

Jenny and Mike's story of the birth of Lucy Happy to share this as our story is one that ends the complete opposite of what you hope for in a home birth. could offer some perspective to those that may have to let go of their hopes for a drug/hospital free birth like we did. love you ladies so much and it was so great to see you last week!

Our original plan was a home birth for Lucy- labour started at midnight Friday (July 3, 2009) morning (had my first Guinness then!), just with moderate contractions. then by three i was having severe contractions 90 seconds long maybe 5 minutes apart if i was lucky. There was NO such thing as early/function-able/just sleep through it labour for me!

My midwife Lindsay was the first to come at 4 am God bless her! throughout Friday, Brenda and Maureen came as i labored on. they set up a watering trough in my living room and i pretty much spent most of my time in there or in the hot shower. mike was wonderful- a pillar of strength that silently kept his guard over me. thank goodness i married a strong man with strong hands- i probably would have broken anyone else's. My sister was amazing- pacing more than Michael but being incredibly helpful to the wives and me. i labored all day Friday with wicked contractions very close together, sleeping as best i could between the contractions. i watched Encino Man, and a lot of Alias. I love Alias- that series can get me through anything. we listened to fireworks bursting in town Friday night celebrating the fourth of July.

By Saturday morning, still no baby and still very little progress and still no broken water. i was becoming incredibly dehydrated to to my lack of being able to keep anything down. my midwives were amazing the whole day Friday and Saturday trading off with each other to be my voice of wisdom and comfort and care- it was amazing to have three mothers (lindsay is a mother to be now!!) caring for me with such incredible passion. finally at 1030am Saturday, i had Lindsay break my waters to see if we could get labour to be more productive (i had only made it to about 4 centimeters at this time after almost 2 days of labour) there was A LOT of meconium (did i mention, that we were also 2.5 weeks AFTER my "due date"!!)- more than the wives were comfortable with to continue labour and delivery at home, especially with my getting more and more tired from lack of sleep, pain and dehydration.

Mike and I had to let go of our hopes to have a home birth. So there were a lot of tears and prayers, but we were able to say good bye to what we dreamed of and hello to a new experience. Praise god that just 3 days prior to the start of labour, we qualified for MaineCare- the state health assistance. So we had our choice of hospitals and decided on Wentworth Douglass in Dover NH...30 minutes away. so leaking meconium and just wanted to get back into hot water, we make our way to Wentworth, get there by noonish or so- and who greets us at the birthing center with a wonderful smile i was incredibly grateful for and needed to see? our dear friend Jocelyn Dellea. and she was to be our delivery nurse. that lucky woman got to

see me in all of my woman-ness glory and help me get through an incredible time in my life.

i was worried in the hospital that they wouldn't let me finish what i started or they would shoo off my midwives- but they didn't . they graciously allowed my midwives to stay with me and work along with their midwife (also named Lucy) and the OB i can't remember and the rest of the nursing staff. they didn't treat us with any lack of respect for coming from a home birth situation- they were incredibly impressed with Sacopec Midwives for their professionalism and incredible attention to detail during my labour experience at home.

i continue to labour on, still nothing going on, and we opt to try the pitocin- that was HORRIBLE and i DO NOT recommend it. i went from 6 cm back down to 4 i think after that- i was so worn and feeling broken. God and I were having lots of words in my effort to understand His way for my labour; what lesson i was to learn.

i was being left with little option at this point. my dream of a drug free home birth was already over, and here i was hooked up to monitors, a catheter, IVs (i took 6 bags of fluid to get rehydrated), i tried pitocin and that didn't work and i knew C section was where i was headed. it was evening sometime, when mike and i shoed everyone out of our room to have a good cry and prayer and decided on an epidural. i knew if i had a chance to sleep and rest, i could get through the rest of the labour and deliver my baby myself. so we told our crew and got the ball rollin!

i think it was 10pm when that Angel of Anesthesiology came fluttering into my room with the most incredible drug ever invented. it was the most amazing feeling EVER and i think it only took me 5 minutes to pass out dead to the world. i didn't feel anything but bliss. i didn't notice the nurses check out my stats, or my progress nothing. Our evening nurse was Becky- she was this young, vibrant girl who had so much compassion. i felt bad for yelling at her before i got the epidural when she kept having to hold the fetal monitor. poor girl.

by 4 am i was wide awake and ready to get started again- the epidural was starting to wear off and i was becoming aware again of what labour felt like. But the epidural worked like a charm- my cervix bloomed like a rose as soon as that hit my system. apparently i have a vice for a cervix- who knew?

by 6 am our baby, who at this point since we didn't know ahead of time, we decided was a boy- what daughter would put her loving mother through this? so all through labour we called him Sampson. but i had to put off pushing for a few minutes- I needed beth to apply my makeup to make myself presentable to my baby. I didn't want to frighten him upon entrance to this world by looking atrocious! so by 630am Sunday morning, i was told to get pushing. so i did. and i had my own personal cheerleading squad- 3 nurses, an ob, 2 of my 3 midwives, my sister and my amazing husband. and i pushed and screamed, took breaks, swore like no sailor you have ever heard- even worse than a pirate i'm sure. our baby took her dear sweet

time coming out. by 905 am "Sampson" finally came out and i hear Michael say- "Lucy Maeve is here!" what?! so we had our first moments together and i called mom through many tears to let her know her granddaughter had arrived safe and sound at 9 lbs 7 ozs and 23 inches long.

(and of course no labour story would be complete without mentioning that the darn placenta was just as stubborn as Lucy taking a whole hour and 15 minutes to come out!)

but i had so much to be thankful for. and i was grateful for all 59 hours of labour- it taught me about my strength and as a woman what i am truly capable of. it gave me a glimpse of what kind of mother i am going to be- one with a ferocious love and fire for her children. that i will sustain them and myself and i wont submit to defeat. that i will give all i have, but know when to rejuvenate myself. it was a glorious weekend for me. i felt like quite the lioness. and i couldn't have done it without the amazing people in that room, especially Michael. God gave me that labour, 'cause he knew i could handle it and i did it as gracefully as i could.