

BECOME PREGNANT

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Ten years ago I thought I was infertile. Now here's me, many years later with my two beautiful babies. They were both naturally conceived after years of "trying". Here's how it happened...



We have changed our names in our story to protect our privacy and that of our children.

Dear friend

My name is Carol Andrews, and I'd like to share my story with you. It's a story of despair, hope, loss, sadness, longing and finally joy—not one, but two miracles!

Ten years ago my husband Lindsay and I decided it was "time to start a family". We had been married for five years, had saved up and bought our first house. We both had stable jobs. I was 34. My husband was 27. We were ready. We made the decision on our fifth wedding anniversary, 9 September 1994.

We thought it would be easy. After all, we'd put so much effort into not getting pregnant over the first five years of our marriage. We'd tried out all of the different contraceptive options, since the contraceptive pill didn't seem to agree with me.

We both had physical check ups. Our GP told us we were both in good health and, despite the fact that I'd left my run a little late, should have no trouble conceiving. I (arrogantly) told my GP I was a very young 34, and we enthusiastically started on our mission.

We were both convinced that it would happen quickly. After all, we were both very goal oriented people. Anything we'd set ourselves as a goal before, we'd always achieved. So we were puzzled when 3 months went by and my period rolled around yet again.

We told ourselves that it would happen when the time was right, and continued our efforts in earnest.

It was only later (years later) that I discovered that many of the things we were doing at this stage were actively preventing us from conceiving and carrying a child.

After 12 months of frustration, the situation was starting to affect our relationship. I was moody and short tempered. I seemed to be frequently on the verge of tears, especially if I was out shopping and saw a pregnant woman, or one of the endless number of strollers and prams with a cute baby or toddler on board.

What was I doing wrong? How come all these other women could do it and I couldn't? What was wrong with me?

I started to feel guilty for leaving it so late. I felt guilty for not looking after my body better—maybe if I'd never drunk alcohol? Maybe I should leave my job?

And I started to blame Lindsay, my husband. What if he was “shooting blanks”? Would it undermine his masculinity if he found out? Would he even go for the test?

Eventually we got all these feelings of resentment and fear out in the open. We had a long heart to heart talk, and decided we needed to get some answers.

I'd been putting off going to the OB-GYN for fear of what I'd be told. I had a good friend who'd been going through IVF (unsuccessfully) and the thought of going through the same thing terrified me.

So Lindsay had his sperm count tested. I had an ultrasound and some blood tests to check for endometriosis or other physical problems, as well as hormonal or other physiological causes.

The results, when they came back, were more frustrating than ever: there was no physical, physiological, or biochemical reason we shouldn't be able to conceive. We, like many couples, had what was termed “non-specific infertility”. In other words the experts didn't have a clue. They suggested we “de-stress” and “have more sex”.

We took a week off and went to the beach. But sex was no longer much fun. It was something we did at the right time because my temperature graph said I was ovulating. Afterwards we'd talk quietly about our fading hopes. We'd try and look on the bright side—just think about all the money we'd save by not having kids. And we'd be able to travel, and go to restaurants whenever we wanted to, and buy a sports car. Who were we kidding? Often after sex we'd just lie together and cry until we fell asleep.

After two years of hope fading to frustration, fading to sadness and emptiness, I knew I had to do something or I would go crazy. I started to research. I read every book, every journal, every article I could get my hands on. I read about western medicine and alternative therapies. I talked to people about new treatments and found out as much as I could about clinical trials that were happening around the world.

I was obsessed. I would overcome this “problem” if it killed me.

I applied everything I learned as much as I could. I was taking 14 different vitamin and mineral supplements every day. My husband was too, as I'd discovered that pre-conception care for the potential father was as important as for the soon-to-be-mother. We were exercising an hour and a half every day. We were eating only organic foods, drinking 2 litres of filtered water every day, eating meat only occasionally (and then only organic), and avoiding anything toxic like alcohol or passive cigarette smoke. We had tests for levels of lead in our systems (we live near a busy road, in a 100 year old house that's full of lead-based paint). I had my amalgam fillings replaced with ceramic to be sure I wasn't affected by mercury. We even took the phase of the moon into account as I'd discovered something called the “biorhythmic lunar cycle”, in which research seemed to show that a woman is at her most fertile during her lunar peak, ie at the same phase of the moon that was present at her birth!!

My long-suffering husband took all this in his stride. In fact I think if I'd told him we'd be more likely to conceive if we had sex underwater, at high tide, on the winter solstice, he'd have done it. We were that desperate.

On 27 May 1999, four years, eight months and 18 days after we'd first made the decision to try for children, we fell pregnant. My hands shook as I took the little urine-soaked strip of plastic with its TWO stripes (TWO STRIPES!!!) to show my husband. We laughed. We cried. We calculated birth dates (28 February 2000—would we have a “leap baby?”). We planned. We giggled like teenagers every time we looked at each other. We'd DONE IT!

