

If this is so normal, why does everyone look at me funny? My friends treat me different. Everyone at work treats me different. Strangers treat me different. Because it's like there aren't any strangers anymore.

Everyone wants to talk to me about being pregnant. They tell me about the good stuff, which is great. Then they feel like they need to tell me about how hard their delivery was. Or how early their baby came. Or how they were confined to a bed for 3 months. I don't need to hear that. Because, dear strangers, I spend just about every waking moment thinking about that. I'm the protector now. I used to fling my body all over a soccer field and wolf down a cheeseburger after the match. Now I'm doing baby yoga and eating more vegetables and drinking more water than my friend the vegetarian. And I always wonder if I'm doing enough. Is my baby getting enough to eat? Is there something I can do to make sure it stays in there as long as it needs to? Just name it, I'll do it. It's all such a miracle that any of this happens. I tell my mom that. She just smiles. I might feel like a different person, but she looks at me like she knows me better now than she ever has before. 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 help a baby you love at marchofdimes.com/baby.