

## Slow Birthing in a Fast World

*Claudia Villeneuve*

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I am fast person. I like multi-tasking. I like lists. I like checking items off. I can do many things at the same time. Typical woman. My husband is awed. Gets tired just looking at me. I went back to work after maternity leave. I chose to go back. I am in pipeline construction. I am a project manager. Go, go, go. I got my laptop, my cell phone, my lists. I volunteer too, running a local nonprofit. I host childbirth classes. I have 3 kids. I find time to exercise. I feel useful. I am in control. I am contributing.

Then I stop. I remember the births of my children...the world is different all of a sudden. My brain stops running. My body relaxes. To think about birth requires I slow down. The labour begins. A contraction here, a contraction there. I still can talk. I eat. I drink. Contractions are coming closer. I cannot do other things. I need to stop. I need to close my eyes. It is dark, nice. I need to breathe. The pain is a constant companion. I need to open. What time is it. Is it day or night. I read about this, I remember this. Slow down. Slow down. I forget I am having a baby. I just need to take it one surge at a time. There are no lists here. There is no multi-tasking here. My husband is bored. I am bored too. Then I remember. Breathe. Breathe. Don't control this. I want to succeed. Let it go. The baby is coming. One last push and it will all be over. My power is back. In a fast world, I can always go back there. To the birth of my children.

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