We knew it was early days, but we had to share the good news with someone! At seven weeks we told both sets of parents. They were ecstatic.

At nine weeks we turned up for the first ultrasound, excited about the prospect of “seeing” our new baby for the first time. We'd already chosen a name. “Eden” was to be our first-born.

Our OB-GYN was a highly experienced specialist in his late 50s. As part of my research, I'd tracked down the “best in the business”. He looked at the ultrasound, and then looked at us, and said “This is not looking good.” My heart sank. I could feel a knot in my stomach and the tears starting. My husband had my hand in a vice grip. “The heart beat is slow and irregular. Rarely does a fetus in this condition last past 9 weeks.” They were words I just didn't want to believe. I hung onto the next sentence: “Sometimes it sorts itself out, and you may go on to deliver a healthy child, but you shouldn't get your hopes up.” But the next sentence was what gutted me: “Besides, you're 39. The chances of you having a baby at your age are very slim. You should have started in your 20s.” Expert he may have been, but tact and bed-side manner obviously weren't skills he'd honed.

I took two weeks off work, and stayed in bed. It only gave me more time to think and worry. At the end of the ninth week of my pregnancy I started to bleed. I didn't want to believe it. I called my husband, who came straight home. We went up to the doctor's surgery. With a kind of “I told you so” attitude he carried out another ultrasound, then booked me in for a D&C (Dilation and Curettage, where they scrape out the “products of conception” under anesthetic) the next day. I felt violated. Eden was dead. We asked afterwards if we could at least see our baby (our Eden). We were told by the surgeon that “It looks just like a piece of spaghetti. There's nothing to see.” We were numb.

I talked to a mid-wife friend of mine, who gave me a small glimmer of hope. She pointed out that at least now I knew I could fall pregnant. It had taken over four and a half years, but I had overcome a major hurdle. The next barrier was holding the fetus for nine months. She said that with all our pre-conception efforts, we had at least made progress. She said that many women who had a miscarriage were happily pregnant by the time the due date of the miscarried fetus came around. I found it hard to believe, but I hoped.

It was shortly after that, that I discovered a very important piece of research. I believe now that this was the key that finally meant I could fall pregnant and carry a baby to term.

I believe that it was the key reason that we now have two happy, healthy, energetic, challenging, wonderful children. And I'm so grateful that I discovered it.

Because once I discovered this critical piece of information, and applied it, everything fell into place...



On 24 September 1999 our daughter Lauren was conceived. She was born on 4 July 2000. She was a healthy 10 pound 7 ounces, and took to breast-feeding voraciously.

Part of the research I'd done said that babies that were born using the method I'd discovered were often healthier, and matured more quickly than other babies. This was confirmed for us when Lauren started sleeping through the night from 2 weeks of age. She said her first word at 5 months (“Hello”—we got it on video). And at three she was already reading and writing with the ability of a six year old.

When Lauren was 17 months old we decided it was time to try for our second baby. I didn't want to leave it much longer, as by this stage I was 41, and I knew the risks of having a Down's Syndrome baby, or some other congenital defect, was greatly increased as I got older.

On 5 January 2002 our second baby Jacob was conceived.



This time, it took us only one month from when we made a decision to try, to when we actually conceived.

He was born on 24 September 2002. At 9 pound 4 ounces he was a bit smaller than his sister, but also healthy, hungry, and alert. By nine months of age he was communicating with us in deaf-sign language (a friend of ours taught him, and he loved it!). Like his sister, he's continued to develop and learn extremely quickly.

So what was this secret that made all the difference? Why was it that it took us over four and a half years to conceive the first time, only to miscarry?

What did we do so differently the next time, that our first child took only 3 months to conceive, and our second child took only 1 month to conceive—when I was aged 41!

Well that's what you'll discover in the book I've written, "Miracles Do Happen". I've spent the money and the time hunting down this information and I've put it all together into one fully downloadable e-book. This way, you don't have to go through all the hassles and frustrations like I did. It's all here in one, easy-to-read guide. And you can download it right now and be reading it within minutes.

You'll get my step-by-step method on how to conceive naturally, without any drugs or outside interference. But not only that, you'll soon see why the secret I discovered is vitally important to your ability to conceive. Plus you'll see how to put the secret into practice ... so you can follow along and apply it ... and actually get the results you deserve (your own little bundle of joy).

Now I know you're probably thinking "to get access to this information will cost thousands of dollars". After all, it cost me thousands of dollars and took me hundreds of hours to discover this secret. I read 57 books, and over 85 articles and publications in my research. I spent over 700 hours reading and analysing study after study. I spent years applying what I'd learned. And then I found the secret that made all the difference.

If you've been to doctors, or even had ivf treatments, then you know how much people are charging, with no guarantee that what they do will help you.

Well the good news is, I'm not going to charge you thousands of dollars for the information. I'm not even going to charge you hundreds of dollars. And I'm going to give you a 100% money-back guarantee.

