
Subject: 38 Weeks & 2 days: Watermelon sized & 13 days to go
Posted by [Jamie](#) on Sat, 17 Dec 2011 16:46:21 GMT
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I have noticed that I've posted less as I've become less positive or less confident. That's been my big hurdle over the last month.

The more I try to bulk up on knowledge, the more I try to bolster what is left the weaker I become. To just stop trying doesn't reverse that, it just leaves me in stall. I know ultimately that God is in control. I also know that having a healthy baby is primary...and I'm sort of sick of hearing that, as awful as it sounds. In my mind I'm replying, "Of course it is...I'm not choosing or trying to choose something that makes that secondary...I'm trying to go for the best case scenario, the one where my baby has the best chance at coming out on top." Oh, I know nothing negative is meant...I'm just exhausted and likely paranoid at this point, not knowing which "professional" or article/book to trust.

If it were just about the pregnancy, I might not be so off...but my family is a mess right now, and that hurts so much. I thought when I lost my daughter to estrangement that I would literally stop breathing...but to have two children regard me as dead....I am so ashamed and so confused. I figure, what kind of parent am I that I could so easily lose their heart? And I look at my remaining adult child and how close we have become, and it confuses me all the more.

The baby is doing well...the last NST we took was earlier this week...he was popping about and I was surprised because I still don't feel him as much as they are able to pick up on monitoring. I did drink a large glass of lemonade on the way up the elevator so that he'd have a little "extra" to make him busy. The time before last he slept and they were not getting apparently what they needed and were putting me in all sorts of positions to "wake him up." As it is, I think the baby is already on some sort of schedule...right at the 3's (3, 6, 9 and 12) he's the most active in the day. Punches and/or kicks are felt at those times. A little before (like right now it's 11:20a) he'll root around, more like a slow roll, snuggling down I think. I'm guessing he's sleeping and just shifting for more comfort.

I've been watching a new program on Hulu...it's one of those tacky little reality tv programs I never knew existed...it's called One Born Every Minute. It's basically following women as they arrive for labor and then through the birthing and going home process. It's not as graphic as birth videos online (they don't show anything, but you do get the baby being held up to show the parents before the cord is cut...that can be messy, LOL). While that seems like a potentially bad idea for me, given my state and the reality tv drama that sometimes sneaks in there (two grandmothers

were duking it out post birth in the hallway over who gets to take pictures) I've actually enjoyed it tremendously. So far each birth, whether emergency c-section or not, has a happy ending...and that first cry of the baby, and the assurance he/she finds shortly after on his mother or father's chest...I want that so much. I'm not wanting my pregnancy to end (I guess I haven't hit that wall) and it makes me a bit weepy to know that I won't ever again feel the little kicks and rolls...but I know that holding our son close, bathing him, singing to him, guardedly watching him sleep are going to be precious for me. Likely, it too will feel as if that time is passing too quickly, just like my pregnancy.

The baby is measuring on target for my due date. I've not had Braxton Hicks contractions for a few days. His heartbeat was slower at my last OB appointment, and I was told that was normal towards the end of pregnancy. Later that week his heartbeat was pretty much his normal faster pace at the u/s place, and they said that was good, too. Who knows? Like I said, he just had lemonade. Yes, I'm the mom who worries about medical things, but apparently willing to give him sugar during nap time, LOL.

My first physical therapy appointment was this week as well. It was another difficult time with office staff as suddenly I "didn't" have an appointment and waited an hour and a half as a result...but I was really blessed to have an older woman in the waiting room with me who struck up a conversation about my pregnancy. She was really positive, had been through some things I had been through (apparently this is not the first season of pushing c-sections in our country), and even described her first child's birth...that husbands weren't even allowed in the room with the woman when she gave birth. I always sorta assumed the old B&W movies of the dad's smoking cigars waiting in front of the glass window to see their babies was more or less choice...common, but choice. I think it is so sad, and wondered if "science" has seen a dramatic increase of easier labors or healthier births once the father (or someone close) was allowed to accompany the woman through the process. Some hospitals will not allow the SO into the c-section/surgery room and some will. I don't think DH could do it - I haven't asked, but I would want him there. My last c-section I was alone only for the moment that the anesthesiologist put me under, and even that much was terrifying. I could do it now, only because I know what to expect...but no, I was under, I don't think they would do that again unless it was a true emergency...the program I was watching showed the women pretty alert and talking through it.

