

## **The Most Wanted Baby Carey's Story**

My husband and I were lucky enough to conceive soon after we decided. I did it all by the book, food, taking care of myself and checking the week by week progress.

I was going to do it all...breast feed on demand, leave all the housework, nurture my baby and run the house etc...

I had a fair pregnancy, a lot of morning sickness but it passed. There were concerns about the size of my bump as I am only small, but all was well.

My local midwife was more concerned than the hospital, she told me it was going to be a BIG baby and that it would come out facing the sky, but she assured me I would be fine and I thought I would be.

How wrong could I have been.

I woke to a 'water show' at about 6am on a Sunday morning, no sign of a contraction, but I knew what it was. I went to the hospital and they were very dismissive, insinuating I had peed myself. I was told to go home, even though I was 14 days overdue. We did and I went back to bed, but when I woke and stood up, the floodgates opened. Me and my hubby were clueless, and we drove back to the hospital.

I felt scared and stupid and I was put in a room on my own with my hubby. There was a trolley with medical implements on it and no human help. I was in agony, it felt as if someone was trying to spear my spinal cord with a saber and as if someone had tried to pull my pelvis out with a winch.

Then a midwife came and examined me, she told me to have an epidural as the baby was back to back, so I did.

The next few hours were a nightmare. I passed out more than 5 times. I was sick, I was prodded and examined internally...very roughly... I was made to feel very inadequate.

I had the anaesthetist back 5 times as I could not bear the pain and passed out. All this seemed like an inconvenience.

THEN they gave a drug after about 10 hours to try and force the baby down the birth canal. Suddenly the baby's bottom appeared under my chin and I yelled that maybe if I opened my mouth wide enough he would come out of my mouth!

I was begging for a caesarean, because nothing was happening and I was told I should try and push. I was only 4 cms dilated, but my baby's heartbeat was strong.

I asked again and was told that the consultant/surgeon had been out playing golf all day.

After 13 hours, at midnight, they finally agreed that this baby was not going to be delivered vaginally and I was prepped for theatre.

I hardly remember anything. I was so exhausted. I heard them say 'its a boy' and I slurred back, 'what is a boy?' I opened my eyes long enough to see my husband watch his son's eyes open.

I didn't feel an ounce of love for this baby who had arrived. He had hurt me and I was out of the real world with all the drugs. Then, when I tried to feed him he bit with his gums and it was gross. He had a pronounced lump on his crown, which I later learned was the only part of his little skull that could fit through the hole in my tiny pelvis as he tried to be born.

I was useless, I couldn't feed him, I was scared of this bundle, I was out of control, I felt no love. My wonderful midwife came and saw me and realised that breast feeding was not going well. She took over and ordered dad out for supplies and that mum should go to bed and rest.

Then added to everything else was guilt.

I had failed everyone so badly, when all I wanted was to be an 'earth mother'.

It took 7 months until I looked at my baby and he smiled, THEN I FELT THAT SURGE OF LOVE...the one I should have felt when he was born.

I make my husband promise he will never tell my son, as I so ashamed. That is why I wanted to share my story.

Nowadays, I burst with pride at his existence, but that is not easy to see when you are faced with the biggest challenge of your life.

For all mums...listen...be gentle on yourself...please xxx