

At 38 weeks, my doctor wanted to induce me for delivery because I had gestational diabetes and we feared that the baby would be too big if left to grow till full term. So our instructions were to head down to the hospital on Monday night to deliver sometime on Tuesday, August 5<sup>th</sup>.

We left for the hospital, ate dinner at olive garden. I totally pigged out because they said to eat dinner, because I wouldn't be able to eat while in labor. We headed to the hospital, checked in, got to our room, and laid down in bed. That was around 8pm. They started the Pitocin and an IV. The IV was placed at the crick in my wrist so at first any movement was weird. My IV was hurting more than anything. I was assessed at that point and I wasn't any more progressed. Still my cervix was not effaced, and I was only 2.5cm dilated.

Well the contractions started coming and it wasn't until ... oh 3am or so that they started to get into a really good pattern, and were pretty strong. I needed some Fentanyl. I got this drug and it took the edge off the contractions all right. I went to sleep, or at least nodded off and well when I woke up at 7am or so I realized that I had slept through the contractions, or they'd stopped altogether. Still it was nice to get some sleep.

At 7am my doc came in and wasn't pleased that the night crew wasn't as aggressive as she would have been. Soooo she assessed me and I wasn't effaced at all. But I was 3 or 4cm. So she broke my bag of water. It didn't hurt but it caused a flood in the bed. She said the contractions would get worse and wow they sure did. They were very painful. I breathed through them using the breathing exercises we learned in childbirth class. They got really painful and I asked for more Fentanyl, but the nurses explained that well its less effective each time you get it, and they were right. I held out till about 11am or Noon, then begged for the epidural.

There was a line for the epidural. So with the contractions at 2.5 minutes apart, I was told that I would have had to suffer for 30 minutes until the epidural came. I asked for more Fentanyl, and the nurse went to assess the mom ahead of me in line for the doctor. The nurse came back and said that because my pain was way worse than the other mom, that I was going first. I cried because that was the nicest thing anyone had ever done for me (or so it seemed at the time). When the anaesthesiologist arrived, he was so awesome. He was in and out of there in 10 minutes. The medication was wonderful and I was able to relax. This continued for a while, and I was making great progress. The contractions were strong and productive. They placed an internal contraction monitor inside my uterus to check how strong they were.

My epidural wore off slightly and the little button wasn't doing anything to help. So we called the anaesthesiologist back in. He gave me more medicine within the epidural tube itself. He raised the drip amount. Then he went along his way.

At about 5pm I was getting checked once an hour. I was also getting cold. It turns out I was running a fever. It never got better. At the 7pm check I was to be at least 9cm dilated, but didn't actually progress past 8. My cervix stopped completely and the contractions were so pressure painful because he was at +1, and I was completely effaced. The internal contraction monitor showed that I should have been dilating up a storm, but my cervix just didn't continue like it should have.

I also developed a swollen cervical lip at the 12'o clock cervical position, and while the doc could fold that lip above baby's head, it wouldn't stay that way because I wasn't 10cm. At last check my temperature was now 102. I also had the chills pretty bad.

So with me and my 102 fever, and no progression even though the contractions were strong, the doctor made at the call at 7:30 to do a c section. I was so ready to be done pushing this watermelon out of my bowel that I agreed without argument and we went to the OR.

I'm so glad I had other people with me because I was given the anaesthesia to numb my body from my chest down, and it works within 15 minutes, and well, we were in a race against time to get me into the OR. So I'm wheeled out of my room and I start heading down the hall. I see the hospital lights going by and I have no idea where I am. I also had no sense of where my belongings were going to go, so I had no idea where my purse was or anything like that.

I was prepped, Naren was prepped in scrubs. And they made the initial incision before Naren was even in the room. I didn't like that. Then when Naren did show up he said he was told he couldn't touch me. I didn't like that either. It wasn't long before the doctor announced that James was on his way.

James was delivered at 8:24pm. He was 8lbs 1oz, and was 20 inches long. He is so perfectly healthy. He needed just a bit of oxygen and he pinked right up. NO NICU NEEDED !!!!!!! He has 10 fingers, 10 toes and is so darling, he wailed away in the nursery!!!

It was hard to look at him. My eyes were stinging so bad from no sleep and I was crying from hearing James cry, and well looking up in the room at the bright lights, that was tough to do. So it was hard to look at him because my eyes were stinging. So I was just laying there, resting not trying to concentrate on them sewing me back together.

After I was sewn up, We then went to recovery. I stayed there for an hour, I got a towel sponge bath, as my fever had now broken and I was very hot! I got a gown change, and was given my precious little guy, and we were all wheeled to the private room waiting for us. This would be our home for the next few days. On the way to our recovery room, James ate his blanket,

so I knew he was pretty hungry. I started breastfeeding him right away, and he had latch issues, so we used a catheter and inserted that next to my nipple, and he got some formula because he wasn't gaining enough weight and wasn't feeding enough. His diapers were plentiful but he was looking a bit dehydrated, so that's why we supplemented. He slept next to me as with my abdomen I can't reach over and him out of that bassinet. So he did just fine each night. I got some rest, as much as can be expected.

I got real food Wednesday for lunch and it was great! I hadn't had food besides a liquid diet since Monday night's dinner. But taking care of my little one was all worth it. I'd do it all over again if it meant he'd be as perfect as he is!

We came home on Friday, August 8, 2008. The recovery RN team kept wondering what time we were heading home because they wanted to give my room to someone else, as with the popular 8-8-08 date the hospital was swamped!

Once we got home I fell in love with my bed, and my feet started to swell. I was so freaking tired from getting 10 hours of sleep in the last week that I was almost delirious. But I felt better on Saturday morning, once I slept longer than an hour at a time and no one wanted to take my blood pressure.

Since we've been home, James is very sleepy. He's sleeping all day long and doesn't want to eat much, but everyone says that's normal.