**My dear golden bump,**

**There is much to say, although we do not know each other except from pictures and from sensations. You're small, and the only reality you know is the one you're in right now, until the day we see each other. I don't even know what I could write to you, to remain recorded until you learn to read or write, so I let my soul share a few of my thoughts.**

**The day I found out about your existence confirmed us how great the power of God is, and how love can become so great, it feels the need to come out and take being, as if a good fairy mixes some ingredients, sprinkles them with magic dust, put them in a pouch and leave them growing up in the body of the mother. Emotions were not shy to appear, as if they were at their home in our hearts. However, the uncertainty was hidden in a corner of the soul, along with the shadow of doubt about your existence. That day we confirmed your existence, along with the magic of the moment I heard your heart song, joined the charm of Christmas days.**

**As time sped, you grew up and became more and more visible, and love for you gradually escalated. The magical moments where I felt you close, the song in our souls, the timing of hearts overwhelmed me, filling my soul with a state of pure bliss. God is great! As the time passed by, I started to feel your moves more concrete, like knocking on the door of my soul, waving me and sharing your feelings for me. I gladly answered you to the butterflies you gave me, like some greeting cards, and you rewarded me growing, becoming stronger and stronger, resembling more and more with my little baby long awaited . Your frail little body was in my body, and through my veins my love was flowing for you, like an infusion. Your morning greeting, the moments you said, " Mommy, I'm here! I don't sleep, I wanted to see what you were doing!" they made my heart fill with joy, and the moments where I saw you and listened to your heart beating made me give glory every time to God for the wonder I carry under my heart, between the viscera. Your every move was bringing the sun and joy to the daily stress, the routine, the odds, and the troubles were overshadowed by your candid soul.**

**Time has passed. The Odyssey is almost finished now, and the desire to know you, to feel your fine face and to hug you grows with every day that becomes one with the night. I want to talk to you, tell you how much I love you, sing you and know you close. I wish to enjoy all the beautiful moments, to show daddy how much we love him and build memories together, because these are true obstacles in the way of oblivion. I want to be your guide to the world where you prepare to come, to be with you always and to support you. I wish to show you how much love can fit in the heart of a mother and a father, and enjoy your blithering smile, your laughter, your happiness and your sweetness. I wish you were here!**

**P.S. I love you!**

**Signed, mom!**