

EXPLORATION 8: I DONT KNOW NOTHIN BOUT BIRTHIN NO BABIES pdf

1: It's Labor Day, or I don't know nothin' about birthin' babies. "no" comehellow

The quote that OP listed is WRONG, though. She didn't say she didn't know nothin' about birthin' NO babies. The "no" has been added in over the years as slang, Ebonics and the like have permeated our culture.

Miss Scarlet, Miss Scarlet Robby thinks I have her attitude There are many lines that I enjoy quoting from the movie. However, one of my favorite parts is when Prissy comes sauntering home, humming after Scarlet has sent her to fetch a doctor for Miss Melanie who is giving birth. What exactly DID they know about babies? It was Monday evening and I had just returned from a class at the gym. Arriving home, I found that Robby had prepared some home made sushi we empty-nesters tend to try new things like this. We had a quiet, leisurely meal together and were just settling in for the evening. As I snuggled down into my big overstuffed chair with my 2 doxies, the phone rang. Robby answered it and I could hear him attempting to offer some sort of instructions concerning a baby Parker. I took a brief moment to savor this admission and finally said, "What seems to be the problem? The minute they would put her down, she would wake up crying. Whenever they picked her up, she stopped crying. When he got on the the phone, I asked, "Did you give her a pacifier? Well, it seemed that the nurses at the hospital had told them not to give her one for 3 weeks I had this visual image of them with a calendar I thought, just as you were ready to leap off of a cliff from insanity, you could give them a pacifier; makes sense to me I asked if he would like for me to come over to help get her settled. He said he did and I told him to boil it I was on my way. It was about 9: I was now wishing that I had not had that extra glass of wine. Upon arriving, I found that Justin indeed had a paci We boiled an entire pot of them. I then moved up the stairs toward the sound of crying. Entering the bedroom, I found Sarah looking totally haggard from trying to manage this new little person. I guess I took it for granted that they would. By their age, I had 4 children. Since the age of 12 or 13, I had been a baby-sitter, so motherhood had just come naturally and easy for me. I decided to start from scratch. After all, she was only 3 days old The next thing I explained was perhaps not the advice that a health care professional would offer, but the advice of a mom with previous real life experiences; no book or class can prepare you for some things. Although the nurses were well-meaning, I had to tell her to allow common sense and instinct to prevail. Perhaps the nurses were simply advising her on things that they had been trained to do; they may not even have a child of their own Now, the nursery was set up beautifully, but Parker was having none of that "sleeping in her own room" business. Oh, I even tried playing the music on the mobile that hung over her crib after explaining WHAT a mobile was and then having Justin search for some batteries for it. When the music began to play, I had to wonder I turned it off. I inquired if there was anywhere Parker had slept during the day that made her happy; Justin indicated the swing. So, up the stairs Justin went with the swing. It had a musical button on it as well We were exhausted, but strangely content at having been able to help with the new little member of our family. I had to sneak up the stairs to take a peek at it. The little bed where my new grand daughter laid her head to sleep at night was 48 years old. It had been my baby bed and each of my 4 children had also slept in it when I brought them home from the hospital. The thought of that brought a smile to my face as I ran my hand along the wooden rail. Parker would be the 3rd generation of babies to sleep in this little crib; that made me happy.

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2: "I don't know nothin' 'bout birthing babies, Miss Scarlett!" -

"I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' no babies," I said. The nurse laughed. "You did a pretty good job over there for not knowing what you were doing." I gulped. All.

