

## **Anya's Birth Story**

I woke up with contractions around 5 AM, but didn't want to get too excited, just in case it really wasn't labor. Adam asked if he should go to work, I said, "Oh sure, I'll call you if this is really labor..." but he was wiser, and stayed home anyway.

Around 7 AM I called my mom in PA to put her on alert. I felt bad when I got off the phone because I wasn't sure if this was really labor, and I didn't want to get my mom excited for nothing.

Then I called Robin & Jeni at 9 AM to let them know that I'd been having contractions since 5, but that they weren't exactly regular and I was having bloody show. Robin said I was probably in labor and to tell my mom to come. When I got off the phone, I felt bad bothering them, thinking I really wasn't in labor.

I did call my mom around 10 AM and tell her to come, but felt bad because I wasn't sure I was really in labor.

I continued cleaning my house, just in case it was labor. Then around 2:30 PM, as I was still cleaning, I felt the baby start to come down. I thought, "Oh crap, I'm really in labor! She's coming!" So I called my birth team and told them to get there PRONTO!

I got in bed with Adam and he talked me through the contractions that were getting harder, but still not exactly regular. Around 4ish, I started to get the urge to push, that also brought out the urge to grunt (how graceful).

Anyway, I thought I was doing really good with handling it all, until the very end when heavy breathing, panting, grunting and ejaculations like "Help me Robin!" and "She's coming, she's coming, please tell me that is the head!" were heard.

Robin and Jeni listened, and did help me (immensely) by intense attention, good positioning, calmingly talking me through it and lots of prayers.

Anya came tumbling out about 4:55PM. She was soooo beautiful. Her brothers came in shortly after and Gabriel (5) tried to cut the cord, but was a little grossed out, so Grandmom took over and did the rest.