

(introductory music)

**DISCLAIMER:** Welcome to *Taking Back Birth*, a podcast for women who know the truth about birth and those who want to explore the path of radical birth love. I'm your host, Maryn Green. *Taking Back Birth* celebrates the power you have to make decisions in alignment with your own truth. Decisions not subject to anyone else's authority. Decisions that create experiences that will change your life. *Taking Back Birth* is a production of the Indie Birth Private Contract Association and indiebirth.org. No material on this podcast should be considered medical advice. Birth is not a medical event.

**MARYN:** Good morning. It's Maryn here and baby Rumi, who I think you'll probably hear making sweet little cooing sounds at least at the moment. But he's going to hang out and do what he does and probably nurse and sleep. I really wanted him to be here with me during this podcast because I want to talk more about his birth story. And maybe even if I wasn't talking about that he'd be here. But it feels special to have him laying here on the bed being witness to more of his story and see how it goes. So we are about five weeks postpartum. And if you haven't a great primer to this podcast would be to read his birth story. You probably have if you're listening. But if you haven't, please do that because this won't make any sense otherwise. I'm not going to rehash the whole story in chronological detail. But the address there is [indiebirth.org/rumisol](http://indiebirth.org/rumisol). Rumi Sol. And that is his birth story. We call it *The Time I Had a Freebirth at the Hospital (The Indie Birth of Rumi Sol)*. Following that, if you're avid podcast listener, you've probably already heard Margo and I recorded a podcast here on this very same bed in this very same room just a couple days after his birth talking more about it.

So you might be wondering, "Why are you still talking about it?" And to that, I say purely for my own use. So I love our loyal fans and listeners. And this is kind of a peek for you into a deeper story and my own experience. But truly, this podcast is for me. It's for me to process more. It's for me to—come here, little buddy. Have an outlet to share more so that I remember because I'm still in a lot of ways in that post birth haze that, if you've been in, you know does disappear. So I guess what I'm saying is I want to have some of the details down for myself. Things I won't remember in the future. And maybe Rumi will want to listen to it. I have no idea. But it's not really to prove anything to anyone or to share in any other way except as part of my private sphere, which you are welcome to be a part of by listening. I will probably go into some of the details and sort of clinical explanations just because I think that's fascinating. But for the moment, at least, we'll see when this goes to final production, so to speak. But I'm calling this *Behind the Scenes- the Magical Tale of Rumi Sol*.

All babies are special. All of mine are special. They have all had really fantastic stories. And I think that's no accident. Just being in the birth world I think one of the things that I came away with from his birth especially is that we're given what we need. Especially if we're in the birth world, we're given what we need to serve ourselves and our babies and our own path. And then I know it's no accident that I got to experience what I did because I walk with women. And I know it will be valuable. And I guess being five weeks postpartum, those are the kind of things I don't quite know yet. So just being honest about that. I don't have this all figured out.

What I do know is that Rumi was my tenth baby coming earth side. My 13<sup>th</sup> pregnancy. And his birth was probably the hardest thing I've ever done. And therefore, one of the biggest teachers that I've ever had. And I don't feel like this was an ordinary experience. And here is where, I guess, I'm going to think that, and no one else needs to necessarily. And that's—oop. There's some pooping going on here. Oh man. You might get to hear me change a diaper and the whole thing depending. Rumi has the common newborn habit of pooping right out of his clothes. So this might be something we need to take care of. We'll see. Let's see. What was I even saying? Oh, just that I think the ultimate lesson is kind of ironic because here I am telling more of the story. But sort of the ultimate lesson was that this is so my story. This is so our story. That I think I'm struggling to still find words to be able to communicate it. Like I said, both for my own safe keeping of listening in the future maybe or just wanting to share it with people.

It's really been hard because the whole thing—his whole pregnancy, his whole birth kind of felt like I was in this other universe, in a way. This other bubble. And I just am still not sure how to communicate that. So what did that teach me? Well, so many things. But in, I think, walking with other women, it's taught me that birth is primarily a spiritual experience. And these aren't new beliefs, to me, but it took it to a whole new level. So yeah. There were some physical factors in his birth. But ultimately, it was an initiation. It was a vision quest. Insert whatever sort of New Age phrase you want to use for totally shaking things up and shifting my world. And so if I experience that, which I did, then it changes how I even am going to sit with women. So I was just blabbing about this to my husband, who, of course, has to hear all this stuff first. And yeah. Here I sit on call ready to witness a couple of women having babies. I'm so excited about that. But I've thought, "What has it changed for me?" Well, this. I think I have even less desire to fix or change someone's experience.

And I don't know that I had a great desire anyhow. But as a midwife, we think we have skills. And we do. And we learn stuff. And we might be able to—especially in hindsight—and I'm doing this with his birth. Say, "Oh, they were maybe in this presentation. And blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. And these were the mechanics that were at play." And that's all so fascinating to me. But ultimately, I guess the highest view is

that we can't really change someone's experience. We really can't. And believe it or not, I wouldn't have wanted mine changed, if that were even possible because I wouldn't have learned what I learned. We, together—Rumi and I wouldn't have had the soul experiences that we need. So I'm definitely—wrestling is sort of a strong word. Like I don't know. I don't know yet how it'll change how I sit with women. But I know that it will in that way. How can I use the skills I have, the intuition I have, the observations I might make, how do I use those in conjunction with my highest realization, which is this is this mom's experience? I can't save her. It kind of is what it is.

So obviously, those two things are sort of balanced, if you're a midwife. I mean you're not just going to, obviously, sit there with your back turned and say, "Oh, well. It just is what it is." I'll be called maybe to say something or to suggest something. And that all still feels like part of her spiritual path, if I've been invited there. So these are such big ideas in a way. And yet, they're so simple. But the spiritual journey is something that I know is true. I really do. And especially for the women that will come to me. I mean not everybody sees it like that. There are women that are like—I mean babies just come out. They're not needing or wanting to view it this way. And that's totally fine. I just feel like the women that come to me will, on some level, be in agreement that a spiritual journey is what we're on during this process. And we may never understand another person's vision quest. We're not really meant to. We're not. We can hold witness to it. We can support it, right? But we're not really meant to understand it.

And this is a concept that I've definitely played with over the years. I can think of one client in particular who had a very difficult experience at the end of her pregnancy. And long story short, it wasn't until many months later that I received other details from her and the partner about things that were going on in their life and sort of these other things they hadn't really disclosed. And in that moment, it's like a light bulb went off. And I thought, "Maryn, you know nothing." And I say this to myself all the time in the best way, "I know nothing. I know nothing." And I especially know nothing about someone's whole life experience even when we're close to women, even our best friends, right? We only know what we know. And so I think I can hold respect for that. And with birth experiences, remain even more detached perhaps than I was, I think, in the best way. That I can't really understand her experience. I can't really understand why it would happen this way, but I have to trust it's perfect. And that's exactly what his birth was for me.

Obviously, I think people looking in—and, again, how could any of you really understand my experience? Here is me trying to share more, so that maybe you could even though it's sort of impossible. But people that are sort of less dedicated maybe even listening to this, if they saw the blog post or whatever, definitely might make assumptions or think—I don't know. I've heard all kinds of stuff just because I do put my life out as an

offering. All kinds of stuff. Like, “Oh that sucks. She’s a midwife. That must have really been awful.” And people making assumptions about, “Oh, well, do you wish it had happened differently? Or do you wish this?” No. I don’t. I don’t. And that’s not to say I haven’t worked through a lot of the emotions because it was a very emotional experience. But in the end, I do not have any regrets. And I know that it couldn’t have been any different than it was. So I’ve lived that, and if I really believe that and that’s something I kind of keep coming back to then I hold that for other women as well. And I think that’s a really good thing because I think when we don’t have as deep experiences and we’re kind of new to things or maybe we’re learning or we’re just more naïve or sort of immature, we have this view that—let’s see how to put this. That if someone had done something different they could have changed what happened. And well—that’s a loaded discussion, and I’m totally changing a diaper here. He’s very calm during most activities including diaper changing. He is an absolute magic soul here.

