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If It Hurts, Come In

By Kendra Price

"Babe, you have to come back to Elk. I can't kick this pain and my water broke!"

That is how mine and Coy's phone call went on April 27th, 2010, at 7:15 a.m. I had been up since about 3 a.m. and at 5 a.m. Coy reminded me, of the doctors warning.

"Babe, Dr. Jensen said, that girls like you are tougher than most, and if it hurts, you need to go to the hospital."

"If I can walk, I ain't in labor!" I replied. About an hour after he had left the house for work, my water broke. As my friend drove me to the hospital. I kept saying, "This should hurt worse." I walked into the E.R. and stood as the register signed me in.

"Honey, if you are walking, you are not in labor," said a nurse.

"Well, either my water broke, or I wet myself and I do not normally do that, so?" After the nurses got me all hooked up to the two heart monitors, one for me and one for Baby Teagn, Dr. Jensen came in to do an exam.

"Yep, you are definitely in labor. How long have you been in pain? You are pretty far along."

"I told her to come in at 5," Coy exclaimed as he came rushing through the door. Not long after he arrived so did my Aunt Becca, my Aunt Kate and shortly after them Coy's mom Tammy. I felt as if I was a animal at the zoo with them all lined up on the sofa in front of me, watching and waiting. Every hour or so a nurse would come in and check on me, then call Dr. Jensen with a report. At about 4 p.m. Dr. Jensen came in. She did an exam, read my chart and read the contraction chart. After a few moments, she said,

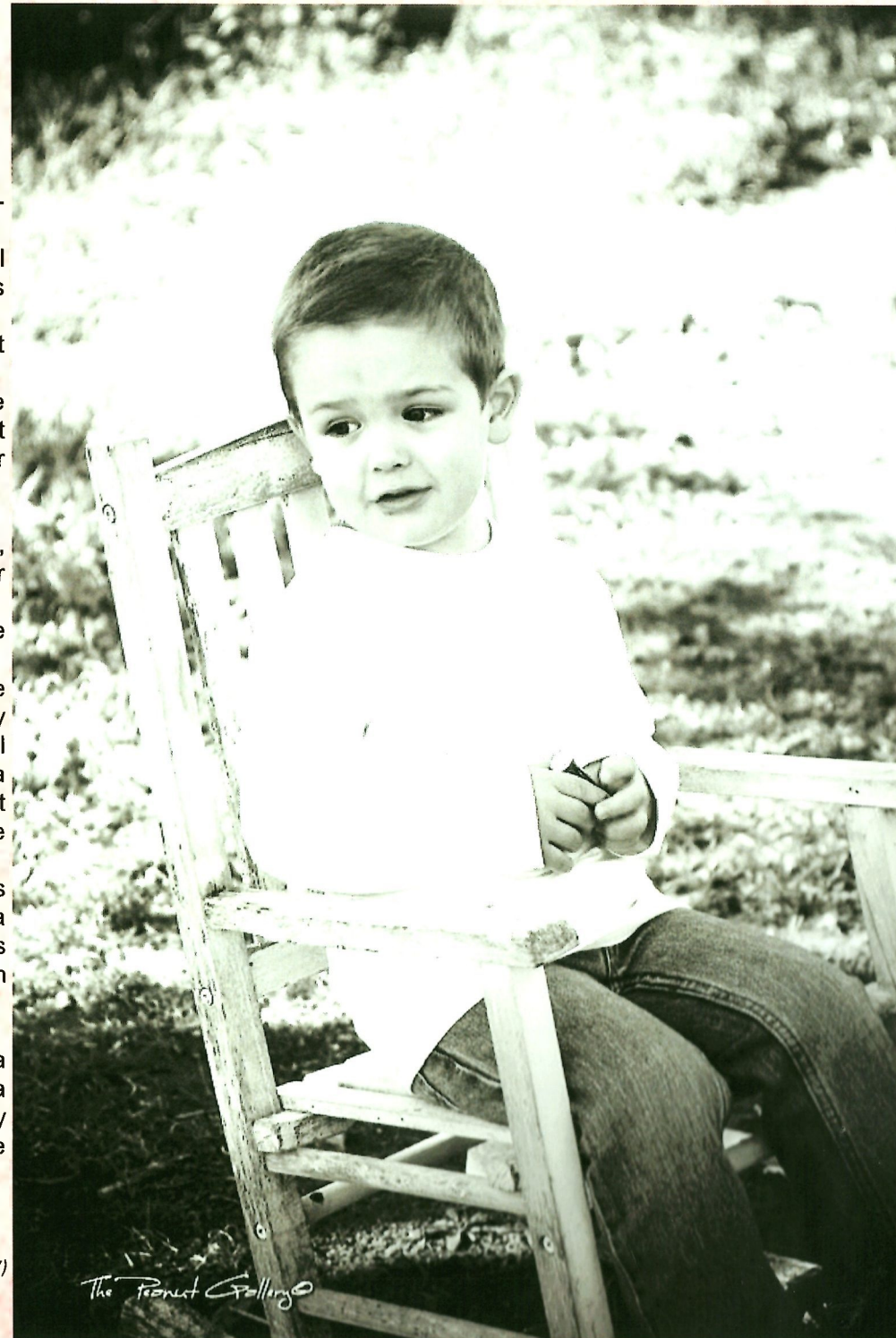
"Ok, Kendra, since Teagn is being very stubborn and keeps cocking his head, we can do one of two things. We can wait another 1 to 2 hours and take a chance of having to do a Emergency C-Section and something be wrong like his cord being wrapped around his neck. Or, we can prep you and do a C-Section now. Which do you want?"