I've almost everything I need for the baby. There are some things I don't believe he'll need for the first few weeks of life, but I'm contemplating buying them now vs later so I don't have to take him out in cold and flu season. I suppose I could send my daughter or husband out for them later...but it's been fun picking things out myself. And there's always delivery, I suppose.

Today we're putting the finishing touches on the "nursery" area of our bedroom. We're taking an old rug to the drycleaners (vacuuming can only do so much...I want it brightened, too). And this weekend I'm committed to making progress on that coming home outfit I dropped by the wayside. We have to figure out a place for clothing...I didn't expect to have so much already, and thought a basket would contain everything...we don't have room for a dresser, but we do have him really close to bookshelves...two shelves are dedicated to his things, but I think I'll need to empty out just one more to make everything just so. (The cat has just discovered the crib and is trying to claim it...in a nice way...I'm just hoping she doesn't resort to spraying once the baby arrives. She did not like me removing her, and I have a feeling when I'm not here she nestles in there out of defiance. I'm glad I put a little throw down on top of it so pet hair/dander won't be a problem. Also in the crib process I realize I have completely forgotten how to fold multiple fitted sheets so they all "stack" properly. I wonder if there's a YouTube video for that? {chuckle}

Well, this posting is more or less a ramble more than an update...Less than 2 weeks to go. Last night at the wedding everyone was making the joke that I better not have the baby here. I told the MOB (mother of the bride) I would cross my legs. It was a nice ceremony, and it wasn't as tough as I thought it would be watching the young man that at one time would have / could have been my future SIL get married to another. The young girl in question is everything my daughter would have been without that hard edge she developed at the end. The bride is a sweet girl, who I think has had a great upbringing, is very humble, caring and genuinely kind. They are very young for marriage, but the two families love them very much and have retained the love of their children, and will be so supportive of them I know. The two of them, also, are so family centered (she has been a great big sister mommy to her younger siblings, and he has a tight relationship with his parents) and both are pretty serious (and growing) in their faith...it seems like they are on the same page with a lot of things. There's real joy there...and that was so pleasant to see. I look to my eldest daughter (and waiting for her announcement of engagement still) and think how lucky I am to see the joy her fellow has around her as well. So, all in all, while bittersweet and sometimes terrifying things are swirling around me, I do have a lot of blessings to look forward to, and a lot of things, if I can focus rightly, that bring comfort.

Subject: Re: 38 Weeks & 2 days: Watermelon sized & 13 days to go
Posted by [Tamara E](#) on Tue, 20 Dec 2011 11:47:34 GMT
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Jamie, I loved reading your update. I have so enjoyed "sharing" this amazing journey with you and I will be so excited when you actually are holding your little one in your arms! (Will you have time

to pop off a quick private message or public one on FB when you seriously go into labor? Who knows! But I am praying now for a safe, blessed delivery and healthy mama and healthy baby!

The Lord is still in control and over all the circumstances of your dear family and He changes hearts and heals wounds and performs miracles every day still. I'm trusting Jesus for healing and restoration --and for peace and comfort for you and your dh and dd in the meantime.

I'm praying you will not allow the enemy to rob you of a single second of joy as you have your precious baby and that you will all be so filled with thanksgiving and awe at this precious gift from God, that nothing can distract you from enjoying him to the fullest!

I am so excited for you! It won't be long now! :)

With love and hugs and continued prayers,
Tamara