

2 Steps Forward?

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Thirty-odd years ago, at the ripe age of 20 and a half, I woke up one morning three weeks prior to my first child's (Karley) due date, with my abdomen feeling very weird and hard as a rock. I called my neighbour (an "experienced" mother of two) and asked her if she would mind coming over to "check-out" my belly and tell me what was going on. Shortly after her visit, I ended up in the hospital with doctors buzzing around me trying to determine exactly what was happening and why.

It seems I was having very unusual contractions, (weirdly painful) lasting up to 40 minutes at a time and definitely NOT normal. Soon after they started me on an intravenous drip, they became more "normal", (less "weirdly" painful and just plain painful) and I went into the full throes of labour. Many hours, lots of pain and much cursing later, I produced the most beautiful, perfect baby girl I had ever laid eyes on. Seems an undetected (until two days later) kidney infection was causing my body to react in the "weirdly" painful way and was producing a premature labour (of sorts).

Well now, three weeks after some major abdominal surgery, my belly is mimicking those "weird" painful episodes, (minus the uterus) and I have been reduced to tears twice today already. The tears are partially from the pain and partially from my feelings of disappointment in myself for the "1 step backwards" that I feel I am taking. After trying to eliminate the chemicals from my body consumed in the past three weeks by way of anesthetics, painkillers and sleeping medication, these painful episodes are making it damned tempting to return to them. I am reminded that patience is a virtue, aging is a bitch and thank heavens for a heating pad and a wonderful husband!