

Three New Lives: Megan Rohleder

Black is good to wear in England. In Australia, not so good. Instead of needing to conserve heat, white is needed to reflect it.

As I stare at the black sheet over the incubator in NICU, I discern that universally black signals death.

The hospital gown feels heavier draping over my already aching body. I hadn't seen the point of tying it. Firstly, when carrying triplets on a petite frame, little dignity is left. Secondly, in premature labour at 28 weeks gestation, I realise very swiftly the gown will have to come off and three babies arrive.

I leave NICU. Hoping it will be kind to us and provide a new beginning to give life to our premature babies.

Next, another scan. Waves of pain radiate around my back. Memories of trying out massage chairs in Harvey Norman to ease the pain of pregnancy weeks before, turn into trying to avoid the pain of loss.

'One of the heads is about to come. We need to operate now.' The junior obstetrician didn't mince his words. He didn't need to. It was plain to see. I wondered whether this one had hair. What would I call the first born? Stupid to think so far ahead? Who knows, everything in this situation is surreal.

I head to the operating room. Gown now undone. I knew we didn't have long.

My husband looked dashing and confident in a suit. Surreal and nervous in a hospital gown and blue cap. He had saved up stories to take my mind off labour, 'I never told you about when I was in South America and we ran from a bar without paying...' I couldn't listen now. I couldn't breathe. Were these babies going to survive.

The doors of the operating theatre fling open and I am wheeled through. 30 doctors and nurses and three incubators waiting. It feels like a theatre show.

The back doors fling open almost in unison.

'I told you I would make it,' our obstetrician says as he arrives. He had blues and twos on his car from the city. He didn't seem nervous as he cut open my stomach and retrieved three babies. As you do.

'Congratulations. You are a mum.' He didn't seem nervous.

That night, the obstetrician visits. 'I've had the triplets brains scanned. They are going to be fine.'

Three new lives.