Anyway, I don’t even know what I was saying exactly. See? I got distracted by diaper changing. Anyway, I think it was more just like this other—this more immature view especially if we’re attending births as a student or whatever. And we feel like, “Oh, well. That mom totally—if she had just done this thing then she would have done it.” Or sort of judgmentally kind of stuff and I’ve been there. I’ve thought that. And now my view has changed. I feel like I don’t have any judgment on it. Do emotions play a part in our experiences? For sure. But it’s less of a view that there are bad emotions, right? So we’re all sometimes caught up in, “What are your fears? And, oh, she must have been fearful.” Yeah. Birth brings up fears. And they can play a part sort of positively or negatively in an experience. But I guess I have less desire to—I mean how do I even put it? Help someone conquer their fears. I mean yeah. I do what I can especially prenatally. But I feel like then it is what it is. And fear is not a bad thing. And we just have such a label on all of it really. All of it whereas the highest vision—and this is what I feel like I got to experience was just tuning in to what I needed and trusting my body, which is a whole other podcast because what does that even mean when your body starts doing something really wacky like trying to push a baby out when it’s not time. And trusting him and trusting that he needed this story. This wasn’t only my story. It wasn’t like only my everything. My manifestation. My fears. It was ours. And maybe even more so, his.

So that’s my really long winded way of saying that that’s how I see things now even more so. And we’ll see. We’ll see how it develops as I continue to witness women and how I feel like my role changes and what I can offer people and what I can’t because I do think, again, there is sort of a limit to what we can offer someone because it’s their thing. So I’ll stop with that theme for now. And let’s see. This is totally going to be a blab. I have some notes. But Rumi is here with me, and we’ll see how it goes.

Well, so to kind of start with the pregnancy, which definitely was part of the birth. I think I've said in other places that Rumi was kind of a surprise. And let me explain that because it doesn't mean the same thing to everyone. All of our kids were desired in the sense of I always know when I'm ovulating. I've never been confused about that. I've never been surprised. It was always like, "Oh yeah. We welcome another. And, oh, here they are." And with Rumi, he definitely was welcome. You hear that, little buddy? You definitely were welcome. But I was surprised still by just the timing of it, so that's what I was surprised by. I'm 43. Jason is 43. I don't know what declining fertility necessarily looks like, I guess, yet. But I just didn't have very high expectations honestly after Cove's birth. I mean her birth was so easy, and that's a whole other thing.

My brain was feeling like, "Okay. That's cool. That's a good place to stop." But my heart wanted another baby or felt another baby. So there wasn't a conflict, but there was just different energies going on mentally and what I was feeling. And not funny, but that ended up being sort of the whole theme of his pregnancy and birth, was feeling versus thinking. And that was something I just learned so much about. But it began with his conception feeling one way, thinking another. And without going into all the details of a conception, it was just surprising. I didn't think I was going to ovulate for awhile. And then it sort of happened with less days in between when we had sex than I expected. So on one hand, I guess it's not surprising, but it just felt surprising. And when my period was due, I was totally expecting it. Like 500%, didn't have one doubt in my mind. It didn't seem to make any sense. And Jason was the one to say, "I think you're pregnant." And I laughed. I was like, "That's absolutely insane. Really. Truly. There is such a low chance of that." And if you look up even fertility stats for people in their 40s, it was like 1% or something. So you're the 1%, Mr. Rumi.

And he totally wanted in obviously. So I was just shocked. And I remember talking to my friend, Amber, about this who she does a lot of counseling for my clients. And I occasionally do counseling with her. So shout out to you, Amber, if you're listening. She's really wonderful. But I did a session with her kind of a little bit into the pregnancy around 14 weeks. And that's the time that we had our miscarriage. So really in every pregnancy since, I just have needed extra support around that time of loss. And what came up in the session was just this feeling of surprise and how that was sort of impacting my emotions and how the loss was a surprise and just kind of this actual feeling, this sensation. And so I think that's really interesting because his birth really had the same feeling of like, "What? What just happened here? How could this be?" And I think that's kind of been your MO, Rumi. I don't know why. And it's not a bad thing. But there's this element of surprise and mystery about him. And he likes to sort of reverse whatever you think is possible even in being a boy. I totally thought he was a girl, which was another thing.

Okay. Let's get some milk and continue on here, okay? You're enjoying this story. Are you enjoying it? You're such a sweet boy. So yeah. And I think, overall, if you're kind of a birth nerd like me, that's something to consider. I'm sure it's not 500% true. But the energies of conception are so often the energies that remain for the birth and maybe beyond that. Maybe he'll continue to kind of add mystery and surprise. But yeah. The energy of the conception was that, and that's exactly how it went the whole time. So that was a huge part. And around 7 weeks pregnant—so kind of backing up from that 14-week mark—I had this very real dream that the baby in me, the 7-week baby, had died. And it was so realistic. The only other time I've had a dream like that was when Sable died. I had the dream a couple weeks before. It was real. I woke up crying. I thought I was crazy in a way because, at that point, he was still alive. And then he did die.

So it freaked me out that the dream was so prophetic. And I don't think every dream needs to be. But there was something so real about that one. So when it happened in Rumi's pregnancy at 7 weeks, I was very sure it was true. And I woke up, and I was just distraught obviously. I really wanted this baby. And I felt like they were gone. And I wasn't bleeding or anything. It was more just this emotional and spiritual feeling of—yeah. This soul has left. So here is where you might think I'm crazy, but who cares? Sharing all the things. I do think the soul that was in there left. I do. Because something changed energetically. I can't even explain it. I had felt whoever was in there in those whatever number of weeks before 7. What is that? 3 weeks that you know you're pregnant. And it this sort of strange energy. It just almost didn't feel human. It felt very odd. And I was just kind of aware of it. What was I to do? So at 7 weeks when I had this dream, which was very graphic and very grotesque and all of those disturbing things, I thought Rumi—I didn't have a name for him at that point. But I thought the baby had died. And I sort of prepared myself for what might come next.

So I was surprised when the pregnancy continued. See? Another surprise. And still kind of felt fearful though, to be honest. There was just this littler part of me that felt like, "Was I being prepared to lose him?" And honestly, that's a theme that carried through even through the birth. So on one hand, is that fear? Is that manifestation? I don't know. But it was just a feeling. It was a feeling I carried the whole entire pregnancy that I didn't know if he would stay. And that was very, very hard. On another related note, there were lots of losses around me. And I don't wish that on anyone in their pregnancy, but it was what it was. I couldn't change it. I could stop sort of taking it on, which was another challenge. But so many losses. Not necessarily even of clients but people close to me or people that are kind of in our Indie Birth sphere would message me with news of their loss. And I appreciated them sharing it. And this is another topic. I feel so sad for moms who especially have had still births—that they feel like they can't

tell anyone. They feel like they can't share. And maybe they don't want to at that point. Totally valid. But I think there is a stigma and a shame around sharing that.

