

Stories for a Mindful Pregnancy

With mindfulness practices to strengthen
the bond between parents and baby



**FREE
SAMPLE**

by Han Rai

Hi, I'm Han, originally from Vietnam and I live with my husband Abhinav in the peaceful mountains of Dharamshala.

When I became pregnant, I felt so many things - joy, worry, wonder, and sometimes feeling completely lost in all these new emotions.

I wrote these mindful stories because I wanted to remember that being pregnant is sacred, even when it feels overwhelming. These helped me listen to my heart and trust that my body knows exactly what it's doing.

I'm sharing them with you because every mother deserves to feel the magic of this journey. You are already everything your baby needs - just trust yourself, one gentle moment at a time.

Two Hearts, One Joy

A Story of Shared Happiness

Maya stared at her tripod, paintbrush trembling in her hand. The canvas had been blank for three weeks now – ever since she found out she was pregnant.

“I should be reading pregnancy books,” she whispered to her empty art studio. “I should be preparing the baby room, not wasting time on painting.”

Her art had always been her sanctuary, her deepest passion. But now, at 12 weeks pregnant, guilt consumed her every time she picked up a brush. Good mothers-to-be don't spend hours lost in creative worlds, do they? They focus entirely on their babies!



Maya's mother had visited yesterday, eyeing the art supplies with disapproval. "You need to be more responsible now, my dear. Art won't pay for diapers. Focus on practical things."

The words echoed in Maya's mind as she touched her small bump. "I'm sorry, little one. I should want to give up everything for you, shouldn't I?"

But the truth was, every day without painting felt like dying a little inside. The colors that used to dance in her mind had turned gray. The joy that once filled her mornings now felt like a distant memory.

Maya walked to the window, feeling heavier than her pregnancy could explain.

The thought of other expecting mothers power-walking with determination, checking pregnancy apps, heading to prenatal classes - She felt like a failure in comparison.



“Maybe I'm just selfish,” she murmured, tears forming.

Then something strange happened. As the sadness deepened in her chest, she felt a flutter in her belly — not the happy kicks she'd read about, but something restless, almost worried.

Maya paused, hand on her bump. “Did you feel that too, baby?”. Another flutter, this one seeming to echo her anxiety.

Dr. Sharma's words from her last appointment suddenly came back: “Remember Maya, whatever you feel, your baby feels. Your emotional state directly affects their development.”



“But that means...” Maya's eyes widened as understanding dawned. “If I'm miserable, you're miserable too.”

She looked back at her painting stand, then at her bump. “What if... what if taking care of myself is taking care of you?”

Hesitantly, Maya picked up her favorite brush. Just holding it made her shoulders relax slightly. “Maybe I could paint for just a few minutes?”. She dipped the brush in cerulean blue, the color of hope - and made one small stroke across the canvas.

Immediately, a gentle warmth spread through her chest. And almost instantly, she felt a soft, content movement in her belly.

“Oh,” Maya gasped. “You felt that too.”



Feeling confident, she added a stroke of golden yellow. Her heart lifted, and again, a happy little flutter responded from within.

“You like it when your mommy is happy,” Maya whispered in wonder.

For the first time in weeks, Maya lost herself in the flow of creation. Colors came alive under her brush — sunset oranges, deep forest greens, the purple of twilight skies. With each stroke, her spirit soared higher.

And with each moment of joy, her baby danced.

An hour later, Maya stepped back from a canvas alive with swirling, joyful colors. Her heart felt full for the first time since discovering her pregnancy, and her baby had been moving contentedly the entire time.



“We created this together, didn't we?” she said looking at her bump.

As she cleaned her brushes, a profound realization washed over her. All this time, she'd been thinking she needed to choose between herself and her baby. But they weren't two separate beings competing for her attention — they were one connected system, sharing every emotion, every experience.

“Every time I deny myself joy, I deny you joy too,” she whispered to her belly. “Every time I sacrifice my well-being, I sacrifice yours too”

When Arjun arrived home that evening, he found Maya glowing in a way he hadn't seen in weeks.

“You look... like yourself again,” he said, pulling her close.



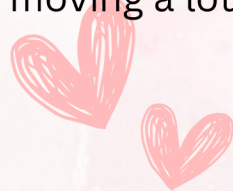
“I realized something today,” Maya said, hands on her belly.

“I thought being a good mother meant sacrificing everything that makes me who I am. But that would mean raising a baby who never knew the real me.”

“What do you mean?”, asked Arjun.

“If I give up my art, my passion, my joy - what am I modeling for our child? That parenthood means losing yourself?” Maya's voice grew stronger. “But if I pursue what I love, if I stay true to who I am, our baby grows surrounded by fulfillment and authenticity.”

Arjun looked at the vibrant painting behind her, then at his wife's radiant face. “The baby was moving a lot today, wasn't it?”



Maya laughed. “Every single brushstroke! They were as happy as I was.”

That night, as Maya lay in bed with her hands on her bump, she spoke to her baby with new understanding.

“Sweet little one, I promise you this: I will take care of myself with the same love I give to you. When I eat nourishing food, we both grow strong. When I rest, we both heal. When I pursue my dreams, we both experience joy.”

A gentle kick seemed to respond: Yes, mommy.

“I won't sacrifice my happiness thinking it makes me a better mother. Because you deserve a mother who knows how to be truly alive.”



Over the following weeks, Maya painted regularly. She also read pregnancy books, prepared the nursery, and attended prenatal classes - but from a place of joy, not duty. Her art became more vibrant than ever, inspired by the new life growing within her.



Sharing Joy Activity

A simple practice to connect your happiness
with your baby's well-being



Why This Matters



Your emotional state directly flows to your baby. When you feel joy, your baby feels joy. When you feel peace, your baby feels peace. This practice helps you understand that caring for your own happiness is caring for your baby's health.

1. Feel Your Current State

Sit comfortably with both hands on your belly

Close your eyes and take 3 deep breaths

Ask yourself: "How do I feel right now?"

Notice without judgment whatever comes - tired, stressed, happy, worried, excited, restless or scattered

Say to your baby: "This is how we both feel right now and that's perfectly okay"

Feel for any movement or response

2. Connect with Your Authentic Self

Think of something that genuinely makes you happy:

- A hobby you love
- A beautiful memory
- Music that lifts your spirit
- A dream you're excited about
- Someone you love deeply

Hold this thought while breathing deeply

Say: ***“This joy is for both of us, little one”***

Notice how your body relaxes and warms

3. Share the Joy

Keep focusing on what makes you happy

Imagine this joy as warm, golden light in your chest

Breathe the light down to your belly

Visualize your baby surrounded by this warm glow

Say: ***“When mother is happy, you are happy. We share everything.”***

“I promise to take care of my joy for both of us”

This book helps expecting moms and dads stay connected to baby in the womb and remind parents how powerful the journey of pregnancy can be.

Its **heartfelt stories** speak directly to every parent's heart and **mindfulness exercises** help you slow down, breathe, and enjoy this journey to the fullest.

Pregnancy will be a journey full of bliss and miracles if you allow yourself to experience it fully with the power of your mind.

From our growing family to yours,
More power to all moms and dads!

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