



A Dad's Journey into Homebirth

*A Book for Dads Considering Homebirth or
for Mamas Who Want Them To - Get the Support
You Need for the Homebirth You Desire*

By Jason Leister

For the greatest teachers in the world... my children.

Introduction

The year was 2004... and I was very, very small. I'm not talking in terms size, of course, I'm talking in terms of power over my own life.

The fact is, I was fearful, and I was living someone else's life. I was living a life that was controlled by the "small" me.

The "small" me was the person who cared what other people thought, more than I cared what I thought.

The "small" me was the person who was so fearful about making my *own* choices, that I just listened to others.

The "small" me was the person who made decisions based on fear, instead of decisions based on something better.

Even being the fearful person I was, somehow my wife and I chose to have a homebirth.

I'd love to tell you the story about how we got over our fear and made a conscious choice to have a homebirth right from the getgo.

But the fact was, that's not how it happened.

We didn't really set out to choose homebirth, it's more like we exhausted every other possible option as unacceptable for giving us the opportunity we wanted.

Our first child was born in the hospital. Not because we thought that was the best place to

give birth, just because we were too unconscious to even know there were alternatives.

There was a lot about that experience that my wife didn't want to repeat. So for our second child, we decided to do something a bit different.

We still wanted to be "safe," (even though we had no true understanding that safety is largely a lie we tell ourselves), but we didn't really want the hospital and doctor feeling.

So we chose a hospital near our home and signed up for the midwives to give prenatal care and to help with the delivery.

At the time, I don't think I fully grasped the conflict that was obviously still happening in my wife about this decision.

But it became pretty clear during a visit with our doula, only about two weeks before her due date.

I was sitting in a chair in our living room and my wife was sitting on the couch... crying her eyes out.

The doula had been listening to my wife describe the way she wanted to her birth to go.

At some point during the visit, she turned to my wife and basically said something like, "I hear what you're saying and I hear the type of birth you want to have... and I have to tell you, you are not going to find it in a hospital. So why not stop looking there?"

At that point, everything changed.

We were just weeks away from having our second baby and we had no idea who was going to deliver it.

All we knew was that we were going to have our baby at home.

I Can't Make You Read This

Is having a homebirth the right decision for you and your partner?

Helping you answer that question is the purpose of this book.

Just a word of warning: one of the phrases my wife often uses with her clients is, "In the end, I can't have your baby for you... you have to do that yourself."

In that same way, no one can make this decision about homebirth for you.

But the fact is, just by starting this book, you've taken a very important step towards getting to your answer.

If you're a man, and you bought this book for yourself, then congratulations, you are in a very slim majority of guys I call "real men."

I would say that I only very recently joined their ranks.

"Real Men" are the guys who are capable of speaking their truth to the point of being able to say, "I'm scared." without thinking it's a weakness. Everybody *knows* the truth (that you're scared) anyway, so you may as well "fess up" and get on with your life. It's a very freeing feeling.

If you *didn't* buy this book but are reading it at the request of your partner or someone else, then pat yourself on the back... because they think enough of you and your potential as a valuable human being to give you this. Don't disappoint yourself. You know you can do it.

And finally, if you've been forced to read this book, "or else," I still take my hat off to you. Cause you're doing it despite the resistance you feel. And the fact that you've come this far speaks for itself. Keep going.

How to Change Your Life

As I write this, I'm a father of 5 children, living with my family in the high desert of Arizona.

A little over six years ago, something happened in my life that set in motion a transformation so sweeping that, looking back, I barely recognize the fear driven person I used to be.

That "something" was the birth of my son... at home.

If you are reading this book, then the chances are good that you are looking for an answer to this question:

"Is having a homebirth the right choice for me and my partner?"

Of course no one is qualified to answer that question for you. You have to do it.

And that means you need information and connection. Information about the reality of what

you are considering—and connection with yourself and your partner to be in tune with what you both really want.

In the following pages, I hope to offer what I can to help you with both of those needs.

Depending on where you find yourself in your journey, much of what I have to say might sound crazy... or it might make you angry... or it might cause you to stand up and cheer.

Either way, my intention is the same: To offer you whatever I can to help you, your partner and your baby on your journey and to help you find the courage to live your life as you believe is best.

And to truly discover what is best for you and to live it out loud without regard for the opinions of others.

The fact is, there is no right choice. There is only the right choice for you.

To get started, I want to tell you a story... it's the story of the homebirth of my son.