So for better or for worse, I was the witness even from afar for a lot of people during this time that were experiencing loss. And I can't lie. It really did affect me. And it just kind of was always this thing in the back of my head. That was he okay? Would he be okay? And even in pregnancy, I was sort of hyper vigilant about his movements. I was almost neurotic about it. I remember telling Margo a bunch of times. And every time, she'd say something like, "Well, it sounds pretty normal." And then I would take a step back as a midwife and be like, "Oh yeah. That is normal." It's like I had these strange expectations of him to be moving all the time or whatever. And the truth is he wasn't the biggest mover. He was average. I mean he wasn't like my last baby, Cove, who literally didn't stop moving for the whole time. And he is more chill as a baby. So his pattern as a fetus was to have a couple periods of good movement especially towards the end of pregnancy when you can feel them pretty good. And that all felt really normal and good. But he would sleep quite regularly at other points. Also very normal. But babies have different schedules, and I think I just had strange expectations, which was another thread of this whole thing of feeling like, "Why do I need him to be different than he is?"

And that was the birth too. Why would I want him to have done this differently? He did what he needed to do. And he didn't need me critiquing and judging it that it should have been different. So we had lots of practice with that during the pregnancy. And something interesting about him was just in a spiritual sense he would check out. And this reminded me a lot of my son, Rune. They are very similar. And their names being similar is not an accident. I had this sense all along that Rumi's birth would be a little like Rune's. And if you didn't read Rune's in our book or online, he transported to the hospital in a helicopter after birth because he literally came into this world not in his body. His soul was just not there. And it was quite scary.

So I had this premonition that Rumi's birth would be like Rune's. And I didn't know what that meant, but it felt like I was preparing for something really big. And that's exactly how Rune's felt. In fact, I remember—this is 13 years ago at this point. The midwife I apprenticed with in preparation for Rune's birth—I mean I must have said something to her here or there. And she said something like, "Why are you making such a big deal out of this?" She wasn't the most compassionate person, by the way. But she had hit the nail on the head. She had picked up on why are you over planning, over prepping. This is your fourth baby. Chill out. And now that I've had that experience twice, I can only say either I knew something, or I was just—I was prepping. I was prepping for something big. And my other births didn't feel like that, haven't felt like that. Cove. I don't feel like I had a worry in the world. And she just fell out. I can think of Belgium's, my fifth baby. Same thing.

So what comes first? The chicken or the egg? I have no idea. But I knew Rumi's birth would be profound. And that's a hard thing, I think, when you're pregnant. And I had had this transport. I've had a loss. You try to put your human brain around what that means and sort of imagine what that could mean so that you're not unprepared. But the truth is there is so many variations, and it's just life. We can't prepare for birth really. We can't know. So even when we have a feeling like something might be different, I hesitated to even label that as bad or that it would mean a transport. I mean that's our human brain trying to control. So it was an odd place to be. I won't lie for all of the reasons that I have shared. Just lots of awareness of death, I think, culturally too. And I've talked about that. I wrote an article on this virus thing and being pregnant during that time. And that's a lot of what I shared there in that blog post was just feeling the cultural fear. Feeling the awareness of death. Suddenly, people were walking around with masks and that whole thing. That really just was shocking. I'm sure it was to many people. But during pregnancy to just see the mask consciousness suddenly realize that they're going to die.

And I mean that's true. And we should all talk about death more. But anyway, it just kind of added to this whole death consciousness thing that I was already in. I remember being in the shower one night when I was pregnant with him. I don't remember how many weeks it was. It was probably still quite early, first trimester kind of time. And I heard Rumi's voice for the first time. And I knew, again, I hadn't miscarried after that dream. But I knew it was a different soul. I had felt that almost immediately. Once I realized the pregnancy was still here and growing, it was very clear to me that whatever soul was in there had left, and this was Rumi. And he still didn't have a name. But he started to have a voice. Not as strong as that first one. And his voice wasn't that strong the whole time. Like I said, he would have periods where he kind of checked out, and I could feel that his soul wasn't in his body when he was in me.

So I heard him say—I think I was thinking about Sable and more about death and all of that. And I heard him say, "I am not my brother." And I remember writing it in my journal and just—I kept kind of coming back to that. Yeah. You are not your brother. And at that point, of course, I did not know he was a boy. I did not think he was a boy. And it feels even more special now knowing that he said that to me, and Sable is his brother. And that's one of his only brothers. And truly, I never thought I would have another boy after Sable. It just felt like maybe I don't do that anymore. Maybe my body can't have a healthy boy. All kinds of crazy thoughts. And so I think that's part of thinking he was a girl is just not even consciously wanting to engage carrying another boy and what that could mean or not mean. But not his brother was very accurate. He's very much not his brother, and we don't even know. I don't know all the ways that Sable would have been Sable. He would have been five about now. But not to be—so



that was kind of a lot of the early pregnancy stuff. And that feels sort of normal to me. And I feel like it definitely got more esoteric and more on the spiritual path as we proceeded in the pregnancy.

I started working with kind of a spiritual mentor/coach/I don't even know what to call her. And I've talked about her on several podcasts now. But her name is Donna Maria. She's an older, wise woman, and she is the container, which is a funny word, for just so much knowledge and wisdom over times and over lifetimes and over cultures. And it wasn't an accident that Rumi brought me to her during this pregnancy. So I met her around that same time that I did my session with Amber, so around 14 weeks. I did Donna Maria's 6-week course. That was the first I had ever heard of her. The first I had met her. And that course called *Emotional Intelligence*, which she offers every now and again, totally changed my life. And I felt drawn to continue with her.

So I didn't really have a relationship with her personally other than being in a class at that point. And I emailed her, and I just said something like, "How do I work with you?" And I don't think I've ever said this to anyone. I've thought about the desire for a spiritual teacher for so many years. But I've never really put the word out sort of energetically. And I think that's a hard role to fill when you're someone that's like actively doing the work. I don't know. It was going to take an amazing person to come into my life for me to say, "Yes. I want to learn from you." Not that I don't think I can learn from lots of people. But I think, especially spiritual guidance, I've always been cautious about who I ask. There's a lot of people I don't want spiritual guidance from. I mean they're working their stuff out, which is cool. But you have to have someone that knows their stuff and is in a position to guide someone else.

So that was the message I put out to her. And surprisingly, she was like, "Oh, I've never thought about it. But I'd love to mentor you." And so we got started with a 13-month mentorship. I'm about—I don't know. Half way through that. And I don't know what will happen after that. That's a whole other thing. But so far, it's been absolutely life changing, and everything I have ever sort of wanted for my own spiritual evolution in this life thus far due to her guidance. So I don't even know how to sum that up except that so much of the work that she and I were doing was part of his story. And a lot of that will just remain my own because it's too much to explain. And I have literally journals and books and all kinds of things around the experiences of my own power essentially that I've been able to have during this last time especially working with her.

So some things that come up around inner power is this belief in our bodies, mine in particular, and one health condition in particular I've lived with my whole entire life which is asthma. And I think I've mentioned that. And just working with her and digging deep and uncovering the belief systems and the psychology around how our bodies hold things like that. And for me, sort of the short version here and this took many months

and is still a project, is that a lot of those beliefs are just that. This physical condition I was told I had since the age of 4 is actually not physical. It's psychological, and it has to do with what I'm feeling, fear, in particular. And it has to do with being empathic and picking up on other people's vibrations. This all manifests in my physical body, and I feel like a kindergartner, in a way. Being aware of my own body and what it's capable of in both directions. It's capable of ultimate healing. And it's capable of self destruction. And I'm not focusing on that part, but that's out power. That's our power is that our belief systems and our feelings and our thoughts really do create our reality.

