



# My Dear Friend

I am so sorry that you know what this type of loss feels like. It's the shittiest club in the world to be a part of and I hate that you're in it too. But here we are.

It's not fair. It'd actually be comical how unfair it is if it wasn't instead the most devastating thing in the entire universe.

How can this be happening to us? So many people are traumatized because they were raised by parents who didn't even want them...and we are just sitting here, begging and begging and begging for the chance to love our children with love so big it would shift the weight of the planet.

I don't have any answers for you. I wish I did. I really, really wish I could look into a little crystal ball and tell you the exact moment that you'll get to kiss the chubby cheeks of the most perfect baby ever born. But I don't know when that will happen for you. Or for me.

What I do know is that you aren't alone. There is an army of parents fighting to meet their children and are carrying torches of hope to light this impossibly dark path. So you don't have to carry yours all the time. It's okay to put your torch down and forget how to hope. We'll carry it for you whenever you want.

Please listen to the song linked below and never forget the truth. You're not alone. I'm sending you so much love. We've got this.

With love,

*Hannah*

[Click here to listen](#)

Song: Honest by Joseph

