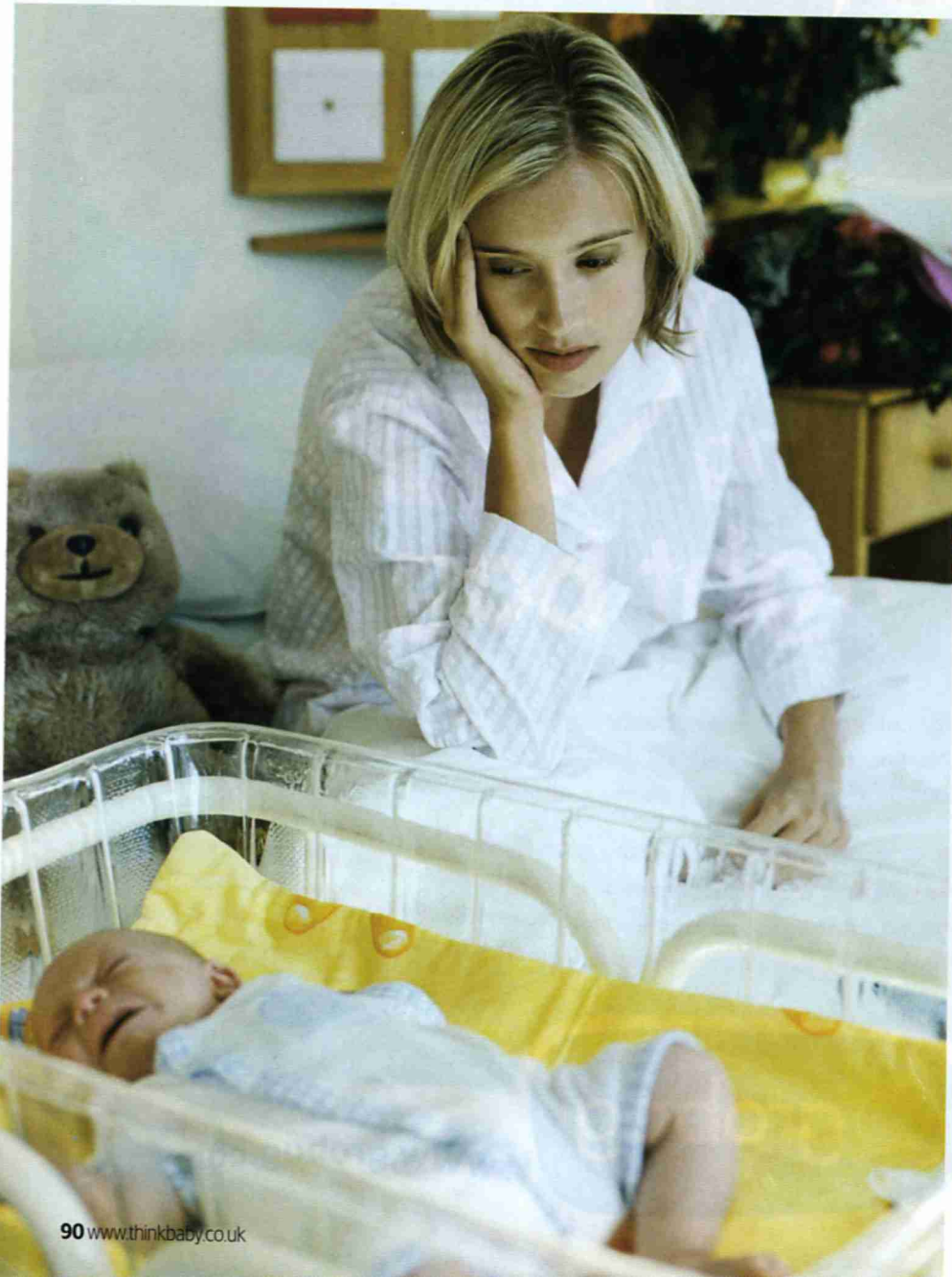


# 'I no longer think I'm a bad mum: I know I had PND'



Lucy Jolin, 34, couldn't fathom why she felt nothing for her longed-for baby. It was only after she was diagnosed with postnatal depression that they finally started to bond



**I**'d pictured my first moments with my new baby so many times. I'd look into his eyes, he'd cry, I'd put him to my breast and I'd feel a great wave of love roll over me.

The reality was very different. It was my worst birth nightmare – stuck on a bed in an anonymous delivery room, with monitors, drips and a catheter. After 16 hours, nothing was happening and my midwife said I had to let the epidural wear off. I pushed for two hours and eventually, the gynaecologist used a ventouse. The umbilical cord was wrapped around my baby's neck, and he wasn't breathing. The midwife gave him oxygen, then handed me this blue, slimy scrap – my son, Louis.

I waited for the overwhelming rush of love, but all I felt was exhaustion and pain. I looked away as my husband held Louis, and helped the midwife wrap him up. 'You'll forget the pain,' she assured me.

We spent the next few weeks in and out of hospital. Louis had jaundice, and my stitches became infected. I still felt nothing

