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English 100

10/18/19

A Mother’s Treasure

The white large room no longer seem spacious anymore it’s as if it was closing in on me, the stronger the contraction become the faster my heart beats intensifies. As I laid on the white crisp linen sheets wrinkled under my skin, I couldn’t think about anything else besides the pain and being afraid of what my baby may look like. I know some mothers would say “I’ll love my baby no matter what”, and I will, but will this scar me mentally to have my child be different from the idea of other babies?

Dr. Shima says “Ok Shayla it’s time to push”.

“Ok” I said nervously.

The time had come I was fully dilated, and the contractions were ripping me apart from the inside to the out. It was now time for me to be welcomed to motherhood. It wasn’t no longer up to me; mother nature had decided that the time was now. Tears ran down my face from the intense contractions and frightfulness of not knowing what to expect next.

“*Ok its time Shayla Mizani’s positioned now it’s time to start pushing*!” Dr. Shima said as if he was my coach.

With every push I found strength. My only me delivering her in the safest way possible and finding the strength to push was the only way she could come into this world. Suddenly all the fear, and nervousness went out the door. I kept pushing with everything I had left in me. The room was so full of love, nervousness, and support. All my immediate family was coaching me to keep pushing and cheering me on while letting me know as well that I was doing a wonder job.

Then all sudden the doctor told me that Mizani’s shoulder were stuck and he had to do an episiotomy ( a cut or incision in the woman’s perineum area.

Dr. Shima did the procedure as fast as he could it felt like hours instead of seconds.

*“Shayla, I have to cut you in order for Mizani to be able to pass through her shoulder are wide and she’s stuck at this point,”* said Dr. Shima.

*“Alright,”* I said out of breath and afraid.

The suspense was making my heart race faster than the contraction. Finally, I did one big push with everything that I had inside of me suddenly I didn’t worry about the pain of pushing out a whole human being, the only thing I cared about was hearing that first cry, that first sound of my beautiful baby gasping for air.

“*She’s here you did it do you want to meet your baby girl*,” said Dr. Shima.

“*Yes! Yes!*” I said desperately.

I held Mizani for the first time and the only thing I could feel was love, pure love, and joy. I finally got to embrace my daughter’s existence. I held her so tight and watched her look at me as if to say, “you are my mommy”. My boyfriend kissed me on my forehead with tears rushing down his face filled with joy.

“*Thank you, thank you for bringing my daughter into the world,*” said my boyfriend.

That’s when I realized that I had made the best choice ever when I decided to go forward with my pregnancy. It all came back to me in a flash when the specialist first diagnosed my daughter with her chronic illness and gave me the choice to terminate my pregnancy.

I’ll never forget the day I visited that very same specialist, who explained to me that my unborn child wouldn’t live a normal nor long life. It was a lot to deal with especially since I was only 22 years old and had never been a mother before. I was now going to be responsible for not only a baby but a severely ill infant. He let me know in the exact words that she didn’t have a fighting chance for life. I understood from his professional view that he needed to offer me the best alternative, but did he put himself in my place as being a first-time mother.

The only comfort he offered me in his dark office was terminate my pregnancy end my motherhood. He told me my child would have anencephaly, which is a defect in the formation of a baby’s neural tube during development. A baby born with anencephaly might be stillborn or survive only a few hours to a few days after birth.

At the end I made the choice to go along with my beliefs that every living being deserves a chance at life. Only if that doctor could be here and see the most beautiful imperfect baby, then at that moment he would’ve understood my choice. I didn’t know what was going to happen in the next couple of hours or even months. I just knew it was important for us enjoy every second and minute that Mizani took a breath.

As I looked at Mizani I began to think about if I had not made the decision to choice my daughter life? What if I went with the easy choice to terminate the pregnancy, and never got the opportunity to enjoy the beautifulness of being a mother of an extraordinary little girl? I thank God every day that I chose to fight for what was right and not what was convenient for my life, or else I wouldn’t have been able to enjoy those very special moments of bonding with my daughter.