

Nicole's Birth Story



I absolutely loved my labour and birth! I am so proud of myself and so full of love for my beautiful and supportive husband. I am also thankful to my lovely midwife and the Community Midwifery Program for giving me the best birth possible.

My first baby was born on 20 November 2009, eight days after my due date. As I went past my due date I was initially anxious that our baby would be so late that I would have to be induced. Inductions frighten me because as a midwife I have rarely seen them work well. My midwife calmed my fears and after a discussion I decided that at 42 weeks, I would get a biophysical profile of the baby to make sure that everything was ok. She was always on my side and always allowing me to stay "normal".

I took some time to become pregnant and in retrospect I have discovered that the timing was perfect. All my waiting for a beautiful baby taught me patience and as I sailed past my due date I knew that my baby would come to me eventually in its own time...just in the same way that conception occurred.

I always had faith in my body and my ability as a woman to birth. I was raised in a family of strong and empowered women and the courage and confidence instilled in me in my early years together with the challenges I have overcome in my life enabled me to meet labour without fear but acceptance. As soon as I surrendered to timing, I knew that my baby would come out into the world without medical intervention. I let go and it just happened.

As I went for a walk down by the beach one afternoon, I intuitively knew that baby was ready to come. That night I was eager to have dinner early and go to bed. My body knew it needed food and rest! Before we went to bed, my husband announced that he was sure things would start at around 1.00am.

At midnight I woke to a feeling like period pain. I had been feeling period pain since my acupuncture session earlier that week. I lay there for an hour observing the initial rushes of labour come and go. There were like a tensing coming from my base chakra, rising up and getting stronger before fading away. I was amazed by my body. I woke Cam at 1.00am and said that things were starting. We were both really excited...and he was especially proud of himself for guessing the time that labour would start!

The next 6 hours went by very quickly. I lay down between contractions but I had to get up and walk about during them. I couldn't sit still. I was very active! I took about 3 very long showers which I found really helpful. And I also used a heat pack tied around tummy. I was feeling it more in my lower abdomen. This stage was doable for sure. I was having around 3 – 4 contractions every 10 minutes but I felt that they were mild to moderate. I couldn't talk through contractions though which made me think they were probably a lot stronger than I thought. Cam and I laughed a lot and he was so supportive. At one stage I popped 2 panadol and cracked a joke that I could really feel

them kicking in and helping with pain relief. We both laughed. A lot of labour is really funny. During this stage, each time I had a contraction, I sounded like I was having an orgasm. Occasionally we'd both giggle afterwards at the sounds I was making. I washed my hair between contractions at about 3 in the morning and Cam shaved his face in preparation to give our baby lots of kisses. I think this time really bonded Cam and I together. He was always there for me and I felt safe and supported.

At about 7am, I had a lull and Cam and I fell asleep. We can't remember for how long...maybe 10 minutes or more. I had no contractions and I woke up from our light nap saying that maybe my labour had disappeared! How strange. I had decided to call my midwife at 8.30am just to let her know what had happened overnight. Cam and I started kissing lots. There was lots of love between us. And sure enough, every time he kissed me, a contraction would soon follow. They became stronger and stronger to the point where I said that maybe we should stop kissing ;-)

At 8.30am Cam called my midwife. I think I said "oh, it's just early days" but because I couldn't talk through a contraction, she thankfully didn't believe me. She said that she'd come 'round mid morning. After that phone call, things really started to go up a notch. I felt an intense painful feeling in my back and lower abdomen. The breaks between my contractions became shorter. I walked lots, showered, sat on the toilet and leaned against Cam. At 9.30am, Cam began to fill the pool with water and I asked him to call my midwife after I had a show. She said she'd be at our place as soon as possible. Things became blurry at this point. I was dealing with one contraction after the other. It was so intense and there was no relief. I vomited and started feeling a little out of control but I remember allowing it to happen. I was still centred in my body in the moment.

When my midwife arrived I remember being very thankful that she was there. I wasn't sure how much longer I could go on with this level of intensity and with no rest between contractions. I asked my midwife to do a vaginal examination so that I didn't get into the pool too soon and so I knew where I was at and what I was dealing with. She reckons that I was 6cm. I got into the pool and within 15 minutes I was pushing. I remember thinking that it was rather quick considering my dilatation...but I listened to my body and it wanted me to push. I couldn't do anything to stop it.

I was very aware of the natural progression of my labour. You can't control labour and I certainly had no control - but I liked that. It was exciting! I still felt the intensity of my contractions in the pool. I asked Cam to press really hard onto my lower back. No position felt comfortable. I sat with my head facing towards the corner of the room and leaning on the side of the pool - such a protective position. I was in my own world but aware that some things were happening around me. I could hear my midwife rustling around getting things ready and calling her backup midwife and Cam offering me sips of water. I knew it wasn't going to be long.

I was vocal - a low grunting noise. My noise meant business! I could feel my baby descending with each push and that was so satisfying. I focused on the satisfaction rather than the pain. My midwife didn't tell me to stop so I kept going. She knew from lots of different signs that I was ready. I could feel my babies head coming down. My midwife put the mirror on the bottom of the pool and Cam and her watched from behind as I pushed. When they saw the head, they were both really excited! The membranes were still intact! I was impressed with my body and I felt so powerful. Cam moved

around to the front of me and held my hand. I think I squeezed quite hard with each contraction and we watched as the head came further down. I was kneeling in the middle of the pool and I reckon if I wasn't in the pool, I'd be standing up to give birth. When her head stayed put on my perineum, we looked at each other and smiled big smiles. Ohh, there was so much love and joy. I tried hard not to push too forcefully at this stage. I really tried to pant and breathe her out. It was tricky because the force was so great. I remember just thinking after a bit, yep – here we go, the time is now!

Our beautiful girl was born at 11.30am. I caught her and brought her to the surface. My midwife wiped away her membranes as she came to the surface. I called out that she was a girl and I immediately held her close to me. She opened her beautiful blue eyes and looked at me and I was beside myself with love and amazement.

Our miracle had arrived! Skye Naomi...our first born sweetheart.