

Victoria Lynn

Born: October 31st, 2008

Time: 4:29 am

Weight: 7 lbs 4 oz



Victoria, you have joined a really cool family. Your parents are so sweet, and funny, and a pleasure to be around. With genes like that I know you will grow to become a truly remarkable person.

I want to tell you the story of your birth from my perspective. I felt very privileged to be invited by your parents to share in your special day.

It started out on Thursday October 30th. Your Mom called me at 6:15 am to tell me the exciting news. She had started having contractions at 3:00 am that were 7 minutes apart. At 4:30 am she decided to take a bath, which really helped her relax. Her contractions progressed to 3-4 minutes apart lasting for 30 seconds. She was 2 cm dilated and you were at 0 station when she went to see her doctor the day before, and now she had lost her mucous plug. While we chatted she had four contractions. She could talk through most of them but the third one was very strong. The spacing of the contractions were great however they needed to last longer. I warned Mom they would space out a little before they increased in length. She had been watching a movie. I suggested she try changing her activity and positions to see what would happen. I also encouraged her to drink lots, eat something and get some rest. Mom agreed but told me she did not want to lie down. It made her contractions too strong.

I had a fitness class to teach that morning. As 8:00 am approached and I still hadn't heard from your parents, I decided to give them a call. Mom's contractions were 6 minutes lasting 30-35 seconds. Good news for Mom, bad news for my class. Some things are too important to miss, and your birth was one of them.

At 10:30 am Mom called. Her contractions were spacing out and becoming irregular. "What should I do?" she wanted to know. She hadn't been able to rest yet so I suggested she get some rest, while her contractions were giving her a bit of a break, then have some lunch and go for a walk.

It must have worked out well because I didn't hear from Mom again until 5:30 pm. My husband had to answer my phone for me since I was carving jack-o-lanterns with my daughters and my hands were covered in pumpkin guts. Mom's contractions were still irregular but she was having a hard time with them. Apparently they were having a film festival at your house. Mom starting having a contraction and I asked her to stay on the phone with me so I could hear how she was coping. It started to get so intense she had to pass the phone to Dad. She was feeling overwhelmed and began to cry. I asked, "Do you want me to come?" Mom and Dad both said, "Yes".

I quickly packed up and left for your house. Silly me took Appleby straight up to Dundas. It took 6 traffic lights to turn onto Dundas. I kept worrying about how Mom was doing.

When I arrived Mom was pacing upstairs. Dad had been doing a great job timing her contractions. Mom really liked knowing when they would be starting and how much time she had left once they started. I encouraged her to walk throughout her contractions and to keep her eyes open. It seemed to work quite well.

Mom was suffering from nausea but it was dinnertime and I wanted her to have some caloric energy. Dad reheated some pasta for her at 6:30 pm. She ate a little, which made me happy. Your parents look so happy.



We went to watch "So you think you can dance?". Mom pointed out the pictures Dad had just finished hanging.

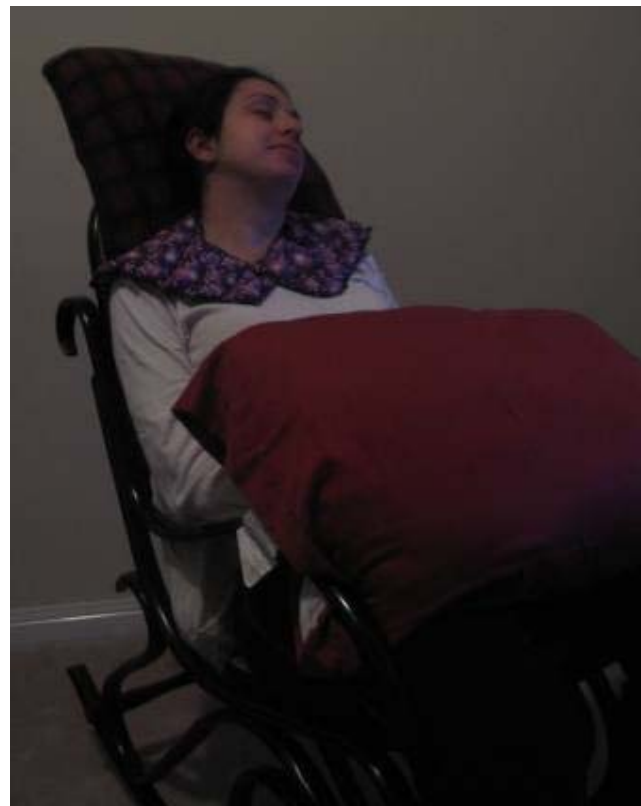
I had Mom straddle a chair so I could do some acupressure to help regulate her contractions and produce some endorphins. Mom found this point made her back very hot once the contraction started. So we decided not to continue.

Maybe Mom would be more comfortable in the rocking chair. Dad got her red pillow for her to hug. What do you think? I think she looks pretty comfortable. She actually managed to get some rest there, which made me very happy.

Dad ran out to Tim Horton's and grabbed some food for me. What a great guy.

Mom's contractions were more regular now, but they had an interesting pattern. They would come at 6 minutes, then 5 minutes, then 5 minutes again, then back to 6 and 5 and 5.

