

## I know. I'm a mother too.

The way you held your baby,  
close to your chest.  
You offered her to me,  
as I held open the department door.  
That panicked look.  
That feeling that something's just not right.  
I know. I'm a mother too.

It's not that your story was inconsistent.  
Frustratingly fragmented.  
You were just in shock.  
That high-pitched scream. Then silence.  
My heart skipped a beat.  
*Babies shouldn't scream like that.*  
I know this, because I'm an Emergency Nurse.  
I know. I'm a mother too.

Trying not to catch your panic,  
"CAN I HAVE SOME HELP HERE PLEASE???"  
They knew.  
The team knew from the tone of my voice,  
and the little one in my arms.  
They knew they needed to move quickly.  
I know. I'm a mother too.

As the little one was examined,

I stood, momentarily frozen, wondering what comes next.

Then came clarity.

The ABC...

*The airway is patent, but for how long?*

Another high-pitched scream.

*The breathing irregular, becoming shallower.*

*Circulation impaired. Babies shouldn't be that colour.*

I know. I'm a mother too.

The leader, calm of voice, steady of hand,

"let's prepare for intubation shall we?"

My hand shook as I handed him the most important tools that day.

*I feel like an imposter in my blue scrubs.*

Like a robot, pre-programmed for this scenario,

I went through the motions.

But in my heart, I was hoping someone was sitting with you,

telling you not to blame yourself.

I know. I'm a mother too.

*Someone, get this baby out of here. Please.*

And like in the movies...

As the baby was ventilated by hand, and

two doctors (that's right two) climbed into the ambulance,

my breath caught in my throat.

Who needed the hug most? I'm not sure.

Both of us grateful for the warmth of contact.

I know. I'm a mother too.

In that moment, I think.

*This time tomorrow, you'll either be sitting at her bedside,*

*while I recount tales of heroics,*

*and pat the team on the back,*

Or...I try to distract myself from thoughts of 'or'.

The alternative doesn't bear thinking about.

I know. I'm a mother too.

It was weeks before I allowed myself to care about what came next.

Of course, I wanted to know that your baby had recovered.

Of course, the possibility that she hadn't, plagued my thoughts.

Then news...that you would have your baby home for Christmas.

That, despite such a traumatic injury, your baby was a fighter.

And in that moment, I felt your gratitude and joy blanket me like a warm hug.

I know. I'm a mother too.