

I remember every moment of your life.

I remember the day I decided I was doing this. I had been thinking and planning for so long. I was talking to the doctors at [REDACTED]. They were so supportive. Then I found out I was moving to Texas. Things were delayed, but you were always my plan.

Texas was different. It was [REDACTED] hospital here, and I was an odd one. They didn't know how to deal with a single woman whose strongest desire was to have a child. But I fought for you. I wanted you so much.

I remember that morning at the doctor's office. I was worried because I had an early appointment at work that day, but I couldn't miss that first window. I was already so excited to meet you.

I remember the stress of the two week wait. I had read about it, but I didn't understand that mix of helplessness and hope until I experienced it in those days.

I remember getting on the plane to take a trip with your Aunt [REDACTED]. I had credit for free drinks, but I didn't use it, just in case. I remember the rainy first day at the hotel, and how we almost hadn't come because of a recent hurricane. I remember when the sun came out, and checking the calendar, and realizing I needed to take a test. It was positive. How fitting that we literally went to Disneyworld on that day.

I remember every moment of your life. I remember getting confirmation at the doctor's office. I remember watching your tiniest of heartbeats on the monitor at just six weeks old, so small you were barely a dot with a fluttering speck inside. I remember how much you had grown just two weeks later. You looked like a tiny perfect person. I remember the first day I had morning sickness, and almost had to pull over on the way to work. I remember the seven weeks after that, and how I ate so little I'm surprised you had any energy to grow at all, but you did.

I remember finally getting an appointment into OB, and hearing your heartbeat for the first time. It was so fast, I hardly recognized it. I remember starting in mom strong, a group of pregnant women all due around the same date. It was nice to have others around who understood.

I remember your 10 week ultrasound. You were so tiny, and you danced all over the screen. At one point, I even saw the bottoms of your feet. You were perfect.

I remember the first time you kicked. I was sitting in mom strong, and I felt the weirdest sensation, like you had actually pulled on my lower belly. I don't even know if that's possible, but that's how it felt. You were 20 weeks then.

I remember your anatomy ultrasound, and how you were not happy that day. After 20 weeks of virtual silence, you kicked your butt off that afternoon. I think you didn't like the wand. After an hour, we called it good. We didn't have everything, but I think you proved you were the healthiest of tiny humans. To me, you were perfect.

I remember hungry days and busy days, and the day I finally put on the maternity uniform. It was official. I was publicly a mom.

I remember so much about you. I remember your heart rate averaged in the 130s, and you always kicked at the heartbeat wand, and you didn't like the NST straps the first time I went for testing. I remember you were wiggly in the mornings, and often late at night, and you always reacted to cold water. I remember the night your whole body moved from my right to my left side, and how your movements always tickled. I loved every piece I could feel of you. I loved you so very much.

I remember every piece and moment of your life, up until that last night when you kicked so hard I saw my stomach move. It reassured me. We were so close to the end, and I needed that movement to tell me you were okay, you were alive.

I remember every moment, and I planned for so many more. I planned for everything but this. I don't understand it, little one. I don't understand how you could be here, and then not. I don't understand how you were still in my belly, but already gone. I don't understand how the world makes sense anymore, how I could hold you while also saying goodbye.

I don't understand it, but I have no regrets. I am thankful for every moment I had with you, every hiccup, and pinch, and tickle. You were the very best part of me. I will always love you.