We went upstairs to run Mom a bath. She just made it up the stairs and felt sick. Her shirt got dirty. Oh well, she was going to have to take it off for her bath anyway. She asked Dad to get her another one. He had a hard time



finding it, but with clear directions he found it just fine. Mom went to her bathroom to brush her teeth. I missed the best photo opportunity. Mom was foaming at the mouth, with a wide smile. Unfortunately I had left my camera downstairs.



While Dad filled the tub Mom found it most comfortable to lean over the bathroom counter.

Once the tub was filled Mom climbed in. She didn't stay for long. She found she was too cold, no matter what we did.

But her contractions really picked up. They had progressed to 3 minutes apart lasting over one minute. Woohoo.

Mom was ready to dry off and head to the hospital; she was cold and tired. As Dad gathered all the things poor Mom was sick again. We didn't have a bucket nearby so she just opened up the balcony door. 'Gee I hope it rains tonight' I thought.

As we left the house Mom told the cat, "Don't get pregnant, otherwise you will have to go through this".

Away we went at 9:50 pm. Dad drove slow to avoid the bumps, as the second coat of asphalt was just getting ready to be laid. He is so thoughtful.

We arrived at the hospital at 10:22 pm and were taken to labour room 3. Luckily for Mom her doctor was on-call.

The nurse asked Mom if she could climb in bed so she could have a listen to your heart rate. Mom said "No bed". So the nurse just listened with the Doppler instead. At 10:50 pm the doctor came in. She checked to see how Mom and you were doing. Great news. Mom was 100% effaced, which is what takes the longest, and her cervix was 3 cm.

Mom really needed some rest. An epidural would help with that. Your wish is our command. At 11:20 pm the anaesthetist gave Mom the best epidural I have ever been witness to. It helped take away the pain but still gave Mom birthing sensations.



While the anaesthetist was working magic Dad and I went to the cafeteria, had a snack and chatted. We talked about mermaids, and dives your parents had been on.

Apparently your water broke as Mom was lying down after the epidural. And now that there wasn't a bulging bag of water your head could make more changes to Mom's cervix. She was now 4 cm dilated. Great job.



By 12:00 am all three of you were sleeping. That made me very happy.

Mom's contractions started to space out, but she doesn't seem concerned.



I went for a walk to let you all sleep. When I got back your parents were awake. They were concerned because your heart rate would drop at the peak of Mom's contractions. I explained that it's fairly common and called early decelerations. Normally they happen when the baby is very low in the pelvis and their heads are being squeezed.

They wanted to have the nurse come in and see and explain it to them. So I went to get her. She assured them that she has a screen at the nurses station she watches, so she can tell exactly what is happening with you even when she is not in the room.



The nurse had Mom switch to her left side to see if that helped. It did. You really liked Mom lying on her left side and it helped her contractions become more frequent.

At 1:04 am you had another early deceleration but were fine with the next contraction. Mom's contractions were now 2 - 3 minutes apart. You experienced another deceleration. The nurse came into the room to check on you. Since your parents were sleeping she just observed and gave me the thumbs up that all was well.

Still the decelerations kept coming. The nurse came in again and asked Mom if she was feeling any pressure. Mom said she just felt like she had to pee. She had a big gush of amniotic fluid come out. The nurse changed her pad and found signs that Mom cervix was changing. Hooray. This was exciting news to stay awake for.

At 1:30 am the doctor checked Mom. Wow she was $9\frac{1}{2}$ cm dilated and you were at +1 station. The doctor said "I told you you would do great".

Mom was impressed. "Holy... $9\frac{1}{2}$ ", she said. Dad added, " $5\frac{1}{2}$ cm in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours". Yes that's pretty impressive.

Mom could feel you moving deeper in her pelvis and even rocking back a bit in between contractions. Did I mention what a fabulous epidural she had?

At 2:10 am the doctor checked Mom again and smiled. She said Mom was fully dilated. She wanted to go talk to the nurses who were super busy to see if they would be ready for Mom to start pushing.

Mom was feeling light headed and nauseous. The nurse checked Mom's blood pressure, which was fine. She gave Mom a new bag of IV fluid, which should help. She told us about the night her son gave alcohol poisoning to a tree.

At 3:00 am Mom's contractions were doing funny things and you were showing us it was time to get this show on the road. The nurse started to set up the table for your birth day party. But where's the cake.



Your parents were excited. Mom was very itchy from the epidural. At 3:15 am Mom started pushing. She was doing well and did a great job resting in between.

Mom began to feel sick again. Dad passes her a bowl. The doctor said, "I am just going to be prepared". Good instincts. They say vomiting is equal to several contractions and it worked to Mom's advantage. At 4:29 am you arrived.



Note the teardrop of joy in the corner of Mom's eye.



Dad cut your umbilical cord, which had a knot in it. That explains all the decelerations you were having. But they never seemed to bother you much. You were strong and eager to meet your parents as well.

What a proud Mama. I wonder what advice she would give to the cat now.



Love is a wonderful thing.

Dad is beaming with joy. He is a proud Papa too.

What a beautiful family you make.

Happy birth day Victoria. I wish you a lifetime of happiness.

