

## **6 - Born at Home: Added by Leonard**

The 8<sup>th</sup> August 1987 was pretty much like every day in the Life of a working Husband and Father.

I was working for a Security Alarm Reaction Company in Gallo Manor, Sandton as a Paramedic/Reaction Officer

The Shifts were long.

From either 7am to 7pm (day Shift) or 7pm to 7am (Night Shift) What I suppose made it worse was we did not have a car and we lived in Windsor Park Randburg.

A very good friend of mine had loaned me his car. A little Ford Escort. And a colleague asked to use it for a few hours to run an errand and then disappeared with it for about a week to the Free State.

I eventually arrived home that night probably after 8pm. There was no direct bus or train transportation. So hiking was the only option.

I probably had a quick dinner, bath knowing I would have to be on the road by 5:30am the next morning to get to work.

Salome' was very pregnant and was not feeling very well. I was too exhausted to pay too much attention and collapsed in bed for a very much needed good night's sleep.

Around 4am the next morning. The 9<sup>th</sup> August, I was awakened by Salome'.

Still 45 minutes left to sleep and Salome' is muttering something about having a Baby.

Yeah, sure.... I'm gonna have a baby if I can't get the next 45 minutes sleep. Is something I probably would have muttered?

The moans and cries started become annoying and I just had to open my eyes to see what all the fuss was. I was becoming increasingly concerned that soon I was going to have the neighbours beating the door down wondering what I was doing to Salome'.

Salome' is sitting upright in bed against the wall breathing as if every breath she was taking would be her last.

Something suddenly came to mind. I had seen this kind of behaviour before.

And then it dawned on me. In my years as a Paramedic I had twice witnessed this rather strange behaviour. This would be the third time.

Yes, definitely. "SHE WAS HAVING A BABY.....!" Right here in Bed...!

That got my attention and had me out of bed in a flash.

I would have preferred a tender touch and kiss and soft caring explanation that birth was imminent.

But No...! Apparently that is not how it works when your husband is still fast asleep and Salome' is about to give birth.

Our 1 & half year old son was still fast asleep in the next room.

A quick look at the watch and a check of the contractions periods.

Nope ...this was not going to work. Salome' just would not sit still long enough.

I shouldn't have bothered. The next minute Salome' is trying to get up. Her bladder is full she mutters and she must get to the toilet.

Salome' reaches the end of the bed and collapses on the bed again in pain.

Almost immediately, I feel the bedding become soaked in a warm liquid.

Her water had broken.

My Paramedic training kicked in (Thank you to the Transvaal Government for paying for this training)

I grabbed my "Jump Box". Any paramedic worth his salt would have systematically stolen supplies here and there over the years to build his very own "Jump Box". I had mine. Compliments of all the Hospitals wherever I took patients too.

Salome' was now on her back. Legs spread apart.

There introducing herself to me was my soon to be Brand New "Youngest Daughter"

The Birth was quick.

Out she came.

Clean the nasal (Nose) passage ways .

Three clamps on the Umbilicus.

A quick snip with a sharp Scalpel and our "Youngest daughter" has just joined the world.

Salome' starting to scream softer now.

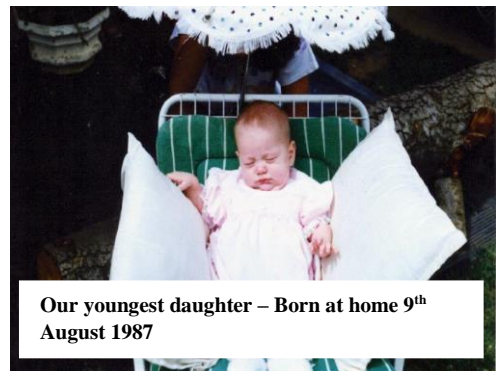
"What is it..?" Salome' Cried

"A Baby...!" I responded just as quickly.

I was struggling a bit here. Our Youngest Daughter had not breathed yet and her lips were turning a shade of blue which, although my favourite colour, it was not the colour I wanted to see right now.

