

Every time I feel a kick,
I sing. I never sang before. I'm
not good at singing. I was actually booed
off a karaoke stage once. That's all it took. But
today, I'm a singer. It's a lullaby mostly. Just came out one
day. I didn't even know I knew any lullabies. But there I am. Sing-
ing. In the store. In the laundry room. In the car. I don't even realize I'm
doing it mostly. Luckily, my husband is good enough to point it out. He asks
me why I'm singing. It's a good question. I guess I'm singing because I'm in love. I'm
singing because I don't know who I'm in love with. I'm singing because this precious
little thing I'm carrying and protecting and nourishing is a fragile little miracle, and every-
thing has to go right with me to make sure everything's right with her. Yeah, so I sing. I think
it soothes her when she starts to kick around. I know it soothes me when I start to wonder
if I'm going to be a good mom. I have a captive audience of one. And every day she gets
a concert that comes from someplace that can only be my heart. She doesn't boo me.
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you were born. And we're here for your baby. We're the March of Dimes®.

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