

FOOTNOTES

FOOTHILLS MIDWIFERY NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER 2022

Births!

First Unmedicated Labor!

It was really important for this family to have their kids be a part of the experience, it was really beautiful watching them participate! Big sister was even able to catch her baby sister in the tub!

What was the best part of your pregnancy?

Finding out we were having another girl.

What was the hardest part of your pregnancy?

Being nauseous for all 40 weeks.

How did you know you were in labor?

My contractions were getting very close together, about 5 mins before my water broke all over the living room floor.

What will you remember the most about your birth?

How beautiful of an experience it was to have my daughter outside of the hospital. It was literally everything I had hoped and prayed for.

What were you thinking with that last push?

Thank you Jesus this is almost over! I can't believe I did it!



VBAC Waterbirth!

After three little girls and all prior hospital births, I was really excited to share in the joy of this first homebirth - surrounded by all of her family!

What was the best part of your pregnancy?

Just being pregnant! I had a miscarriage so I was grateful to be pregnant again. I also loved sharing the experience with my three daughters - they're the best little mamas.

What was the hardest part of your pregnancy?

The last month. I was really uncomfortable carrying around such a large baby.

How did you know you were in labor?

I asked my doula if it was real when she got to my house. I had prodromal labor for a few weeks leading up to Jett's birth.

What will you remember the most about your birth?

The support I had from my husband, doula, Terah and her assistants. My daughters getting to be involved. And getting to meet our baby in the comfort of our own home.

What were you thinking with that last push?

Please come out.

"Thank you, Terah for a such an empowering HBAC! I gave birth to a healthy 10lbs 4oz baby boy in my living room."



Dion's Birthday!

What was the best part of your pregnancy?

Watching my belly grow and see baby movements

What was the hardest part of your pregnancy?

Last part of my pregnancy during the summer

How did you know you were in labor?

When I had to start breathing through my contractions and water breaking

What will you remember the most about your birth?

Feeling the head travel through the canal

What were you thinking with that last push?

Make it count



News!

ULTRASOUNDS OFFERED ON SATURDAYS

This month we started having an ultrasound tech come in on Saturdays! It has been very convenient to be able to schedule appointments right from our website and be able to offer everything right in house. If you have a future ultrasound scheduled but would prefer to have it scheduled at The Birth Cottage, you can schedule here: www.foothillsmidwife.com/schedule

JOB OPPORTUNITY

We'd love to offer ultrasounds to people not just on Saturdays! We're hoping that in the next few months we can find a tech who could offer standard pregnancy ultrasounds and 3D ultrasounds. If you know someone looking for a job, send them our way!

WELLNESS CARE NOW OFFERED

Foothills continues to expand! Brooke is now offering well-woman care to all of our clients and clients in our community. If you know of someone who needs gynecologic care outside of pregnancy, let them know they can schedule right on our website!



STUDENT ASSISTANTS HANNAH & HEIDI

As of November 1st 2022, student assistant Hannah (left) has gone to 84 births and has 16 births to go before graduation!

Picture courtesy of [The Birth Collective](#). As of November 1st 2022, student assistant Heidi has gone to 80 births and needs 20 more to graduate!



NURSE - FAMILY PARTNERSHIP

If you have Apple Health (state insurance) and you're having your first baby then you qualify to have a personal nurse through the [Nurse-Family Partnership](#) program. Clients who come through Foothills Midwifery all get the same nurse, Helen Countryman, who lives in Enumclaw. She is an IBCLC (certified lactation consultant) and will do 1-2 home visits in the first week postpartum to help with breastfeeding, do weight checks for babies and for those in financial need can offer food gift cards, diapers, and clothing. They also offer continuity of care and a long lasting relationship with the program of up to 2 years old for your child, with regular check-ins.

OFFICE UPDATES

The new gas lines have been installed and in the next couple of weeks we're installing a tankless hot water system so we'll have endless amounts of hot water!

BIRTH STORIES

Becki's Story

Over 18 years ago, I fell pregnant with my daughter. I was 18 years old and I was terrified. An irresponsible choice led to me becoming a mother. I had always loved children but never expected that I would become a mother so young. Her and I were all each other had for 8 whole years. When I met my husband, I had reached the point that I was content with being a mother of one child. On our first date, he told me that he wanted children of his own. My response was simple and yet so much more complicated than I could have imagined. I told him "if you want kids by me, it would have to be before I'm 30". I didn't truly think I would ever have another child. Fast forward three years, I was terrified again. This time I was 29 and my fear was that my little girl would hate me for taking her exclusively away from her by making her a big sister. I ended up being very wrong. She was thrilled beyond anything I could have imagined. She has spent 11 years being an only child and in a split second took on her new roll without hesitation. Life took us on an unexpected journey that led to infertility and medication to get our 3rd. When we finally fell pregnant, we decided that we were so happy that gender didn't matter. My second daughter came flying into this world like a rocket. We were over the moon for our little girl. My husband always told me that the men in his family "didn't make girls". He caught the first girl to be born into the Saladis clan in 30 years. She became a daddy's girl from the moment she was born. I fell into motherhood as naturally as I had previously. I also had my 16 year old and 5 year old. My heart was full. A couple of months passed, in our new life, and everything changed. My husband was given one job. Sparing the dirty details, we got pregnant after a single

