

I am not exactly sure, but I think I was a bit depressed during my pregnancy. I had complications from the start – at seven weeks I had to be on bed rest for a week for fear I was going to miscarry. I didn't miscarry but the problems didn't stop. I had horrible morning sickness; I started to suffer from sciatic pain, and had horrible cramping. Then after three months, things seemed to be looking up, but then I lost my job. Being at home was nice because I got to rest, but I was restless. The second trimester was good, everything was going well. Then it seemed as soon as I started my third trimester things went downhill, I started having contractions...not steady, but enough to make the doctor put me on bed rest once again.

Two weeks before I was due I started having labour pains, they were steady and getting closer. This was it, but alas it was not! I was in "false" labour all week, in and out of the hospital to be told, "Nope, sorry, not "real" labour, go home." It was so frustrating, and "false" labour surely feels like the real thing.

Finally, the baby came after 24 hours of labour! The only tool that they didn't use that was shown to us in the labour and delivery classes was the needle that breaks your water – that happened naturally amazingly enough. Finally it was time to push, and I did, for over an hour. My son dropped and then retreated. The doctor told us that she was afraid we needed to have a c-section to get the baby out.

So, the c-section happened and he was fine but had to be taken from me mere moments after the delivery. I barely got to touch him.

All this action made me so very tired. But I was elated I had my baby boy. That is until the third night in the hospital. The third night in a row with no sleep because my son wanted to be continually nursed. I was exhausted, I started to cry, I actually thought in that moment that I hated my baby, and he must hate me and maybe it would be better if he died in his sleep because then no one would blame me and I could finally sleep. I am horrified with my own thoughts, now, but at that point it felt completely rational.

I got home and was put on another six weeks of bed-rest, but I tried to stay positive, after this back to living life.

Then two weeks after giving birth I got very sick, throwing up, then dry heaving when there was nothing left. The pain was more intense than childbirth. The pain subsided after about 8 hours, but then the following day it was back and worse than before, so my fiancé took me to the hospital. It looked like a bladder infection that was affecting the kidneys, but it could've been my gall bladder. It was too soon to tell. The next night, again, I went to the hospital and yes after many tests it was my gall bladder and it needed to come out, but not until my uterus shrunk back down.

After spending five days in the emergency room, I was allowed to go home. I had missed my baby so much. I was set to have surgery six weeks later. Two weeks later I had another attack and was back in the hospital, this time they could operate, so I was once again taken away from my month old son for four days.

Back home to recover and be with my family.

Five months later...

It was Christmas, my fiancé had just proposed, everything was going well. Yet after Christmas was over I wasn't acting like myself. I didn't notice at first, but I wasn't taking care of myself. I wouldn't eat unless my fiancé was there eating. I basically didn't shower or get dressed unless I needed to. I started to get mad all the time, sometimes for no apparent reason.

My fiancé wasn't sure what to do, I was getting mad and locking myself in the bathroom, not wanting to do anything, just be left alone, completely ignoring our son. He was concerned and talked me into speaking with my doctor.

She ran tests and after the results were fine she ruled my behaviour as Postpartum Depression (PPD) and started me on anti-depressants and a PPD support group. For the first few months I still was lashing out, left my fiancé by storming out and not coming back once for over an hour, and I cried a lot.

But the anti-depressants started to even me out and the support group was helping so much. My fiancé was so supportive and I was lucky that he helped me through it. And after about one year the doctor said we could cut out the pills and just to watch myself.

I still find it hard to believe the things I thought about my child and my fiancé, but I know that it wasn't me.

So...that is my story.