

I want to try and put down on paper all the things I can remember about our first years together. A sort of Dad and Daughter diary. Some days, it seems like I can see you growing before my very eyes. So, before either of us gets any older and I start to forget, I was thinking, what better way to do that than a letter? I'll address it Yasmin's bedroom - just to make sure it arrives to you safely. I don't know when you'll get the chance to read it. But I'm writing it very carefully in my neatest handwriting because I want to make sure that when the time comes, you can know every word of it. Admittedly, that probably won't be for quite a while. Well not until you finish reading that "Each Peach Pear Pie" you're in the middle of. When I first told your Mum this is what I was thinking of doing, she had a terrific idea and suggested that maybe she and I should have a go at writing it together. Then I thought of all her early memories of you - bringing you home in the baby capsule and not knowing what to do with you, pulling the other kids' hair at parent's group, things like that. But her memories are so precious to me that I told her that if she wants to, she should write her own letter. I want to write mine to you and me.

I remember the first time I held you. It was everything babies came that tiny. I remember your feet so small they You had a dark head of hair and bright pink skin and, right That's right, you bleated - you sounded just like a little lamb or fifteen minutes until you and you finally worked out easily either, or so your Mum has just told me as she remembered that bit. What sticks with me is the first Only you'll ever know exactly what you thought that, yep, now it's official. There are three of

We've already told you a million times about your first bath. Arm behind the head to prevent you from being dunked in the water. Mother's obsession with the temperature of the water in the bath. You certainly weren't much of a sleeper those early days. And in all those baby wraps the hospital had on offer. Some you always seemed to manage to get at least one arm out of. "Conducting your own bath" - one of the nurses used to say. I saw you along with all the other babies in the early hours of every morning. All of us used to be in the early hours of every morning. It all look so easy, but I guess each of them doing exactly the same thing.

Now, when you have kids of  
about dummies. Do you or don't  
you were definitely a dummy you  
After two weeks of non-dummy-free  
it instantly. And didn't we love  
changed, or had to be burped  
so. In fact - and this is skipping  
rid of it proved a little bit tricky.  
I convinced you that Santa Claus  
and I put all three of them in  
And he must have received

A pair of feet wearing pink socks and tan sneakers, standing on a background of handwritten text in blue ink. The text is written in a cursive, slightly slanted script and appears to be a collection of phrases or a story. The visible text includes: "Anyway, I'm getting them needed", "came along, but then things changed because", "I never really minded that as much of", "so that I didn't have to face", "try and eat solid food. As I", "avocado and boiled down pear", "Of course, we saw you so often", "and weight you were", "whether or not go", "ummies, so he wouldn't", "ed down to the post box", "ber that year, you were", "suffice to say you were", "easier. Your Mum", "you started eating rice", "offer to", "make dinner", "exactly how much you were growing", "it was when you'd outgrown". The background is a solid light blue color.

**If you really want to reach someone, send them a letter.**