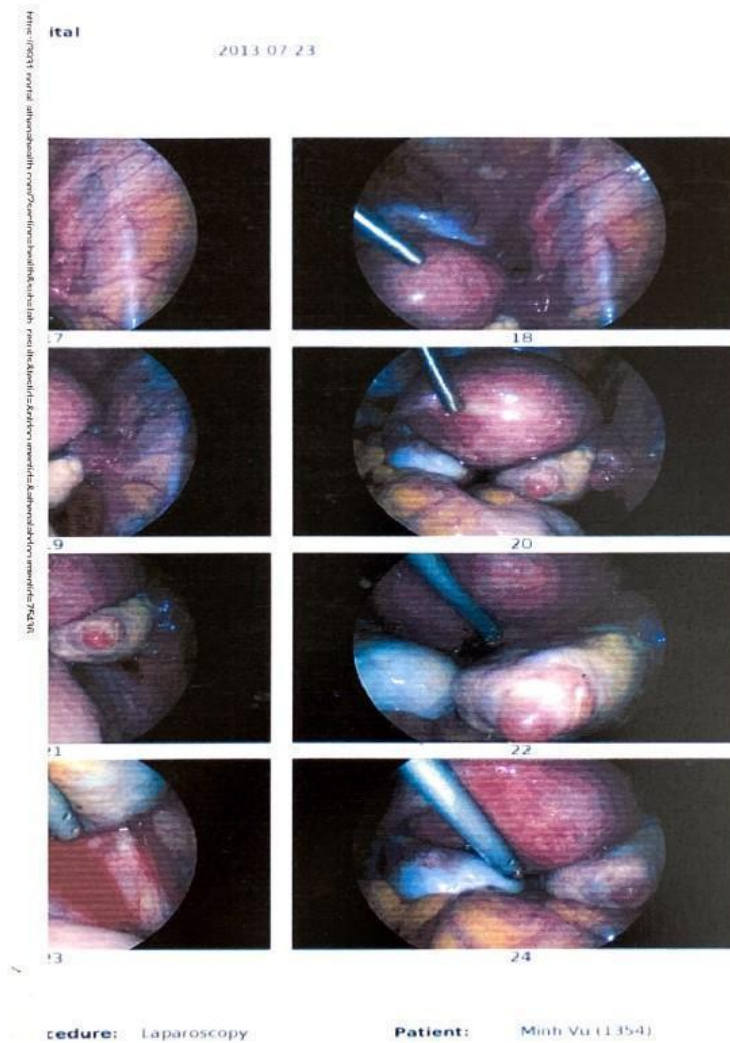


Light & The Protective Warrior
By Minh Vu

Lesson #1: Be Your Own Health Advocate (Narrator: Minh Vu)

At 33 years old, Tom and I seriously tried to naturally conceive unsuccessfully for three consecutive years. We tried everything from recording my menstrual cycle, ovulation kits, and even, the turkey baster method! I started questioning my own fertility and made an appointment with an OB/GYN. A laparoscopy was scheduled to discover the reason behind this three year struggle. The results came back with endometriosis-stage IV. The endometrial tissue inside my uterus was severely growing outside and plastered itself all over my fallopian tubes and ovaries. This explained the decades of excruciating chronic pain and irregular menstrual cycles as a teenager.



The infertility news was devastating. According to the doctor, the only way that I could conceive was via in vitro fertilization (IVF). Due to the high out of pocket expenses, physical demands, and emotional scars, we gave IVF one wholehearted chance. My Beloved husband gave me daily injections, and it became a sacred nightly ritual. There was a two-week waiting period for implantation before I could take the HCG test to see if the IVF was successful. The fertility office called with the news, “I am sorry to tell you that the test came back negative. There was no implantation.” Sitting alone in my car, with an aching heart, I wailed against the steering wheel.

One question was on my mind, where do I go from here?

Feelings of anger, shame, and inadequacy consumed me. My protective dad comforted me with his words of unconditional love. “Your life still has meaning. Your life is still beautiful. Even without children, you still have a mission to fulfill.” My loving mom and I tirelessly researched all about endometriosis and miraculously found a holistic and natural alternative.



Due to the stage IV endometriosis, my body was in a highly acidic state. In order for it to reach equilibrium again, a holistic practice of only eating specific nutrient dense foods. This required mental fortitude. I committed to being my own health advocate; no one would do it for me. Steadfast, I continued with the holistic lifestyle for three months and noticed my menstrual cycle regulating itself. For the first time, my cycle came without the agonizing pain.

Tom and I accepted the fact that parenthood was not in our future. To help this grieving process, we made a resolution to enjoy life by traveling and celebrating our unconditional love for one another. That summer, Tom planned a trip for us to Ireland. It was the perfect place to ignite joy and happiness back into our lives.



After our trip, I checked my calendar and suddenly realized that I had missed my June cycle. I dreaded that I was back to my irregular cycles and waited until July in hopes of its arrival. July came and still nothing. With a glimmer of hope, we darted to the nearest store and bought a pregnancy test. You know, the ones that are locked up behind glass

doors! I could not bear to look at the results and handed it over to my husband. With hesitation, he whispered, "It's positive."