So this was one of the primary lessons I essentially taught myself with her guidance. I definitely don't think she would say she teaches anyone anything. She really is in a position of helping me to remember all the lifetimes of knowledge and wisdom that I have. And many of us have. Most of us have. Specifically around this kind of thing and being at this pinnacle—is that a word? I don't know. This point in history where we're needing to create our reality. We're needing to do it that way. We can't just watch what's happening in front of us and get angry and want to go live on an island somewhere. I mean that is the reflex. I've had it. But ultimately, if we're going to live in this world and we're going to raise children in this world and we're going to remain positive and want to love and enjoy our lives, then we need to create the reality we want to be in. And if you read his birth story, that's more than what actually happened. I'll talk about that probably in a little bit.

But we actually created a different reality. We made on that really doesn't exist. And it wasn't just in making it so you could see the photos on the blog post, which are really awesome. It was a feeling. It was a feeling. I was there in this hospital. But there was nothing strange about it. There was nothing I had to bat away. There was no antagonistic anything. There was no negativity. There was no fear. I was completely in the bubble of love and protection that I would have had here right here on the floor. Nothing was different. I created exactly what I wanted in a place that surprised me. So anyway, these were not new realizations during my pregnancy or the birth. This was a continued cycle of the same lessons over and over.

So before his birth, I work with her every two weeks. So, of course, we had many sessions. And I'm probably going to talk about some of the other things that came up. But just since I'm on a roll as we got close, it felt even more like I was preparing for stuff. And I had had two other sort of scenarios in life that were worth talking to her about and working through and felt like challenges. They felt like some really huge physical and spiritual challenges. And so I received, I think, those insights. Our power does come through, I think, in challenges a lot of the time. That's how we get our messages. And as Donna Maria would say, sort of the harder the challenge the more power we're holding behind that. And so yay. I had these things happen. And there were two of them. Two scenarios in those weeks prior.

And I'll never forget her saying, "There's a third. There's a third initiation coming. And what you've learned thus far will be needed." And she didn't know what that was. I didn't know what that was. Of course, a little part of my brain was like, "Huh. This birth. Initiation. Hmm." But there was nothing I could do to prepare other than what I had been doing. So, again, just some maybe awareness that something was coming. And then right before his birth, I think it was the session I had before his birth I really expressed to her that I was feeling fear. And it doesn't make sense rationally. And this was definitely a part of the lead up to his birth. I felt like something was going to happen. And some of my brain, as I've expressed so far, thought maybe it's him. Maybe he doesn't want to be here. I don't know what kind of challenge this is going to be.

And I would get myself in the right mental space, emotional space as much as I could every day. I was spending literal hours outside on the land which is where I felt the most peace and where I knew Rumi felt peace. And in those moments, it all made sense. It was just breathe. Just be in it. Let go. Let go of this control. I mean you could sort of know if something is coming or not. But just there's nothing you can do. Just be in it. And if you're breathing—and I've had these experiences, hopefully, there will be as much grace involved as possible. And he's totally just sleeping on me like a little angel because that's what he does.

So yeah. I express this fear. And she asked questions. What are you afraid of? And I had to try to find the words. And she's really great at asking questions. So she kept kind of drilling at it. And what it came down to was I was afraid of the pain, which was so surprising and so humbling. Do I not have a podcast on how I had no pain with Cove's birth? I totally do. And I totally did. I didn't have pain with her birth. So yet another paradox of this human experience. We can experience all of it. And they're all true. Every possibility is true. And so here I found myself feeling like how can I be scared of pain when my last birth wasn't painful. But I just kept having it come up where I would say to myself, "What if I can't do it?" And I said this to her. And, of course, she said, "What do you mean? You've had nine babies. And, of course, you can do it." And it felt like I needed that reminder. But there was something emotionally that wasn't grasping that.

My brain could wrap around that. Yes. Totally. I've had nine babies. I've done this. Why would I be afraid? Done. But no. There was something in me that just, "I don't know if I can do this." I don't know if I see this happening. And that was the other thing. I didn't know if he was going to come out of my body. And that sounds just really dark. But it was a feeling. It was like, "I don't know." I looked around this room. And I have a lot of stories about this room. We had prepared this brand, new room for Rumi's arrival. Mainly, for me. Our house is getting tiny. I couldn't imagine laboring and birthing in the same room that the last few have been born in just because there is no privacy. So we

created this beautiful room outside of the house in this guest house space. So I was working really diligently the last couple months on decorating and getting it all ready. But yet, there was this feeling that he wasn't going to be born here. And I really wrestled with it. I did ceremonies in here. I cleared it myself with all the things. I talked to the ancestors that were here. I felt the other spirits around and things. And there wasn't anyone, human or not human, to tell me that it wasn't going to happen here, but that it would all be okay. But this was the sense I got.

So even the detail of this room—of course, you can't see it on a podcast. It's really cute. And we have our bed and our little daughters have another bed. It's quite a big room. And there's this space next to my bed that really was the only spot I felt like I could birth him because of the layout. But I just couldn't see it. I just couldn't see it. So I don't know. That's something I might learn more about myself in times to come. But certainly I think midwives have this skill. And I think I've thought it maybe with other people. But I haven't given it as much power. But even Margo, in hindsight, said, "Oh, I had this weird dream that your baby was breech. And I think Jason caught him or something." But it was this kind of unsettling dream where she also felt, as someone close to me, that something was just slightly off, and that it wasn't happening here. Another good friend, who is also a midwife but doesn't live here, said, "Right before you had him I knew or felt that he wasn't going to be born at home." And we could just say that that was coincidence. But I don't believe in accidents. I don't believe in coincidences. And yeah. I think midwives are particularly good at reading energy in a space.

And we don't make predictions like this to clients. We don't say to them, "Hey, I can't see your baby being born here." We might not even acknowledge it consciously ourselves. But somehow we have it in there somewhere. And it usually makes sense when people do transport or whatever. Most of the time, as a midwife, we're not surprised. We're like, "Oh yeah. That's kind of what I thought." So it's weird to think that about yourself and to not know what the hell that meant. And I always say to people, "I don't want to go to the hospital," when I'm helping them plan for their births, right? We do talk about transport. And I would say to people, "I don't want to go. I don't want you to go. But I know for me, personally, I would only ever go if I thought I was dying or my baby was dying. That's the only time I would go." And I would trust that there was no other way. And I feel blessed to live near a hospital. I don't live in a third world country, for example, or somewhere else where there is really no help. I've always felt pretty balanced about it. I don't like hospitals. I don't ever want to go there. But it's not home birth at all costs. And if I felt like I needed it, I would go. And I would trust that everything would be fine. And I would be grateful. And that's exactly what happened.

And I did trust. And it was fine. And I was grateful. So that's a second or third or fourth or fifth podcast just about that whole thing and transporting. And the energy we go in with. And yes. Margo was a huge piece of that. And together, Margo and I are—we're amazing together obviously. So having her with me was just double everything good. And we didn't expect any problems. And we were grateful. And we wanted everything to work out great, and that's what we got. So this is a very long, winding story. And like I said, I don't know that anyone else really cares, but here I go with more stuff.

