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On clinical day #4, I was assigned to labor and delivery. It was the most amazing experience ever. The mother that allowed me to be a part of her delivery was a 30 something year old, gravida 2 para 1. This was her first baby, and she was so excited. The father and the father's mother were there as her support team. She received an epidural before I got into the room. When I arrived, she was 9.5 cm dilated, 100% effaced, and at 0 station. The baby was handling the contractions well and the mom was feeling a lot of pressure. She verbalized the feeling of needing to push. When the doctor came in to check her cervix, he said she still had a little "lip" left and wanted to wait until she was fully dilated. He stayed positive with her, reassured her that she was doing a great job, and that we could be expecting the baby within the hour. The labor and delivery nurse taught her how to pant and breathe through the contractions. After about 15 mins, the mother said she felt like she needed to push, so the nurse told her to bear down like she was having a bowel movement. The nurse reiterated the proper way to push to the patient because she was pushing incorrectly by not holding her breath and pushing for the whole contraction. When she did start to push correctly, the baby's father mentioned to the mother that she was pooping and it was evident that made her feel self-conscious. Everybody in the room noticed that facial expression changed in that moment. The nurse reassured her that it is perfectly normal and it means that she is pushing well. However, her pushing effort began to

decrease after that comment. She was becoming exhausted, overheated, and irritable. I made sure to fan her to cool her down to help in any kind of way. The baby's father started to say comments to her that weren't conducive to the laboring process and he got mad when she asked him to please stop. He asked if she would just rather him leave and that made her feel bad. I got the father involved by handing him something to fan her with so he could provide some comfort for her. The baby's head began to crown and the doctor came in to deliver the baby. It only took 5 minutes for the baby to be born once the doctor came in. When the baby boy came out, he let out a strong and lusty cry. Dad cut the umbilical cord and I shifted my focus on the delivery of the placenta. The doctor stretched the umbilical cord and gave a slight tug to help ease the placenta out. When the placenta was delivered, the nurse made sure the oxytocin was running to prevent hemorrhage. I was also able to touch the placenta to feel the difference between the two sides. The mother had a first-degree vaginal laceration that was sutured and numbed with the aid of a local lidocaine. When she was able to hold her baby after he was assessed, she initiated bonding with their first nursing session.

The greatest challenge I faced this week during clinical, was not knowing exactly what to say when tensions occurred between the parents in the delivery room. It was awkward for everybody and I'm glad that I was able to get him involved in the process again. Witnessing the delivery helped me grow personally and professionally because I was able to experience everything I've been learning about and see it in real life at real speed. I can learn by reading the material but I learn so much better with hands on experience. Spiritually I took it upon myself to pray for the safe delivery of the baby and the health and well-being of the mother. I believe my greatest accomplishment this week was being able to provide comfort for the mother without being asked to. I've learned how to anticipate the needs of my patients beforehand so they can experience a

standard of care that will always be remembered. Although my interpersonal communication with patients, staff, and classmates has improved, I could improve on my assessment skills. I understand that will become strong in those skills as repetition occurs. It will become easier and flow with more order. The Bible verse that came to mind during this past clinical day was, “So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, I am your God, I will strengthen you and help you with my righteous right hand- Isaiah 41:10.” Going through labor is the worst pain a person can go through and it requires a lot of strength. After hours of labor, moms are exhausted and feel like giving up. But I know that the Lord gives them the strength they need to be able to push their babies out even when they feel they have nothing left to give. Just like in life when we feel we have nothing else and we are broken, the Lord will always remind us that He is our strength and we just need to lean on Him. As long as we have faith, we will have strength.