

Alexander Parker Nixon's Birth Story:

Alexander finally decided to arrive ... well overdue on the 4th of June at 7.40 PM. He weighed 7 lb. 14 oz and had apgars of 9 and 10. His EDD was the 22nd of May 2002.

Here is the birth story: - I had a Home/water birth.

My Sister Michelle and her daughter Kaitlyn had arrived from Brisbane to help with the baby but because I was so overdue, they were able to be present at the birth. David had taken that week off work too. The timing was perfect, which was great as he is a GP in a very busy practice.

I went into Labour at 2.30 am (4th June) with very manageable contractions. As I had been induced with my first two pregnancies, I wasn't sure if it was contractions I was feeling. I woke Dave up and said I thought I was having contractions so we started to time them. They were starting to become regular so we said, "this is it". Dave then went and lit the fire and put the jug on to make a cuppa. We also rang Kate, my midwife, as instructed when the contractions were about 5 minutes apart. Kate arrived at about 6am but things had settled a little and the contractions were extremely manageable so we all had a sleep in the lounge before the others woke up.

When the Kids came out into the Lounge and found out Mum was going to have the baby today they were all very excited until they saw the birthing pool set up in the Kitchen. (We had put it up the night before - more good timing) They all wanted to get into the pool but were told they weren't allow. It was a bit of a mission to keep them out, but for once it wasn't my problem!

Kate checked me at about 9.30 am and I was 4 cm. This was great, if this is what being in labour was about, it wasn't that bad! - I was eating and walking around playing with the kids, having a contraction and jumping on the swiss ball to do some pelvic rocking. It was almost fun, so I continued on until about three in the afternoon when I decided I would get into the birthing pool to see how things would go. The contractions slowed right down so I only stayed in for about an hour before getting out to walk around again.

The contractions started to get going but when Kate checked me again at 5.30 PM I was only 5 cm. Grrr. She decided to break my waters and then it was all on - okay, it's not that fun anymore! I got back in the pool to help manage the pain, which worked really well but only for about an hour until I decided to give some gas a go as well - that stuff is great!

Anyway by 7.30 pm I was ready to push, not before becoming a bit tearful during transition. My almost-three-year-old Sophie was patting my head saying "don't cry mummy, it's okay". Then after 10 minutes of pushing, Alex swam his way into the world. I was on my hands and knees while pushing, which was just fantastic in the water as it supports you. Then I knelt up while Kate lifted Alex out of the water and handed him to me. He gave a little cry and the kids all laughed.

I had my eyes closed the whole time I was pushing but had running commentary from my two children and niece all whom were under five. Things like, "I can see its head" and "Its got hair" come to memory. My four-year-old son, Marcus, cut the cord and then the baby was handed to Dad to be wrapped up.

My placenta did take a bit of encouragement to finally come out about 45 minutes later. During this time Alex had his first feed. After this I had about 10 stitches to a superficial tear.

Getting into MY bed that night was just the best thing and having David next to me instead of being alone in the hospital was just great. I remember lying there looking at Alex in his bassinet and thinking WOW, I did it at home, with all the people I love around me sharing this truly amazing experience!

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