

November 5, 2010 will forever be the happiest day in my life. That is the day I was blessed with the greatest gift I have ever received-you my precious and perfect baby boy. I will always remember the first time I held you in my arms, your first cry and the way you looked up at me when you heard my voice. My first thoughts after I saw you were, I will love and protect you forever, no matter what! I thought about asking someone to pinch me because I was sure I was dreaming, I could not believe you were here-my perfect baby boy!

You are a dream I have had for many years. A dream that for a while I thought would never come true. I will always remember the path I had to follow that lead me to you. It was a winding road full of twists and turns and several bumps along the way. There were times I thought I would never get to you. Looking back I see that all of the twists and turns and bumps were not put on the path to you to prevent me from getting to you, but rather to prepare me to be the mommy you deserve, a mommy that will never take you for granted.

It took several years for your dad and I to both decide we were both ready to become parents, but when we did we didn't look back. We wanted you more then we had ever wanted anything. You did not come to us as easily as I had hoped. Some how in my mind I thought that I could plan you like I planned the lessons in my classroom, how I planned dinner or how I planned almost everything else in my life. I learned very quickly that you had your own plan and it was nothing like mine! In my plan I had you coming in March or April, you came in November over a year later than what was in my plan..

It took your dad and I just over a year to conceive you, not a long time in the scheme of life, but a long time when you want something so bad it hurts. We were told at one point that we had less then a five percent chance ever conceiving you without medical interventions. I started planning for those medical interventions, your dad told me to stop planning and relax. Relax? I asked him. How could I relax when I was just told that we never have a baby. He assured me that we would and that I just need to let go of my plans and allow things to happen as they were supposed to. I didn't relax but again you did not follow my plan. I was planning on conceiving you through IVF, that did not happen. Another lesson about planning learned, you were conceived naturally the following month. I have since decided I need to plan less and pray more!

I will always remember the day I found out I was pregnant with you. It was Monday, March 2, 2009. There had been a huge snow storm the night before that left the road thick with white snow and as slippery as a wet baby in a bath tub. School was cancelled and I was home alone. One thing ran over and over in my mind, "Could I be pregnant, is it possible?"

These thoughts had been running through my mind since the previous Wednesday but given that the month prior I was told that it was unlikely to happen I refused to allow myself to get excited and I also refused to say anything to your dad. I did not want both of us to face disappointment again. Neither of us could handle the heartbreak that would come if I was not pregnant. I wanted to protect him from the hurt that we felt each time we faced that disappointment.

I watched as the snow plow blew through our sub almost as fast as my heart was beating. I got in my car and headed to the store despite all warnings on the news to say in

unless you absolutely had to leave the house. I slipped the three miles to the pharmacy. I purchased two pregnancy tests and returned home; defiantly driving faster than I should have considering the conditions of the road.

Hands shaking, heart beating I peed on the little stick and prayed, “God, please, please give me this blessing”. Within seconds of completing the test it said “PREGNANT”. I was speechless, I cried, I sobbed and I took another test. “PREGNANT” it read. Unable to believe what was happening I got in my car, went to the store and bought two more test. I came home took the first test and then the second and then I cried and cried. I cried because in less than thirty minutes I went from being me; Amber Turner-wife, daughter, sister, teacher to being your mommy. There is no other title in this world I wanted more than to be your MOMMY.

By the time you read this you will know that I am not a patient person, I can not keep a secret from your dad and when I am excited about something it is all I want to talk about. Your dad was at work when I took the test and because we had had so many twists and turns and bumps along the way I wanted the moment he found out he no longer was just Josh, but Daddy, to be special. I wanted to see his face, the shock, the surprise and most of all the joy. I refused to call him. I would wait until he got home. A daunting task, but I was determined to do it.

It was impossible for me to keep it to myself. I knew that your dad should be the next to know but I wanted to wait to tell him. Instead I called your Aunt Jamie at work and told her. That kind of backfired on me. She was so excited she started yelling and then everyone at her work knew and probably all the patients in the waiting room too!. Your poor daddy was number five or six to know about you!

Somehow I managed to talk with your dad several times that day before he came home that night and never once did I let on about you. I told him I had bought him something that day-which was true I bought him a lottery ticket.

