As the weather began to shift and days became noticeably shorter, Lucia couldn’t help but feel ill at the sight. The geraniums had withered, along with the sun-kissed sunflowers and the usually vivid life outside her window became dreary – so much so, that after three days of it, she had Phil turn her chestnut wood desk to face the inside of the room rather than towards the chilled windows.

“Winter is approaching” Lucia thought to herself “There will be nothing exciting to do until spring comes again…” Although not necessarily disappointed, she felt herself wandering the halls of their new home neither amused nor excited about a single thing. Even writing for Belvidere Today didn’t perk her like it had done so in the summertime. She really didn’t mind the weather all too much – just the prospect that she was far off on her own. She was obviously not going to go very far for the next few weeks. Other than Phil, she had no one but herself and her writing pad, which unfortunately, had remained blank for quite some time.

The next morning the darkened sky unmotivated Lucia and caused her to remain in bed until ten o’clock. A strong young woman should not be so easily influenced by changed in the forecast. As the day rolled on however, Lucia’s temperature rose with the wind outside her window. She didn’t feel all too awful, rather more uncomfortable. By five o’clock however, Lucia noticed Phil was worried. She looked faint, weak and her energies were draining exponentially. Eventually, the doctor was called – Lucia could hear the telephone conversation in the study. He could not come until the next morning. Lucia insisted Phil attend to the rest of the chores since she was obviously simply exhausted from the weather. She was not comfortable living in such a rural area quite yet – let alone a dreary winter in this freshly new home. Eventually, as she dozed off into an uncomfortable stupor, she felt Phil’s warmth lie next to her and watch her – she felt his heat and fear. He loved her, she was sure.

The next morning Lucia felt no better; in addition, she could not down any amount of food however. Once the doctor arrived a little past seven o’clock, she even began to feel nauseated. Lucia and the doctor were left alone. She was going to be perfectly fine after all. Lucia guaranteed Phil was worried for no reason – the great load of changes in Lucia life had obviously worn her out, was all.

Half an hour until nine o’clock the doctor was finally called Phil back into the room. Lucia looked at him half-tear eyed, half-smiling.

“Dear, I am so embarrassed for worrying you in such a ridiculous manner. Had I suspected I would have never blamed the weather.” Utterly perplexed at Lucia’s words, he shifted his head towards the doctor with a quizzical look.

“Congratulations. We believe you are expecting good sir.” Lucia shifted upwards in her bed. Slowly he walked towards Lucia, kissed her lips and softly uttered “Marvelous”. Suddenly, Lucia was home. Later on that night, still exhausted but filled with new life, Lucia sat down at her desk. She stared at her blank notebook, dazed out her chilled window, and smiled as she thought of children joyously bouncing up to the home. She bowed her head over the sheet of paper and began to write.

“Motherhood is but a treasure hidden in the depths of every woman’s soul…….”