



As a young woman, I thought having a daughter would be the greatest gift in life. She'd have to be healthy, of course. And talented. First I'd be her mom. Then I'd be her friend.

I couldn't wait.

Years passed without children. I became a courtroom lawyer and paid scant attention to my biological time clock. Our daughter would come later, since she hadn't arrived sooner.

It never occurred to me she might not arrive at all.

At 38, I became pregnant for the first time. My jubilation was short-lived. Saddened by a miscarriage, at least I had conceived!

Soon I was expecting again. I was sure it was a girl. The doctor said all was well. We picked a name matching my initials. She would be CDB, Jr. She could even use my briefcases.

Months later, we learned the baby's heart had stopped. The doctor ordered tests; I ordered a movie. I picked Bette Middler since I needed to laugh. Who knew that *Beaches* would make me cry?

My husband warned against learning details from the test results. I agreed. What if the baby really was a girl? Better not to know.

Within weeks I was traveling again. Pulled from a New York deposition, I was told: "Call your doctor." Before I could tell him to spare me the details, he started reading: "Female, normal chromosomes ..." I heard nothing more.

I tried to call my husband, then my mother. They were gone. I went back to the deposition, picking up where I'd left off. I couldn't let my colleagues see me shaken. I am a woman of faith; God gave me the strength to get through that day.

Getting through the rest of life was something else. The doctor advised against more pregnancies.

At my core, I believe events happen for a reason. Struggling with the loss of our daughter, I couldn't find a purpose. I thought I never would.

Months after I lost Caley, the name we'd selected for our daughter, my law partner said: "You lost your child. Maybe you are destined to help children worldwide. Have you thought of that? Maybe you are supposed to do something special with your life." I glared at him and moved on to the next topic.

Periodically, I reflected on his words. Mostly I stayed busy.

As a courtroom lawyer, I use words to teach juries. I use evidence to make points. Witness testimony, pictures, first-hand accounts are the sources to determine truth. Sometimes I find the process more elusive than it should be.

Using the Internet for case support, I was astonished. National archives and government institutions had placed primary sources on-line. I wondered: Could we tell history's stories with primary sources as evidence? Could we create a web site, filled with links to those materials? Could we try to make the study of history fun? Could we help students learn with 21st-century tools?

Now, as people ask for more stories at the web site which sprang from my wonderings, I think back to words of comfort - and destiny. They resonated only after I had better managed my grief.

This I believe and know: A good purpose can flow from a bad event, and the words of comfort we share have meaning long after they are spoken.

See Alignments to State and Common Core standards for this story online at:

<http://www.awesomestories.com/asset/AcademicAlignment/How-a-Single-Event-Can-Change-Our-Destiny>

See Learning Tasks for this story online at:

<http://www.awesomestories.com/asset/AcademicActivities/How-a-Single-Event-Can-Change-Our-Destiny>

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This I Believe

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