During the pregnancy, I had lots of weird things happen. I had some spirit experiences, talking with them. Some pregnancies have really been open in that way and maybe if you're listening and you've been pregnancy you've had that happen. Where the veil just gets really thin. And of course, the time of year—we're still in it. It's December 12<sup>th</sup> today. But this whole time of year. He's a Scorpio. He was born in Scorpio season. Kind of have this decline and this infringing darkness and this more transparent veil as we get to solstice, which is December 21<sup>st</sup>. So also the time of year was supporting this whole sort of crazy experience of, like I said, being contacted by ancestors, dealing very concretely with ancestral shit basically, and that might sound weird and funny. But I was being contacted by them. I was hearing a lot of their story. And I was becoming aware of what I hold ancestrally in my own DNA regarding birth and fears and where that came from.

And so part of me felt really relieved to know that. Just this fear of death cropping up in the birth process and feeling like, "Oh, I know where that comes from now." It's maybe not about him. And it wasn't about him. He was just bringing this all to the forefront also for his own evolution. To not continue to carry these things even though he's a male. He obviously could carry these fears. And then ancestors contacting me were definitely female from what I could feel and decipher. But they were sharing this from this perspective of this—we hold stuff in our DNA from however many generations ago. We're not necessarily aware of it. And then we think it's ours. And we think we have to problem solve and do this thing when really they showed me part of it is just awareness and saying, "I don't want to carry this anymore. Thank you. You guys had these experiences, this trauma, which set in motion this ancestral pattern that would be passed down. But I'm done."

And so I do feel conclusive with that. I do feel like there was strides made in shedding some of that stuff for my family, for my kids. And part of me wonders if I hadn't if his birth would have taken even some other turn that hinged more on those fears and maybe brought them to pass. So that's really a long story there. That's as much as I'm going to tell about it. But Rumi started to show his spirit about that point. So sort of mid pregnancy when you'd expect. It felt like he was coming in more, like I said, and I wrote a blog post about it. It was something about my babies from the stars. I would look out in the middle of the night because I would be up a lot. And I'd see the stars. And I

knew he was out there. It was a very strange feeling. He was out there. He wasn't with me even though his body was in me. And his body was fine and healthy and doing all the things. His soul wasn't.

So one night I remember just kind of talking to the stars and simultaneously talking to Rumi and just kind of being in this veil state of, "You're out there. What is that place? Where do you come from?" And I'd call him back. And this happened many, many nights even though that continued to be a pattern, honestly, up until now. Up until he is earth side. His whole pregnancy he would go out at night. And it was really disconcerting even though I knew what was happening. There were many nights where I was just up sort of feeling anxious or nervous because he wasn't with me. And so that one night I looked out at the stars and called him back. And I could feel it. I could feel him come in. And this is just one example, I think, of the amazing connection we have with our baby's souls even before conception and the amazing conception I feel like I have with him.

So it didn't make my human brain feel any different which was just this strange place of feeling like things were hanging by a thread. It was that coupled with this deep connection and intuition and awareness that this is what his soul was going to do at this point. There was no controlling it. There was no telling him not to do it. I could be worried about it in my head. But my feelings were always that when I would connect with him everything was fine but again, with this awareness that he had this pattern of kind of going out to the stars and coming back. So that was one way he started to come more into his little body. And he's definitely in his body now as a baby which is really fun. One fun thing about that is that when I was pregnant with him, like I said, I felt like he wasn't with me at night. And I would go on my dream path. And some nights very randomly, I would sleep really hard, and I'd wake up. And I'd be like, "Oh my god. I mean I'm pregnant. But where is my baby?" It was a very strange feeling like I was going out one way and he was going out another. And then I would be anxious sort of getting us back together or watching him come back in.

And now since he's been here with me, he's sleeping next to me, of course. And when I dream, he's in my dreams. He's him. He's a baby, so it's so sweet it makes me want to cry because now he travels with me. And that feels really, really special. And god. Why do souls take the time they do to do whatever they do? I don't know. I don't have the answer. And with all my babies, I've had different times that they've come in to their bodies. So anyway, that's a whole topic, but that was his pattern. About his name—yeah. If you know who Rumi is, I don't need to say too much. But the way his name came in was probably around 20-something weeks. And prior to that, in my journals and sort of in my head, I just called him Magic. I called him baby Magic because that's what it felt like. It just felt like absolute magic that he was in me growing. And so one day, I was reading—I don't know. I was reading something. A book. And in the back,

there was—you know how they put those one pagers about another book that the publisher offers. And so this other page for another book was about Rumi. It was Rumi poetry.

And you know how you just know when you know. That's how it's been for me with baby names. Either I hear them or they come in dreams or I just know. So I saw that, and I knew. I was like, "Oh, that's your name." And for some reason, Sol had always been this other name, but I knew it wasn't the first name, but there was something there that whenever I would close my eyes or feel into it Rumi or this baby was this bright yellow color. In fact, he's wearing it right now. He has lots of things this color for that reason. But there was something so bright and so sunshiny about him that I knew Sol was part of the name. So when I saw the Rumi book advertisement, I knew that was his name. And I knew Sol was his middle name. And truthfully, had he been a girl the name would have been the same. I knew that was this baby.

And immediately felt this peace. And in my communication with him just the nonverbal stuff you do when you have a baby in you, I knew this was his name. And it was very exciting because I never know where these names are going to come from. I have a whole other podcast on baby names. Our baby names. So if you're curious, you can listen to that. But I don't look up things in baby name books. That's all cool, if it works for you, but I've never done that except the first time. I've never done that since I've been aware that they tell you. My babies have always told me. So it was super special. And then his sister, Amelia, who is our oldest who is also a Scorpio and he was due right near her birthday—in fact, they're only a few days apart. She said from the beginning, "It's a boy," and I argued with her many times. But she has a pretty good track record. She dreamed of Cove being a girl right before she was born. The morning she was born.

So there was a little bit of me that definitely thought she was right or trusted her. And let's see. A couple months before he was born she woke up, and she said, "Mom, I had this dream. You had the baby. And he's a boy, and his name is Sol." And I tried so hard not to have any expression on my face because our cardinal rule is that we don't tell the kids the name. We don't tell them the initial. We don't even speak it out loud. It's this sacred thing. Their name. And all of them have been treated the same. So nobody's name has been known to them before birth. So I couldn't give in. And if I had, oh my gosh. I don't know. I wouldn't have been able to name him that because it would have felt just wrong. But she said it. And she told me again the next day for whatever reason. And I just thought, "Wow. You are a powerful little soul. And when you're here, man, you're here. And you're telling everyone."

Another fun thing that happened was as I was decorating this room, I had some help a la this decorating firm online, which was really fun. That's another thing. And they

picked out items for my room. And they picked out these pillows. And the name of the pillow is Rumi. So again, I didn't tell anyone. But I ordered an extra one just for fun. And I thought, "It's just another sign. It's just one of the other fun signs along the way that we were on the right path." And then my husband—I didn't tell him the name. I never tell him. Well, maybe I have honestly with some of the younger—or the older kids. But I—with the last few, it's been sort of him guessing, which is really fun because why not. And it takes the time it takes to guess. Maybe months although Jason is really intuitive and good, and I think I've shared that. So I kind of left it up to Jason to guess. And I don't give any hints. It's not that kind of thing.

So it's like all the names in the world. And he has to guess from them. So he had trouble for awhile. And I think it's just because Rumi wasn't really communicating. And Jason says he had a funny way of communicating anyway which was just sort of in this indirect way. So not direct communication. But he did eventually and one day—just one day not long after Rumi had told me his name, Jason sent me a text of a Rumi poem. And it literally made me cry. I can't even remember where I was exactly. But I read it. And I thought yeah. And he knows. And how cool is that. So that was his way of saying that he knew the name. And I was trying to find the poem here just because it's like really—I mean all of Rumi's stuff is pretty beautiful and potent. But I was hoping to find where I had saved this because—yeah. It was really special. So that's how Rumi has communicated with us and with his dad. And I think that's even cooler not knowing he was a boy that he was—Jason was going to have another son. Thus far Rumi has blue eyes like his dad, and no one else does. None of the other boys do. So there's definitely something special with Jason that he's held the whole entire time.

