

once upon a time - cindi was born

it was in the afternoon when i started having contractions. and i had my suitcase all packed, everything all neat and folded; new house slippers, new robe. my husband and i loaded up my suitcase and we took off to the hospital. at the hospital, they took me to a room and shaved my unmentionables. and then i went to a labor room and my husband stayed with me but he wasn't allowed in the delivery room, no men were ever allowed in the delivery rooms. i stayed in the labor room that night, the entire next day, and had her the following night. i was having hard contractions in my stomach. they just got harder and harder. nothing was hooked up to me, ken stayed with me, the nurses would come in and check my dilation. i didn't want to eat but i drank. when it was getting closer to delivery, they took me to the delivery room and put me to sleep with a drip in the arm; nearly all women were put to sleep (some babies were even switched afterwards!) the next thing i can remember is waking up, my husband being in the room, and cindi being handed to me. we were there together and that was the first time i saw her, and she was beautiful, it looked like she had been in this world forever with wide black eyes, looking around, with real pretty skin color. ken was so happy, and i was so happy. and i stayed a week in my own room. i was torn, and they would do hot sitz baths and a lamp with witch hazel. ken and i walked down to the nursery and it was like cindi was watching us, like she was that much awake and alert. when i got home my mom and sheila came a week and really helped me while i laid in bed and was taken care of. it was unheard of for any woman to go to walmart afterwards. after my first two weeks, i started to get back to my regular routine. cindi was bottle fed, and i did not sterilize the bottles. Years before they sterilized everything but about the year she was born they said it was healthier for babies to not have sterilized bottles. She took enfimeal - a powdered milk we would mix with water. We lived in Illinois, and seat belts were not used; we would load her up in a white laundry basket with a pillow in the backseat. She was a blessing and a joy and we loved her dearly.