I was the baby of my family by seven years. My parents and brother even refer to me as "the baby. I learned all I could about pregnancy during its duration and read the Bradley Method natural childbirth book; however, none of it fully prepared me for the actual event, as the title of this post indicates which is a quote I borrowed from Ms. I checked in at Piedmont Hospital at 9 a. My amniotic fluid was starting to get low, as I was four days past my due date. Our midwife wanted to see if we could get labor started with Cervadil, which softens the cervix so it can dilate. The day before, I was only dilated to 1 centimeter, and you have to get to 10 before you can even start to push the baby out. Labor is really just contractions of the uterus working to open the cervix those 10 centimeters. If you eat the eggplant parmesan and give birth within 48 hours, your baby is a member of the 2nd Generation Club -- [http:](http://) At the hospital, the Cervadil was administered at 11 a. The plan was to leave the Cervadil in for 11 hours, then to put another Cervadil in and wait another 11 hours. I really did not want to go that route, as my midwife well knew, so we were all hoping for the best with the more conservative course of action of Cervadil. I had been having some contractions, but they were not terribly painful or frequent. The nurses told us our baby would hopefully be born sometime in the next few days. Fox and I settled in with Season 1 of Arrested Development and got to waiting. It caused the Cervadil strip to fall out though. My contractions were much more regular at this point, and I was hopeful we were making progress. Judith, my midwife, came in around 5: However, since my water had broken, and I was having regular contractions, she moved me to a labor and delivery room at 5: Fox and I got back to watching Arrested Development. The contractions got stronger, so we started walking around the hospital, which I had read was helpful in both dealing with contractions and moving the baby along. It was great to be able to move around. That is another benefit of not having pain medication administered, which confines you to a bed. I had gotten incredibly nauseated and started barfing. That was not pleasant. I also started to get very hot during my contractions and very cold in between them -- so cold that I would shake pretty violently. There were at least three minutes between each contraction though, so I could rest during that time. There were at least three other births going on that involved my midwife, so I had not been checked since 5: The contractions were coming one on top of the next with no breaks in between and had been for a little while. I was starting to feel the effects of staying up late the last three nights with Kerouac, and I was worn out physically and emotionally. I was just laying on my side on the couch in my room, trying to be as limp as possible and trying to send my brain to a very calm place. I told him I had to have the epidural so I could sleep through the night or else I was going to end up with a c-section because I was too tired to push. He had been trying so hard to reassure me during this last hour and a half that had been so difficult. He would rub my back and tell me I was doing great, but he had no idea how far along I was either. He went to find Judith, but she was attending to another birth and there was no one else around to check my progress. Fox finally found a nurse who said that a bag of hydrating fluids would have to be administered before I could get an epidural, so she started that going and said it would take 20 minutes. This was at Luckily, word had finally gotten to Judith that I was asking for an epidural, so I think she knew it must be pretty bad for me. She checked my progress. I was at 9 centimeters. I was on the bathroom floor on my hands and knees working through another series of contractions, but I heard Fox talking to Judith. She said it would be before midnight whether we liked it or not. She started running a bath for me in which to finish my labor. I got up to go to the bathroom before I got into the tub. Fox helped me to the bed, and I laid on my left side. I was feeling really good because the contractions had stopped. They had been replaced by a feeling of intense pressure, which though uncomfortable, was a good sign. Judith told me to tell her when I started to feel ready to push and to put my chin to my chest and curl around my stomach. Fox held my left hand, standing on top of the towel that was covering my barf. I held my right knee to my chest and got ready to give my first push. At this point, Fox remembered the birth mix and turned it on. I probably pushed 6 times with about five minute breaks in between. I gave the biggest push yet and wow, did it

ever burn. The worst part about pushing was knowing that as soon as you stopped, you lost some of your progress, as the baby slipped back some. I knew this would be my last push. I was not going to relax until she was out this time. I rested all through "I Will. If I thought the last push burned, I was wrong. I felt her head crown, and I stopped pushing. This is known as the "ring of fire" and once you get there, you are supposedly home free because her head will not slip back once it crowns. You are supposed to stop pushing to give yourself a little time to stretch. I looked down and could see the top of her head. I thought it was over at that point, but unlike most babies, ours had shoulders wider than the circumference of her head. That part was unpleasant. Fox told me what I said shrieked? After the shoulders, everything was magic. Annabel Jane Fox had entered the world at We spent an hour together, skin to skin, while Fox cut the cord, I delivered the placenta, got two stitches. She started nursing within 20 minutes of being born. She was very alert but did not cry -- she merely seemed to take it all in. I just felt very calm yet exhilarated. Once those shoulders were out, I felt amazing.

3: Actress Butterfly McQueen Is Killed in Fiery Accident - latimes

I don't care in the sense that I don't care where Obama was born and I have no reason to doubt that he was born in Hawaii (lucky sod, Hawaii is one place I'd LOVE to visit).