Oh, so I found it. So this is the Rumi poem that Jason sent me to tell me that he knew Rumi's name. "This is how I would die into the love I have for you: as pieces of cloud dissolve in sunlight." So yes. Totally going to make me cry. And what does that mean? So many things for me as far as Rumi goes and even Jason goes. And I'm not going to go into this now, and it's also sort of personal. But just how our relationship, Jason and I, changed through this pregnancy. And it was all positive, and it was all good. And it was all powerful. We had some experiences together that felt just really big, and he also felt like something big is coming. This kid is going to kick our asses. And he totally did, and Jason's life is totally changed due to his birth in ways that seem unrelated but knowing him as well as I do I know are kind of like all the pretenses have been dropped. Both of us are in a new place of self responsibility. I think both of us care even less what people think, and we care even more about what we're doing for us and how that feels and if it's right. And yeah. So those are some of the minor and major profound lessons that have come through for both of us.

So Rumi was equally connected, I think, to both of us. Maybe not equally. He probably was more connected to me, but Jason was definitely getting some good communication



from him. And we had this whole sort of really bizarre experience around a house we were going to buy that almost happened. And then totally got shut down and sort of blocked in this way. And initially, just as a human, I was totally disappointed. It seemed like a really great house and all the reasons why it would have been awesome. And then through some communication with Rumi and our ancestors, it became clear to me that Rumi had actually blocked this from working out for some karmic reasons and for reasons that won't even really make sense but just to say that he was very powerful in the womb in this quiet sort of way and knew what he wanted. And he did not want to be born in that house. And like I said, karmically speaking, he was trying to tell me that there had been a contract—sort of like a soul contract with these people that had owned the house that was now being severed. And Rumi coming in was the one who was able to break it. So it wasn't a great—I mean contracts are contracts I guess. But it wasn't a favorable contract. It was kind of being indebted to people. And he was breaking it with his new—this new paradigm of humanness with his power and was kind of setting us free.

So it was an amazing realization to have because, like I said, purely human manner I was pissed. I was annoyed. I wanted this house to work out. And then Rumi brought me this awareness that not only was it perfect but it was beneficial. It wasn't what I wanted, but it wasn't meant to be. And so these were the crazy things that I was experiencing all the time. So as we got closer to birth, I've talked about some of those feelings and thoughts and processes. We did move into this new bedroom. That's where we sit now. And I already talked about a lot of that, but there definitely was—and I think still is this kind of protective spirit in here. And I had cleared the room from anything that would be not welcome, and this spirit remained. So I took it that it's beneficial. Sorry about the dogs barking. This is what I get when I'm not at my office.

And one day I was taking a nap in my pregnancy which was a common thing to do in this new room. And I woke up, and there was this man standing over me. And at first, I thought it was Jason, but it wasn't. And they kind of vanished. And I was like, "Whoa. That's interesting." We had some other weird things happen in the room just kind of signaling that there was something in here. And one night, in particular, probably three weeks before he was born a peach pit appeared on the floor. And this is a room that had been scrubbed from top to bottom. It was October. There were no peaches anywhere in sight. And it hit the floor. Like it had come from somewhere when I was in here at night with the kids. So at first, I thought it was a stone or something that the kids had brought in. But no. It was this weird peach pit. And I just laughed. And I thought, "What on earth?" That makes no sense.

So I Googled something. Something like meaning of a peach pit. And one of the pages to pop up was this kind of shamanic site. And it had legends and myths. And it said a peach pit is like a lucky rabbit's foot. And I can't remember the exact wording but

something like—something about like this could be used during childbirth and means that a baby will be born as if by magic. And I was just floored. I was like, “Man. This kid is communicating all the time in the most profound ways.” And yes. He is. He is absolute magic. Human brain said, “Oh, good. This means everything will just be totally simple and like I expected, and he’s going to be born right here.” And I did. I felt comforted by that. I was like, “Well, that’s going to be the magic,” because what else could that mean? Well, little did I know that magic was going to be a whole other thing. But I still have the peach pit, and it’s in there. And it’s kind of on a little altar because it was very profound and very strange.

A couple days before he was born similar thing—I think I was taking a nap. And I woke up to a baby crying. And then it was gone. And I knew he was getting closer. And I think a lot of these things are personal and fun, but a lot of it is stuff we’re all open to as we get closer to birth. It’s more being aware. It’s more being accepting that you’re not crazy. You don’t have to tell everybody like I am telling you. You can keep it to yourself, but these are the things that I think many women experience as this soul comes close to grounding in.

So that’s that. The birth story speaks for itself. And I guess I just have some comments even though this is getting super long. But again, this is for me. So listen or don’t. Donna Maria had an insight based on her experience as an elder that Rumi’s heart rate, as I said in the story, went down really low. It was probably 60 to 70 beats per minute. And that is half of what it should be essentially. That his low heart rate really wiped the slate clean, wiped his slate clean, and gave him the ability to not come in with a lot of the ancestral shit and whatever I was also dealing with that he was made a clean slate. And that that was something he intentionally wanted and needed to do. Hence, it not being an accident. Clinically speaking, not a great sign. You don’t want to hear that especially for very long. Some babies will survive that. Some won’t. But in a spiritual sense, it being perfect and it being sort of this thing he needed to do. So that feels cool.

It certainly was divine magic when he was born at 3:33 a.m., which is a time of the ascended masters and a time that can signify many things. I took it to mean that. I took it to mean a correct following of the intuition because that’s essentially brought me to the hospital. It wasn’t fun to hear his heart rate that low. I won’t lie and say I didn’t feel fear. But I knew deep within me that the feeling was we need to go. My brain even now can wrestle with that. Was that the right thing? What if we had done this? What if we had done that? Blah, blah, blah. Nope. The intuitive feeling was go. And I know he needed that. And, again, back to an hour ago when I was talking, that makes me less likely to feel like when I’m witnessing another woman now that she should have done anything differently than she chooses to do.

And, of course, we hope that women choose intuitively, or we hope they're connected. That's what we hope, right? Because choosing from fear is different. But I know that was not the case for me. I have had years of practice, and I have had many months now of intense spiritual practice and guidance around these concepts, around what I'm feeling, and what I'm thinking and in a way that I can explain all to say, Rumi, that there is no other way it could have been, buddy. I know what you needed. And I don't even know what that means. It just—that was what the path was for me and for him. And so he was born at the hospital literally within minutes of getting there. No one touched me other than to attempt to put a fetal heart rate monitor on which I don't think they even got. There were no vitals. There was no exam. I didn't wear a gown. I didn't wear a mask. There wasn't even refusing. I just didn't do any of it.

And I was pushing all the way there and, of course, hoping that he was going to be born. As we got closer, I felt like it was probably going to happen because I could feel him moving down which I hadn't felt for many hours. I had been pushing for many hours with no feeling of descent. And at 3:33 a.m., he popped out. And I'll never forget. I really won't. And it's a great memory. Hearing the doctor in the room say, "3:33 a.m." Honestly, it was the first time anyone has ever called out a time at one of my births, and I was so grateful because none of my other kids really have very exact times. So before anything could be messed with, he was born at precisely the divine moment that he had wanted all along in his quiet little way.

