

We were so excited to find out we were expecting our third child. My husband is in the Army and there were a million horror stories about delivering in a military hospital, but this didn't worry me because I had a plan. My goals were no medical interventions other than having my membranes swept; no drugs; not telling anyone I was in labor; twenty four hour hospital stay; the baby would never leave our sight in the hospital.

I spent the entire pregnancy planning and preparing for the outcome I wanted. It was a relatively easy pregnancy and then three weeks before my due date I started experiencing mild to moderate contractions. This made me think that I was going to go into labor which to my frustration I was not. This was the first time in my pregnancy that I became impatient for it to end. So after a week of contractions and trying every homeopathic labor inducer, I was ready to rip my hair out. Luckily my husband and doula were able to remind me that I should be focusing and loving my family as they were since everything was about to change.

Letting go of my impatience made all the difference, so at thirty eight and a half weeks I woke up to my water breaking. I got up called labor and delivery and got ready to go to the hospital. After making sure that my water was broken I was admitted and began to walk. I walked for four hours before my nurse suggested the use of Pitocin, since my contractions weren't tracking the way they were "supposed" to. I asked if we could first check my cervix because I wasn't about to take Pitocin if I didn't need too. A half an hour later they checked my and I had dilated to four and was eighty percent effaced. I was doing it and I didn't need help. So I kept walking but I knew that unless things really picked up then I would be given Pitocin. Sure enough when I was checked four hours later I was still only four centimeters so they started to prep the Pitocin.

At this point I also got a new nurse who was very sympathetic to my birth plan. Since I was being put on Pitocin I opted to use the bar for the hospital bed and the birthing ball. The first hour to hour and a half the Pitocin was bearable but then the contractions were coming on top of each other and I was having back labor. Since I wasn't able to get a break between the contractions, labor was getting really intense so I asked if we could take a break from the Pitocin. I had also gotten extremely cold so I decided to take a shower to warm up and relax.

It was a very bad idea because I could not get warm and everything seemed to get even more intense. When I got out of the shower I was even more chilled and at this point feeling defeated. At this point I didn't have a good grasp on anything and decided I wanted the epidural. My doula was so supportive and that was crucial because at this point I felt like I was giving up and her support along with the support of my amazing husband helped me hold on.

She informed the nurse of my decision and they asked if they could check my dilation before getting the anesthesiologist. I was a six/seven. The anesthesiologist came very quickly to administer the epidural for which I am grateful for especially since even though I was off the

Pitocin the contractions were still back to back. Unfortunately at this time they realized that my iv had blown and they needed to replace it. So for the next hour I was given seven or eight Ivs before they brought the anesthesiologist back in and he placed the iv line.

Since I had opted for the epidural they put me back on the Pitocin. Taking the epidural took the edge off the contractions and allowed me to warm up which at that point I really needed. By the time the new iv line was in place however I was back to feeling every contraction, A LOT! This lasted for a while when my doctor came back in to check on us, the baby's heartbeat was dipping down with every contraction. He told me that maybe it was time to push and I was ready.

Everyone hurried up to set everything up, for which I am grateful for because I was ready to get down to business. After twenty hours of labor I pushed our son out in two and a half minutes. Seamus Sullivan joined our family at 6lbs 13 oz and it is true love.