

Max McDiarmid

Born: October 15th, 2008

Time: 10:59 pm

Weight: 8 lbs 14 oz

Let me start off by saying what a fabulous family you have. You all are sweet, dedicated, strong individuals and as a family you make an incredible team.

Your Mom is great, and very funny. She was very dedicated to her Hypnobabies program and she did an amazing job. She was determined that it would work and that you would be born before her midwife went away on the weekend. Mom had an appointment with her at 2 pm that day. The midwife did an exam and a stretch and sweep. Hooray, Mom was 2 cm dilated what great news.

Dad called me at 7:07 pm to give me a heads up. Mom started having pressure waves at 6:00 pm and she was having them every 7 minutes. The stretch and sweep worked. I asked if they had eaten yet and reminded Dad to make sure Mom had some dinner and continued to drink. I said as soon as they needed me I would be on my way and to keep in touch.

Mom was a woman on a mission because Dad called back at 7:51 pm. He said they were talking to the midwife who suggested they call me. Mom's pressure waves had progressed to 3 minutes apart. 'She must be doing a great job at staying relaxed' I thought. I quickly gathered all my gear and rushed over.

When I arrived no one heard the door so I let myself in. I could hear Mom's Hypnobabies cd running and the house was starting to smell like baked goods. I had never been on a tour of your house so I followed the hypnotic sounds. As I got closer to the bedroom I called out again. Dad was coming out of the bathroom. He said Mom was having a shower. We chatted a little so I could get a full update. Then I went to see how Mom was doing. She was displaying a lot of tension in her face and it wasn't long before the shower wasn't enough.

It was difficult for her to stay still. She paced around, as she got dressed. She wanted some rest and more of a break. She found most positions too uncomfortable. She tried forward leaning and with a pressure wave and kept rising up on her toes. I encouraged her to keep her feet rooted and send any tension down and out through her feet. Dad put on a different cd for her to see if that might help.

Let's get the ball up here and try all fours. Mom was feeling the need to get to the hospital. She was starting to feel she didn't have the strength to continue and needed the assistance of her beloved pain medication. The midwife was on her way and I asked Dad to call and get an exact estimated time of arrival. I asked Mom if she would be okay waiting since the midwife was 5 minutes away. Then she could check and see how far along Mom was in her birthing time. It could be that she had done such a good job that it was too late for an epidural, but if not of course an epidural can be a great tool for moving a birth forward. She agreed that was fine but sent Dad to start packing the car because as soon as the midwife got to the house and checked her they would be heading to the hospital. Mom has great instincts.

Dad also turned off the oven. The brownies Mom was preparing, as an early birthing time project, didn't even get a chance to cook. Way to focus and relax Mom. The midwife arrived at 8:45 pm. She wanted Mom to lie down on the floor so she could check her. Mom asked, "Can't you check me in this position?" She explained that later yes but not for lower dilations. Mom managed to lie down and the midwife quickly checked. As the next pressure wave came Mom rolled onto her side. The midwife said "Time to go to the car". Mom asked, "Why am I close?" The midwife replied, "Yes" without elaborating. "How close?" Mom wanted to know. "You're fully dilated. Your membranes are still intact and because I know you don't want a home birth we should go now." WOW, didn't I tell you your Mom is incredible.

We quickly piled into our separate vehicles. Dad was in lead, with the midwife behind and me. The midwife called the secondary but she had briefly stepped away from her phone and didn't see the message until later. Another midwife just fresh from vacation got the call and came to join us. The sweet nurses had begun preparing some things so everything would be ready for when we arrived.

Mom was most comfortable leaning over the bed. Her shoes were right under her and I thought 'They need to be moved before her membranes rupture.' The midwife must have been on the same wave link because she grabbed the big blue absorbent pad and placed it on the floor between Mom's feet. With the next pressure wave Mom's membranes gave with a splash.

Dad made sure Mom stayed hydrated. Good job Dad.

Mom needed to move so she climbed up on the bed into an all fours position. It wasn't long before Mom felt the need to bear down. She tried different positions but really didn't like moving. She settled into the semi-reclined position. Dad wanted to be hands free so he decided to put his notebook in his back pocket. I hope he didn't drive to the hospital like that; it must have been some added lumbar support.

We played tug-o-war to help Mom concentrate her bearing down efforts. She was feeling a little uncertain and tired. Dad was amazed how tiny your head seemed but the more and more Mom brought you down the larger he realized your head was.

Mom did incredible after 35 minutes of bearing down a handsome Max arrived.

Mom was amazed that she never felt the pressure of the ring of fire any more strongly than when they practiced perineal massage. I am sure Dad found it easier too; he got quite the work out during their practice.

2 + 1 = 3 A happy family

Mom was in awe and very proud, as she should be. It was a beautiful birth of a lovely little baby.

Mom's placenta was being a little tricky. So it was time to go have some male bonding time with Dad. The midwife joked that there was another baby. The secondary midwife looked surprised. Your midwife is quite the joker.

Dad took off his shirt so you could go skin to skin. I wrapped a warm blanket around the two of you. It kept slipping so Mom said "Just tuck it in his pants". That's the first time I have been asked that.

It was amazing how quickly Mom's protective instincts kick in. Within minutes of your birth she was reminding Dad to support your head, watch your neck and sit down so you would be better supported.

You kept blowing Dad kisses. It was so sweet. In the light Dad was holding you it looked like you had a moustache. Mom wanted to make sure you didn't. So back onto Mom's chest you went. All clear, no moustache just a sweet baby face.

The midwife gave Dad his parent badge; okay really it was a bracelet. She was having issues with the bracelets. She had to tape up Mom's earlier because it wouldn't stay shut. She had some issues with the gloves as well. But now that you were here nothing else was nearly as important.

Your parents were so grateful to your midwife who showed so much dedication to them. She is a fabulous midwife. Now that you were safe in Mom's arms it was time to fill out the permission form stating that the midwife could assist in your arrival. Better late than never.

Everyone was feeling a little hungry. Dad ordered pizza, what a great guy and what an ordeal. "Does anyone know the address here?" Apparently Pizza Pizza didn't know where Joseph Brant hospital was. The secondary midwife asked one of the nurses. Once the pizza arrived I went and grabbed some plates. Time to eat. Dad hands were busy holding you and I figured if it was okay to reach down his pants, it was probably okay to feed him as well.

Being present for your arrival was a great honour. I was amazed at Mom's focus, her strength, and the love shared between your parents. You have chosen a wonderful family to become a part of. Your future is sure to be full of many wonderful memories.

All the best to the three of you.