

Snowdrops

by Marit Meredith

It snowed as I neared my due date; great, fat flakes falling heavily to the ground, blanketing everything in sight, silencing every sound. The baby stirred inside me.

'Not yet my child. It's not yet time.' By morning we would be snowed in. 'All will be well,' I told her quietly. 'All will be well!' I told myself.

The image of snowdrops popped into my mind. They'd be up soon, forcing their way through the snow. Born survivors. I pulled the shawl round my shoulders and stepped outside, into the cold whiteness, my hand smoothing my stomach.

'Do you feel that, my little one?' Stillness. Calm. I felt the baby move her tiny little feet and smiled.

Two days later the snow was gone. So were you, my precious one — into the stillness and calm — and my garden was covered in snowdrops, remembering you.