I have written in detail, everything we did in my book "Miracles Do Happen", and it's yours for just \$29. Only minutes from now you can be reading about (and applying) this secret, because "Miracles Do Happen" is an e-book. That means you can pay for it on line and download it immediately. You can literally have the book in your hand in under five minutes.

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Please click on the link below to begin a new phase in your journey towards becoming a mother.

[Click Here to Order Now!](#)

Yours in hope and anticipation

Carol Andrews

PS. Since I wrote "Miracles Do Happen" a few months ago I've had some wonderful emails from women all over the world who have become pregnant after applying the things I write about. Congratulations to all the new, and soon-to-be new parents out there!! Here are just some of the wonderful, heartwarming emails and letters I've received...

Hello Carol,

I just wanted to thank you for writing your story. The information you gave was great and makes so much sense. I started following your program and already I feel great. I am definately going to be recommending your e-book to others. Thank you again for sharing your story.

Sincerely, Carrie

Hi Carol

Thank you so much for your e-book. It was great to find all this info summarised in such a clear way. You sent me the pdf on the 8th of March. It's now 14th of April and I just got the results back from my HCG test: I'm pregnant! It feels unreal...

Thanks for everything. Heleen K.

Hi Carol

I wanted to write to you to let you know that my husband and I just got news that we are pregnant! After 3 years we can't even begin to tell you how excited we are. We feel so blessed. We never thought it would happen. We just completed our paperwork for adopting last month and here we are pregnant! I am 42 now and that worries me quite a bit, but we are hoping that if we maintain our diets and state of mind we will be blessed with a healthy child.

Thank you again for all of your insight. It helped us tremendously.

Regards, Kim M.

Hi Carol

After 2 years of trying and failing - I discovered only yesterday that I'm approx 4 weeks pregnant. I know it's only early days - but I'm so excited and overwhelmed.

Thank you for all your help.Hayley

Dear Carol

I wrote this email to let you know that your e-book helped me a lot. I know a lot about infertility but I still learned some new things. I would like to thank you a lot for your e-book. I'm so glad I decided to buy it. I just followed what you wrote and tried only one time, and now I can share the good news - I'm pregnant! This is my story. My husband and I already ttc for 2 years without success. We tried 3 IUIs with no success either. I prayed a lot. I am going to be 43 years old next October, and this is my first child. My due date is November 24th 2006. Please pray for me so that everything will go well. Thank you. God bless you, Carol. And yes, miracles do happen.

Best regards, Rita C.

Dear Carol

At the beginning of last year some time I asked for your help and you very kindly emailed me your book. It did make a difference in my life and I am 20 weeks pregnant, thank you! I have been on so many of the old chat forums that I used to go to, trying to find an answer to getting pregnant, and I have been promoting your book to all, I really hope you get loads of enquiries and sales. Thank you again for your kindness, it will not be forgotten.

Sincerely, Angie

Dear Carol

My husband and I just wanted to send a note to thank you very much for your book. We have been trying for a baby for over two years and it was becoming rather frustrating not being able to conceive. We eventually came across your book on the internet and was intrigued to find out your secret. My husband and I are now over three months pregnant with our first baby and so your theory worked for us on the first month of trying. We are so, so happy and can not express how grateful we are for finding your book and being given the correct guidance.

Thank you so much and I just hope that other loving couples are as lucky as we are.

With best wishes to you and your family. Emma and James

Hi Carol

Thank you for your valuable information. I have a three and a two year old and have been trying for my third child for the past two years without success. I am 38 years old and went the fertility route suffering through all of the emotional as well as physical hardships with Clomid, then injections, three IUI's, and the last blow from the doctor "You should be grateful that you have the two that you have, I don't think there will be any more". I have been undergoing a therapeutic massage each week for the past year, with a cleansing ceremony last month. We followed your guidelines on how you got pregnant to a tee, and I am now 6 1/2 weeks pregnant with our "number three".

Thank you, thank you, thank you!!!! Linda L.

March 2005

Dear Carol - Thank you for your email book you so kindly sent in December. After five years of angst and multiple miscarriages I am happily 9 weeks pregnant and counting, with bated breath! I tried your "secret" and it worked first time against all the odds. With God's help I should have my second baby on my 40th birthday! Let's hope! Thank you for sharing your secret! Yours faithfully, Mrs M.H.

March 2006 (12 months later...)

I have been blessed with a "bouncing" almost 10 pound baby boy - now six months old. We are all thrilled and still can't believe I have been so lucky at 40! Bless you and thank you! M.H.

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PPS. I've also just expanded the book to include the story of another couple (Paul and Mary Blackburn) who fell pregnant after almost a decade of trying. Rather than try to describe their journey to you here, Paul and Mary agreed to do an indepth interview. For a whole 45 minutes they describe in detail their fears and frustrations at not being able to fall pregnant, until they found their own Secret (and it's different from the one I discovered!). I've included a copy of their interview in both audio and transcript, as a special gift to you when you buy "Miracles Do Happen".

Enjoy!

Carol



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