A mother’s treasure

It’s about 6:30 am and I’m in the passenger seat of my mother’s car along with my mom and boyfriend. The radio is on, but I can’t quite get in tuned with the music playing in the background, I’m too worried about becoming a young mother. My mother is driving the fastest route possible to the hospital where I’m scheduled to be induced into labor.

My stomach is so extended that I look like a character off the movie “Alien”. I’m 42 weeks into my pregnancy, which is typical to be overdue, but in my situation because my daughter has Anencephaly in my case it’s a little different. Anencephaly 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.

My heart is racing more and more as we approach the hospital’s parking lot. My mom pulls up to the entrance of Riddle Memorial Hospital where patients are dropped off so that I can walk right in. My boyfriend walks around to the passenger side of the car to open my door, he has the most nervous expression on his face. I too am nervous my heart is racing so fast that I can literally feel my veins in my neck pulsating. As he helps me out the car I can barely walk, because of the heaviness of my large bundle of joy.

I waddle like a baby penguin through the lobby hospital and with every step I think to myself I’m finally going to meet my little fighter for the first time. All kind of emotions began to swamp my body and mind, and then I think back to the first time I got the chance to hear my baby’s strong heart beat and see her on the ultrasound. I began to smile and know that she’s just as strong and determined as her mother.

My appointment is at 7:30 am, and it’s now 7:00 am so I’m about 30 minutes early. As we walk through the long extremely long white hallways the head to the elevators, it gives me time to think about what my actual labor may be like. In my mind I’m thinking of lots of 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? As I get off the elevator and head to the maternity unity along side of my boyfriend and mother, we walk through the heavy wooden double doors.

The nurses are very friendly as we walk up to the desk,

I say, “*my name is Shayla Montgomery and I’m here to get induced*.”

I can’t remember the exact room number, but I do remember that I was at the corner room. Once we enter the room its fresh white crisp linen on the bed, and a blue hospital gown just waiting to be worn by me.

Dr. Shima walked in with his white lab coat and shook my boyfriend’s hand, spoke to my mother, and then came over to me.

“*Hello Shayla, how are we doing” said Dr. Shima*

“*I’m ok just ready to meet Mizani*,” I said patiently.

“*Ok so you still haven’t dilated so we will use a device to help intensify your contract and help you to go into labor*,” said Dr. Shima.

“*Alright I’m ready Dr. Shima*,” I said.

Several hours had went by I watched a half of a go by and each hour that passed I experienced more pain, if suddenly felt like the room was closing in on me. My boyfriend and mom tried to keep me calm, but once the rest of the family arrived the room just closed in more and more on me. Everyone was on an emotional roller coaster; the room was filled intense feelings of nervousness and happiness all tied together in one bow.

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 bewelcomed to motherhood rather I was ready or not.

Dr. Shima stepped in the room and all I could focus on is his white lab coat it was if my savior was finally here to deliver me from all this anxiety and pain.

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 all I could focus on is I wanted to deliver her in the safest way possible, I was the only way she could come into this world. Suddenly all the fear, and nervousness went out the door. I kept pushing with all my immediate family in the room coaching me to keep pushing and cheering me on 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 a quick procedure.

Dr. Shima did the procedure as fast as he could it felt like hours instead of seconds the suspense was making my heart race faster then the contraction.

Finally, I did one big push with everything that I had inside of 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’s 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 bring 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, and at the end I decided to go 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, he wanted to not have a chance at life.

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 breathe.

As I looked at Mizani I began to think what if I had not made the decision to choice my daughter life. What if I went with the easy way out or the first choice my doctor offered me when he insisted, I get an abortion. I wouldn’t be able to enjoy those very special moments of bonding with my daughter.