

## **The Birth of *Amina Elizabeth***

**Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> February 2009**

She decided that Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> was going to be her day, 10 days early. Here's an account of that day.

**10:30am:** I was sitting in church I realised that my Braxton Hicks were a little more regular than they had previously been.

**12:20pm:** We visited Martin's Nan at her nursing home briefly and headed over to some friends house for lunch. Lunch was a good distraction with lots of people, good food and comments about how it was only 10 days until my due date.

**3:30pm:** We arrived home and decided to have a lie down with my now rhythmical "Braxton Hicks"(!?).

**4:00pm:** I felt and heard a 'POP!' So called out to Martin and waddled as fast as I could to the shower. We timed what we now knew as contractions – 2 ½ mins apart but not too strong. We rang the hospital and decided to put off going there. We packed the car, reviewed the "plan" and had a quick time of prayer with my younger, nervous brother who was the only other person at home.

**5:15pm:** We headed to the hospital with contractions still 2 mins apart but getting more radical. Had some resistance from the midwife who wanted me on the bed with monitoring equipment attached but my lovely assertive husband sorted her out with a makeshift birth plan on a scrap bit of paper. When threatened with the idea that the doctor may not want to deliver on the floor, Martin suggested getting one who would be OK with it. It turned out the doctor was fantastic and very supportive of what we wanted. Monitoring and an internal examination were done, revealing I was already 8cm dilated when I got to the hospital.

**6:15pm:** I started to learn what 'pushing' really meant. Martin sat on a stool while I squatted between his legs (not one of the positions I had particularly liked during the workshop but seemed to work).

**8:15pm:** My contractions slowed to about 5mins apart and I was super tired so the doctor suggested an oxytocin drip. But I thought that sounded like more of a hassle than to keep going (remembering this scenario being discussed in the active birth workshop).

Fuelled by the threat of a drip I made every push count. Martin and the doctor were excellent coaches but realising how big Amina's head was and not being able to get a reading of her heart rate, the doctor suggested an episiotomy. The idea was welcomed, as the baby's health was in question.

**8:45pm:** Weighing 4.47kg, 52cm long and with a head circumference of 37cm, Amina came into the world exhausted and my body went into a shake-a-thon.

We enjoyed the next hour or so bonding with our not-so-little girl but no feeding until the next day as we were both so tired.

Martin had to help me with writing this because I was anything but lucid once we got to hospital. I now understand what Kristin meant when she talked about going into a trance-like state!

***Thanks to Megan & Martin for sharing this wonderful story.***

