

Grayson was due on 2-10-05, on the 11th my mom and I hiked 5 miles at Northwest River Park. That night after dinner, the contractions began about every 10 minutes. I stayed up all night breathing and at about 3 am I woke up my husband and mom and called the midwives. I continued breathing with Jeff - the best coach ever. My mom kept her distance but was a tremendous help, fetching drinks and such. As the sun came up I began extra heavy labor, spending most of my time squatting over the toilet, hanging on Jeff, or at the sink. At around 10 am, Jeni arrived! She got me on my back on the bed (the most uncomfortable position ever, by the way) to check my dilation. She told me I was ready and could begin pushing whenever I felt the need. I pushed and POP! My water broke all over her. Robin arrived as I was laboring with Jeff supporting me from behind with his arms under mine. Thank goodness she brought the birthing stool (Jeff kept asking if I wanted to get back on the bed, and the answer was "NO!"). The most painful part was when Robin asked me to stop pushing so she could stretch it a little - ouch. Grayson Herbert Zoldan was born at 10:18 am on 2-12-05. Robin caught him and Jeff cut the cord. He was very dry - maybe a little overdue. They could tell I ate too many french fries by the look of the placenta. It was a perfect birth in our eyes.

Six months later I got pregnant again! I was confused about the due date so my parents came and went from out of town without any sign of a contraction. On 5-23-06 I woke up at 5am with contractions about 5-7 minutes apart. Jeff went to work to get things started and came back home. We cleaned the house and I made some pies. I think the midwives got here at about 9am. My friend picked up Grayson right as I entered into heavy labor. The timing was perfect. Robin and Jeni decided that Jeff and I should spend some time alone upstairs so we did for a couple of contractions. I knew we were almost there so I opened the door to call for them and there they were, right outside the door, sitting on the floor! I decided to be in the bathroom in case my water broke it wouldn't ruin the carpet. I began dancing and gyrating through the contractions and at one point I was standing on the toilet seat (in my mind thinking if anything came out it would just land in the toilet). Someone calmly guided me back onto the floor and it was time to start pushing. They forgot the stool this time so Robin sat on the bed and I braced myself on her knees, using a regular step stool for support in between pushes. At 1:26pm Jeff caught River Grant all by himself and cut the cord. It was even more perfect than the first birth. River was way more lubricated and came out so much easier. I love my births and I would do them again and again if I could.