



welcome  
TO THE WORLD

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ARTHUR GRAHAM, A BIRTH STORY

JUNE 14, 2018

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## ARTHUR GRAHAM

**Baby's Due Date:** *June 17, 2018*

**Baby's Birth Date:** *June 14, 2018*

**Time:** *12:53 pm*

**Weight:** *7 pounds, 6 ounces*

**Length:** *20.5 inches*



“The greater your storm, the brighter your rainbow”



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**L** eading up to your due date I was feeling good. Pregnancy had been fairly good to me, even the second time around, and I loved being pregnant. I had more nausea early on with you, which made me think I was having a girl. But mostly I was just grateful that you were OK. We lost a baby in between you and your brother Easton, so throughout pregnancy I was especially thankful that you were doing well.

As my due date approached, the doctors had told me they would like me to be induced sometime the week of your due date, since I was over age 35 and because your brother had been so big (8.8 lbs!). I didn't want to be induced because I knew those labors could be long and extra painful.

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I went in for my regular appointment on Wednesday and everything looked good, but they wanted me to come in that night to start the induction process. I asked if I could come in the following morning instead and they agreed.

Your Grandma Janet had come to help with Easton, and we all went out to eat Wednesday evening at The Hall. It was such a beautiful, warm summer day and I remember thinking that it was so strange to know I'd be having you the next day.

Thursday morning we said goodbye to Easton and Grandma Janet and headed downtown to Methodist Hospital around 7:30 a.m.

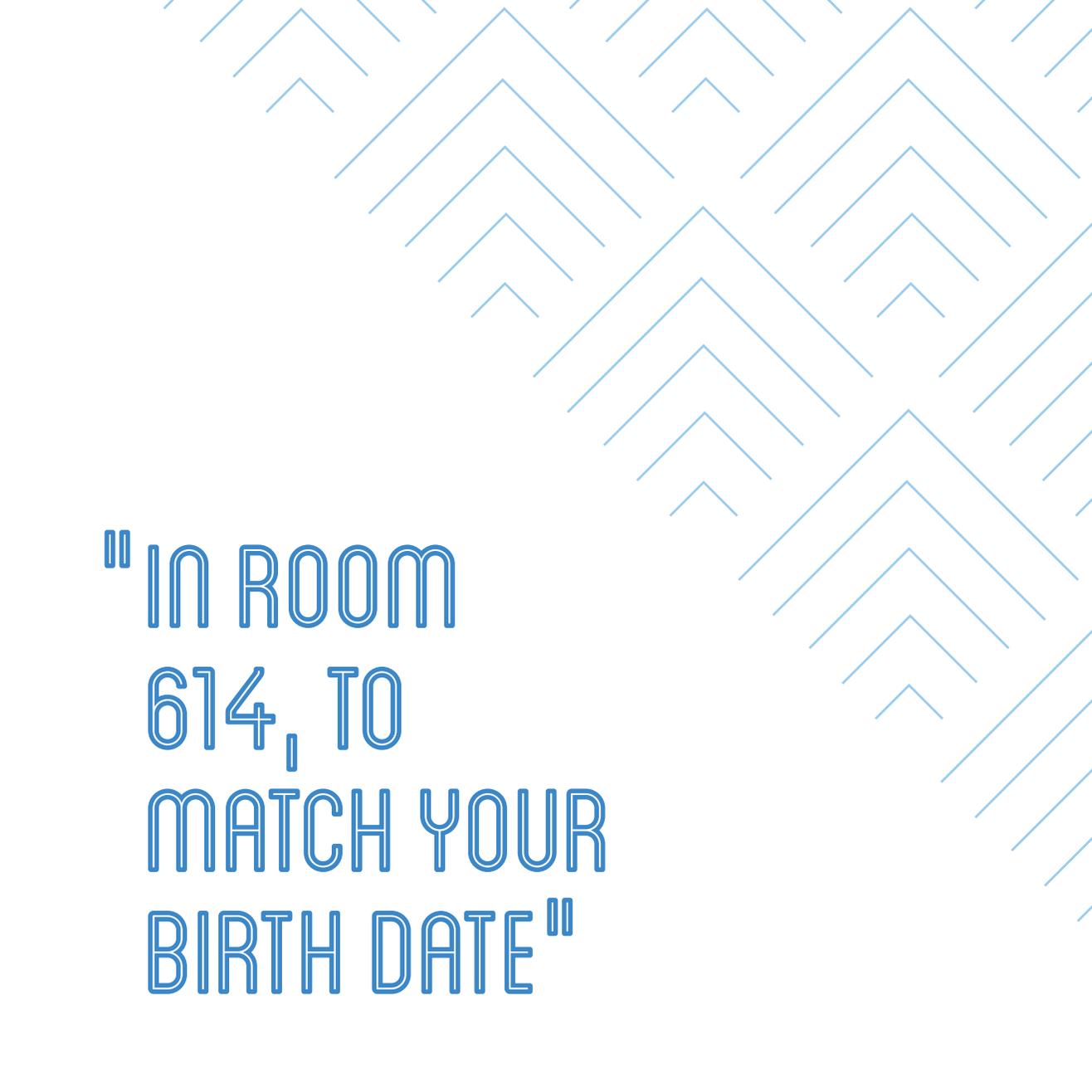
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My nurse's name was Erin, which was also the name of my OBGYN (Erin Lehman) from Lake View OBGYN. Thankfully, she was the doctor on call that day, too. The nurse and I joked because my best friend's name is also Erin, and my nurse had just found out she was pregnant.

