

**Calvin Lavere's Birth Story** (October 21, 2006; 1:58AM; 7 pounds 12 ounces; 20.25 inches)

Thursday afternoon, October 19<sup>th</sup> 2006, I started feeling my contractions change. Instead of the normal ones I had been experiencing for the last several weeks they were stronger and lasting a little longer. You were moving so much during and after the contractions that I jokingly said you were done and trying to find a way out. Daddy asked if you were really going to come out and I said I wasn't sure but it felt like it. All night long I kept waking to strong contractions but they still weren't regular.

Friday, October 20<sup>th</sup>, we woke up round 8 and daddy had to get ready for work. I went to the bathroom and noticed there was a bit of blood in there. I called out to daddy and said "I think you're going to be a daddy in the next 24 hours!" He was really excited and didn't want to go to work but had to for a couple hours. Daddy left for work and I called the homebirth midwives to let them know I thought you would be here soon. They were happy and told me to keep them updated. I decided to go back to sleep because I had a feeling it was going to be a long night.

I slept until around 11:30 and the midwife called to see how things were going. Then daddy called to let me know he was going to be home very soon. I let him know my contractions were getting regular and were about 7 minutes apart. He came home and around 2:30 that afternoon I asked him to call the midwife. I jumped into the shower and let the nice warm water massage my hips, back and belly. The contractions were down to five minutes apart and were really getting strong.

The midwife, Jeni, came and checked me. I was around 6cm and completely effaced. She said I should go for a walk through the neighborhood and see if it made things go a little quicker. I went into the closet to get some clothes on since I was in my nightgown still. As I bent over to pull on my underwear I felt a big squish and a huge bloody glob hit the floor. It was the size of a jelly fish! She said it was perfectly normal and had me lay down in bed while she called the other midwife to come and help since I was for sure having you.

My contractions were about 2 minutes apart at around 6:30 that night. Daddy and the midwife put down the drop cloths to protect the carpet and started arranging everything. I got into the birthing tub and my body relaxed a lot. You rolled so your back was in front which helped so much with my back labor. I got in and out of the tub for the next several hours. The pressure was tremendous in my pelvis. I couldn't believe I was going to be a mommy soon. I would get these huge adrenaline rushes that would make me feel on top of the world. I told them I was really hungry and the midwife was going to make me a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and before I thought about it I burst out with "But you don't know how to make it!" She has SIX kids so I am sure she knows how to make it but the only person who makes them for me is daddy. He made me the sandwich and fed it to me while I was in the pool. It was so good. The midwives went downstairs and cooked dinner. They made me home made mashed

potatoes which I really wanted. Everyone was able to eat while I labored in the tub and then they fed me mashed potatoes and Gatorade for a while until my contractions were so strong I couldn't eat.

The time went by really fast. Before I realized it, it was already after midnight. I kept telling myself not to push because it wasn't time yet. I would lay in the bed, lay in the tub, squat on the floor, walk all over the house trying to get comfortable but nothing helped. I was getting VERY tired. I started thinking maybe I wasn't doing something right and that's why it was taking so long. It didn't occur to me that this was the classic sign of transition. With every bit of knowledge I have, it sort of went out the window when I hit that point! The midwife checked me again and I was already a full 10cm so she said whenever I felt the urge to push I could. My bag of waters was very bulgy but wouldn't pop. It was thick and strong and wasn't budging. I felt like I wasn't progressing and maybe things weren't working and when I started to voice that I heard her say "Alicia Kaye! You stop that! You can do it!" I felt really stupid all of a sudden and realized I was being ridiculous! So I gathered my resolve and went at it again!

Around 1:15 on Saturday morning the urge to push was just too much. The midwife wanted me to try and push one time as hard as I could. She wanted to see if it would break my water or just move you lower. At 1:31 I squatted down next to my bed over the drop cloth and I pushed as hard as I possibly could. It burned and burned and then I heard a loud pop and felt a huge gush. I opened my eyes and saw my water shoot all over the floor. I immediately felt your head come down and they helped me up to the tub a few feet away. The contractions were powerful. My body just took over. I barely had time to think about what was going on. I put my hand between my legs and could feel the top of your head. You had hair! WHAM! My body said PUSH!!! I pushed and felt your head start to come out. I took a breath and pushed as hard as I could again and your head came out to the brow. I took another breath and pulled into push and felt your head come out. I let out a bit of a yelp because I felt myself stretch. It was all on the left side. I didn't get the "ring of fire" feeling that I've heard so much about. I had only an intense shooting pain on the left side of my vagina. I laid back and opened my eyes. Daddy and the midwives were looking down and told me your head was completely out. They told me to wait just a second to check for a cord. No cord. PUSH!!! I felt the shoulders coming and then WHOOSH! You were out. It was 1:58 am. Everything went numb and it was all over. No pain. No contractions. A feeling of absolute elation. The midwife and Daddy pulled you out and you were all purple and wrinkly. You opened your eyes and had a funny little squishy face. Your head was perfectly round looking. He laid you on my chest and they threw a towel over you and dumped cups of water over the towel to keep us warm. We called our families to let them know and they were able to hear your first cries. You were so hairy. You looked like a beautiful little monkey baby.

We got out of the tub together and I sat on the stool so we could cut the cord and I could deliver the placenta. Daddy cut the cord and held you in bed. The midwives covered me so I could stay warm and we waited. After nearly an hour I still wasn't having any contractions and the placenta was still in there. Massaging my belly and pushing wasn't helping so I got up and took a nice warm shower. It felt great. I got a little dizzy so I got out and went and lay in bed. We were talking about possibly needing to go to the hospital if the placenta didn't deliver soon just in case there was a problem. I wasn't bleeding much at all so they weren't really too concerned. They went to check one more time and there it was, right there about to come out. I gave a little push and out it plopped. They examined it and showed me everything. It had completely come out so everything was fine. The bleeding was doing really great.

You and Daddy were lying together feeling great. He gave you to me to feed and you latched on immediately. It was beautiful. After about 20 minutes they wanted to check my tear. My perineum was completely in tact. Unfortunately, I did tear and it went laterally through my labia. It started deep inside and tore my left labia completely in half and up just below the clitoris. She said she could probably repair it but she had only repaired one similar to that once and it was incredibly painful and separated again a few days later because the lady wouldn't stay on bed rest. She recommended that I transfer to the hospital whenever I felt comfortable enough to go and have a surgeon take a better look. Plus they would be able to give me something to help with the pain because she knew it was going to be painful to fix. At around 5:45 we called the hospital to let them know we were coming in.

On the way to the hospital we were still trying to think of a name for you. Daddy really wanted to name you Calvin. He was in love with that name. So I agreed. We arrived at Mary Immaculate Hospital and were admitted immediately. We left the hospital Monday afternoon. When we came home we just relaxed. Everything was beautiful.

I could never imagine having a hospital birth and as long as any future babies are healthy and I am healthy they'll all be born at home. Even with the tear I have absolutely no regrets of having a home birth. You are so perfect. I look at you and feel so much love. I love seeing every little face you make and all the adorable sounds.