I was happy when my son was born. He was my first son. He was born in Concord, NC. I came to the United States when I was 16 and he was born when I was 21 years old. I was nervous because he was my first baby, but I was happy because I wanted a child. I had a lot of pain in the hospital and I felt scared, but my husband and sister-in-law helped me. When he was born, I felt happy. Looking at his face filled me with emotion. He was sleeping quietly and looked so beautiful.

The delivery of my son was difficult. The nurse could not give me the injection for pain. My birth canal did not open for the delivery. They had to do a caesarian section. I was scared because I did not know what would happen. Maybe my baby could die or maybe I could die. That moment was the most difficult. My husband was waiting in the lobby and I was all alone with the nurse and the doctors in the delivery room. Finally, the baby was born. He was okay, but I had to stay in the hospital for 15 days. For 3 days, I could not open my eyes because of the anesthesia. When I opened my eyes, the first people I saw were my aunt and my brother. They said, “Hi, Manita. Look at your baby.” Then I got to see my baby. I cried because I was so emotional.