So I know this is getting long, but, again, who cares? I just feel like I want to find words for what this birth meant to me. I don't know what it means to the world. It's my story. And I know it's had such an impact on people. We get messages every day literally from, "This helped me," to, "That helped me," to, "Wow. You showed me what it could look like," to, "Wow. That was a hospital." The whole thing. If you read the story and watch the placenta video, we have me birthing the placenta in the hospital. It's a 50-second video on our Instagram or our YouTube. Probably better to go to YouTube. You'll see. You can see for yourself what it actually looked like. But here, I guess, I want to just talk more about what it felt like because I feel like that's the part that is impossible for most people to grasp rightfully so when they're just reading the blog post. And most of us know, firsthand, what a hospital does and what it looks like.

It felt like complete protection. It felt like magic. It felt like I was in another reality that I had brought in. Like I was in a bubble that I made and this bubble just got plopped down, and it happened to be on this hospital bed, which honestly worked fine. I mean I birthed him and caught him in the position that I have used for many of my babies. I didn't feel limited. I didn't feel squished. I didn't even remember that I was on a table. I was completely transported to my normal, which is here, which is in my house, which is on my floor. It was completely surreal to now look back and think, "Oh my god. I was within hospital walls. There were people watching me I didn't know. They had scrubs

on and masks on.” I mean there were machines. They didn’t touch me, but there were machines that beeped in the room, right? For other people. All of the things. Like I look back and it doesn’t make sense. It’s like two things that just don’t go together.

So if I hadn’t experienced it and if I wasn’t still as close to it, there’s part of me that almost didn’t believe it happened. I have Margo as witness, and I have these photos. So I know it did. But the feeling was just nothing like you’d expect. Like I said, people have asked questions. “How did you do this? How did you refused that or this?” I didn’t do anything active, but I did enter with all the things I’ve talked about, all the experiences I’ve had. A true knowing of my own power both physical and spiritual, and that was obviously a whole other thread of my pregnancy. Not only was I have these realizations, but the ultimate realization was my own power and how I use it and where I hide it and when I’m afraid to use it and all of the things. So this was a culmination. This was the ultimate vision quest for me at this point in my life. This was the end cap or a very, very amazing point at this junction—sorry. Trying to nurse. For the spiritual journey.

So that’s, again, kind of back to the beginning. Not to—I won’t reiterate everything I said. But just how can anyone else really understand? I mean you can’t. You can only try to understand what I’m saying. And you can only trust, right? That that’s the case. That this wasn’t a matter of the physical, right? He had a deflexed head. He was trying to get into my pelvis in the wrong way. Blah to blah to blah to blah. What does it matter, right? That’s the way he wanted it. And I think it is cool to speculate about why or if I’m going to a birth, how would I recognize that? How would I do that? But ultimately, it was to be what it was to be, so that I could have this experience. And I’m not at all sorry. And, again, people that have made the comments, like I said—even well meaning comments of like, “Oh, that must have been so disappointing,” or, “Oh, you’re a midwife. That’s unexpected,” or, “You run Indie Birth. How could you have a hospital birth?” What? How could anybody know what kind of experience I needed, right? And are we that sort of arrogant around birth that we think we know, or we think—I don’t know. Anything means anything.

I mean this is one damn long podcast, but if I kind of had to make another realization that I’ve had and this definitely pertains to birth, it’s that I just don’t know anything. I mean I do. I know myself. I know my own power. I know how powerful I am. I know how to feel into what I want to manifest. But I don’t control a lot of it. And I don’t control what’s needed for my evolution. My highest version of myself certainly knows, but me, sitting here, I didn’t know. I didn’t know that was how it was going to go. And I don’t think I needed to know, ultimately. That really wouldn’t have helped. So he was born between worlds. He truly was. And this is something I’ll tell him in fairy tale form. This podcast will be too long for him, I’m sure. But I’m going to tell him that he’s a paradigm shifter. That he literally shifted the paradigm. He created a color that doesn’t exist on a

palette we don't have, and he was born between worlds. And that kind of sums up his existence up until that point.

He was in both places. He was here. He was there. He was everywhere. It's a Dr. Seuss book. He knows how to navigate realities. He knows how to shape shift. He knows how to work the veil. And these are things I'm going to share with him when he's older. And I'm probably going to watch him develop into his complete magical self because that is some serious power. And it's not accident. And it's not me other than I'm his mom in this life, and we're together right now. But he's come in with such immense power although—yeah. I don't think it's an accident. I can totally accept that I'm his mother for a reason, and I'm so grateful. And we're so in this together. So it was absolute and complete magic. I don't think I can do better at explaining it other than it was surreal. It wasn't of this world. It wasn't anything you would feel it to be, if you've been in a hospital or had a hospital birth. It was actually really perfect and beautiful, and there was nothing other than being there that I would change. No one said anything. No one did anything. They were kind and beautiful and warm and loving. And the room was dark. And it was quiet. I said on the other podcast, in a lot of ways, it's exactly what I wanted because I had said I didn't want the kids necessarily in here for the birth.

I've loved that. I've had that. It's been great for them. I totally recommend it, but I just had something different on my mind this time. And I said that in one of my last podcasts about his pregnancy. It was the end of pregnancy, spiritual journey because every podcast I did when I was pregnant was about the spiritual journey. I just had nothing else to say apparently. But I had said that. I didn't want the kids in here. I wanted to only pay attention to Rumi. And that's exactly how it went. I didn't pay any attention to Margo other than to say, "Get the camera." I wasn't concerned about her, what she was doing. I didn't notice what the hospital staff was doing or saying or being other than they felt cool. They didn't feel afraid. I was totally and completely present with my son. And that is exactly what I wanted. So I think that's another huge lesson is that not only can we shift realities. We can create them. And what we want to feel if we work on it and we are present with the feelings we will likely manifest that. Do we control every detail? Nope. Do we control where the feelings happen or whatever? What scenario comes forth? Nope. We don't. But there is a lot of grace in being present. And I don't know what more to say than that.

So that's about all I have to say which is a long, long, long, long time about his birth. And I guess a couple of words just about the clinical aspect because people have asked. And I'm not going to spend time on this more than a couple minutes because if you're not a midwifery student it might not even matter if you don't have the knowledge, and maybe people don't care. But Rumi was probably in my body with his head deflexed. So instead of tucking his head and making that diameter really small and

nice, he was probably what we call an anterior deflexed brow. So he was anterior. He wasn't posterior. And I knew that because I've had posterior labors. But sort of the gist is my body started to push him out when my body wasn't quite open, and he was up high in my pelvis. So it's a reflex. And that's sort of a sucky reflex, I guess, in situations like that because the body is trying really hard to get a square peg through a round hole. It's not going to happen. And so it was a matter of time and probably the ambulance ride that jiggled him into a better position that made him flex his head and rotate. And before that, he wasn't going to do it. He couldn't do it perhaps. Short cord. Whatever. Who knows why? But he couldn't. And you can't fit into a pelvis that way. And the heart rate essentially was a protective bradycardia. So yes. It was not normal. It was abnormal in the sense of that that wasn't normal head compression. His head was being squeezed in a really wacky way that was causing him to be stressed.

