Taylor Number 1 Son

Lisbeth Kitson

The day you came into this world you made your presence felt. It is forever etched in my mind and heart, a moment long awaited yet greatly feared. Like all the best things in life sometimes we have to wait a little longer. Wait for those kicks in utero to come to fruition. Waiting but not awoke to the deep-seated changes you would bring to my world. Waiting for the decisions to be made – a natural intervention, you would be induced. Overnight bag in hand, unsure of what to expect, my first soon to be son. I was greeted by a matter of fact midwife, distant, lacking empathy who over the course of time used several different attempts to bring you into this world. In the midst of this, concerned as to whether I would be able to deliver naturally my doctor sent me off to have xrays of my pelvis. All should be good they said. Yet the waiting still went on and you were not keen to come into this world. More decisions – an epidural and then a forceps delivery. Things started to get very real, very scary. Gowned up for theatre just in case, looking into the eyes of the pediatrician, McDreamy or at least a distant cousin of his, I felt a sense of calm sweep over me. And here you were. My funny little fish (a Pisces), looking very much like an alien with that extended forceps head, but fawned over by nurses and alike. A very handsome boy they told me, my number one son, Taylor.

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