



(Maria: And the girl's hands were icy cold and she kept rubbing them all over my stomach! And then finally she got around to putting my legs up on the stirrups.

55. BUT THE STIRRUPS WERE FREEZING COLD metal and I started actually shaking! But Rachel put another pair of socks on me which helped a little, and I had one robe over the top of me and I tried to put one on my stomach to keep me warm. I was completely bundled up but I was still shaking with the cold!

56. SHE WAS SUFFERING MORE FROM THE COLD THAN SHE WAS FROM CONTRACTIONS, but they began to come more and more. Meanwhile I was standing right there, but they didn't exactly act like they were too enthusiastic about me being in the delivery room, so I went into the instrument room.

57. RIGHT ABOVE THE TOP OF HER HEAD THERE WAS THIS LITTLE SQUARE HOLE that you could look through, kind of like the dream about the "City of Buried Treasure." So she was my buried treasure buried in the delivery room, and the baby was buried in her and we were trying to get it out through this little hole. --Ha!

58. SO I WAS TALKING TO HER THROUGH THIS LITTLE HOLE--it was about a foot long and about six inches high right above her head. Her head was lying just on the other side of it, so she'd lift her chin up and looked at me over the top of her forehead and I'd talk to her through that hole and try to encourage her and kept talking to her and ask her what she needed.

59. SO MARIA'S THE ONE THAT STARTS GIVING THE ORDERS! She tells Rachel to do this and do

that, and she says, "Lydia, you take care of David and you get him out of here and take him in to the waiting room--I don't want him in here." She was afraid I was cold too and she was more worried about me that I couldn't take it than she was about herself!

60. SHE WAS WORRIED MORE ABOUT ME and about this and that and the other, instead of worrying about herself! I said, "All right, if it will make you any happier I'll go in the waiting room!" So we went just one room away to the waiting room and it was cold as a crutch too, and I had to shut the window. These local natives are fresh-air fiends and never have any heat! --But we were just freezing! We shut the window in the instrument room too, as it was blowing a gale through there, trying to warm up the place a little bit.

61. APPARENTLY JUST ABOUT NOON THEY WERE CLEANING UP before lunch and opening everything up and mopping the floors and airing everything out. They'd already had some babies that morning, and the doctor, we found out later, had waited until 11 o'clock (we should have phoned him), and we got there at 11:25, but he'd already gone to Santa Cruz for his day off! He'd said,

62. "WELL, NOBODY WILL HAVE ANY MORE BABIES NOW--they either have them in the morning or at night". Isn't that funny? But I was born at two o'clock in the afternoon on a Tuesday! Imagine, all this happened in the space of only about 40 minutes from the time we got there till the

baby was born!

63. SO I WENT AND SAT DOWN like a nervous fidget on the couch beside Lydia in the waiting room, and the hospital secretary--I didn't know who the woman was at first, as she looked just like some stranger who'd come in there sitting there in her street clothes and with her hat on. But she turned out to be the secretary of the hospital, and she was waiting for the doctor who was called, as they'd been on their way to lunch together!

64. THE NURSE HAD FINALLY CALLED A DOCTOR and he did finally come after we'd been there about half the time, 15 or 20 minutes. Meanwhile this little tiny pimply-faced girl was fiddling around with Maria and pushing on her tummy with her icy-cold hands--she looked like she was half-sick herself and maybe she should have been in the hospital for sure, the nurse did!

65. (MARIA: WHEN SHE FINALLY TOOK MY CLOTHES OFF Rachel saw the head coming out and the girl still hadn't shaved me, so Rachel started getting out her gloves and said, "Well, if this girl doesn't do something good, I'm going to have to deliver it!") So that was what was going on in the delivery room while I was trying to sit there and keep my peace in the waiting room. But I finally got fed up with that and said,

66. "LYDIA, I CAN'T JUST WAIT HERE!", and I dashed back to the instrument room and talked to Maria through the hole again and everything was going fine in