We were on the fifth floor of Methodist facing south (in room 614, to match your birth date!), and as I labored I could see a big summer storm rolling in. The clouds were really dark and low, and I kept watching them as they approached.

Contractions were just starting to get a bit uncomfortable when they came in to ask me about getting an epidural. I wasn't sure about having one until the moment I decided. My doctor said something about having one with all of her kids and that they turned out fine, so I decided to go ahead.

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"IN ROOM  
614, TO  
MATCH YOUR  
BIRTH DATE"

About the time the epidural started to kick in, your dad was on the phone with Uncle Gregory talking about Burtek stuff. He hadn't had breakfast and was starting to get hungry. We talked with the nurse and she thought we had some time, so your dad headed off to Gateway Market to get some breakfast. Around 11:30 a.m. I decided to roll on my side and put a birth ball between my legs.

Shortly before your dad got back, I was starting to feel more pressure. When your

dad came back he was on the phone again. At that point I was starting to feel like I needed to push, so I snapped at him to get off the phone and go get the nurse. Nurse Erin came back in and took a look and told me I was ready to start pushing.

Once everyone was settled, I started pushing. I remember your dad was standing up by my head where he couldn't see anything. He's always white as a ghost in these situations and trying not to throw up because hospitals make him so nervous.



AND JUST LIKE THAT,  
YOU ARRIVED INTO THE  
WORLD AT 12:53 P.M.

