

Skaanland Birth Story

A Birth Story from The Bradley Method®

Truly I should go back six days. John, myself and our 1 ½ year old son Jameson, went huckleberry picking. After sitting down to pick for a while, I stood up rather quickly. There was a small gush, and I thought this might be it. We headed home and called the hospital, they suggested we call our Doctor in the morning if nothing more happened that night. Nothing too exciting occurred other than losing a bit of the mucus plug. The next morning I went in and was informed I was a juicy mess but it wasn't amniotic fluid. Go home and rest, baby will be here soon enough.

My husband and I had wanted natural childbirth the first time around but didn't get the training needed. Our attempt ended with a C-Section and we vowed to do things different next time. So the second time we got pregnant, I signed us up for The Bradley Method™ classes. My mother-in-law, Noranne, attended with us and we went into our second birth feeling calm and prepared.

That whole week I continued to lose my mucus plug and would have regular contractions but then things would slow down again. With our first labor we didn't have any "false alarms" so this was new for us. We were very thankful for our Bradley training, preparation, and the support we received from our friends.

On Sunday morning I woke up early to a strong contraction. It was about 6:30 am and the contractions were 10 minutes apart and incredibly strong. I figured this was going to be like all the other days this week and things would die down in a hour or two. Never-the-less when John woke up to get ready for church I told him I would rather not go. He is employed at our church so I told him I would be okay, and to go ahead without me. As he left I decided I didn't want to watch Jameson by myself so we called Noranne to come help out. I also called my friend Tina, as she was someone I wanted there for the labor and birth. So they both came over and instead of making sure my bag was packed I made sure my house was presentable for guests. I was certain this wasn't the real thing.

At first we chatted and just hung out. They noticed a change when I didn't want to chat through contractions. A few minutes later I called John and told him to come home. At this point Noranne realized this was the real thing and suggested a walk to get things moving. I still didn't think this was it but complied anyway. So I went upstairs to get dressed, while up there I decided to hop in the shower. I didn't find that helpful so I climbed into bed, I didn't go down stairs again until we were headed to the hospital. Things get a bit blurry at this point, I labored on the bed and would switch between kneeling with a birth ball and relaxing in my side lying position. We used essential oil for massage, a lot of counter pressure, and hot rice packs. I went to the restroom a couple of times and would always head back to the bed. John called the hospital to let them know what was going on and my Doctor said stay home as long as I wanted. At two PM I had a rough contraction, everything changed, I felt like I snapped. I demanded to be taken to the hospital and given an epidural. The contractions were right on top of each other now. After going to the restroom, getting dressed and driving to the hospital the 10 min process it should have been turned into an hour.

I walked up to the birth center on my own, to everyone's surprise. They checked me and I was at an 8. The Dr was notified and started heading our direction (he was at the football game!!) I asked for an epidural and John said all the right things to remind me of what we wanted for this baby.

I got the urge to push but waited until it was overwhelming. I started to push, but I didn't push for long before my doctor arrived. The baby flipped (no longer op) and all the sudden it didn't hurt any more. The nurse described the ring of fire and told me they would tell me when it was happening, and to push through it. The next push I felt it, but nobody told me what was happening. I yelled long and loud and the next thing I knew our second son Liam Judah was placed on my chest! We had our VBAC, only an hour and a half after arriving at the hospital!

Liam nursed right away. We had our Bradley orange juice. I showered myself, this was a far cry from my first son's birth. The recovery and nursing were a breeze this time. Due largely I believe, to the Brewer Pregnancy Diet, exercise, and wonderful Husband coaching taught by The Bradley Method. This was the birth of my dreams and I will never forget it!

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