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title = 'First steps as a mother'

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image = 'images/breastfeeding.webp'

date = "2024-09-30T09:00:00"

description = ''The first months of caring for my newborn daughter opened an unknown path ahead of me…”

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tags = ['Life', 'Faith']

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How can I even capture this time into words?

The intense joy in those first moments. Dazed and exhausted after hours of labor, I stepped into a new world. She’s here. Our daughter. I’ll never forget the moment I picked her up from the birth pool and held her in my arms. My first words to her. \**Kocham Cię Anielko\*.* I love you, Aniela.

But after those initial exhilarating sparks came the inevitable exhaustion. On some days I could hardly believe there was still a sun behind the clouds. I struggled to see the light beyond the endless chain of sleeplessness, when one day blended into another hardly giving space for night and its promised rest.

There have been tears, of sadness and anger. And guilt about allowing these feelings creep in. So easily I fell into the trap of seeing myself as inadequate, insufficient as a mother.

It was a battle to convince myself that joy is not a requirement at all times. Negative emotions are normal and do not make me a bad mother. They do not mean that I love my child any less. For the self-giving I experience in every moment with her only deepens our bond. Knowing her total dependence upon me is overwhelming. The weight of responsibility crushed me down at times. But beyond that lies a great honor. To be a safe harbor to a tiny and vulnerable human being. \**I am her entire world\*.*

God has entrusted me with a great mission. In His eyes, I am capable of fulfilling it.

Learning to offer up the struggles is most humbling. Accepting that my experience is not wrong or weird. Knowing that whatever the burden, I am never alone in carrying it.

From the earliest days of Aniela’s life, my beloved husband was always there beside me. Taking care of every possible task at home so that I could focus on our daughter. Holding my hand through the challenges of breastfeeding. Filling up my water bottle and keeping up the supply of snacks. Drying away my tears of frustration and discouragement. \**You are a fantastic mother\*.* I might not believe those words right away, but hearing Simon repeat them every day helps the message sink in. I am doing the very best I can.

My feelings kept flying around wildly, but whenever I managed to control them, I tried to delight in those first, unrepeatable weeks of Aniela’s life. During the brief period of Simon’s paternity leave, which flew by like a day, the three of us were celebrating our time as a new family. I somewhat nervously anticipated the need to take on more chores when Simon returned to work. But he reminded me to enjoy the time we’ve been given together. Thanks to his support, my heart overflowed with gratitude. Towards him, yes, but first towards God, for bringing our paths together. At first united in marriage, we are now bound even closer as parents. Our love has not faded because of the attention required by a baby. It multiplied, grew deeper and more mature.

The difficulties of early parenthood taught me to treasure even the tiniest pleasures and accomplishments. I never imagined that a simple walk into nature could bring so much joy. With a newborn every little outing becomes a quest.

So many challenges to overcome, some more expected than others. But comparing where we were at the start to now, I’m grateful for the grace we’ve been given to grow. And this is just the beginning of a long journey of self-sacrifice.

Whatever trial there is always hope ahead. The sun keeps shining beyond the night. Today, we’re overcoming obstacles that a month ago seemed insurmountable – like breastfeeding outside of the home. Or the fear of soothing our crying baby in public.

Step by step, with God’s grace we’re moving forward along this new path as a family. Every one of our difficulties is worth the sweet moments. Like the first time when Aniela reacted to my singing – with a wide smile. One look into her eyes is a simple reminder of the precious gift we’ve been granted. I have been given a new heart – that of a mother. I cannot wait for the years ahead to search and discover the hidden secrets of this divine masterpiece.