

The birth of my son essay

[Health & Medicine](#), [Hospital](#)



It was the seventh of March, 2011 and my wife and I had been waiting patiently for nine months. I was so excited, to the point of agitation, to finally meet my first child. At ten thirty at night, under a full moon, things were finally happening. Cassie had been having pains for most of the day, on and off, but at just after ten her waters broke and then the proper contractions started. It wasn't long before Cassie was in so much pain that she asked me to take her to the hospital.

At the hospital, the midwife showed us to a birthing room. The ward was dark and quiet; it seemed that no other babies had chosen this night to be born, so far. The room was large. It had a bed in one corner and the birthing pool in the centre. The midwife explained that she would need to examine Cassie, and that then she would be welcome to get undressed and climb into the pool, if she felt it would help her.

For five hours Cassie was in the pool. My job was to hold the gas and air pump, and hand it to her whenever she needed it. To be honest, I think that the midwife saw how nervous I was and gave me this task to try and make me feel useful; luckily it worked and I felt calmer while I had something to focus on.

At just before five o'clock in the morning, Jamisyn Jaidyn Hatfield-Moore was born, at the very healthy weight of 8lbs 7oz. When the midwife lifted him out of the water and he took his first breath, I couldn't help but cry. All of the tension from the night was washed away as I held my son in my arms for the first time.