gives me strength and our hearts are so aligned.

I'm going to continue bonding with my sis as she helps me through this initial recovery phase in FL and lean on my family to handle things for me back in NJ. I'm always thankful for any well wishes, but I'm mostly putting this out here bc I will probably take a break from the outside world for a bit as we continue to process and recover.



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