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There is only one moment that I consider the most significant moment in my life and that is the birth of my child.

move to end

Sitting in class and being given an assignment is to write about significant moments in our lives, took me back to the day I found out I was pregnant.

cut

I remember the nervousness I felt coursing through my 21-year-old body, as I considered the possibility of me being a mom. I waited in the freezing exam room, counting every goosebump as they appeared. In walked Dr. Amy, a friendly face she had been my doctor since I was 15 years old, and now here to deliver me what I now know to be the biggest news of my life. She tells me I'm pregnant! It seemed as if time slowed down, I could hear my heartbeat in my ears, I felt a lump forming in my throat and my eyes welling with tears. My mind was racing with thoughts, "would I be a good mother", "how would I tell my mother", "would I have to leave school". I was also happy although this was nothing I had planned for or expected. Unable to process everything at once and my emotions took over, I began to cry but I was excited to prepare for my new journey as a mother.

Learning this life changing news, I began to change. I began taking better care of myself, eating healthier and making better decisions for mine and my babies health. I started going to the doctor once a month to check on my baby's growth. My doctor places the "belly jelly" on the probe, pressing down on my stomach get a good image. She measures my baby letting me know his weight and inches each visit.

I was anticipating the day I could find out what I am having. Months have gone by, and I began to feel my babies' kicks. At first like a butterfly fluttering in my stomach. A few more months go by, now it feels lukewarm there's a water ballon fight going on in my stomach. Now I'm 20 weeks (5 months) and its finally time

to find who has been kicking me like Messi at the World Cup! I have a girl name and a boy name picked and I'm excited to use either one.

past
I'm at my 20-wk. appointment and I can smell cleaning agents in the exam room. I'm struggling to keep still as the excitement is too great. The minutes feel like hours waiting for someone to walk through that door. I could no longer wait, So I do something unthinkable... I locked the door, I took the belly jelly, I put it on the probe, and I began to do my own sneak sonogram. First, I see a big head, as I move across my belly, I start to see my babies' feet and legs curled up I quickly printed a few pictures and wiped my belly and the probe of all evidence. A few minutes pass and in walks Dr. Amy, she asks "Am I ready to see my baby" as always and of course I am, for the second time today. I grin sneakily and reply "Of course". Now is the moment I've been waiting for, she begins to move the probe across my belly pressing down to get an accurate picture, sliding right to left until she can tell me what I'm having. She suddenly stops and says, "Are you ready Mom", I respond "Yes" excitedly. She tells me jokingly it's a girl, knowing how badly I had wanted a boy. Then she says "I'm kidding it's a boy", I let out a scream so loud. I KNEW IT !!!!

past
I'm walking out of the doctor with a full heart and a beautiful baby BOY in my belly. I immediately go shopping, I buy every shade of blue onesie you could imagine, every dinosaur onesie, every truck onesie, every car onesie anything with the first letter of his name. I mean I went crazy.

I spent the following months preparing everything he would need, setting up the nursery, organizing his things and nesting. I began preparing myself for the biggest moment in my life, having to give birth. I was terrified, I have heard horror stories of 14-30-hour labor, pain that I couldn't even fathom, and people pushing for hours on end. I read a lot, every online forum on baby center I joined and met a lot of mom friends giving birth at the same time as me. We shared experiences that were similar and tried to comfort each other as much as possible with our approaching due dates.

transition

I'm 8 months pregnant and I'm going to the doctor once a week now. It's hot outside, I feel like I'm walking into an oven set at 450, I can feel the sweat beading on my face with every step I take, 3 more appointments I tell myself as I waddle to my appointment. It's a relief to step into the air-conditioned room and have a seat. Visits are shorter Dr. Amy reminds me to walk and be active, as it will aid in my labor.

write out simple numbers

A month has gone by, and each day is longer than the next, knowing that any day now can be the day. I make sure to pack my bag for the hospital, baby's bag and dad's bag. Going to bed felt like any other night... I feel my stomach tightening I wake up and check the time, it's 12:34. It's now 2 am, I started feeling contractions, it felt like someone was wringing out my organs from the inside. I timed them at first coming every 10 minutes. Then every 5 minutes, I woke up my boyfriend and we raced to the hospital, wood hull was a 20-minute drive, it felt like an eternity to get there, the pain just kept increasing.

We finally arrive at the hospital, my boyfriend helps me out of the car, and we walk into the building. As soon as I step foot in the door, I feel a bursting warm sensation and I hear what sounds like a giant water ballon burst, I look down and realize my water broke. I was now in active labor; the staff rush me up to labor and delivery.

It's now 4am, I'm 7 centimeters dilated, and the contractions are coming back-to-back. I feel like I'm being stabbed in the stomach, I couldn't even scream I just kept holding my breath. During each contraction I would get incredibly hot, my face felt like it was in flames, and my hands would start sweating. I had the staff turn the a/c to the lowest setting. However, in between contractions, I would violently start shivering because I was so cold begging my mom to drape me in blankets.

It's approaching 6am, at this moment my body is forcing me to push. My mom runs to the door and screams for my doctor, if I wasn't in so much pain I would've laughed, my mother never

runs. My doctor comes in, she checks me to see how many cm dilated I am, and I was at a full 10cm... it was time to push.

My doctor instructed my mom and boyfriend each to hold my legs up, I gave one big push... she told me to push harder, so I did. I pushed down as hard as I could, she could see his head, she told me to give one final push, and I pushed with all I had. I felt a huge relief, I felt like I was deflating after months of being full. Then I heard the most angelic cry I had ever heard, the love and bliss I felt in that moment could never be duplicated. My baby boy was 8 lbs. of perfection, 27 in. long. The change in me occurred instantly, the nurturing, the protective instincts, the drive to make sure he's happy, healthy, smart and well taken care of. I had never loved anyone so fiercely and so definitely. Going from a partying, fun loving, college student without a care in the world to a mother, to having my own human in the world that I must make sure is thriving was a drastic change but one I am so grateful to have experienced.

At times it's hard to remember how my life was before finding out I was pregnant. Now here I am with a beautiful 9-year-old son who is smart, kind, funny, full of life, and innocence since he came into my life. Being a mother all through my 20s just made me appreciate every moment because none of them can be replaced, cherish every memory and take plenty pictures because time goes by fast. I hope this gives you a little insight into my most significant event.

needs more analysis