

# TURNING BARRENNESS INTO FRUITFULNESS AND PURPOSE

Hadassah Treu

*"Whoever believes in me,  
as Scripture has said,  
rivers of living water will  
flow from within them."—  
John 7:37*



I never came so close to the fulfillment of my desire to be a mother as I was now with two implanted embryos in my uterus. This time I would surely get pregnant, I thought. In a blink the day of the truth came, the day when I went to the clinic to make a pregnancy test. It took just a few minutes. I was so afraid to look at it. So when I finally did, my brain refused to accept what my eyes saw.

No, this could not be true! This was a mistake! These tests are not a hundred percent accurate.

Like in a dream, not sensing my legs, I dragged myself to a bench in the park to wait for the results. I called only my husband. With all energy drained from my body, I had no wish to talk to anybody. I could not remember what he said. The shock waves built a high prison, which silenced the outer world. And it was such a gorgeous spring day! Nature showed herself in its splendor, bursting with joy and life while my life was sucked out of me.

Oh God, why? Why again? Why are you not granting my desire to become a mother? Why are you crushing my dream and leaving me a barren woman, half of a woman, unable to produce life?

I walked to the station and entered the bus. Later I realized it was the wrong bus. It did not matter. It took time until I got home. I made some phone calls, but nothing the people told me brought comfort. Probably I just did not hear their words.

It was over. I should face it.

Mindlessly scrolling over my phone, I clicked the YouTube icon. And then a title caught my attention. I listened and cried. And listened and cried even more and uttered the words of the song: "Do I Trust You, Lord?"

This was my song, my question, my confession, and my prayer for that moment. This was my way out and the decision. Do I want to trust God further if I don't understand and I am shaken to my core? I said my "Yes" many times with the inspired words of Twila Paris:

*Sometimes my little heart can't understand  
What's in Your will, what's in Your plan  
So many times I'm tempted to ask You why.  
But I can never forget it for long Lord, what  
You do could not be wrong. So I believe You  
even when I must cry."*

I have never imagined that my life would turn out like this. Flashes of memories from my long journey to become a mother passed through my inner eyes. A journey full of ups and downs, raised hopes and heart-breaking moments of losses.

I remember a conversation with Sarah, one of my friends, when I was at the bottom of my pit, struggling with anxiety and severe panic attacks; struggling to accept a life without children, a life of significance and satisfaction.

"Sooner or later you will get healed from this. I am sure that God will help you get out of this pit," my friend said.

"Yes, I believe so too. However, this is not the key question for me."

"What is it then?"

I buried my face in my hands. "All my dreams and wishes collapsed! I lost my hope, and my faith is shaking. What will become of my wish to have children? Is this the end?"

I was sobbing and could not stop. Sarah's eyes filled with tears, too. She took me in her arms and stroked my head.

"It will be all right! I can't tell you if you will have children or not. Maybe God will do a miracle, or perhaps you and Thomas will adopt children."

She loosened her embrace to look me in the face.

"It may also happen that you will not have physical children. But I can tell you something with certainty."

"What is this?"

"You are not barren in the Lord. He will give you fruit. Please never forget this! You may not have physical children, but perhaps God will give you other sons and daughters - spiritual children."

Her words only led to more uncontrollable sobs. I could not contain my pain.

"I don't want to be a barren woman; I can't stand it anymore." She squeezed my hand. "You will give birth. If not birth to children, then to other things. You will never be barren."

Truth was, I was struggling to accept the idea that I could never have biological children. Since I came to adolescence, I took it for granted that one day I would become a mother. I was healthy, and there was nobody in our family line who had reproductive problems. All women had children. My mother even had three.

My first pregnancy only confirmed my deep conviction. The probability for this pregnancy to occur was zero, but it happened. It came when I was unprepared and lacking the support of the man who contributed to my conception. Forced from all sides to do the unthinkable, I gave in. I needed years to recover, but I never lost my sureness and deep confidence that I would become a mother.

Even when my husband withdrew and refrained for years from being intimate with me, I felt so encouraged by God's promises, from everything that I read in the Bible. I was praying without ceasing with fierce intensity. I knew God was listening and answering. My life and my relationships transformed, and I could see God working on my behalf, nourishing my soul, giving me all that I had longed for.

Now my assurance that I would be a mother one way or another was shattered. It was shattered in my body by the shock of a premature menopause and the death sentence of the negative pregnancy test. It crumbled to the ground of my soul, too. For the first time, I tried to imagine a life without my own children. This imagination was spreading rays of unbearable pain. I was giving up my core and was laying there disembodied, just a nobody, a person without an identity.

One tender, golden morning in June, God took me by surprise and changed forever my understanding about being or not being a mother, making me never again doubt my worth as a woman. I was scrolling my emails and saw the title "All Women are Called to Mother" featuring an excerpt from Staci and John Eldridge's book "Captivating: Unveiling the Mystery of a Woman's Soul". I dropped everything and started reading.

Every word was a drop of precious water coming to a thirsty, dry land. I read and read again. I crumbled on the floor, sobbing with violent sobs. But these were not tears of pain. No, these were sobs of breaking free, of leaving forever the prison and seeing the vast open space before me, full of limitless opportunities. These were tears of joy. The unmeasurable joy that I found something again that I thought was forever lost.

Here are some thoughts from Staci Eldridge about the calling to mother:

"All women are called to mother. And all women are called to give birth. Women give birth to all kinds of things – to books (it's nearly as hard as a child, believe me), to churches, to movements. Women give birth to ideas, to creative expressions, to ministries. We birth life in others by inviting them into deeper realms of healing, to deeper walks with God, to deeper intimacy with Jesus. A woman is not less of a woman because she is not a wife or has not physically borne a child."



*All women are called to mother, and all women are called to give birth.*

**Staci Eldridge**

Such life-giving words! My heart was flooded with gratitude and light. An enormous burden rolled back from my shoulders. Thank you, Lord, that you have called me to mother, to nurture, encourage and build-up, and give birth to a lot of things. Thank you that your calling is not dependent on being a wife or being a mother of biological or adoptive children. Yes, I accept this call. I want to mother and bring life forth, I want to give birth to everything You want and have purposed for me.

Hope! Hope burst with unprecedented intensity in the areas that were previous sources of pain and disillusionment. I knew now – nothing can separate me from my identity and calling to mother, which is another expression of the calling to love. United with the Life and Love Himself, and abiding in the true vine, I am becoming a fruitful branch. No more an empty womb, but a womb full of rivers of living water. No more an empty heart but a heart feeding on the Bread of Life, able to truly mother and love others.

**Hadassah Treu** is a Christian bilingual award-winning blogger, author, and poet, living in Bulgaria, Europe. Hadassah is passionate to encourage people through her blog and poems to stand firm in faith and learn to know and love God. She loves diving deeper into the Word of God and finding hidden treasures.

Hadassah is a regular contributor to the faith-based platforms Devotable and Blessed Transgressions, a COMPEL Training Community Group leader, and a Blogger Voices Network contributor. Her poems in English are featured on Thoughts About God, Poetry Host, Words IN Verse, and Awake Our Hearts. Hadassah is also a contributing author to several devotional anthologies.

She has several publications as a guest blogger, for example on Living By Design and (In)Courage. Hadassah's blog <https://onthewaybg.com> is the Encouraging Blogger Award Winner for 2020 and is one of the Top 75 Faith Blogs rankings by Feedspot.