A feeble attempt to blow in her face did not work.

I remember the training. You cannot give a New Born Baby CPR. The membrane of the lungs are still too soft. The size of the lungs also cannot handle the volume of air under any form of pressure.



For some reason I did the Grab the baby by the legs and turn upside down thing. Again, Training teaches we must not do this. But they always seem to do it in the movies and I would try anything now.

This was not working either.

I cradled her along the length of my arm. I was going for the nose and mouth with my mouth

One way or another she is going to get Oxygen. I came close to her face and blew hard against her just one last time.

There was a sound.

A strange sound which I cannot describe.

Then the face contorted.

Wow....! Her 1<sup>st</sup> expression of “I am not happy with this treatment” of which through the years I would see it many more times.

Our Youngest Daughter had started breathing.

Those sweetest lips were getting some healthy colour.

All this time Salome' was taking a nap. Well it sure looked that way. Salome' was absolutely exhausted.

(Salome' had been dealing with contraction since the late evening and i was not attentive enough to realise this).

Realising it was not over yet. And the worst was yet to come.

I handed our Brand New Youngest Daughter to Salome' and cleaned up as the rest of the “Placenta discharged itself”

Then it was down to the Caretaker to call for an Ambulance and drop our son off for an impromptu day care.

By the time the Ambulance arrived Salome' and our Youngest Daughter were sitting in the Lounge patiently waiting to go to Hospital.

The trip to Johannesburg General Hospital (Our Youngest daughter would spend many months there when she was two years old. Read the testimony – House on Fire) Was rather quick.

On arrival, Mother and Daughter were taken to Maternity and I had to complete the paperwork for admission.

It was with pride, when at the section on the paperwork asking the name of Doctor/Midwife.

I very carefully and in the neatest handwriting I could possibly write, I wrote “My Name.....”

The very sweet admissions lady assisting me looked up and exclaimed “Really...!”

“Yes” I replied. “Really...!”

A few moments later I was being congratulated by all the admission staff.

I am sure if there were any Cuban Cigars there these would have been handed around as well.

After completing the Paper work and phoning the Boss to tell him why I was not at work yet. I managed to get to the bedside of Salome'. She was falling asleep and our Youngest Daughter had already dozed off.

Gosh... And I was the one that wanted that little extra 45 minutes sleep.

I kissed Salome' good bye that morning and walked out of the Hospital a very proud Dad.

Arriving back at the flat the task of cleaning up awaited me.

In rushing off to the Hospital in the Ambulance I merely threw the bedding in the bath.

The mattress was well soiled with the effects of the birth.

Between the Bathroom and the Bedroom a very distinct trail was seen on the floor.

This was a Job I really was not looking forward too.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

I opened the door and standing there was my very good friend. The same one whose car I had managed to lose.

He walked in and took one look at the flat, I could immediately see what was going through his head.

Blood on the floor.

The bed soaked in Blood.

The Linen in the bath soaked in Blood.

I really think he was looking around for a body.

I had to very quickly explain that Salome' had given birth in the early hours of that morning.

And she was now in Hospital with our Youngest Daughter. Somehow, I wonder if he believed me.

The scene was really like out of a Police Crime Novel.

This was a very memorable day and I Thank Salome' for the faith in me and the privilege of allowing me to deliver our Youngest Daughter.

Each Child has an Angel. Our Youngest Daughter's Angel appeared when her 1<sup>st</sup> Breath was taken.

This same Angel had quite a journey ahead with events which would later unfold with our Youngest Daughter only two years later

To Salome', What an amazingly Strong Woman you are.

To our Youngest Daughter, Thank you for letting Dad have the privilege of being the very 1<sup>st</sup> Human to ever have touched you and experience your very 1<sup>st</sup> Breath.

Our Youngest Daughter has been married for over 14 years and has blessed us with two awesome grand-sons.

**All information supplied herein is truthful and fact.**

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