

## Milo Brooks Rouser's Birth Story

First, let me say that after two difficult births I couldn't have asked for a better birth. My first birth was an induced hospital midwife birth. While it wasn't really that bad it wasn't wonderful either. My second birth was a planned home-birth that ended with a transport to the hospital after 4 hours of pushing (17 hour total labor). I still had a natural vaginal birth with her, but it was very difficult and I'm surprised I didn't have a c-section.

So here comes my little man.. showing me that I CAN do it! He helped me do it!

It all started on Friday afternoon, July 29. I had gone to see Jean, my midwife at 10:30 for a non-stress test. This was my second NST since Milo was past his due date by 10 days. After my NST Jean checked me. I was still 2 cm dilated and about 70% effaced (about the same as two days before). That left me a little discouraged. On the other hand, I was just glad that I had made it to Friday because my mom was out of town and she was getting back that day. I really wanted her to be at the birth. I had been having braxton-hicks contractions, but they were irregular and didn't hurt. At home later that afternoon, I felt pretty good. I even worked on some cloth diaper orders. Milo was way down in my pelvis though and it really hurt to walk. I remember this part well because when I went out to the mailbox to put a diaper order in there I was walking like I had just gotten off a horse! I know i must have looked totally ridiculous and was glad that all my neighbors work so the couldn't see me.

That was probably about 1 in the afternoon.

Well, after I finished up sewing I decided to get on the computer. While I was on the computer I started having regular braxton-hicks contractions. They were 5 minutes apart. I didn't think anything of them because 1, they didn't hurt, and 2, I had been having bouts of regular contractions for several days and nothing came of it. So I decided this was just another series of regular contractions that would go away. That was probably



around 3 o'clock. After the computer I decided to go lay down and watch some TV. I was still having regular contractions, but they still didn't hurt. My mom called about 3:45 saying that she was on the runway at the airport waiting for the plane to pull into the gate. I was happy to hear that she was back. I didn't mention the contractions to her because they didn't seem significant. Shortly after that conversation though they started to ache a little bit. I can't quite explain it other than saying they started to feel crampy. I still didn't believe that anything was going on though. Matt got home from work around 4 and by then I had had several contractions that were starting to feel uncomfortable. I told him what was going on. He hopped in the shower and while he was in the shower I called my friend Amy, a CNM friend who was going to be my doula, to tell her what was going on and to see if she thought I should call Jean. I was a little hesitant about calling Jean because I didn't want it to be another false alarm like I had the week before. Amy told me to call her and just let her know what was going on. So I called Jean.

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Oh, I should mention that Matt was still in the shower while all this was going on, but by the time he got out of the shower I was down on the floor on my hands and knees moaning through contractions. This was probably all in the span of 10 minutes. Jean said she would head on out there, but I told her not to because I didn't want her to show up and me not be in "real" labor. So she told me to call her back in an hour or when they got more painful. Well, it wasn't even 15 minutes later that I called her back, barely able to speak through a contraction. So Jean headed out. I remember Jean calling at 5:30 saying she was stuck in traffic, but would be there soon. She called her birth assistant, Lynn to head out too and I called Amy telling her to come out too. They all showed up within minutes of each other. That was probably around 5:45 pm. Once everyone got here things really started picking up. My contractions were 2-5 minutes apart and several of them were right on top of each other. Jean checked me when she got there and I was 3 cm. I mainly was in the bedroom leaning over the birth ball. Amy was pressing on my lower back during contractions. Everyone was gathered around me telling me what a good job I was doing, but I thought it was all BS. I thought for sure I wasn't doing a good job and that I was going to be in labor all night. Especially since I was only 3 cm when Jean got there. The contractions were starting to become unbearable and I started thinking about how nice it would be to have an epidural. I never said anything to anyone, but I was having those "I can't do this" thoughts and epidural thoughts and I was wondering if I was in transition. I didn't think I could be because Jean had just checked me and I was only 3-4 cm. I asked her if I could get in the birth pool because I was very much ready to be in the water. She wanted to check me to see how far along I was, but she didn't want me to get in until I was 5-6 cm. Well, I was 5 cm so she wanted me to wait 30 more minutes before getting in the pool. I think I went through a couple more "dry land" contractions before Jean said



okay, I think you can get in now. I'd say only about 10 minutes had passed.

Once I got into the pool I felt so much better! My contractions slowed down to about 5 minutes apart, but they soon picked back up and were right on top of each other again.

I started to feel like I was going to either puke or poop. I knew I that was a sign of pushing, but I was afraid. I had pushed for 4 hours with Scout and I was terrified of pushing again. Plus, my water hadn't broken yet and I was a little nervous about pushing with my bag still intact. I didn't have much of a choice because my body was pushing whether I liked it or not.



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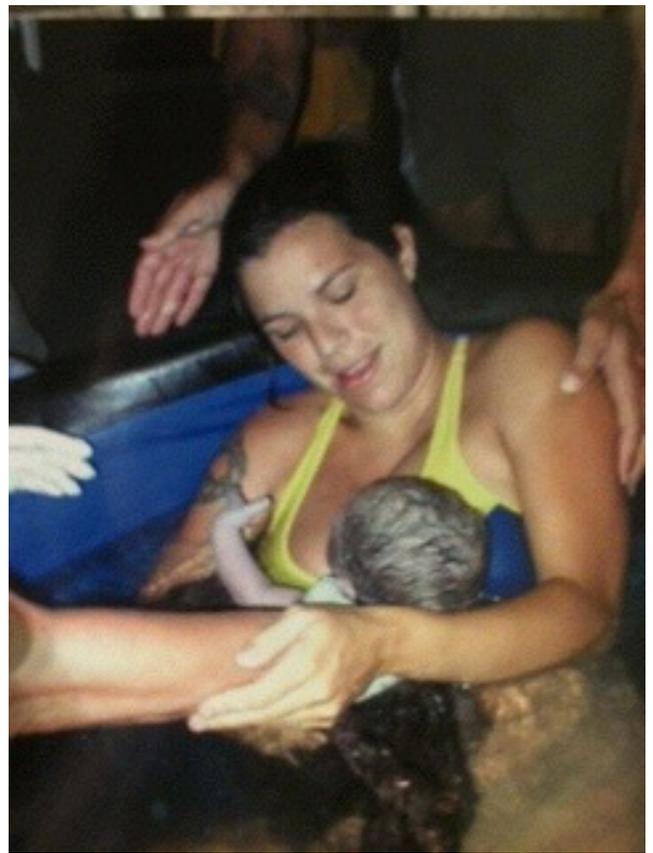
All the sudden with the next contraction this GIANT urge to push came. I yelled to everyone, He's COMING OUT!

It was the most amazing feeling I've ever had. Seconds later Milo (I'm not exaggerating here) SHOT out of me. In one giant push Milo was out! I yelled HE's OUT! He's OUT! and literally no one believed me. He was laying on the bottom of the birth pool. Jean quickly reached down there, pulled him up and placed him on my chest. No one could believe it. I think we were all in shock. I was sitting there holding my baby boy! Jean was saying how big he was and I was just staring at him. I couldn't believe what had just happened. The most amazing part was that it was only 7:34 in the evening! I had only been in labor for probably 4 or 5 hours! It was the most amazing experience. One beautiful, enjoyable, short birth.

Milo was 10 lbs 7 oz. 21 3/4 inches long with a 14 3/4 inch head and a 14 1/2 inch chest. I didn't have any tearing that required stitches.

Jean was there for me my entire pregnancy. Telling me I could do it, gently encouraging me through my doubts.

She was exactly the right midwife for me!



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