

Written by

[Elizabeth](#)



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[Hot Mamas](#), As I type this week's article, I am NURSING a NEWBORN!!

I did not think I would be typing that statement for at least another two weeks. However, this little booger decided to make an early entrance into the world. Click below to view a slideshow of our amazing homebirth experience.

Friday morning, November 22, 2013, I began having contractions. Running Man had arrived at work and received my phone call within ten minutes of sitting down. I told him the situation, but not to worry, I thought it was a false alarm but to head home so I can sleep it off. He made it home and watched the kids while I lay down. The contractions stayed strong at 7-8 minutes apart. All I could think about was how far along I was: 37 weeks 4 days. While 37 weeks is "term," technically it is not "Full Term" anymore. I knew I was in my window and the baby would be fine, but I wanted a plump butterball baby... a 39-40 weeker! This little one had other plans. After laying down for an hour, I informed Running Man that things were not slowing down and we should notify the midwife, photographer, and friend who would help with the kids. We started the ball moving on prepping the house, the tub, the kids. Everyone started arriving a little after 1:00pm. I was 4cm and in active labor. The tub was being filled and contractions were rolling. I was very comfortable using the birth ball on the floor and having Running Man lift my hips with each contraction. I knew, however, the moment I would stand up, the labor would take off. I was delaying the inevitable by staying on the floor. I had to get over the mental block of having a 37 weeker. I had to give in and let go. Running Man convinced me to let gravity aid the contractions and got me to my feet. Within ten steps I had three contractions. At that point, there was no turning back. As I hit transition, I was 8 cm and laboring hard. The pain was intense, but I had the greatest coach on the planet. Seriously, Running Man is my rock. He never left my side, held me up when I couldn't stand, brushed my tears from my face, and strengthened my thoughts when they started to doubt. Brother Bear and Red Bird were never far away. They comforted me and gave me such love and focus. I am blessed beyond words.

I stripped off my clothing and climbed into the birth tub. Second stage (pushing) was just as painful and hard as I remembered. I knew I was so close, but the intensity of having the body push is very overwhelming to me. My water broke and before I could control the next push, I was grabbing a baby from the water and pulling him to my chest. Red Bird and Brother Bear were in the tub with me and squealing with delight! They had a little brother!

What a wonderful experience. New Baby is healthy, nursing around the clock, cuddling on me, and as gorgeous as babies come. We are all so blessed and excited to have him here!

As for the workout session this week: I'll be taking a hiatus and cuddling a little, sweet smelling baby boy! But for the rest of you... (hehehe).... Drop and give me 20!!!

Keep going with what you are doing, but watch what is going on your plate. The holidays are here and it is okay to indulge, but do so with the knowledge of what you are doing. Enjoy an extra walk, a family soccer game, or even a game of tag. Go outside, enjoy your family, celebrate and be happy. Do not plant your butt on the couch and lose out on wonderful memories and exercise!

Until next time mamas!

Xoxo

Elizabeth MacDonald

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