

This Time, I'm Happy to Wait

Category: The Waiting Room

written by Violet Kieu | May 6, 2016

It is the same old waiting room, but something is different. It is my first visit to my obstetrician after having my baby.

I'm excited to to show him how much my daughter has grown and to tell him how appreciative we all are.

I'm also relieved. Antenatal visits were always stressful. I would hold my breath until I heard her heartbeat, nearly panicking every time. The sequence of events was always the same: blood pressure, abdominal palpation, bedside ultrasound.

The birth had proved stressful as well. The umbilical cord was wrapped twice around my baby's neck, but he pulled her out with a vacuum, and without a tear.

Looking outside the windows, I see that the new Children's Hospital is still being built. It too has grown, brick by brick, like my baby, cell by cell. So much progress! Once a non-descript grey concrete slab, it is now several stories high, a bright multi-color façade, almost ready to be shown to the world.

The doctor comes out to the waiting room and greets us warmly. "Well done, you did very well! Here, let me hold the baby." That's what I like about my doctor.

I bring gifts of whiskey and chocolate, but it's the baby photo that gets his attention. He writes her name on the back and puts her on his photo wall. I feel very important today.

And I'm happy to wait. After all, this doctor delivered! And, he cared.

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