Little Fire

I was under strict instructions from the midwife to turn my hot water heater up to high and fill the birth pool with hot water.

Little did I know at the time that there *is* such a thing as “too hot” when you’re talking about water that’s about to help greet the birth of your child.

After a very quick run to the corner market to buy a few bags of ice, I dumped them in the pool

until the temperature became more comfortable for my wife to step into.

My wife knew there was a baby coming very, very quickly and the fact was: our midwife was not around.

She had gone (to another state) to check on another client. Or at least that's what she was planning to do. According to her, something told her to stick around.

Good thing, 'cause we needed her help.

After some time went by (including a particularly memorable “midwife powered” hop in the pool to deal with the hand our baby chose to place next to his face), our new baby made his entrance into the world.

His name is Egan—which means, “little fire.”

My son was born into a pool of water on a day that was sunny and beautiful... it was late September in Chicago IL.

At the time, I had no idea about the size of the impact this event would have on my life.

To me, the homebirth was something “slightly crazy” that we had chosen to do because we felt it was the right choice for us.

But the reality is, it was much, much more than that.

Because for me, it signified what I believe was my first real experience of the power we all have. And probably my first real experience that proved I had been living my life based on a “lie.”

Why Does Homebirth Seem So Scary?

If you're struggling with whether or not to have a homebirth, then chances are, it is fear that is holding you back from doing what you truly believe is right.

Or maybe fear is clouding your ability to even figure out what you believe.

Either way, fear is involved. Which is no surprise.

Up until fairly recently, fear ruled my life, much like it rules the lives of many, many people in this world.

Sometimes I acted in spite of that fear and found that my action cleared the way for miraculous

events to occur. (My son's birth was one of those times.)

Other times, I let the fear keep me small. I shied away from my own truth and let the fear color my decisions.

The fact is, you are on this earth for a very, very limited period of time. And to live even one more minute with fear in the driver's seat is really shortchanging yourself.

So let's deal with it.

Why does homebirth seem so scary?

Are you afraid that your baby could die?

Are you afraid that your partner could die?

What would happen then? And whose fault would it be if either of those two things did happen?

Could you live with it if someone said it was *your* fault? Or the fault of your partner?

Anything is possible during birth... even death. Death is possible during birth just as it is possible each minute that we are alive. It is possible right now. We just forget.

In my wife's work as a midwife, she encounters example after example of the reality of the fine line between life and death.

They are two sides of the very same coin. And the difference between one and the other is far smaller than anyone believes.

The fact that we feel we can "control" which side of the coin happens at any one moment is a mirage. And yet we try. Boy do we try.

Better safe than sorry right?

Wrong. There's no reason that one precludes the other.

Apart from saying, "not jumping off a cliff is safer than jumping off one," pretty much everything else is someone's opinion.

There is no objective definition of safety.

When you step into a hospital, it is easy to believe that you are in the safest place you could possibly be. Every precaution is being taken to ensure your safety and security.

That is what I grew up believing. It was a belief that was held so deeply it never even occurred to me to question it.

But it's just not true. I will reserve any comments about the medical system for another time, but let's just say this:

Safety is an illusion.

Security is an illusion.

Most of the world chooses to believe the illusion, and they chase after that illusion at the expense of listening to themselves and the truth they already know deep down.

The fear is simply too strong for them to resist.

I have to tell you, I don't care if you have your baby at home or in the hospital. That is your choice.

I do care that, no matter what you and your partner decide, you **own** your decision and the results of that decision. And I hope, for your sake, that you do not let your fear erode your power to follow your own truth, whatever that may be.

To me, there is something far worse than death... that is being "dead" while you are still alive. Living your life directed by fear is a living death. Don't let that happen to you. You are too valuable to the world.

So what are you to do if you're scared to death of having a homebirth?

The first step is to understand that your fear is largely something that you've allowed to be built inside your head.

After all, many, many children are born at home every year in this country.

So clearly, women's bodies are equipped to give birth. They've been doing it for thousands and thousands of years.

And yet, the fear of homebirth has a lot of support out in the world where everyone is chasing their own dream of safety and security—but that fear would not become yours if you chose not to accept it.

As we go through this, please be honest with yourself. If you can't be honest with yourself,

there's no way that you can be honest with others.

So if you have fear about your partner having a homebirth, admit it to yourself now.

There is no shame in having fear and acknowledging it—that is not weakness.

Weakness is having fear and not being courageous to stare it in the face.