I took a deep breath. I really wanted to be there, but was it really my place since I knew my brother would be there, and I was sure she would want her Mom there, and my Mom as well. I clutched the phone. My sister in law accepted me with no hesitation when she started dating my brother. I woke up early and made the 3 hour drive home. I hesitantly made my way to Maternity. Each step gave me yet another bout of insecurity and what ifs. What if I puked all over the delivery room? What if I fainted and hit my head-- or worse yet, broke a valuable piece of equipment. When I got to the room, I gave my sister in law the gifts I had picked out for her and the baby. She gave me the update. I think my brother told me to shut up about 4 times. We sat and waited. We munched food from the vending machine, watched the Yankees win a baseball game. I drove Dad home. I walked the dog. I stopped at the store and got my brother some dinner. I got back to the hospital and waited some more. I crocheted the baby afghan I was working on. The doctor ordered Pitocin. My Mom called from her business trip, wanting to know the progress of things. I no sooner got "Nothing is happening" out of my mouth before my sister in law let out this horrible scream. It was like the bad car wreck. I saw this beautiful little face appear with the next push. Then I saw the doctor suctioning the nose and mouth. I smiled to myself. One of my earlier duties was filling out the birth certificate. My sister in law told me to leave the name part blank till she knew the gender. I had filled in Alexa Richelle about two hours before. Everyone else assumed she was having a boy, but I had a feeling. I followed the nurse over to the radiant warmer. I looked down and took a good long look at this beautiful little human. I counted fingers, toes, eyes, nose, mouth. I gave her the deer in the headlight look. All I did was hold the foot. I made it through.

4: Gone with the Wind () - Quotes - IMDb

I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies!" Her distinctive, high-pitched voice was noted by a critic who described it as "the itsy-little voice fading over the far horizon of comprehension". [4] While the role is well known to audiences, McQueen did not enjoy playing the part and felt it was demeaning to African-Americans.

I apologize for the delay in this post. My transition into motherhood cut into my blogging time. It is really weird saying that. My pregnancy went so quickly and my delivery was even faster. In fact, it was seven minutes. To this day, I still struggle with the emotions from that day. Here is the story of how Hope came into this world and why I am so grateful for each step along the way. Since I was overdue at nearly 41 weeks, I had to start having twice-weekly fetal monitoring appointments. The first one went smoothly, and at the second I felt my baby girl bouncing around like it was a party. I assumed everything was going swimmingly and I would be meeting up with my cousin for some afternoon shopping as planned. The nurse came in and was reviewing my printout, then she stepped away without saying a word and I heard her make a call requesting a doctor. When she came back just a minute later I asked if everything was OK. She said she needed to have the doctor look at the data but it was probably fine. I had two options: They agreed to hold off on the induction until Andy could arrive and I was also able to ask my cousin to pickup my hospital bag and phone charger. Once Andy showed up making the drive from Irvine in record time and my cousin dropped off my things I started to feel a whole lot better. I was eager to meet our girl. I responded very well to the Pitocin. My contractions started getting strong very quickly, but in the wee hours of the morning my labor stalled totally normal. I was still having strong contractions but nothing was changing. When I was stuck around 3 cm for several hours, the doctor came in and asked to break my water. She mentioned it would likely go very quickly once it was broken. I told her I needed some time to think it over, meaning I needed to call my mother-in-law for advice. She said to follow my own instincts good advice. No matter what I chose no one was going to be able to sleep any more so they joined us at the hospital they had opted to drive down once we told them we were admitted. The anesthesiologist had conveniently for me a small break while waiting to go into a surgery. I will say this: My scoliosis prevented me from being able to curve my spine correctly so it took longer and was more painful than normal. At least with the pain of contractions I knew what my body was up to and it felt productive. It turns out, my body was being very productive because by the time they came into break my water I had progressed to 5cm. The doctor said that with the progress I made the delivery would likely go very fast. I was super excited to meet our little girl so I forgot all about the tingling in my heavy legs. While they were checking vitals and breaking my water the midwife took a minute to explain to me what would happen if there were any complications. I suspect she did this because the external fetal monitor was showing Hope had a slowed heart rate. She explained that it would be scary but I needed to relax and understand that I was in good hands. Everything was suddenly a blur. The whole hospital swarmed into my room. There were literally lights and sirens going off in the halls. Everyone was shouting out acronyms and numbers as they disconnected me from the machines. Time seemed to stand still as I looked over at Andy. I have never seen him so afraid in my life. I reached for him and he kissed me just as they rushed me out of the room. I felt like I was in a movie; there were a dozen people running along side me as they raced down the hall. When we entered the operating room and were waiting for the surgeon it was very calm and someone was explaining how the epidural should suffice to perform the surgery when they were cut off by one of the other medical staff yelling, "No, Code Pink. Take some deep breaths and count to five. I kept worrying about Andy and our baby. There was a very kind nurse who placed his hands on my shoulders and was talking very softly in my ear saying everything was going to be OK and when I woke up I would have my baby. It was the only comfort I had during the most terrifying time of my life and I wish I could thank him directly for being there for me. It turned out our beautiful healthy baby was tangled up in her umbilical cord. It was around her neck twice and over her shoulder so as she worked her way down the cord was pulling tighter and strangling her. You see why I am SO grateful for modern medicine? If we had been at home, we may not have survived. The Kaiser staff was incredible and helped deliver our baby safely and got us both back to Daddy in perfect health. Luckily,

