

## **Twins, 21 Months Apart**

**By Sarah Hinze,**

**<http://www.royalchild.com/prebirth/index.html>**

***My wife and I got married late in life. At the time of our marriage, I was 32 years old and she was 28. I said that if I had searched for 30 years, I couldn't have found a better wife. Terri prayed that after we got married, we would have kids right away. I prayed that we would wait a couple of years before having our first kid. Since our first birth was nine months and four days after we got married, we can tell who has a better connection Above.***

***As with most fathers to be, I was very concerned for my wife's welfare during the pregnancy. Being new to the role of husband and father, I was worried about how things progressed. I felt that things were tougher on my wife than normal for a pregnancy, and that also gave me feelings of concern, and even guilt, because my wife was going through this. Morning sickness, aches and pains, headaches, muscle spasms, all showed me my wife was going through a major trauma, and there was nothing I could do to alleviate her suffering.***

***A few weeks after her initial diagnosis of being pregnant, our obstetrician announced that he believed that my wife was carrying twins and that was why the pregnancy was so hard for her. He promptly scheduled an ultrasound, and the conclusion was that indeed, she had twins. What a way to start our marriage out with a bang. My concern for her and my new family's welfare greatly increased.***

***Then, her sufferings magnified. Her illness increased so much the previous suffering she had gone through was as nothing in comparison. I prayed night and day that Heavenly Father would protect her. Four months into our marriage I was greatly concerned that I was about to lose my wife. The doctors informed us that being sick during pregnancy was normal, but this was far beyond normal in my opinion. I spent many restless and virtually sleepless nights worrying about her, frustrated that I could do nothing to help her.***

***One night, about thirty minutes after going to bed, my wife was lying beside me sound asleep. I was trying to be as still as I***

*could so as not to disturb her because she had had an extremely difficult day, and I was relieved at the temporary peace she was having while sleeping. I was, and still always am, impressed at how peaceful, childlike and angelic my wife appears while she sleeps. While contemplating this fact, I noticed that the darkness of our room diminished, and it appeared as if a light was on in the hallway, gradually increasing in illumination.*

*I sat up in bed, somewhat alarmed, trying to see what was happening. The light was an intense blue white, but not painful to my night-adapted eyes. Then the source of light became apparent. A youth, whose age I would put at about 20 years and quite handsome, walked gracefully into the room. The light radiated from him and filled the room brighter than in daylight, but, unlike looking into a bright light, I was able to see the youth in detail without hurting my eyes.*

*The youth looked softly upon my sleeping wife. Then he spoke to me.*

*"Dad, I have come here to tell you that my sister and I have talked together and we decided that now is not the time for both of us to come. We have decided that my sister is to come first, and I will come along after a while, when the time is right." He smiled at me after saying this, and suddenly I felt that everything would be fine. He looked slowly around the room, then looked again at me, still with that same smile on his face, which touched my heart. Tears flowed from my eyes.*

*Gradually the light diminished. I couldn't say that the youth walked away, nor could I say that he suddenly disappeared, but as the light went away, he was no longer there. I looked again at my wife, still sleeping peacefully beside me, and my heart was filled with love. Once again, I noticed the light was not from an ordinary source, because after the light was gone I had no after image still retained on my retinas. I was able to see quite well in the once again darkened room. The only after image was burned in my heart and mind, not in my eyes.*

*I woke my wife up and we discussed what I had seen, and what it meant for us.*

*A few days after this, my wife was once again having an ultra-*

*sound image taken of the developing fetuses. After this session, the doctor reluctantly had to inform my wife that one of the fetuses within her womb was no longer viable. The other one, he said, was apparently quite healthy, and he did not feel that one was in danger. Through the rest of the pregnancy, my wife was still quite ill, her medical problems were severe, but never as bad as before the visitation.*

*At the time of birth, the child was born by cesarean section. The doctor helped the baby out, offered his hearty congratulations, and while holding the baby, announced that we had a beautiful redheaded baby boy! I knew instantly that was not right, and also my wife, with her restrictions and anesthetics, tried to rise to see if this was true. But the nurse stepped right in. She said, "Uh, Doctor, I think that you should look again!" He did, and said, "Oops, I was wrong! It is a beautiful, healthy redheaded baby girl!" My wife smiled and relaxed, and I accompanied my new daughter to the nursery.*

*Life continued on. My wife's health returned to normal after the pregnancy, and I was astounded at my beautiful little girl. Neither my wife nor myself have red hair. But our daughter was a welcome delight into our family. She belonged there, and even those nights that I was walking the floor with her, humming softly to her, I was filled with love for this little treasure.*

*About a year later, my wife came to me with a question. What would I think about having a second child? I told her that I would be concerned again for her health, but if God thought it was time, then I would not fight it. I said again, let's not rush it, but when the time is right, then we could go ahead and have another child.*

*Once again, my wife was far more in tune than I. Twenty-one months after the birth of our first child, we were in the hospital having another C-section. We had a beautiful redheaded baby boy! And in the nursery, it was as if the youth was talking to me again. The time was indeed right. The baby looked at me and smiled. My heart melted, and I remembered that sweet smile I had seen one night, nearly two years before.*

*Today is nearly nine years since my boy was born. He and his sister are beautiful, redheaded children, unlike their parents*

***whose hair is now quite tinged with gray. The two of them are almost identical in appearance. They play well together, and quite often they seem to instantly know what the other is thinking. Their actions, voices, and appearance are nearly identical. Many people continue to ask us if they are twins.***

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