



My partner and I came back to NZ at the beginning of the year, after a few months visiting my family back in México. I got pregnant there. We promised mum and dad they would be with us for the birth, we got them plane tickets, we found a rental property where they could stay with us. Everything seemed to be in place. Until the world turned upside down, until boarders got shut.

I found myself alone in this country that strangely didn't seem like home anymore. I was about to have a baby and I couldn't have anyone around apart from my amazing partner and my lovely midwife who didn't leave us alone any minute.

It was so scary, life was about to change and I knew I didn't have the support I/we needed once we had to go home. I got an emergency cesarean, it didn't mean anything else but that I had to stay longer and my partner had to go home straight after birth.

Being at the hospital for an extra couple of days, all by myself, has been the most difficult and saddest experience. I was there, laying down in a bed after surgery, trying to breastfeed my first baby and trying to pull my lunch closer to me with my foot. There was no tv, no one to talk to, no one that could say 'everything is okay', 'good job', 'what do you need?', no one to give me a tight hug. Because let me tell you something, you need all this. Because giving birth is beautiful and you love your baby but it also can be a shock to some, and it was for me.

In the bright side, since my partner was working from home during lockdown, I had him around everyday for the first couple of months. We got to enjoy this time together, all by ourselves. It was nice to learn together and to enjoy our little baby boy.

Even though it is still painful to think about those hard couple days and about my family not being able to share the experience with us, these couple of months together as a family have been the happiest and I wouldn't change them for anything.