

The Day I Became a Mother

Caitlin Lee Winship

LNA Health Careers, LPN Program

English Composition, Narrative Essay

Melissa Smith

September 26, 2021

The Day I Became a Mother

The day I became a mother was the best day of my life. The day was busy and full of many different emotions. It wasn't like anything I have ever experienced in my life.

Friday June 14, 2018

Is this labor?

Today my sister graduates high school. I remember the day like it was yesterday. It was a nice sunny day but it was humid. I decided to wear a dress because there was no way I was getting anything else on. How could I? I was 38 weeks pregnant in the middle of summer and my toes looked like little sausages. All I could think was, "this is going to be so fun." Sense my sarcasm? Sleep was almost nonexistent at this point in my pregnancy, too. I remember waking

up in the morning after tossing and turning feeling like I had started my period. The cramps were mild but oddly enough they seemed to have a pattern so I started timing them. My boyfriend and I were sitting in my parents living room waiting to get ready for Hannah's graduation. Hannah came downstairs and was ready to head out the door when I told her I was in labor and she goes, "oh no! You're not going to have to leave my graduation are you?" I told her I doubted it. As I got ready to go my contractions became more intense but I told myself I wasn't missing her graduation. We left and headed to the high school. It was time for my sister's graduation and I'm waddling across the football field in labor. The sun was beaming and I was not comfortable. I sat through the entire two and a half-hour ceremony. I made it! I watched my sister get her diploma and graduate!

It's real!

We were back at my parents house and my contractions were every three minutes apart. I called the hospital and they told me to drink two full glasses of water and lay on my left side for a half hour then call back. My contractions didn't subside and remained the same. They told me to come in and get checked to see if we were going to have a baby! We told my parents we were off to the hospital and my Dad chimes in, "You have another week at least. I don't think you're in labor because your mom didn't go naturally with either of you, three. You'll be back."

Nice Try

We arrived at the hospital and headed up to Women's and Children's. I walked all the way up on my own because I knew walking was best. They set me up on the monitor and checked to see how dilated I was. "2cm, Mamma," the nurse says, "we will be back in one hour and check you again. Let us know if you need anything or if you feel contractions are getting worse." It was 7:30pm and my contractions remained the same. The hour passed and the nurses

came back in. I was still only 2cm so they sent me home and told me I can come back when I can't talk or walk through my contractions. We were disappointed but this was expected given this was our first baby so back home we went.

False alarm? I think not.

We pulled into the driveway and I got out of the truck. Instantly I felt different. It was suddenly harder for me to walk but we just left so I felt like I needed to wait it out longer. We got inside and my Dad instantly went, "see I told you! You still have another week, I'm telling you." I disagreed, "I'm telling you I'm in labor. I think she's coming tonight or tomorrow. We will see what happens." Zach and I head into the spare room and lay down. We tried to watch a movie but 10 minutes in and I just could not sit still. I was up and down to the bathroom around ten times before I went to try to take a bath. The bath didn't work and I was back downstairs into the bathroom. The pain just wasn't letting up. I told Zach I thought we needed to go back and I called the hospital again as I was leaning forward on the sink. He kept asking me, "are you sure? Already? We just left. It hasn't even been an hour since we got back home. I just don't want us to get there and to send us right back and you can't be comfortable." I assured him we needed to go back.

This time, we're here to stay. We arrived at the hospital and checked back in at the Emergency Department Registration. I took the wheelchair ride offer this time. When we got up to the floor they brought me back into the same room. The nurses giggled, "we haven't even had time to clean the room!" It was around 9:00pm and I was uncomfortable. At this point I was hardly responding to anyone and was just focused on my breathing. The nurses set me back up on the monitor and checked me again. I was still only 2cm dilated but I was stuck in a constant contraction. This time they told me we were there to stay.

The wait. Even though we were finally admitted the nurses still had to monitor me for the hour before they could do anything to help with my contractions. The hour went by and I wouldn't be able to tell you much of what happened in that time frame except that when the nurses checked me again, I was still only 2cm. My doctor prescribed Demerol in an IV to help slow my contractions and allow my body to relax and dilate. They needed to start an IV but went through all the nursing staff on the floor and needed to call up the paramedic to start the line. Once they finally got my IV in my doctor told me I should dilate about a half a centimeter an hour. Within two hours I jumped from 2cm to 8cm dilated and the Demerol wore off.

The arrival. Once the Demerol wore off and I needed to slow my contractions again in order to keep dilating I received the epidural. From there my contractions slowed down again and we were getting ready for baby Addison to make her arrival. A few hours later it was time to push. I was quiet. My doctor allowed me to push on my own when I felt the contractions since my epidural worked to slow my contractions but not for reducing the feeling and pain. After pushing for what seemed like forever she was here!

Baby Girl, Addison.

Addison Ann Breeden was born on June 17, 2018 at 2:48pm weighing 6lbs 9oz and measuring 19.5 inches long. She was the most beautiful thing I had ever laid my eyes on. The overwhelming feelings of love and joy rushed through me. I was finally a mother and it wasn't like anything I had felt in my life. The pain was now a distant memory and all I could think was, "this is the best day of my life."