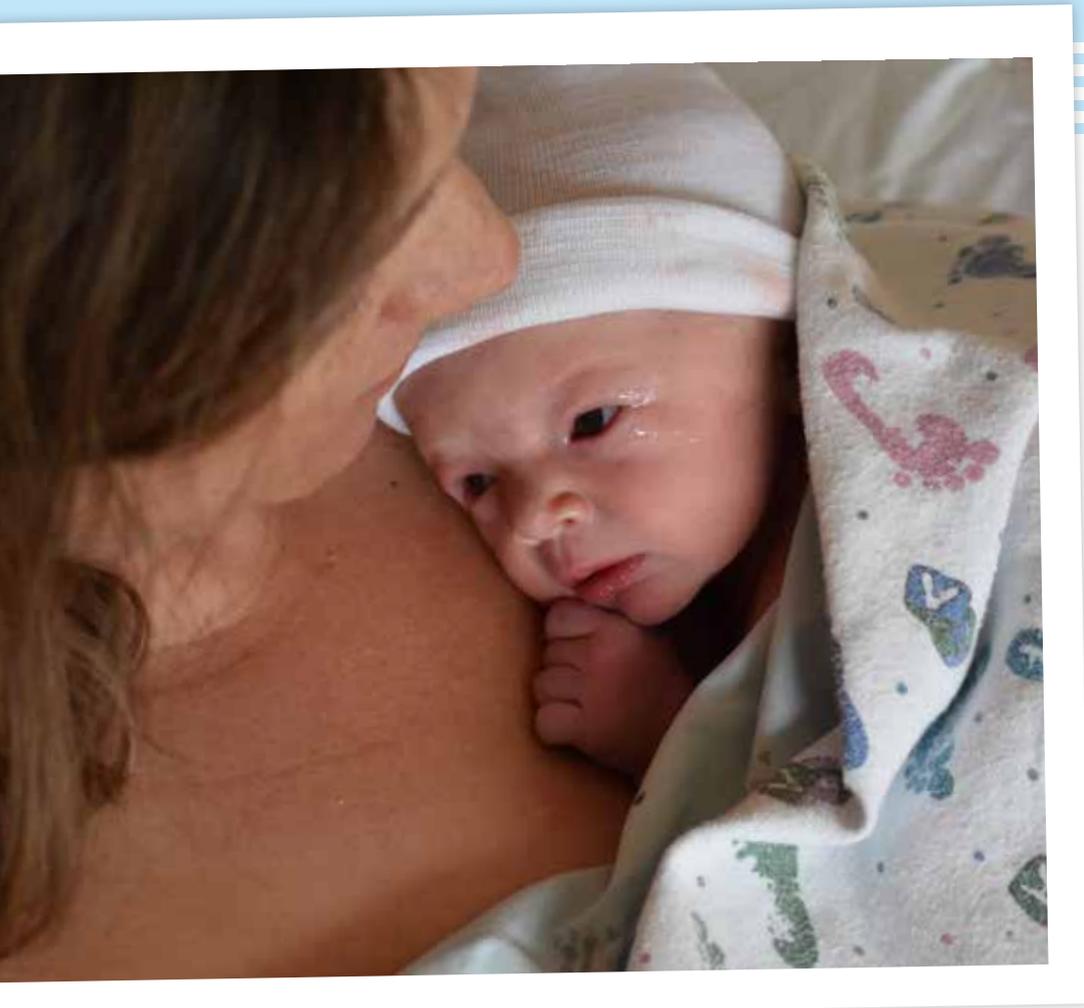
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I only had three rounds of contractions where I was pushing. I was accustomed to pushing so hard because of your brother, and Dr. Lehman actually told me to back off a bit.

And just like that, you arrived into the world at 12:53 p.m., a sweet rainbow born in the middle of a summer storm. You were ready to come out, and I was thankful for a fairly smooth and quick delivery.

I remember thinking that you looked a lot like Easton, but that your features were just a bit smaller. I looked at you and instantly fell in love. Your dad, of course, was crying, as he always does in these moments. I remember him saying “He’s just so cute. Precious,” and telling me I did great. “You were perfect,” he said.

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I was able to hold you skin to skin right after you were born, and felt more in control of the entire process, so I could hold you as long I wanted to. I knew I could make the decisions and there was no rush, which was a lovely feeling.

Your big brother and Grandma Janet came later that day to visit. Easton was probably more excited about being in the hospital and sitting in the window seat than about meeting you. He was old enough to understand that you were coming, but not old enough to understand how his life was going to change.

Your birth was a lot more calm and serene than that of your big brother. I was so happy you had arrived and that everything worked out the way it was supposed to.



Welcome to the world my  
sweet Arthur Graham.

*We're so glad you're here.*

BIRTH STORY BY:



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Sweet Beginnings

By Kavi

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