

When asked what the best day of your life was it can be a tough choice. I have had so many amazing things happen in my life; how can I pick just one? As I have written about before I am married which on that day it was the BEST day of my life. Shortly after I became pregnant with my son in 2016, and then my two daughters' a few years later in 2019 and 2020, and those three days right there now sit alongside my wedding day at the top of my list.

My wedding day was September 5th, 2015. Our ceremony was held at The Chase House at Mill's Falls in Meredith, NH, just across from Meredith Bay, where we had a beautiful view of all the boats on the water. It was a beautiful day with the sun shining, and the temperature in the low 70's. As beautiful and as amazing that day was, it was also one of the most stressful days of my life. I have bad anxiety, and at that point it was undiagnosed and unmedicated. I spent a lot of that day just trying not to have a panic attack and I knew that once I got through the ceremony I could breathe and relax. Leading up to the ceremony, when I was starting to get my hair and makeup done, I remember my dad coming in and out of the room (clearly not reading my energy) saying "Everyone is starting to show up," "Looks like it's almost time," etc. Finally, my best friend Amy (thank God for her!) said; "Jeff you need to shut up and leave." She meant this in the nicest of ways of course. Walking down the aisle and saying our vows as the most stressful part of the whole day for me, I think. Like I said I don't do well in situations where I am the center of attention. Once the ceremony was over, (our JP made it short and sweet for me), I was finally able to calm down and get some food in me. The rest of the night was great although I couldn't drink any alcohol since I was also pregnant with my first child. Don't worry my dress wasn't white.

February 24th, 2016, my son Nolan Chase was born. I was 38 weeks pregnant and at 11:00 pm I rolled over in bed and felt a POP. I stood up out of bed (after a few tries), and liquid just started gushing out of me. I ran to the bathroom to clean myself up while my husband slept peacefully, how lucky for him right? I went to wake him up and tell him what was happening, and he jumped out of bed in the most

amusing fashion. I asked him to grab me a pad from under the bathroom sink to put in my underwear since I was still leaking, and this man comes down with a rag that you dust wood with. I just looked at him and said, "What am I supposed to do with this? Stand on it?". After that whole ordeal and finding the things that I needed we called the OBGYN's office who told us we had a long wait and to just hang out until my contractions were 5-7 minutes apart. I went and took a bath and waited it out. Around 1:00am the contractions were getting to be so painful that I had my husband drive me to the hospital.

When we arrived at the labor and delivery department at the hospital, and I got checked in the nurse that was taking care of me did a swab test to see if there was amniotic fluid present. The nurse said that the swab came back negative and that meant my water hasn't broken yet. I insisted to her that I didn't pee myself so that seems to be the only other explanation. They did a pelvic exam to see if I was dilated and I was 1cm. We ended up getting sent home and told to come back when we need to. We went home where we just tried to relax until it was time to go back but within an hour and a half the contractions were so bad that I couldn't take it anymore and we went back to the hospital.

Upon our arrival and after being brought to triage in L&D, I was told that I was 6cm dilated and was admitted, and shortly after given an epidural. I was in active labor for the next 19 hours. At a certain point towards the end of that long 19 hours I started having unbearable pain in my ribs to the point that I couldn't breathe. At that point me and my Doctor decided it was best to do a c-section. They removed my epidural and wheeled me to the operating room where they spent the next 20 minutes (and about ten jabs to the spine) getting my spinal in for the c-section while I was having major contractions. The c-section went well and was completed in about 40 minutes and my beautiful baby boy Nolan was born at 9:19 pm.

July of 2018 I was in my best friend's wedding. The next day I found out I was pregnant with my second child. I was so excited. I had wanted a second baby for quite a while now. I called my OBGYN

office to set up an appointment and was scheduled for about 8 weeks out which was discouraging as I was so excited and wanted to have my first appointment. As I was waiting for my first appointment to arrive, I got a call from the OBGYN asking me to come in earlier for an ultrasound so that they could date my pregnancy. I found out that I was only about 6 weeks pregnant, and that my due date was March 20th, 2019. I knew this time around that I wanted to schedule a c-section, not wanting to go through what I went through last time so I knew the baby would be born a little earlier than that.

When I was around 19 weeks pregnant, I went in for an ultrasound to find out if I was having a boy or a girl! I wanted a girl so badly but would have been equally happy if I was having a boy. The feeling of excitement I had when the ultrasound tech told me and my husband that we were having a girl is indescribable. I was immediately thinking of all the cute outfits and beautiful little girl names. The next 5 or so months of my pregnancy felt like an eternity, as most pregnancies do.

Finally, it was the day of my c-section and I arrived at the hospital for 7:30am for my 9:30am surgery. While I was in triage waiting to be brought to the operating room my surgery time kept on getting delayed due to another pregnant woman in labor who may have needed an emergency c-section. So, I waited, and waited, and then eventually they told me it was my time to go! I waddled my 9-month pregnant body to the operating room and the second I sat on the table to get my spinal is when the panic set in and the tears started flowing. When they got me settled in, they brought my husband in and just having him there talking to me calmed me down. Until I heard my baby crying and the tears started flowing again. At 2:53 pm my daughter Raelynn May was born.

March of 2020 right before the pandemic hit, we celebrated with a double birthday party for my son who was turning 4 and my daughter who was turning 1. Everything went great and everyone had a great time. For a few days after the birthday party though I just wasn't feeling right. These feelings felt very reminiscent of pregnancy symptoms, so I reluctantly took a test. I came back positive. I immediately

broke down and started crying. I was not ready for another baby. I just had a baby. I hadn't even told my husband I was going to take a test and I was so worried about his reaction. When I told him though he handled it great. He was so calm. It took me a few weeks to get used to the idea and to stop panicking but once I did, I couldn't have imagined life without this baby.

When I went in to be dated, I found out I was around 10 weeks pregnant, and my due date was Halloween day which I was really excited about because Halloween is my favorite holiday, and my birthday is the day after. I again knew that this would be a scheduled c-section and found out my baby would be born on October 28th, unless I went into labor sooner. October 28th came, and my parents came and picked up my two kids to take them for a few days while we left to go to the hospital. I was so worried that we were going to be delayed for hours like we were with my last pregnancy but luckily, we went in right on time. At 10:36am Kiley Blake was born. During this c-section I also had my tubes removed which means no more babies. That right there could be put to the top of the list.