"I don't know, you pick I just want a healthy baby." I replied.

"Prep her!" Dr. Jensen almost shouted at the nurses. They moved me to a new bed and rolled me down to the O.R., as everyone was rushing about I felt a little panic, apparently the scrub nurse could tell. She placed her hand on my head and said, "Dad is dressing he will be in here soon, just try to breath. These go pretty fast. So soon you will have your little angle in your arms. Just breath."

Coy looked like a knight in shining armor as he came threw the door wearing a white paper suit. Then I heard a voice say, "Ok, Dad you sit here. If

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you feel like you are going to faint just lean back into your chair." I thought, if he faints when this is all over I am going to bet him. Dr. Jensen peeked over the blanket they had put up so that I could not see them opening up my belly, and said, "You are going to feel some pressure, just breath and try to relax." Not five minutes later a loud cry came out from over the blanket.

"It's a big ole boy!" exclaimed Dr. Jensen. Eight pounds, ten ounces, 22 1/2 inches—our blue eyed baby boy was here and healthy.

When women have C-Sections doctors like them to stay in the hospital a little longer than normal, just in case they need any extra medical attention. We stayed for a week in the hospital and were discharged with flying colors. My two week checkup went well. It seemed as though I had a UTI, but nothing to worry about. A few days later my step- daughter's littler brother was staying the night with us. While we were eating Leeland was acting a little odd. All of the sudden he hit the floor; he turned blue and started shaking. Thanks to my 4-H counselor training, I knew exactly what it was. This little boy was having a seizer!

"COY, CALL 911!" As I jumped off the couch, it felt as though I pulled a muscle in my stomach where my stiches were. The ambulance arrived and Coy followed them to the hospital. Meanwhile, his younger sister Taylor came to stay with me and help with the kids. I was starting to hurt pretty bad so I decided go ahead and take a shower since my stiches needed to be cleaned also. When I was done, I couldn't pick up my leg to step out of the shower.

Tee, come help me! I can't get out." As she came in, I added, "Do not call your brother and tell him, but I think something is wrong." Right then Coy walked in.

"What?" asked Coy, I explained to him what had happened and the pain. He and Taylor helped me into bed and Taylor decided with all the commotion going on she'd stay the night just in case we needed her. I woke up at about 5 a.m. feeling something wet running down my leg. As I lifted the blanket, I smelled a familiar odor, I knew from growing up, riding up on something that had been rotting in the sun for a few days. I dropped the blanket and woke up Coy.

"Babe, Babe, something's wrong." The night light was still on from when he had got up with Teagn. As I pulled the blankets up, he almost jumped out of bed in shock.

"Don't look!" he shouted. "Go to the bathroom wrap up in a towel, and don't come back in here!!"

Off to the hospital we went.

"I need a doctor." I told the lady at the desk. "I can't wait. There is lots of rotten blood coming from somewhere."

Coy came running in the door after parking; they rushed us back and put me into a gown. The words 'If it hurts, come in,' kept playing in my head, as the morphine dripped in the IV and burned through my vines. After a few hours, and several test, the doctor determined that I had an allergic reaction to the staples and stiches. He determined that and abscess had formed and antibiotics would not be enough. They had to open me back up. At that moment those were the scariest words I had ever herd. The doctor did not put me completely out. With all the medicine they gave me I was in a haze, a painful haze. I felt them pulling my staples out, ting, ting they sounded as they hit the medal pan. Slowly, they cut my stiches then layer, by layer they cut my skin and muscle to clean out the infection.

"I FEEL IT. IT HURTS, YOU *****!" I screamed. I do not remember this; this is what my family has told me. No one was allowed in the room, finally the procedure was over. I was crazy mad with pain for several hours, after a second visit from the no good doctor, I finally had enough medicine running through me like wildfire that I could sleep. Every day for two weeks, I laid in that hospital bed and three times a day the nurses would come in pump me full of morphine like a car on an empty tank; pull out all of my packing out of my stomach, clean it all out, then pack it full of new gauze. My mom, who was keeping Baby Teagn for us while I was in the hospital would bring him to see me every afternoon. Even though I was always hazy from all the medicine his big blue eyes would shine through and for that moment I would forget about the pain. When I was released, I still had to change my bandages twice a day. Tammy thought it best we go home with her.

"No one can take care of you like we think they should, but me," she told us.

Every morning and evening Coy would hold my arms above my head, while Tammy cleaned and changed my bandages. Labor doesn't have anything on lying with a hole as wide as the Oklahoma sky in the middle of your stomach for almost a month.

Finally got to see Dr. Jensen, who had been my doctor though the whole pregnancy and birth.

"It hurt, and I came in," I told her, with tears in my eyes.