Shayla Montgomery

English 100

Narrative Project

Final Draft

12/5/19

 A Mother’s Treasure

 The white large room no longer seemed spacious it’s as if it were closing in on me. The stronger the contraction became the faster my heart beats intensified. 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?

 I’ll never forget the day I had an appointment with the neonatal specialist. His job was to explain to me the condition of my unborn child and go over the details of what was on my ultrasound. He explained to me that my unborn child wouldn’t live neither a normal nor a 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 consider himself in my place as being a first-time mother?

 The only comfort he offered me in his dark office was the cold careless choice of terminating my pregnancy and ending my motherhood. He briefly discussed with me that my child would have anencephaly, what happens to be an abnormality in the formation of a baby’s neural tube during development. A baby born with [anencephaly](https://www.cdc.gov/ncbddd/birthdefects/anencephaly.html) might be stillborn or survive only a few hours to a few days after birth.

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

“Ok,” I said nervously.

 The time had come, I was fully dilated. 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 is positioned now. It’s time to start pushing!” Dr. Shima said as if he were my coach.

 So, with every push I found strength. My only focus was on 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 were coaching me, to keep pushing and cheering me on, while letting me know as well that I was doing a wonderful job.

 Then all sudden the doctor told me that Mizani’s shoulder were stuck and he had to do an episiotomy, which is 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 hereyou 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 the very day the neonatal specialist first diagnosed my daughter with her chronic illness and gave me the choice to terminate my pregnancy.

 At the end I made the choice to go along with my beliefs that every living being deserves a chance at life. Only if the specialist had the chance to be here and witness 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 to enjoy every second and minute that Mizani took a breath. As I looked at Mizani I began to think about what if I had not made the decision to choice my daughter’s 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. For the 9 months that I carried Mizani I established such a bond with my unborn baby. Every kick I felt every heartbeat I heard and every moment I shared the small space in my womb was forever placed in my soul. I knew that no matter how things ended a special place in my heart would always remain there for my daughter.