

my dear son,

i am writing you your birth story as you are now 14 and a half months old. you are about to be a big brother, and as i am preparing for this next birth, i want to write about my first birth to my wonderful son. so here it goes...

i will start with the day before you decided to make your entrance. your daddy was working in boulder, colorado a lot, so my mom (your mimi) would come to see me in columbia, sc on the weekends. i was attending the university of south carolina there. this particular weekend we had a lot planned. it was two weeks before your due date, so i was finishing up getting all prepared for your arrival. we were to do my belly cast, and we were going to see the nutcracker because your mimi loves dance (and so do you, as she always told me you would). so saturday, we started my belly cast. i was still small and looked bigger when i stood up, so i wanted to stand for the cast. i didn't know you were about to be on your way, so i started to have contractions while the plaster was on me. the plaster was also very heavy, so i kept moving and trying to sit and get comfortable, so the belly cast honestly didn't turn out quite the way i would have liked. but i'm just glad i got it done before you arrived!! that night, we went to the nutcracker, and amazingly, i was able to sit down through the entire thing! my friend olivia was there, and i told her that i felt like you could come out at any minute. that night, i stayed up for quite a bit with pain on my cheeks and third eye, and was texting your daddy a lot. i finally went to sleep, and at 5:26, woke up to my water breaking a little bit in the bed. i was wide eyed!! i knew what happened but just layed there for a minute and then text your dad. he didn't answer so i called and told him "it was time". i then went to the bathroom and woke up your mimi. she told me to go back to sleep, and i knew i should because i needed the rest and energy, but i was so excited that i couldn't. so she got up, and made me some breakfast. there was a little bit of meconium, or basically some of your poop, which typically means the baby is distressed. so i waited a couple of hours and then called my midwife to come to the house. she was there almost two hours later, around ten am. she checked everything and it seemed all was okay. i don't really remember everything exactly how it happened. i know i called leslie to come over, and asked for a video camera. i did not want my mom to call my dad or my grandmother, because they did not like the idea of me having the baby at home. but i think they assumed something was going on because i didn't answer their calls all day, mom didn't either. i felt so bored, and just constantly waiting waiting... i had the worse back pain and it just made me want to cry! leslie came over and we went for a little walk around the neighborhood, it was really nice to be outside and get fresh air. i remember walking and just randomly stopping in the middle of the road and bending down for contractions. and i missed your daddy and wanted him there so badly, so i called his friend to come and let me talk to him on his iPad FaceTime. that was really nice. my back was hurting so badly the entire time so i would lay down in all types of ways, trying to relax on a big yoga pillow in my alter room. i had music playing, but it took me a while to be able to dance to it. i also had a candle lit from a couple of days earlier, and my dog cupid was hanging out with us, but the cats, amma and midnight were outside. i kept wanting my back to be pushed on, but no one could do it the way i wanted. around lunch time the midwives stepped out, and mom went to get lunch and groceries. thats when i was talking to your dad on the iPad. they told me to try to eat, so i had a smoothie and some raspberries, but threw that up. i couldn't eat anything after that, but i had coconut water - lots of it too! taking a shower also helped me a lot, as the pressure felt so good on my back. and i liked to be in there with no lights on. the day just kept going by, i kept feeling like "if this is how it feels now, how am i ever going to get through whats coming up?!" i was in so much pain from the back labor! and i wanted your daddy to be there! he was trying to find a way to sc, and ended up getting a flight. the assistant midwife just kept telling me to take it moment by moment, and not to think about what was to come. she told me to just really allow myself to relax, like in corpse pose, i remember saying "but how can i do that with this amount of pain?!" but eventually i was able to surrender a bit more and just accept things as they came, and not worry about what was next. i had a yoga pillow. and laying upon that also felt really nice. i would just go from space to space, temple, dancing, guest room, my bed, shower, walk around... and it just started to get more and more intense. finally i got into the shower and just allowed the steam and pressure to bear down, while keeping the water in the tub. it was dark outside and i had candles in the bathroom and in my bedroom. i remember being in the bathroom alone and slowly starting to push, and then calling the midwife and telling her that i needed to push. i pooped in the bath and got it in my hair so she rinsed me off and we transitioned into the bedroom. i was only pushing in there for about ten minutes, if even. i remember each push would come and go, and i could feel your head coming in and out, in and out, like the ebb and flow of the ocean. i remember my moms face as she was looking through the camera lens taking pictures of each step... i was so happy it was the time to push, i felt like i finally had control over the situation! i would use all of my energy to push you then lay back and breathe for a moment until the next time, i remember looking over and seeing the assistants bright blue eyes, pushing again and then, then they saw your head!! i put my hands down and felt your head, all slimy!! haha but it gave me so much more strength... until finally, you popped out! you were put on my stomach and i will never forget that feeling, that magical moment, where our skin touched, just writing it (now 21 months later) brings tears to my eyes. i finally had my baby, my son, in my arms! two hours later your dad arrived, and he was so thrilled to meet you!