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Andy was allowed to go see her in there and keep her company. The hospital was very cautious, so I only got to see Hope for a minute on the way to the recovery room, then I had to wait almost eight hours for her to join me in my room. It was the longest eight hours of my life. The first moment I held our daughter. Recovery has been OK. It took the full 8 weeks but I am feeling great and have healed up nicely. Hope is now over three months old! She is so amazing. Most of all, we are just happy she is healthy.

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5: The Foxes Three: I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies

*Butterfly McQueen doesn't know nothin' bout birthin' babies. ** I HAVE NO RIGHTS. Owned by Warner Brothers **Clip from Gone With The Wind.*

Does it count for me? Or do I need to lock myself away, hidden from sight in my shame, from the employed who got the day off? See, there I go. I feel like such a fraud! I do work full-time, at a great number of things. Anxiety is a full-time job, as is depression. Both involve regarding messes others have made that I must clean up, a few of my own due to clumsiness, and wide-awake moments of dismay: Actually, anything involving The Male Sibling Unit is, indeed, a full-time job, whether it be as his caregiver, friend, or family. Yeah, I used to think Labor Day was a day in which all babies were born. Granted, I was like, 4, but it seemed to make sense before I grasped that we all had unique birth dates. It was a yearly custom in our house to watch it and, indeed, in many. My mom would switch it on at the start on Sunday night and, I shit you not, that TV would stay on throughout the night. Mind you, we slept, but the TV and I assumed Jerry did not. It was exciting to see celebrities on there, performing their hearts out, and then it would get boring and I would drift off to find something else to do. I especially hated when they would switch to the local station affiliates and their own versions of the telethon because who the fuck wanted to see news anchors we saw every day? You could bet on it and win. I know the Labor Day Telethon is no longer held, because Mr. We could probably use that mainstay again. The climate is changing in our region and in others; Montreal sorry, you happy Canadians, for this decidedly unhappy discovery of the vile little tentacles of stench now has stinkbugs. The heat is rising in politics, in human rights, and in general, every aspect of life; it is also rising on our maps, too. So, on this Labor Day, crack a cold one and hold it against your forehead. Cook on the grill and enjoy your pools, your Netflix binges, and each other. Tomorrow, you can put on some white shoes and head off to work, where the heat is on and life will continue pretty much as it has been. I am extra, and then some.

6: Pekema Projects: I don't know nothin' bout birthin' no babies

I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies. Get all the details, meaning, context, and even a pretentious factor for good measure. Quotes - I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies.

7: What Movie Is The Quote "I Don't Know Nothin Bout Birthing No Babies" from? | Yahoo Answers

I thought I'd take advantage of the Labor Day holiday to write a blog. Wait. I'm currently unemployed. Does it count for me? Am I permitted to take advantage of all of the "perks" of a federal holiday?

8: Don't Know Nothin Bout Birthin Babies: Cultural Implications by Emma Bertolaet on Prezi

Facebook; Pinterest; Instagram; Twitter; Email.

9: Butterfly McQueen - Wikipedia

Years ago, as Publisher of Richmond LifeStyle Magazine, when we launched our inaugural issue my editor's introduction mentioned something about birthing a magazine was like birthing a baby.

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