Even if you're one of those guys who never lets people see you cry, please be honest with yourself. This is your child's **life** we're talking about.

If you cannot be strong and courageous for that child, even before he/she is here, then who is going to do that?

The absence of fear has nothing to do with courage. *Actively dealing* with fear is courageous.

If you are fearful about homebirth, one of three things is probably true:

- You have *not* taken the time to uncover the information you need to be confident about a decision to have your baby at home.
- You *have* taken the time to uncover the information you need but are still searching for more.
- You are simply not comfortable with doing the best you can, making the best choices you can, and taking complete responsibility for them.

If your partner is interested in having a homebirth and you have resistance to that idea, understand that it's probably fear.

(If it's not fear, it might simply be your need to control... which is usually based on fear. But please, whatever you do, understand that the real issue here isn't really homebirth... it's fear. The thing to "fix" isn't homebirth, it's fear.)

Fear is at the core, but on the surface, it manifests in a variety of logical excuses.

Excuses like:

- Well, I just want to do what's safest for mama and baby. (FEAR)
- Insurance doesn't cover a homebirth. (FEAR)

- I'm open to homebirth in the future, but not for the first baby. Let's be somewhere a little safer for that one. (FEAR)
- I just don't feel comfortable with that. (FEAR)

All of those excuses are **fear**, and that fear is going to hold you back for the rest of your life unless you deal with it.

Start now.

If you make your decisions based on fear, you will be shortchanging yourself forever.

So is there a better time to deal with this than right now? Before the birth of your child? Imagine what a gift that will be to your child. A father who can meet fear head on and be powerful enough to deal with it.

Raising a child with a father like that is a simple act that has the power to truly change the world. And you can set that example for your baby starting now.

The Fear of Power

I've realized that the real fear we all have isn't so much of being weak, it is of being strong and powerful beyond measure.

I struggled for a long time trying to figure out why the heck I would be scared of being strong and powerful in my life. I mean, that just doesn't make sense to my head.

But now it makes sense.

Because your own power is **big** and **vast** and a relatively unexplored unknown.

We are conditioned to fear the big, the vast and the unknown.

We do that because we've grown up believing a lie.

The lie is that we are weak and others are strong. The lie is that we don't know what we're doing. The lie is that we need to look to others for answers.

When we were children, we thought everything was possible. We thought that for a reason: Because everything is possible.

But as we grow up, we are told to believe otherwise. We are told we need to be realistic.

We are told not to stand out. We are told that life is hard. We are told to be scared of people and things we do not know.

Why?

Because it's uncomfortable for people who believe the "lie" to be around those who don't. So it's in their best interest to spread the lie as far and wide as possible.

I'm sure that, for the most part, it's not malicious. It's just the easiest course of action when someone's chosen a path of fear and doesn't want to stand up in the face of it.

Instead, their words, choices and actions help to spread the lie:

- You need to go to college.

- You need a job.
- You need benefits.
- You need health insurance.
- You need to ask permission.
- You need to follow the rules, for your own protection and safety.
- You need to be humble so you don't make anyone else feel bad.
- You need to work "hard" to get somewhere.

So much of the "power" we see in this world, isn't. It's fake, because it comes only from tricking others into believing they have no power.

But it's a lie.

And it's a lie whose life is coming to an end.

The fact is, you are powerful beyond measure. How do I know?

Because I've experienced it myself. And I work at experiencing it more and more as I grow.

You might be reading this right now thinking to yourself, "Man this is a bunch of fluff... just give me the facts that I can use to decide about homebirth."

If that's the case, that's fine. Maybe this isn't the right time for you to truly accept how powerful you are. Take from this whatever rings true and discard the rest.

But take a look around you in the world. Because this "fluff," this power, is responsible for creating all of that. **ALL of it.** This fluffy stuff, these are the facts as I see them.

How do you figure out the facts for you?

You have a guidance system that's built into you to help you figure that out. And if you take the time to develop it, it will pay off big.

It's probably been drowned out by all the external "noise" we have in our lives and all of the mental static we create when we spend so much time in our heads.

You need to quiet your mind, tune in to yourself and **listen**.

Because then you hear it.

You hear your voice and you hear your own truth.

Your partner can *already* hear it, which is why she's talking about having a baby in a setting that's most comfortable for her.

Work on developing your listening skills, and you'll quickly realize all the "lies" you've been believing that are creating the illusion you don't have everything you need.