"slip up". No medical intervention, all natural. Nothing but Jack Daniel's and two irresponsible people. I was instantly terrified. Our baby was only a few months old. It was so hard to get her. We were told this couldn't happen. Well, it did. We were pregnant, again. My body was tired. My mind was tired. My soul was tired. I told my husband that I wasn't ready to "do labor again". I hadn't had enough time to "forget" how much it sucked. In the past, I had always said how much it breaks my heart to see babies so close together because the older one doesn't get the loves they deserve. In that moment (and so many more after) I hated myself for the time I was taking from our little girl. I spent months in denial. I didn't want to believe that I was here. Reality was staring me in the face. My belly continued to grow. I moved through the motions of pregnancy as I should. My body was mad at me. The back to back pregnancies were taking their toll. I ended up having more medical issues this time around. Ultimately, it led to extra appointments, medications and supervision. At 39 weeks, we tried to encourage eviction. After too many hours of contractions that led to zero progress, we gave up. It took another two weeks to convince the baby that it was time to come out. The second eviction attempt was successful. At 9am, I verified that I had the all clear to make my castor oil milkshake. With our 3rd it took a couple hours for contractions to kick in but then they hit hard and fast. We had discussed that my 4th may be even faster so we wanted to all be in the same page. Verifying no other expecting mommas we already in labor, I got the go ahead. I made the shake as instructed and pounded it as fast as possible. The first time I drank this shake, six years earlier, I didn't understand what all the fuss was about. It wasn't good by any means but it wasn't the worst thing I'd eaten. This time would make it shake number 5. The disgust has found me. Say that I struggled to get it down is an understatement. I do my duty. I headed back upstairs to nap in preparation for what we hoped would come. I woke at about 11am and messaged Terah to let her know I was up and I was feeling the slightest twinges of activity but no contractions. An hour passed and things were ramping up. I let her know and she decided to come out. GPS told her she would make it to me by 1:05p. My contractions were about 90 seconds apart lasting a from 45-90 seconds. My previous birth, I had lied to Terah about how far apart my contractions were. They were 3 minutes and I told her 5-7. I didn't want her to come too early. This inadvertently led to her making it with only 20 minutes to spare. I'd been put on restriction for the latest birth. She had me download a different contraction timer that she could watch in real time. Something happened that I didn't really expect. When Terah walked in the door, I silently cried tears of relief. It was like I knew that everything was going to be okay now that she made it to me. The sound of her light footsteps and soft voice told me that I could let go. Let go I did. Vitals, cervical check "not ready to push", monitoring baby through a couple contractions. The standard baseline for when the team gets to the house. The contractions continued to keep the same quick pace while the intensity increased with each surge. All my births have had their defining attributes that stand out to me. With my first, I was alone in the hospital for my emergency C-section. I had spent 3 weeks in the hospital, on bed rest, when she went into distress at 32 weeks. With my 2nd, we had decided on a home birth after several months and even more providers bringing us to cross paths with Terah. It was just my husband and I with our birth team. With our 3rd, my 16yo wanted to be there. It went so fast, she missed it. My husband caught our surprise little girl. Having missed the previous birth our now 17yo was determined not to miss this one. There had been some discussion on who would be catching the baby. I first asked my husband if he was okay "giving up" the opportunity to our oldest. Then I brought it up to her. She didn't hesitate. She said she was all for it. After several more contractions, I was given the go ahead to get in the birth pool. Relief isn't the right word I would use to describe how the water feels. You don't get relief. I almost feel like it's a comfort. When I'm sick, I take a bath. When I'm nauseated, I take a bath. When I'm stressed or sad, I take a bath. I feel like I can center myself better when I'm in the water. It's no different with labor. My husband was sitting to my right allowing me to attempt to rip his thumb off with each wave. My 17yo daughter was just off to the side, silently observing this new overwhelming experience. I didn't hire a doula this go round because I was worried about spending money for them to miss my fast labor. Looking back, I'm okay with that decision. Had my labors been longer, I wouldn't have hesitated. I had to call out for a bowl several times because I had to throw up. It made me think about something I heard... "vomiting in labor equals X amount of contractions". In the haze, I couldn't remember how many. At some point I had to ask Terah to check me again. I remember saying that "I can't do this for several more hours" after she broke the news I was only 4cm. "You won't have to" is all I heard back. A handful of contractions later that 4cm turned to 8cm. I quietly begged my baby to make her entrance. I was trying to convince her to work with me to get her here. It was in the middle of a contraction when my whole body pushed without permission and I yelled out "she's coming!!" Her head was out and my oldest jumped into action to catch her on her quick exit. She was a tiny little thing. Covered in vernix like the others even though she was almost 42 weeks. I affectionately call it bacon fat. She was here and it was all over. I appreciate that the intensity is gone so quickly after the baby makes their debut. The relief is so fulfilling. When its time to get out of the tub, the best place for me is our bed. I love the feeling of climbing into my own bed with my family and resting. Terah has always said that the stairs can be daunting but I just don't care in the moment. Due to my risk of hemorrhage, I opted for Pitocin*. I didn't end up having any issues there. I did end up having to get my uterus massaged a bit extra because of a large clot. That felt weird coming out. No tearing though. I'd been lucky yet again. Thinking back on my 4 births and 3 homebirths I know that I made the right choice. The peace that I feel being at home with my growing family is indescribable. I have spent weeks trying to capture all of the emotions and feeling that this birth and all the other have brought me. In writing this, I'm not sure I have yet. Even now, five weeks in, we are finding our groove and our new normal. I've never regretted our choice to have homebirths. There is a sense of peace that is really indescribable. I have gained, what I hope, will be a lifetime friend in Terah. She means the world to me and she doesn't even know it.

Thank you for reading!

Warmly, Midwife Terah