



reflection

mid-life midwife

Victoria Hutchinson reflects
on the challenges of taking up
midwifery as a career in mid-life

Can I be newly anything aged 37?

They say that life begins at 40
But I'm not feeling too sure
and I'm having my doubts

Will I be accepted on the wards?
Will I hack the pace?
Will I know how to be,
Mature me?

Not a has-been who's past it,
a second-rate choice
But a middle-aged midwife,
life-experienced and self-assured?

I've loved all the training
Forged relationships and bonds
Fed on research and evidence
I've passed all the exams
In spite of the years
In spite of the lag
Between my O level days
And my midwives' bag.
I saw mum's eyebrows rise back then
When I shared my hesitant vision
Was God really calling me
To this privileged profession
Aged thirty-seven?

Oh Lord, how you teach me
each day of my life
To depend on your strength
as I do life as midwife
You give me passion,
compassion and the heart to care
You give me competence,
skills and the courage to dare
You give me energy and drive
and a team to be part of
You give me awe and respect
and an ocean of love
You bless me with joy,
the breath of new life in my hands
You pour out of me, relentless,
to the relentless demands
You equip and enable,
you go before
And when I am flagging,
your mercy is more.

So, if you are qualifying, qualified,
yet questioning your place
Know that God goes before you
You walk in his arms of grace 🙏

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