**[How We Bring Our Children Into This World.](http://greenergrassmama.blogspot.com/2011/04/how-we-bring-our-children-into-this.html)**

**Blog post by Catherine Converse**

**http://greenergrassmama.blogspot.com/**

In lieu of my birthday this week, it got me thinking about, well, birth.  
  
I didn't give much thought to child development, behavior, and psychology until I had one growing inside of me. But four kids later, I can't help but wonder how much of their development, behaviors, and psychology is determined by how we bring them into this world. How much do the choices we make for them in the beginning affect how they turn out in the end?  
  
Well, there's no doubt that this is a very deep, complex, comprehensive topic full of scientific research and statistics. For example, if you look up 'Natural Childbirth' on Wiki, you can find stats like, "A recent study revealed the rates of medical intervention in childbirth in the U.S. found that 93% of mothers used electronic fetal monitoring; 63% used epidurals; 55% had their membranes ruptured; 53% received oxytocin to stimulate labor progress; and 52% received episiotomies." And then you can say, great, but how did these women *feel* their choice impacted the future of their child? And, how are those kids doing now. Well, there are a gazillion of online communities that have another gazillion differing opinions on that subject. And let's face it, most kids who came into this world by a calm, drugged-up mother are just potentially brilliant as the one who was pushed out with momma on her hands and knees, wailing in pain, flailing her arms and legs in utter disillusion, and screaming for God to just 'take her now'.   
  
At www.givingbirthnaturally.com, they offer up all the reasons, that are stated as factual and not opinion, why I chose to have my first baby naturally. I was in a hospital, but I received no medical intervention. Check it out at http://www.givingbirthnaturally.com/birthing.html. They say at the bottom of the page that they hope these facts are disturbing. Well, of course they are, but so is the hair that grows out of my mole that I don't see for about a month. We get a little overcome by all that is going on in our lives that we miss the details every now and then, even on the truly important things. Not to mention that some of us are just wimps.  
  
So rather than get into all that, let's just discuss it from how we mothers, on a day-to-day reality-check basis, must deal with our children's arrival, and the thereafter. Let's find where the grass is greener when it comes to that crucial moment of saying hello to that human being that you suddenly love more than anything else in the whole world, and knowing that everything you just did in the process has an everlasting effect.   
  
I will do so by giving personal examples.  
  
My first child, as I mentioned before, was a natural birth. Not a home birth, but one free of drugs, tools, and machines. Just me and the hands of my midwife. I was the woman described earlier. You could hear me for miles. I'm pretty sure I saw one nurse covering her ears. My daughter faught my urges for her to enter this world, getting a shoulder stuck and just hanging out when I was at a 10. She took her sweet time. She wanted to come into this world perfect; and what do you know, afterwards all everyone could comfort me with, despite all my pain and misery and exhaustion, was that I had a TEXTBOOK labor. Well, woohoo.  
  
To this day, her teacher's say she takes such time and caution with her work. She can navigate any situation with ease, stay in the driver's seat, and doesn't feel the pressure to be hurried. She is a perfectionist, and will work through her frustration to get it right. Yet she is compassionate, and kind. When it comes to the supposed myths of birth order of the first child and the type A personality, she's textbook.  
  
The second time around, I didn't want to go all nat-u-ral, but I couldn't convince myself to do the epidural. So I labored for hours and hours and finally got the intrathecal; just a spinal block. Ahhhhhhhhhh! Baby came three hours later. It had worn off then, so the end had a bit of a bite to it, but at least I had some relief prior to it, a calm before the storm.   
  
This child has compassion and a sweetness undefined, and many people comment about her being 'an old person in a young person's body." However, she is not passive. You mess with her or her friends and family and she 'bites' back. Hmmmm.  
  
Number three. Okay, I must admit, I just wanted to be reading people magazine and, boom, out pops the babe. So I got the epidural. But surprise, surprise, it didn't work. So my right leg was high as a kite but my birth canal was on fire. The epidural didn't cooperate, and guess what, neither does my third child. But she's still precious and only three years old, so let's just call her 'spirited'.  
  
Here we come to the euphoric ending. My fourth. My only boy. This time, I was reading People magazine, and my midwife came to check me and said, "oh, well there's a head". Peaceful. Easy. Lovely. Quiet. Instantly breastfed with ease. And at 5-months old, he is still all of these things. Thank you, God!  
  
So, in regards to point #1, does our childbirth choice affect our babies. I'd have to say yes, it does. For point #2, where is the grass greener in childbirth choices, I'd still have to say that it's debatable and personal, but for me, and remember, I'm a wimp, the fourth time was a charm. And despite four totally different birth experiences, I have four charming children.