

I got married when I was 31 and got pregnant on my honeymoon. When birth time came around, my husband was supposed to be on a ship headed to the Persian Gulf. I prayed real hard. He got a surprise leave of one week on the day before the ship left. He would leave on Friday. But it was still 2 weeks until the due date. On Tuesday, I got up to go to the bathroom. I heard a pop. I thought I had popped my bladder. Then I realized that the water had broken. I couldn't stand without a large amount of pink water gushing out. I wore disposable diapers until we could get to the Navy hospital. "Gross rupture" was the diagnosis. I wasn't going home. I spent the whole day walking the hospital. If I hadn't started into labor by the next morning, I'd be induced. At midnight the pains began. Forget sleeping. No sooner would I fall asleep than I would be jolted awake by a pain...every 5 minutes. I called my hubby at 5:30. At 6:00, I was in the labor room and hubby was there. What a horrible experience! I had back pain, leg pains and abdominal pains. I would suffer thru the pain, then roll over when my husband massaged my back and I rubbed by legs until the next hit. I tried Demerol for pain. What a joke! My opinion is that Demerol doesn't kill the pain...it just makes it so that you don't care as much. It still hurts like hell. I finally had to have a spinal just so I could rest. Needless to say, 14 hours after it all started I could push. 40 minutes of pushing and here was my boy, 13 days early. He had fluid in his lungs so he spent the next 3 days in NICU. My hubby got to hold him once. My mother-in-law flew in on Thursday evening to be with me (what was supposed to be my last two weeks of pregnancy). I got out of the hospital on Friday and drove my hubby to the airport to catch up with his ship. Baby got out on Saturday only to go back in on Monday for jaundice. What a wreck I was! No hubby...no baby! Finally he came home on Wednesday.

Baby No. 2 (my only girl) was different. My hubby had been in the hospital with a kidney stone on my due date. 8 days later, he was still recovering but was at home. At midnight (note the trend) I went into labor. At 5:30 I told my husband to shower then I would. I called the assigned babysitter. I never got to shower. The pains were 7 minutes apart at 5:30. I had one pain at 5 minutes, one pain at 3 minutes and immediately lapsed into pains every 2 minutes. Back labor. It seems I have a posterior cervix and the baby's head presses on the back. To alleviate the pain. I'd kneel on the ground and arch my back and stick out my stomach. I looked strange. When we got to the hospital, the doctor called and told them to check me. I was at 8 cm. Panic! The doctor came in and broke my water and went to get cleaned up. I started screaming that she was coming. Of course they didn't believe me and kept telling me not to push. Easier said than done. When they checked me, there was the top of the head. Rush to delivery across the hall, the doctor came in just in time to deliver the head. As he started to suction the mouth, out she came. Perfect pregnancy...no morning sickness and nice low pain delivery.

Baby No. 3 came at a bad time in my life. My husband was layed off from work, we were absolutely flat broke and my oldest brother was dying from ALS (muscular dystrophy). I cried a lot and developed irritable bowel. Pain and fluid loss were my best friends. There were days where I was in such pain that I couldn't stand up and take care of my kids. And there was literally no one to help. When we discovered that when I cried, the IB acted up, I suppressed the crying. After a month, the stress brought on a weekly day of vomitting. And if I cried, the bowel too. One Sunday, when my hubby was drilling with the Naval Reserves, he had to come home and take me to the emergency room. I was so sick but I couldn't use my medications. I had one to stop the bowels, and one to stop the vomitting. They gave me a shot to stop the vomiting so

that I could take the medication for the bowels. What fun! I thought baby would be a malformed small thing. At 11 days past the due date, I told the doctor I'd had enough. I kept having false labor and I was huge and in pain. We would induce on Tuesday. When I got to the hospital in the morning I was in labor again and he was coming this time. Labor pains were irregular. They varied in length from 1 minute to 5 minutes long and came in intervals from 1.5 minutes to 10 minutes from start to starts of pains. After one 5 minute long pain, I broke down and asked for the spinal. I couldn't handle the pain for that long..I ran out of breath. About 1 hour later, I was in delivery. The doctor and nurse were taking bets on how big the baby was. Fourteen hours and 3 pushes later, I had a 9 lb 4 oz healthy boy, who is my most gentle sweetest and smallest child.

Baby No. 4 was my baby from hell. When he started moving, he literally beat me up. My stomach was a huge heaving mass at all times, except when I lay on the doctor's table when he wouldn't move at all. Doctor thought I was joking when I said that the baby moved all the time. In bed, he shook the bed. My hubby could feel it. At 32 weeks, I had gone to Wal-mart. My back was really hurting and I rushed to get home. I sat down and realized quickly that the pains were coming 5 minutes apart. I was in labor. I lay down to rest, but the pains kept going. We got a sitter and hubby took me in. They put me in medication and bedrest until 38 weeks. I went into labor 2 more times. 38 weeks was 3 days before labor day, so I thought that was a nice day to have the baby. I came off the medicine on Sunday, had pains but nothing productive. I walked until I could not take another step. They sent me home and I came back. Finally, the doctor agreed to put me on pitocin to help. I lay in bed all night and...nothing happened. I didn't even have a really hard pain. In the morning the doctor came in and gave me a choice: a cesarian or go home. But there was always a chance of an emergency cesarian. I opted to get this child out. As it turns out, I had an original bungie baby. From all his constant movement, he had tied his arms and legs in the umbilical cord and when my body pushed him down, the cord pulled him back when the contraction was done. He would not have been born regularly.

Baby No 5 has yet to be conceived, but we know that there's another girl waiting to be born into our family. Am I crazy? Sometimes I think so, but my biological clock is ticking to the end soon and I don't want to miss the opportunity to welcome another sweet child into our lives.

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