You are powerful. Your partner is too.

Choose to ignore the "lie," stop feeding it with your energy and it will go away.

And that will be the beginning of you using your power to change the world.

Does it frighten to know that you are powerful?
Does it frighten you to know that you have no limits on what is possible in your life?

Does it frighten you to know that if you could only get out of your own way, your life would become better than you can probably even imagine?

Does all of this make you nervous, or does it excite you beyond measure?

If an example of “true” power is not coming to your mind, I’ll give you one. It is the story of the homebirth of my daughter, Talula Skye.

The Homebirth of Talula Skye...

Most people in this world never meet and accept their own power. Instead, they go through life believing that they are small, weak and limited.

Those beliefs reinforce their ideas and become a never ending self-fulfilling prophecy. They become weak only because that’s what they believe.

Luckily, built into our world are some events that serve to remind us about our power. To give us enough of a taste that we remember what we are truly capable of.

Birth is one of those events.

It reminds the mama by default. She kind of has no choice.

During the birth, you get to see a woman **being** in her power. There is no ego, no story. There’s no time or room in her head for that. And without those things, you get to see a perfect human being fully human and fully alive.

It can be as scary as hell. Especially if you're living in fear.

Imagine if you were used to living your life by the light of a candle, and one day you were given the opportunity to use the **sun** as your source of light instead.

It'd be **BIG, BOLD, INTENSE, and POWERFUL.**

Although we might have to try a bit harder, birth can "remind" us men of our power as well, if we're open to it and if we're paying attention. These reminders are gifts. It is up to us to receive them and use them.

I share this story with you as example of one of the many gifts I've received during the course of my life...

It was a dark night at the end of October and my wife was standing without clothes, in the birth pool, swaying and moaning...

The lights were dim and there was music playing in the background. I was there waiting for the birth of my child.

I have pictures of those moments, and if there's a clearer example of a living goddess walking on the earth, I haven't seen it.

The night was quiet, it was peaceful... yet there was a buzzing in the air.

There were two midwives present at our birth and for their presence I am thankful. But they did what is probably one of the most challenging

things a midwife could possibly do in a birth situation:

They left my wife alone.

She was left alone to experience the process of bringing a soul back into this world.

As I watched, I saw her go deep into herself and connect with something that is far beyond words.

As I remember that night, I realize now that what she was connecting with was her power.

Quiet... strong... loving... unbreakable power.

If I have any wish for you in your life, it's that you get to witness an event like this even once. To see someone you love so dearly show you what is possible when you step beyond your limits,

beyond your fear and truly accept what you are and what you are capable of...

Well, your life will never be the same. And that is a promise that I can make to you without reservation.

I would argue that, at the deepest level, it is **not** homebirth that so many men and women are afraid of.

It is our own **power** that we are all freaked out about.

You know those times in your life where you go through an experience that connects with you on such a deep level that your eyes begin to tear up?

Of course, then your head jumps back into the conversation and reminds you to be a “strong”

man, and to suck it up and not let anyone see you cry.

But before that, that touch that you feel at your deepest core... I feel it even now as I relive these events by writing them down—those are reminders to yourself.

Reminders that there is more to you than you are willing to show the world. Be brave, let it out.

In the end, having a homebirth is not something to “figure out.” It’s not a problem that needs to be solved.

Having a homebirth is an opportunity to truly change the course of your life, and to connect with the power that you have kept hidden away for so long.

You don’t have to have it all figured out.

All you need to do is take a step, and be prepared to take responsibility for where you land.

For responsibility is the key to accepting your power. And if there is one thing that keeps more people away from the miracle of having a baby at home... it’s that they are not willing to stand fully accountable for the decisions they make.

The Man in the Mirror

If you bother to watch the news or read the papers, a common theme you’ll see over and over again is that, “It’s somebody else’s fault.”

When something “bad” happens in the world, we’re preoccupied with where to place the

blame. Who's fault is it? Who's mistake is it? Who should be punished?

The system, of course, was designed that way. Because when you have an entire society unwilling to accept responsibility for their own actions, well, that's a society that is easy to control.

It's easy to control by focusing attention around a common enemy: the reason for the suffering of the people.

The economy's bad? It's Wall Street's fault...

The budget is out of whack? It's the Democrat's fault...

Tax cuts for the "rich?" It's the Republican's fault...

I don't care what the topic is, the game is the same. Shift the blame for the problems of society onto an external source—then use that focused attention to control the people and accomplish your aims.