You see, that weekend I asked him what he would think if we did get pregnant by ourselves and he responded “I have a better chance of winning the lottery”. When your dad got home I met him at the door. I handed him the lottery ticket and said “here you go”. He was so confused and simply said “thanks”. He obviously did not remember the conversations we had earlier that weekend. Here is how our conversation went.

“Do you remember what you said about winning the lottery this weekend?” I asked.

“No, what?”

“ You said you had a better chance of winning the lottery than of getting me pregnant.”

Long confused pause, “Oh, okay, thanks.”

Obviously he still was not getting what I was trying to tell him.

“Josh, I’m pregnant.”

The excitement in the room erupted. Neither one of us could contain all the feelings and emotions that we were feeling. Your dad hugged me the longest, strongest hug that took my breath away. I am so lucky to have been the person who was able to tell him such wonderful news, he was going to be your daddy.

We hardly could contain our excitement. We wanted to tell everyone, but we had made an agreement many months before that if we ever conceived we would only tell our parents and sibling until we were three months along. Instead of telling everyone, we visited both Grandma and Grandpa Sanborn and Grandma and Grandpa Turner and told them the news. You were the greatest news I ever have shared with anyone! For weeks

your dad and I would stop mid sentence or in the middle of doing something and say “Can you believe we are going to have a baby?”, or “ Is this a dream, because this feels like I am dreaming”.

My pregnancy for you was wonderful. I can say without question that I have never been so happy or content with myself as I was while I was carrying you. I learned to love my body in a way I never imagined, I learned what it meant to truly live for someone else, and I learned very quickly how to subdue heartburn! I loved feeling you kick inside me and laughed when you got the hiccups for the first time. After the first time it was not so funny since you got the hiccups every night at ten o’clock when I was going to bed! The little thump, thump was enough to keep me awake for hours. I missed my sleep but I rejoiced in knowing you were healthy and growing inside me. I knew I would have given up sleep all together if it meant knowing you were safe and healthy. Your dad enjoyed the pregnancy as well. Every morning when the alarm would go off he would roll over wrap his arms around you and rub my belly. It was those moments in the early morning light before the world started moving (except for you) that I cherished the most in my pregnancy. It felt like the world revolved around the three of us.

My pregnancy for you was simple and uncomplicated. You were due November 15th but I knew you would make an early appearance, and you did.

On Wednesday November 4th I woke up at 4:30 in the morning with a sense of urgency to get everything squared away in my classroom for my sub. I arrived at work by 6:15am and spent the whole morning and all of my breaks prepping and preparing lessons until the end of November. After school that day I had my 38 week check up. All day I had had terrible back pain and was beginning to think that I just may be in labor. I was hoping that the doctor would tell me to go to the hospital. That did not happen.

I loved being pregnant for you but all the waiting and not know when or what was going to happen got to me that day. I left the doctors office, got in my car and cried and cried. I was exhausted, physically and mentally. It was getting really hard going to work each day and focusing on the kids in my classroom. My mind was constantly on you and questions I had about when you came; What would you look like, how big would you be, could I handle the drug free labor I had planned, could your daddy handle seeing me in pain? I felt like I went though the motions of teaching, but lacked the excitement I have always had for my job. You were all I could focus on.

When I arrived home that night I set about doing all the things I did every other night. I walked on the treadmill, made dinner, made lunches for the next day and even made a big pot of chili to freeze so when you came we would have some quick meals to make. My back was killing me and boy did I complain. Your dad kept encouraging me to sit down, I refused. “There is too much to do”.

I cried again that night because I wanted to see and hold you so bad. I didn’t think I could go one more day without you, luckily I didn’t have to. I held you for the first time at 1:06pm on Thursday, November 5, 2009. You were perfect and the love I felt for you was almost more then I could handle. When I looked at you I saw the love your dad and I share, I saw a future full of giggles and smiles and I saw the person in this world that I would do ANYTHING to protect. I saw my everything; you will forever hold my heart in your hand.

As I watch you grow there are many things I hope for you. I hope you live a long healthy life. I hope you have my spunk and your daddy's heart. I hope that you live out your dreams. But, more than anything else, I hope one day you know what it is to love someone else as much as I love you! I remember once being told, "You never will know how much you can love someone until you have a child". This is true, I have never loved anyone the way I love you! I am overwhelmed each day with the love I feel for you. I love you my precious baby Brady, I love you much more then you will ever know!