

For as long as I can remember, I've always wanted four children. As a little girl, 2 glow worms and 2 cabbage patch dolls were perpetually in my arms, helping me stir in my pretend kitchen, watching Alf with me. We'd sleep together nightly, each getting the same amount of kisses as to not make the others jealous. My mom always searched for the Pound Puppy with 4 pups in her pouch, having no qualms about opening and peeking inside before purchasing.

After losing Jack, I didn't think I'd be able to carry any more babies on my own. To be honest, I've personally blocked out a lot of my mindset during that time, but one clear memory is being surrounded by people who wanted to make sure I wouldn't go through that pain and loss again.

In 2021, we reached out to a surrogacy agency, with our first correspondence inquiring about perhaps having 2 tandem surrogates, to each bring us a healthy baby boy or girl. Twins, kinda?!

At some point, early in our surrogacy journey, I came out of a therapy session, walked downstairs and said to John – I want to try to carry just one more time. If it doesn't work, we will be okay. We've already seen the worst. I promised I would be okay no matter what happened. I remember saying I just couldn't go on wondering my whole life if I should have tried again.

And so we restarted the IVF process, the same process that gave us our beautiful Luna and Miles. We made new embryos. We did my transfer, and were so happy to learn it worked—we were pregnant with our little girl, Esti.

Around this same time, we also met the most incredible, loving, compassionate surrogate we could ever imagine, Alexandra. I knew she was a perfect match for us the moment we spoke to her. All our wishes and dreams aligned. I wanted to be her friend, I wanted our children to play, I wanted dinner together, I wanted to lay my head on her belly and be able to feel the hiccups and kicks. I wanted them to be in our lives for as long as time would allow.

The first embryo we tried with Alex didn't survive, and I will never forget how hard she fought to get ready for a second transfer. How much she gave up of her own body – surgeries to get scar tissue cleared, the mental toll it takes to go through all of that for yourself, much less for other people.

Not wanting to rush the process, we took a breath and... were just patient. I laid around, enjoying the first trimester of my pregnancy, with of course a little bit of fear that isn't any different from any other expecting couple. As we crept toward the safe zone of my own pregnancy, we were overjoyed to learn Alexandra had become pregnant with a little boy. Our little boy.

We ate hot pot to celebrate, watched Vanderpump Rules with our growing bellies, our families blending into one for the past year.

Just minutes before midnight on June 19th, I got to witness the most beautiful woman, my friend, our surrogate, give birth amidst a bit of chaos, but with strength and pure joy and love.

We want to say thank you for this incredible gift you have given us, Alexandra. And we are so happy to tell the world he is here, with a name forever connected to you, Wren Alexander Stephens.

Our hearts, and our home, are officially full. And to our Jack, we know both their angel kisses are from you.