It's pretty sad really—to be a sleeping puppet like that in someone else's game of life.

We can end the game immediately, however just by by accepting 100% of the accountability and responsibility for what happens in our lives.

You lost your job?

Don't complain about your boss. You're accountable.

Don't have enough money?

Don't complain about high taxes. You're accountable.

The big difference is not that everything in your life will turn out the way you want. The big difference is that you will accept responsibility for every part of your life, no matter *how* things turn out.

By doing that, you cut through all the "stories" and B.S. and are only left with the reality that you are responsible and in control of your life. There are no excuses.

So what if you apply this same idea to the birth of your child ?

What if you took **full** responsibility for the birth of your child?

Does that scare you?

It would have freaked me out if someone had asked me to do it before the birth of my first child.

At that point in my life, I was severely unprepared to take responsibility for my own life.

So I shifted that responsibility onto the institution I was conditioned to believe could handle it: the hospital.

Of course, the hospital can't "handle" responsibility either.

That's why there's so much fine print you have to sign... but I digress.

There's the illusion that they're setup to accept the responsibility for you.

And that's a problem.

Because people believe these illusions are real and spend much of their lives looking for someone on the outside to be responsible for their lives.

In birth, this can have horrible consequences.

Because if you don't take responsibility, then you can't be fully present. And if you are not fully present, you are not fully alive.

So here's my recommendation for how to prepare for the homebirth of your child:

Start taking responsibility for your life. For everything that is in it. Good and bad.

Once you do that, everything will shift.

What I've covered so far in these few pages can take a while to digest... and even longer to install in your life.

Actually, it's not really a matter of *adding* anything to who you are, it's more a process of taking away all the levels of your being that are **not** really you. It's just the stuff that's piled up over the years that's hiding who you truly are from the world.

It's a process, but the best time to start on it is right now.

My Definition of Supportive

So once you've gotten a grip on fear (watch out, cause if you do, your life will change in a **big** way), then it's on to the actual homebirth.

My goal in birth is simply to be supportive. Most often, that means just **being** without *doing* a whole lot.

If I had to put a definition on "supportive," I'd say it means that I accept my wife for who she is without projecting any of my own crap onto her experience of birth.

It means being conscious about keeping my focus on her and what she is doing.

Sure your ego kicks in every now and again when it sees someone else getting so much care and

attention. I think the best thing to do in that situation is to stuff your ego in a sack and refocus on what this event is really about.

I was present at the births of all of my children. But those births were not about me.

They were not about my agenda.

They were not about me being a man.

They were not about me trying to make up for my own insecurities by controlling my wife, my child, the midwife or the birth.

The births were about one thing:

Loving life and simply allowing one of the great miracles of our life to happen... just as it should happen.

So What Do You Actually Do?

At this point, I'm going to assume that if you're still reading, there is some level of interest in you learning more about homebirth. In fact, from this point forward, the book pretty much assumes that you're going to have your baby at home.

The reason I'm doing this is simply because that is my reality and it is from that reality that I can best help you make the right choice for you and your partner.

I want to give you a real idea about what it means to have a baby at home.

You are ultimately responsible for making your own choice of course. And if you choose to go to the hospital, that is your own choice to make. For

me, barring extreme complications, there is no other place to have a baby than at home. But that is me. This book is about you.

If you have not experienced a homebirth before and are wondering if you “have what it takes” to help your wife through one, let me ease your concern.

To do that, I'm going to tell you (as best as I can recall) exactly what I did at the birth of my youngest child, Belgium.

She was born late at night... the two younger children had already gone to sleep and my wife had an assistant who was there to help us out.

The midwife showed up with about 20 minutes to spare.

Now this was supposed to be a waterbirth, so to prepare, I laid down some plastic sheeting in a bedroom, blew up the birth pool, attached a hose to my sink and started filling it up. (Quick tip: cover the pool with a sheet of plastic to keep the water warm, as you'll probably empty your hot water heater a few times and will have to wait for it to refill).

Once the contractions became stronger and required my wife's concentration, I was just available as she needed/wanted.

Sometimes, she wanted me around... other times I left her alone.

During the labor:

I rubbed my wife...

I kissed my wife...

I told her she was doing fine, and that everything was fine (cause it was).

I did not ease her pain...

I did not take her pain away...

I offered no clinical help in any way (cause I really don't have any clinical skills to offer anyway)...

