

# Letter to an unborn child

**Following is a letter sent to our sister association in Turkey which their President, Sibel Tuzcu has shared with us.**

So many mothers don't know what a miracle it's to have children and they could never imagine to know what it's like not to have them... Not ever like us... the childless women. But this is the reality... We are in great numbers.. Women like me; who will be living this mother's day without children in their arms. You can not dismiss us and you shouldn't dismiss us. We may not have our children in our laps yet, but they already have their places in our hearts. If there is a "The most special mother's day" writing contest of some sort being organized, we should be included in it. We should be writing how we feel as well as the mothers and the organizers should be supporting us in doing so... The people who are sensitive enough to make an effort to organize such an event, should not dismiss the childless women. We are the people who are used to suffering in silence. If some of us are brave enough to break the silence by writing about their emotions about this day, it should be valued.

I believe that it would be beneficial to the mothers who read about our feelings. They might be able to re-evaluate what a true gift their children are to them. If you read the following letter I've written to my unborn baby, you will be giving me my first Mother's Day present.

## To my unborn baby

I know people don't write to their unborn babies. But baby, I couldn't help myself. They were advertising it all over the city... Asking mothers to write a letter to their children and enter the contest. I am sure the mothers with children will have lots to say... But I have a lot to write about long awaited motherhood, too, my baby.

If only the mothers truly knew the wonderful cycle that takes place in their bodies every month. I call it "wonderful" ... But it's actually a beyond belief kind of a wonderful my baby. The egg comes into existence, matures, goes on its route to meet a sperm... or to miss it... for it to start fertilizing or not be able to... If only they truly knew how miraculous it's for a baby to start life in this cycle. If mothers only truly knew how lucky they have been with their cycles, my baby!..

I was a motherhood candidate, too, my baby. But I would admit that I didn't understand at the beginning how a true gift you would be. I wanted my miracle to take place at a chosen time and under my control. I wanted my career to grow before you, so I have denied you... I have let you slip through my hands. I know that I am very guilty but my punishment was even greater than my guilt...

I was sentenced to live a life with your longing, my baby... I didn't have you in me. How I would love to tell your father that you were finally in me!... How I would love to tell him that you were growing in me!... Alas! you weren't inside of me to feel you growing, I couldn't count the days to hold you in my arms... How I would love to have doctor visits to find out how you were doing, and listen to your heart beats. How hard it is not to ever get a chance to prepare for your arrival... How difficult it is not to be able to experience your birth!... And what a great sadness it brings to me to be without you on "Mothers Day."

I know that motherhood is a distant dream for me, my baby. But you never know... If you by any chance decide to come to me by a miracle, I will declare your existence to the whole world as soon as I receive your news. To the bird that flies by, to the violet in its pot, to the trees and even the walls... I will shout with joy with all my might, my baby to announce your being. "He is coming!.. My miracle is happening!.." I will say... I will take walks for you, I will eat healthy foods for you, I will rest for you. I will read, learn and apply how to give you the healthiest start in life. I will benefit from the experiences of my mother, my sisters and my friends. If you ever decide to be in existence my baby, I will never complain about morning sickness, dizzy spells, or getting heavy. I promise you my baby, when I learn about your existence, you will be my career. I will be awaiting your arrival with such an excitement. When the day comes your father and I will go to the hospital to give birth to you, with God's help, as natural as we can... I want to stay as alert as I can to feel your arrival. I want to feel the labor pains, hear your first cry... I want to have you in my arms, as soon as you are born. I want to nurse you. You will have my milk, as long as I can give it to you, and I will watch what I eat to give you the best quality milk that I can.

I will be reborn with your birth, my baby. The day you are born will be my Mothers Day!... And every day after that!... I will help you will grow like a precious flower. I will prepare you nutritious foods, wrap you warm in the winter cold, cool you off in the summer heat. I won't ever be mad at you nor frustrated with you. Your father and I will surround you with relatives and loved ones. I will sleep with you, wake up with you... I will be sleepless with

you. I will crawl with you, walk with you, run with you. I will get sick along with you, recover with you... I will start school with you, graduate with you. I will have vacations with you, enjoy them by your side...

When you fall in love and get married, I will love and respect your mate. If God gives me a long life I will be a good mother in law, and a great grandmother.

So far I have tried to let you know about my longings and dreams, my baby. I know in my heart that your father is longing for you as much as I do, too. Even though he doesn't say much and rebel as much as I do, he is eagerly awaiting and yearning for your miracle, too. If you arrive my baby, he will be a great father to you. Your birth will bring our spirits both the gift of life and the strength to struggle. Don't keep us waiting much longer, my baby.

H.Z.Y