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The Joys, Chaos, and Magic of Five Waterbirths: A Personal Journey

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By Juliet Fisher

Bringing five children into the world has been an incredible, wild, and deeply personal journey. From the moment I discovered I was pregnant with my first, I knew I wanted to give birth in water. There was something poetic about it—the idea of easing my baby into the world in the gentlest way possible. I had read stories of women in the Polynesian islands giving birth in the ocean, perhaps an old wives' tale, but one that resonated deeply with me.

Water has always been a huge part of my life—I swim daily, and the idea of floating through labour, supported and weightless, seemed intuitive. I wasn't sure whether home or hospital would be best, but ultimately, my experiences spanned both settings. And while each birth had its own unique twists and turns, they all followed the same theme—water, breathwork, and trust in the process.

Patrick (2004) – My Introduction to Motherhood

Pregnancy with Patrick was textbook. I am the oldest of seven children, I grew up seeing childbirth as a

natural transition rather than a medical emergency. However, I came into this world via an unplanned caesarean birth. It wasn't the plan, but it was necessary, and my parents were grateful for the medical team's expertise as I wouldn't be here otherwise.

Still, I was adamant about a natural water birth for me. I wanted that experience of immersion, calmness, and control. And in the end, I got it.

When I went into labour with Patrick, it was 10 p.m., and I arrived at the hospital feeling confident. The midwives were phenomenal. By 7 a.m.—a perfect shift handover—Patrick was born into the warm water of the birthing pool. He latched onto me instantly, and in that moment, I was overwhelmed with gratitude. My firstborn, my beautiful, hairy little 7lb 7oz baby boy.

Theo (2005) – A Birth in the Living Room

A year later, on a sweltering July afternoon, Theo made his appearance—this time in a paddling pool in my living room. I was determined to have a homebirth, and my brilliant midwives supported me completely.

Labour was long, but with focused breathwork and minimal interference, I birthed my 8lb 14oz baby in water, in my own space, with everything I loved around me. We celebrated his arrival with a Chinese takeaway and snuggled up with our newborn and toddler, watching *Titanic*. Because what better way to celebrate new life than by watching a film about a sinking ship?!

Noah (2007) – The Fast and Furious Birth

Noah's pregnancy was more complicated. I had episodes of bleeding, bed rest and hospitalisation and the recommendation was to birth in hospital. I accepted this, but was determined that it would still be a waterbirth.

At 6 a.m I was at the hospital, the pool was filled, and things escalated quickly. One minute I was breathing through contractions, the next—projectile vomiting (a charming side effect of rapid dilation). By 8 a.m., Noah had arrived, a hefty 9½ lbs, screaming his lungs out. A strong-willed little guy from the start.

Three boys. My own little pack.



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Caspar (2009) – Rocking into the World with Michael Jackson

Caspar's birth had *perfect* timing. After a busy school week and a PTA BBQ, I went into labour at night. Michael Jackson was playing, and the living room was once again transformed into a birthing sanctuary.

The water was warm, lavender spray filled the air, and with my dogs and cats lounging nearby, Caspar made his way into the world—a comfortable 7½ lbs.

It was everything I had dreamed homebirth could be: intimate, familiar, and without the disruption of hospital transfers.

Meralina (2010) – The School Run Surprise

Meralina's arrival was her first act of surprise in a life full of them. She was three weeks early, and I was in full "Mum mode" - managing school drop-offs, running a hotel business, and keeping up with daily life. My waters broke just as I was about to drop the kids at school. After a snail trail, I had the direct persuasion of "This is happening!!"

Somehow, amidst the chaos, I managed to get the pool filled and the school run done. She arrived swiftly in our living room birthing pool—my first daughter, a tiny 6lbs, the smallest of all my babies. And after four boys, I double-checked multiple times that she really *was* a girl.

What These Births Taught Me

I was blessed with uncomplicated deliveries, but I also believe in the power of mindset. I trusted my body, and I trusted birth. I understood that women have been doing this for generations, and I leaned into that knowledge with each experience.

Homebirth was an absolute gift. The ability to crawl into my own bed, have my children nearby, and be surrounded by my pets and loved ones made all the difference. There was no disorienting hospital discharge, no unfamiliar sterile environment—just the comfort of home and the rhythm of family life

continuing seamlessly.

Waterbirth, for me, was non-negotiable. It provided natural pain relief, allowed me to move freely, and eased the transition earthside for my babies. The intensity of labour was real—there's no sugarcoating that—but breathwork, meditation, and the unwavering support of my midwives made it manageable.

Advice for Midwives and Doulas

To those who support birthing women—your presence and energy matter. The best midwives I had were hands-off, observant, and empowering. They trusted me to trust my body. During the moments when I felt most vulnerable, their quiet reassurance carried me through.

For those supporting homebirths, understanding the importance of environment is crucial. Creating a calm, controlled, and safe space makes all the difference. Birth is not just a medical event—it is a deeply personal, transformative journey.

Final Thoughts

Giving birth to my five children was an incredible privilege. Each story is unique, each one shaped me as a mother. And while the births themselves were monumental, the true magic is in the years that followed—raising these beautiful, strong-willed little humans, now teenagers - who made every contraction, every breath, every moment of surrender, utterly worth it.

A huge thank you to the West Suffolk Hospital and the incredible community midwives who supported me every step of the way. Your work is life-changing, and I am forever grateful.



Author Bio: Juliet Fisher is a passionate entrepreneur, author, and creative visionary with over 20 years of experience in business, hospitality, and transformational consultancy. A mother of five, Juliet balances her professional pursuits with family life, drawing inspiration from nature, travel, and community. She has published four books and is currently developing educational children's stories that inspire kindness

and resilience. Juliet's heart for service has led her to hospital chaplaincy and interfaith ministry studies, where she continues to nurture compassion and understanding across cultures and beliefs. Through creativity and connection, Juliet empowers others to grow, heal, and make a positive impact.

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[1] Images in this article were created by the author, Juliet Fisher.