



Birth Story: Lexi



P R E G N A N C Y

LEXI LI JUNE 24, 2016



Most women will say that they had a great pregnancy and that their delivery was wonderful. Well I did not enjoy pregnancy. For me, it was one of the roughest things I've ever experienced and I had a delivery to match.

During the end of my pregnancy, I developed an unknown virus which prompted me to be induced so that my baby would be safe. On January 25 at 8:00 pm my husband and I got to the hospital. They told me they would be inducing me with three doses of Cytotec at four hour intervals. I had my first dose at 9:00 pm. Around 1:00 am just before my second dose, my water broke on its own and it seemed like I was going to have a natural birth after all.

I was one of those moms-to-be that made a birthing plan, the biggest things on it were I wanted mobility during labor so that I could deal with the pain with yoga and I didn't want to be hooked up to

an IV. But because I was induced I was strapped to monitors with no mobility and an IV sticking intrusively in my arm. It was not my ideal labor and the pain was so bad. I caved and had an epidural. Everything was going fine though and my contractions were going great and I was dilating at good pace.

At 7:00 am my nurse came in to tell me that there was complications with my baby. His heart rate had started dropping between contractions instead of with them and they were worried that if we waited for me to fully dilate he might not make it, so I got prepped and ready for a Cesarean delivery, another thing I hadn't wanted. Needless to say everything was going the exact opposite of how I had wanted it.

The nurses gave me anesthesia and wheeled me down to the OR. I was strapped down and covered with a screen so I wouldn't see the process. I could feel myself shaking and getting nervous. As the doctors came in and the realization of me getting cut open came to focus, I could feel an anxiety attack coming on. Thank goodness my husband was there with me. He cupped my face and kissed me as he talked to me and calmed me down.

I didn't feel much more than a few pokes here and there until my doctor told me I would feel some pressure. What I felt was not pressure, it was pain. Pain bad enough to make me start crying, but as soon as the pain was there it was suddenly gone and I instantly heard the cries of my son.

Words cannot explain how amazing his cry sounded and how it made me feel. I was crying not from pain anymore but from an overwhelming joy that my little boy was here.

My husband brought him over to meet me while I was being stitched back up. As soon as the doctors were done, they placed him in my arms and let me hold him as they wheeled me up to our postpartum room.

I'll never forget that day. It may not have gone how I wanted, but I have a healthy beautiful baby boy and that's all I could ever ask for. If I had to do it all the same again to have my son be as happy and healthy as he is, I would relive it all in a heartbeat.

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