

I'm scared. I'm excited.

I feel like I'm going to

throw up. This is what I've dreamed

about since I was a little girl playing with dolls,

but I'm not a little girl anymore. And this won't be a doll.

I'm going to be a mom. A real mom. I am growing a baby inside me.

If this didn't happen every day, I'd think it's a science fiction movie. My

friends have had babies, but you just don't know how bizarrely cool it is until it

happens to you. Will he look like me? Will he look like his dad? Both? How can

something so close be so far away? I know him, but I don't know anything about him.

I can hear the heartbeat. His kicks practically lift me off the ground. But is everything

all right? I mean, is he developing all right? Is everything okay? I can't wait to see him.

I hope he looks like me. Or his dad. If he's healthy, I'm good either way. I hope I didn't

jinx something by talking about this. We were there when your mother was born. We

were there when you were born. And we're here for your baby. We're the March

of Dimes®. And we're continuing to do whatever we can to make sure all

babies get a healthy start. Find out what we're doing now to

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