I believe at one point I maybe went to find some towels. It's all pretty fuzzy now.

Other than that, I was just **there**.

If you're going to have a birth at home, your list of activities will probably be pretty much the same as mine.

So here's the question:

Can you just **be** there for your partner?

Present, accepting and alive?

Imagine starting life with the feeling of **that** in the room? Imagine how your baby will feel when it comes into such a tender, loving environment.

If there is a better birthday gift you can give to your new little one, I don't know what it would be.

What to Do About Your Family

When you are having a homebirth in a family or community that has not been raised to view it as

normal, it can create quite an emotionally charged situation.

Maybe the grandmother reacts to your plans by remembering all of the times she wishes she would have stood up for herself and what she wanted. This will probably create an emotional reaction.

Maybe the grandfather reacts to your plans by searching for ways to provide security... so that he can feel in control of something that is bigger than us all. This will probably create an emotional reaction.

No matter what happens, people tend to project their own stories onto events like this. It's best not to fight it—just accept it and love them as best you can.

Understand that, for the most part, they are doing the best they can with what they have to work with.

They are not out to get you.

That *doesn't* make the reality of the situation any easier, but hopefully it does create a bit of empathy in your heart for however they are reacting.

In fact, any tension that is created about the situation is usually more about your perception of events than the reality of them. And there is no place easier to project your issues onto events than when you're dealing with your family.

So my recommendation is that you explain your intentions about your decision to choose

homebirth gently and confidently to those you love.

Understand that they may very well interpret your decisions as some commentary on the way they chose to live their lives—or on the way they chose to birth or raise you.

You cannot control their interpretations—for they simply reflect their own unresolved issues. But you *can* love them anyway and be who you really are anyway.

Your family may or may not come around. And dealing with that, of course, is your responsibility.

The point isn't to change them... it's to be **OK** with **you**. And to live your life being “you” no matter who you're talking to.

But Is Homebirth Safe?

If you still have this nagging question in the back of your mind, then this short section will save you a lot of time.

You see, if you try to find the answer to this online, you'll jump into a world full of endless arguments.

One person will cite study X claiming that homebirth is safe. The next person will highlight a statistical "flaw" in study X and argue that it proves the exact opposite.

If you allow yourself to get caught up in this world of drama where everyone is trying to prove themselves right, you'll end up wasting a lot of time and energy. And by the end, you'll simply be exhausted and more confused than ever.

So let's cut right to the chase.

Is homebirth safe?

HELL NO!

Just like walking outside of your house is not safe.

Just like driving your car is not safe.

Just like riding your bike on the road is not safe.

Just like flying on an airplane is not safe.

A lot of people die each and every year doing these normal activities.

Why?

Because living isn't safe. And if you think it is...
wake up!

You take risks every day, you've just been conditioned to believe they're not risky. The point is, you are alive--and in this life, there are no guarantees of anything. But it's easy to forget that.

This is the truth:

Babies die. They die at home and they die in the hospital. If you don't want to face that fact, then you're just not willing to face reality. You can continue on that way, but it will have consequences that ripple throughout the rest of your life.

By making a decision to shy away from reality, you are making a decision to never truly be alive.

Instead of asking yourself an endless stream of "What if _____ goes wrong?" Here's a better question for you:

What if everything goes right and your life is transformed forever?

Are you prepared to handle *that*?

The question is **not** whether or not homebirth is safe... the question is, "Is homebirth right for you, your partner and your baby?"

To answer that, you need information and connection with yourself. And once you have those two things, you simply need the guts to follow through on what you believe.

Words of Wisdom from a Father of 5

Someone else could have just as easily written this book. Someone else *could* have written it, but I don't think they have, so I did it.

If you are truly considering a homebirth, then I wish you the best. You might think the real issue at hand here is homebirth, but it's far, far bigger than that.

The real issue is your decision to live your life to the fullest, exactly as you want to live it.

I know that my experience with homebirth is responsible, in part, for dramatically changing the quality of my life. The other thing that is responsible is simply my ability to be open and my willingness to accept that gift.

My words of wisdom to you now are simple:

Find your own wisdom and let your life be guided by it.

I truly hope that, no matter what your decision about homebirth, the words in this book have somehow added to your ability to live your life to its fullest.

About the Author

Jason Leister spent much of his first 33 years sleep walking through life. He's awake now.

He spends his time changing diapers, cooking food, drinking coffee and running his internet empire from his bedroom.

He lives with his family in Sedona Arizona.