

## The Birthing:

Had just brushed my teeth this morning when Raynaud came to the door and said his wife had "vant femal" or stomach pain. Since she was 9 months pregnant I wisely asked, for how long. "Since before church last night and all night" he said. I told him it would be good to get one of the midwives. He said one had gone to his garden and the other to Sylveste fishing. They have no family here AND this is her fifth...yes 5....baby! No translator so sent him to look for Louis as I put together a make shift Birthing Kit...complete with dental floss as we have no string. And a scalpel as we have no razor blades!! I also told God I needed some help as it has only been 25 years since I delivered a baby.

Got to the home and she was on the porch getting bathed by Wilters' wife who soon left to get Wilter to help communicate. Everything seemed normal and she had more experience than I did so I took a deep breath and decided it would just have to happen.

Contractions were close, almost constant but baby was high....we held hands (she crushed mine) as she asked God to help. She then asked me and Wilter to pray to God for her. We did!! Fast and furiously we prayed...me asking God to be present AND send some help!! We "amen-ed", I dried my eyes, a lady from Abamang came through the gate, the manman began to push, we sat her on a low stool, the lady supported her and a yucky, poopy covered little girl shot out into and through my hands. Of course the padded porch floor was only about 1/2 inch down. I left her there to tie the slimy cord with dental floss and cut the cord, with a sterile scalpel!

I was cleaning the babies face when the placenta delivered and manman began to bleed heavily!! I spazed and tried to get them to lay her down so I could massage the uterus but the "helper" was too intent on getting some other stuff I thought non essential!! Eventually, blood pouring, we lifted her to a porcelain potty as she had another contraction and delivered "the rest" of the placenta, and stopped the bleeding!!!

Now, another neighbor arrived, moved me and baby out of the way and proceeded to manhandle manman and take care of things in a knowing way. I cleaned and dressed the little girl who was more intent on sucking my knuckle than having a belly band. She wound up with an orange bonnet, pink stripped onesy and new blue socks.

Manman had a B/p lower than I liked which came up with some of Joes strong Irish Breakfast tea (not in birthing kit) and I came home to thank God for being there. I think "Her" name is Maria Lumia. Can you believe that name!! Mary of Light!! Why does God always surprise me when I'm too busy to notice!!!

Oh, by the way. We sure could use some of those birthing kits when the Kansas team comes!! A good clinic nearby would be good too....but "neighbors" are an answer to prayer.

*Shirley, sud la gonav, 29 avril, 2009 Thinking miracles! blog: <http://gbgmlagonave.blogspot.com>*

