

there. I think I was more upset than anybody. Everybody else was so calm, at least Rachel was trying to keep calm, trying to pretend she was calm, but as she saw the baby's head sticking out ... (Maria: Rachel said,

67. "HE'S GOT REAL BLACK CURLY HAIR!" Come and look, come and look!"--to you.) So I said, "Never mind Rachel, I'll see it when it's born!" I thought, "This is no time for me to faint", as I'd never seen a birth before, and I didn't know whether I better try to start with this one because I might be too affected. As it turned out, I finally took it better than the girls did!

68. RACHEL NEARLY FAINTED right on the floor of the delivery room and so did Lydia!--She had to sit down on the floor when they were stitching Maria because they were so rough! But anyway, neither Lydia, Maria nor Rachel, nobody had had a bite to eat except me! I'd drunk a cup of coffee I'd fixed at the last minute before leaving, but these stupid crazy little girls hadn't drunk or eaten anything!

69. BESIDES, MARIA HADN'T EATEN ANYTHING ALL NIGHT, which they said was better for her that way, and she'd had a big B.M. during the night, and they said that was all very good too, that she hadn't eaten anything and she'd already cleaned out her system and so she was in tip-top shape. Praise the Lord!

70. IN FACT, MARIA SEEMED TO BE IN BETTER SHAPE THAN THE REST OF US and was just talking away and giving directions and telling the girls, "Ouch!", or "I'm

cold!" or something. By that time Rachel had been standing on her feet quite a while and she was pretty tired, she hadn't gotten too much sleep that night and had had nothing to eat at all. She'd watched a lot of births and officiated at a lot of them, but apparently she had more sympathetic pains for poor Maria than she'd had for anybody else, as she felt more for Maria for some reason.

71. SO ALL OF A SUDDEN RACHEL BEGAN TO GET WOOLY and dizzy and thought she was going to keel over right there on the floor, she was having such sympathetic birth pains, so she comes running out of the Delivery Room pale as a ghost! At this moment I happened to be sitting in the waiting room talking to the Secretary with Lydia, and Rachel comes in and sits down real quick and puts her head down between her knees, and I thought, "What in the world's going on here?" She said,

72. "I'M SORRY, BUT I FEEL A LITTLE PAINT and I didn't want to faint right there on the delivery room floor and cause more trouble! I don't know what's the matter with me--I guess it's 'cause I didn't eat or get enough sleep or something." But I think it was really mostly her love and sympathy for Maria!

73. POOR RACHEL HAD REALLY BEEN THROUGH IT! But Lydia by now was quite chirper, so I told Lydia to rush in there and watch Maria while I was taking care of Rachel, and Rachel seemed to improve in just a few moments, and then she got up and went back in

again, God bless her!

74. WELL, IT WAS ALL A GENERAL CONFUSION! I can't tell you everything that happened, but it was funny: I kept going into the waiting room and would sit down for about a minute, then I'd run back in and talk to Maria for a minute, then run back into the waiting room and sit down a minute then run back. Rachel said everytime she needed a translator I'd pop into the instrument room again so she could ask me how do you say this, or how do you say that, and on it went.

75. WELL, IT DIDN'T GO ON VERY LONG, because...tell about your contractions, Honey...she never really suffered any really severe pain or sharp contractions at all hardly, until the very very end. She hardly ever even made a noise! She was puffing and wheezing a little bit, but no groans or moans. I'd heard women in hospitals before when they're having their babies, and they were screaming and yelling and cursing!--These ugly women, you know, they really make a fuss!

76. BUT MARIA WAS JUST LYING THERE SO CALMLY. Every once in a while she'd start puffing a little bit and Rachel would tell her, "Blow, blow, blow", and so on. Also I'm trying to talk to her and get her attention and keep her mind off it--you know, the more you distract their attention, they say, the better it is. So finally what happened?

77. (MARIA: WELL, BY THE TIME THE DOCTOR GOT THERE I WAS HAVING TO PUSH.) The baby had almost come by the time the doctor got there!--And he wasn't even

our doctor!--Ours couldn't come as he was in Santa Cruz, so it was some other doctor we didn't even know. (Maria: He didn't speak English either, and both the midwife and the doctor kept saying,

78. "VENGA, VENGA! MAS, MAS! Venga, venga!"--Or, "Come, come! More, more!" So I had to take a big breath and just push as hard as I could, and it was pretty hard work!) The only noise Maria really made during the whole thing was when I had just run back to the waiting room one more time to sit down and try to stay set a minute, when I heard her in the other room the way I've heard her sometimes when she gets real mad at something, like when she's trying to move a bed or a chair or table or something:

79. SHE WENT "UUUUUUUMPH!" She just let out a big grunt--it was more like a big giant grunt--it wasn't a groan or anything, just, "Uuuuuuuuuuuuh!", like she was having constipation and a hard time having a B.M., and boom, out popped the baby!--When I heard that big grunt, I dashed in just in time to see them pull the baby out!

80. RACHEL SAYS THAT THE BABY'S HEAD WAS ALREADY OUT and they were starting to pull the rest of it out when Maria says, "I don't think I can push any more". Rachel just laughed and said, "You don't have to, Honey, it's already born!" (Maria: I had to give one more push to get the body out, but after that it came out pretty easy.)

81. SO ANYHOW, HE WAS BORN!--And much to my surprise, instead