

My world came crashing down on the 20th of February this year.

I was expecting my first child a little girl who we wanted to call Poppy.

My Pregnancy was tough for the first three months , I was sick and tired. Then I seemed to glow, and felt good that I could feel my darling daughter moving inside me.

My scans blood results everything were going great.

One Saturday I was at work and my legs were swollen and I didn't feel right. I went to visit out of hours GP who reassured me that everything was OK.

I went home that night and this feeling of dread just wouldn't go.

I woke on the Monday morning, sat in the bathroom and sobbed, I new then she had left me .

I woke my partner and we drove to the maternity unit, and the midwife desperately tried to find her heartbeat. I kept sobbing and she tried to reassure me it was OK. They then gave me an ultrasound, and it showed what I already knew, my beautiful girl was lifeless.

How could this wee cherub be OK one minute and gone the next?

I was told that I would have to deliver her, which I did on the 20th February 2013 at 19.03.

My beautiful baby 560g at 25 weeks gestation.

She was a beautiful little perfect angel. I've never felt so proud of my girl.

What led to her passing was the umbilical cord had hypercoiled.

My heart aches, and life is full of what ifs.

I would love to thank Saying Goodbye for their work, as I know I'm not alone. It gives me comfort, and I love you for this.

I will be attending your Glasgow service. I so look forward to doing this for me, my partner, and for my daughter Poppy.

My love to you all and our sleeping babies .

Thank you, Vickie xxxx