Could this be one of those false positive results? For peace of mind, we researched one of the best OB/GYN in town. He proceeded to scan my belly in search of a heartbeat. It took a while, but he finally said, "There's one heartbeat." Long pause. "And there's the second one." Overjoyed beyond belief, tears poured down our faces as Tom and I looked closer at our TWO little heartbeats.



Lesson #2: God Still Performs Miracles. (Narrator: Tom Vu)

It felt like we had just won the lottery! We had already picked out the name Luke, which means Light, but were now scrambling to come up with a second memorable boy's name that began with the letter "L". Minh eventually drew inspiration from Ireland and magically came up with Liam, Protective Warrior.

One night, my wife had a dream and one of the twins was crying out, "Help me mom! I'm dying!" She vividly saw a little boy reaching out to her, while the other one was standing over his brother. Miraculously, we believe our sons were communicating with

their mom at that time. I still get chills thinking about it. The very next afternoon, I rushed my wife to the emergency room due to piercing abdominal pain. Initially, Minh thought that she was having severe heartburn. It was there that we met the exemplary neonatology team made up of angels in human form, who would forever change our lives.

They informed us that my wife was experiencing one of the rare complications that we had been warned about – Twin-to-Twin Transfusion Syndrome (TTTS), Stage II. Luke was the recipient, receiving too much blood flow from the placenta; while Liam, the donor, was not receiving enough. Even in the womb, Liam lived up to his name as the protective warrior for his brother. In addition, there was excessive amniotic fluid in my wife's abdomen. Emergency fetal surgery known as Fetoscopic Laser Photocoagulation was needed immediately. They informed us that one or both of our sons may not survive, or that we may be faced with the decision of considering termination of one or both of the fetuses in order to save my wife's life.

The joy of pregnancy quickly shifted to chaos, dread, and uncertainty as I felt the world spinning out of control right before my eyes. Feeling helpless, I anxiously sat in the waiting area at the hospital with my wife's parents and frantically checked all the television monitors for any surgery status updates. Our hearts lifted when we were finally told that the surgery was successful.



When Minh was discharged, we marveled at how we had narrowly escaped adversity. After only our second day of release from the hospital, my wife noticed abnormal swelling in both of her legs while at home. We did not want to take any chances due to our past experiences and contacted her neonatologist immediately. He informed us that she was experiencing Mirror Syndrome, in which the mother and fetus both experience a buildup of fluid.

Once again, we were told that one or both sons may not survive, or that we may be faced with the decision of considering termination of one or both of the fetuses in order to save my wife's life. Miraculously, a second fetal surgery was successfully performed to transfuse blood to Liam and remove the excess fluid. After another two weeks of recovery at the hospital, my wife was discharged to go home with strict bed rest guidelines. We tried our best to make it to the 27th week gestational age that our OB/GYN was hoping for in order to give our sons the best chance for survival.

Dismally, this was not to be as we had to return to the hospital during the 26th week when my wife noticed an odd reddish-colored discharge. The hospital kept Minh there for observation. The discharge only got worse, and on our second night, Liam's heart rate quickly plummeted, while my wife was lying in a pool of her own blood.

I was asleep on the couch when a team of nurses abruptly filled the room. I felt an anxiousness and sense of urgency in the nurses' demeanor as they immediately paged her OB/GYN and directed Minh to get on her hands and knees to help raise Liam's heart rate. Our OB/GYN calmly informed us that a placental abruption had occurred, and an emergency C-section was needed immediately. On that fateful day, our amazing doctors and a team of nurses helped us welcome Light and the Protective Warrior into this world. We were absolutely madly in love with them! Luke weighed 2lbs 8oz. and little brother Liam weighed 2lbs 5oz.



Our experience with the staff at the hospital was beyond extraordinary. We came to know them as unique and caring angels in human form, not just as healthcare workers in passing. We were profoundly moved by their compassion during our bleakest moments. Words cannot describe the immense joy that they brought into our world. They have touched our souls and will always be remembered in our hearts.

Lesson #3: Keep the faith. (Narrator: Minh Vu)



Where I was afraid of:

- ...being broken, I was simply in need of God's love, self-love, and inner-healing.
- ...being rejected, I learned to never reject myself.
- ...being abandoned, I learned to never abandon myself.
- ...other's opinions, I learned that my own carried more weight.
- ...painful endings, I learned that they were actually new beginnings.
- ...being seen as small and insignificant, I discovered my potent power.
- ...being perceived as less than, I realized I was more than enough.
- ...being perceived as ugly, I learned to fully embrace my own beauty.
- ...feeling low, I learned that it was the birth of divine brilliance.
- ...change, I realized that it was an inevitable part of life.
- ...being alone, I learned to savor and relish my own company.
- ...life itself, I rediscovered who I truly am.
- ...hopelessness, I experienced God's supernatural miracles that surpassed all understanding.

My Beloved Endo-Sisters and Fertility-Sisters, keep the faith. If I can conquer stage 4 endometriosis, infertility, a failed IVF, and so much more to bring my miracle babies into this world, so can you! Take faith-filled action steps toward your wildest dreams. Let me empower you in your holistic freedom journey, I personally invite you to connect with me at minh@endotransformation.com or hop over to our Contact Me page.

So much love & light,
Minh