

The day my daughter was born ©

By Connie J. Schlosberg

The day my daughter was born was a wonderful day. My parents had flown in the day before to give me a helping hand. She was supposed to have been born a couple of days before their arrival, so the doctor decided to “assist” Isabella’s arrival by giving me some labor inducing medication. That night around 2 a.m., I woke up famished. Ravishing hunger. I couldn’t get to the kitchen fast enough to eat a bowl of Cheerios. I engulfed that bowl of cereal like I hadn’t eaten in weeks. I went back to sleep. I was awoken by a thud sound pounding my back. Ten seconds after that there was pressure on my beach ball stomach. My water broke and the floor had a minor puddle. I woke up my husband and my parents. I jumped into the cold shower. Water trickling on my face and my water still breaking. The driving to the hospital part is a little fuzzy although I remember watching the garage door close in slow motion. The night summer air was actually on the cooler side.

A man, who resembled the janitor, greeted me at the hospital door with a wheelchair. He wheeled me in what felt like a chariot to one of the hospital rooms. My legs kept shaking uncontrollably. The pain in my back felt like tiny knives being pushed through my skin. I wanted an epidural shot which stung my spine with instant relief. My legs were still shaking. More pressure of bouncing on my legs. My father snoozed in the chair near my bed watching CNN. I kept

focusing on his breathing, in and out in heavy notes. The lack of air here did not help his asthma. The doctor decided on a cesarean section since there was no promise of a natural birth. My dream birth consisted of incense burning pinion and Grateful Dead music playing in the background. So much for that. Cold lotion was rubbed on my stomach. A drape covered over me so as not to watch the operation. My husband was behind me in the operating room wearing a silly white plastic shower cap. (I think I had the same one.)

The light above me was as bright as the sun. It hurt my eyes. I heard a baby crying and the doctor announced "It's a girl." Tears flowed down my face. My husband was holding her and she looked like a little Indian baby. Her hair was dark – jet black and lots of it. She had a round face. She was really long but skinny. Her round eyes piercing through me and then she was gone. She had to be checked by the nurses and cleaned up. My body tired quickly. I melted into the gurney and became flat. I remember waking up in a dark room with a nurse hovering over me asking me if I wanted water.