



Birth Stories

Kelsey's First birth that ended in a transfer and C/S, 2018

With the birth of our first child just a few weeks behind us, I wanted to take time to reflect on our birth experience.

I'm not one to normally expose so much of my personal life, but I wanted to share my experiences and thoughts in hopes to touch someone who may have, or will go through, similar things.

I want to start by saying that being a mother has been the most rewarding experience of my life, but I am left grieving a loss I never thought I would.

For those of you who know me, know that I have some 'different' views. One of those views was electing to have a home birth vs a hospital. People would ask me "No pain medicine or epidural!?" I would proudly say no, and they would tell me that I was crazy, and maybe I was and am. I was so confident in the choice to have a natural childbirth at home and was looking forward to doing things the way I wanted. I created the most beautiful relationship with my midwives, Alison and Heather of Trillium Midwifery, and felt truly ready and excited to take on childbirth. But God had different plans than I did.

I was two weeks overdue with baby Kylah and labor was going beautifully at home. I was fully dilated and confident that I could do it. Pushing started and Kylah had turned last minute and wasn't in a good position (posterior.) It had been several hours of pushing with no more progress. Her heart rate started dropping, a sign that she was stressed, and we had the conversation about going to the hospital, as they had tried everything that they could to get her to turn with no luck and realized that I had an issue with my pelvis and tailbone.

After packing up at home and getting to the hospital the doctor tried to use suction to get Kylah out but her heart rate continued to drop. It got scary. The nurses raced around and at that time there was only one option left to get

Kylah out safely and after 25 hours of labor I ended up having an emergency cesarean section. Baby Kylah was born February 22nd 2018 at 3:17 am weighing 6 lbs 10 oz.

Now, approaching 3 weeks postpartum, I'm grieving the loss of not having the natural childbirth that I dreamed of. I feel like my body let me down. The one thing I thought my body was able to do it couldn't. I wasn't able to have my baby put on my chest first thing she was born, I have several hours unaccounted for as I was unconscious, being put back together, and coming out of anesthesia, all while my husband waited anxiously with our new baby for me to return to the room. I will have a scar that reminds me daily of the pain and trouble I went through that day.

I've asked myself 100 times would I do it again? Yes. Would I have done things differently? No. I, with the help of my husband and midwives, did everything in our ability to have the natural birth I dreamed of, but we cannot plan everything, especially birth. And I believe that its alright for me to grieve the birth I didn't have as part of the process to accept the one I did.

I'm thankful to God for a healthy baby, and that I'm alright too. I will have several weeks of recovery ahead of me but each day gets easier. And seeing her beautiful little face everyday makes it all worth it.

I'm still in awe as to what my body did the last 9 months and I have a whole new respect for all mothers. No matter how I became a mom in the end doesn't matter. I'm so blessed to have a happy and healthy family.

- *Kelsey*