And I've talked to many midwives—elder midwives in particular—about that just because I wanted to know more. But the matter of time that a baby can survive even a protective mechanism like low heart rate—it's up for grabs. And that's a choice people have to make intuitively, if they know what's happen. Or with whatever tools they have. For me, yes. We listened. I had a fetoscope. And then I listened with a Doppler, so I heard with both. And I was not reassured. And I knew that something was wrong. So I wouldn't say that was normal in labor. It was not normal. It was abnormal. And I knew he'd come out, but I didn't know in what shape. And I had never felt my body try so persistently at birthing a baby with so little luck. And that was concerning to me because I do trust my body, and I do know my body. And I do know how it feels to birth even though not every birth has been blissful or easy. I've had difficult births. Not this difficult.

But anyway, it was not normal. And the force with which my body was trying to get him through in that impossible position was frightening. And without going on another long rabbit hole, feeling that sense of I'm going to die because I actually said those words to Jason at least. I might have said them to Margo too. Was very symbolic. And I think in my spiritual meanderings since things did die. And I think we could say that in general about women when they birth. Something does die in them for them to give birth to their baby. It's not always that painful. It's not always that symbolic. But something did die. And that's been part of my process is figuring out what that is. Ultimately, I think it was giving up control, giving up needing to have it my way, and all the ways. It was giving up giving a shit what anyone thinks about anything and doing what I need to do to be my best self, to live my truth on this earth.

So that all sounds really nice right now, and I'm totally sincere about that. But it's definitely come after many hours of introspection and tears frankly and processing to realize that was damn hard. But it wasn't in vain. It was what was necessary. It was. It was what was needed. And those feelings of pain and, like I said, impending death

were ultimately what I needed. So there are no accidents. There was no one that could have saved me from that even though I really hoped there had been at that point. Funny, but not funny, earlier that day I had my chiropractor there when I was still waiting for him. My waters had been open. I was having random hard contractions, but nothing was happening. She said, "I am picking up on some fear." And I said the same thing. "I'm afraid that he's not going to come out." And she was like, "Oh, you've birthed nine kids. Of course, he'll come out." But then she said, "What's the worst that could happen?" And honestly, I don't know that this is the worst that could happen. But what came out of my mouth at the time was, "I don't want a C-section." And she said, "Well, if that happens, what will be the worst of that?" And so it really kind of got me feeling it for a minute, which was a little scary. But I thought, "Well, if that has to happen, that has to happen." I'll survive probably. Most likely. And I'll have to heal, and that will be that.

So there was something about her awareness there and my willingness—well, it was I was sort of kicking and screaming. But at least minor willingness to say, I surrender to this. That could totally happen. Just because I'm a midwife doesn't mean those things can't happen. and it was sort of a humbling and also an acceptance of what is what will be. And I had to accept all the possibilities. And so in a lot of ways, I think that played into the grace. I mean what are the chances that I get there, and he plops right out on the hospital table. When I left for the hospital, when I got in the ambulance, which was one of the hardest physical things I've ever done in my life which is to push on hands and knees on a gurney all the way there—30-minute ride. I thought to myself, "I might be getting a C-section." And I was just okay with it at that moment. I remember Margo saying too—and I don't remember because I was totally out of it. I don't remember the exact wording. But Jason had asked her a question about—as we were waiting for the ambulance—maybe packing a bag or I don't even know what. And she said to him, "Blah, blah, blah, if she has a vaginal birth." And that was another holy shit. I'm here. I'm actually in this. And I don't have control. It will be what it is.

So I feel blessed, of course. I didn't want a C-section just as a physical being. That sounds really hard to recover from, but I accepted that if that had been my fate then that would have been also the lessons I needed. And I definitely do think there is something for surrender. In surrender. Whew. This is quite a project here on this Saturday. I think that's about it. We returned home from the hospital literally two or less hours after he was born. Really the longest part was waiting for Jason to come. I think he had trouble getting past security or something. It was like 3:30, obviously 4:00 in the morning. But time sort of stands still when you've just had a baby. So I was just sitting there in my robe holding my naked baby that was still attached to his placenta. And I was kind of in bliss, but I do remember feeling like, "Oh my gosh. I do want to go home." So when he got there, I tried to get up and pee. That didn't really work because

it normally takes me awhile to pee after birth. So I just was like, "Let's get the heck out of here." And we left. And he did not even sit in a car seat. He didn't wear any clothes. He was still attached to his placenta, which was in a bucket. He didn't even had a diaper on. And I cuddle him in a warm blanket all the way home. And honestly, I don't think he was any the wiser that he took a car trip, and he has remained here in our house for almost five weeks. And he will soon get to witness some births of his own, so that's kind of exciting.

But our postpartum has been great and also hard. I'm not going to go into all of that. But initially having some breast infection issues, which I think was definitely tied to all of this. Running a fever is very symbolic of burning things away, and it was in my heart area, my lung area. I think he needed whatever a breast infection brought and took away. And it just was another point of surrender for me. Breast infections suck. To sit here in pain, sweating, and sort of crying, and being miserable and just surrendering to all of it and life and birth. Had pretty normal experience otherwise. I had some intense bleeding at one point. I think it was like day 12. Nothing is without meaning to me anymore. So just feeling my body kind of still deal with the intensity of that experience. I think our bodies carry it. And even though I can make these spiritual conclusions, which I very much believe in, I'm still a physical being. And my body probably still needs to balance out and shed some of the old experience and also the old me. So bleeding was another way and just kind of connecting with my uterus and feeling what was going on in there and feeling the grief that comes up after birth especially after a birth that isn't quite what we think even though it's fine, even though the baby is healthy, right? We all know that kind of stuff. There's still emotion.

Trauma. I think trauma is a possibility always. I feel like I have some good support and skills and tools for not holding trauma. My miscarriage is something that comes to mind as something that did not feel traumatic even though it was sad and hard. And I think this birth feels essentially the same way. Not that it was sad. But it was hard. But I don't feel traumatized, and I'm working very diligently to not feel that way because everything that happened was essentially what I created and what I needed and working with my body and holding any of the clenchy patterns is something I'm still doing. It was very painful to push him out, and I need to probably work even further with my body on some of that because it was very many hours of doing something that wasn't working. And then, of course, it did work. But that.

So I think that's about it. I wanted to share somewhat on our social platform, which if you're not a member, you can join for free. It's [social.indiebirth.org](https://social.indiebirth.org). A lovely woman from Peru, I believe, sent me a little note that I wanted to share. She said, "I wanted to share with you that Rumi in Quechua, our Indians' native language, means stone, which in our tradition are considered elders as they store and hold all the memory of this earth." And that is something I knew about Rumi from the beginning. Magic, to me,



means that. It means the keeper of all kinds of things. And I felt that from him for— from the very beginning. I think that's about it. There was a lot of themes I think I could expand on eventually. And I'll probably do some writing just about the destruction that can happen to us, our egos. Sometimes it feels like our physical bodies, our spirituality, the destruction of birth, and the rebirth that comes on the other side, the shattered identities that we can experience for sure. And in the case of Rumi's birth, I know that it wasn't change. I love Danielle LaPorte, and she talks about how change is slow. And transmutation is a burning it down. And I feel like that was my experience in a nutshell. My pregnancy and my birth and even now, that this isn't change. This is not something that's happened really slowly. It's been overnight or within minutes or within hours or days essentially short amounts of time. And things have been burned. I've been burned. And it's all good because there's new things growing.

So I don't know, of course. And in many ways, I don't really care what impact his birth does have. But, of course, I do care as a midwife running Indie Birth. I think it does matter, and I think it's been really effective and positive hearing how even the photos have changed people. And there's always the naysayers where those photos really challenge them. And they want to tell you you just got lucky or whatever it is. Whatever negative thought pattern they live in. They want to put on you because it is. It's unbelievable. And I think Rumi has opened the people that are ready to the new possibilities. So am I scared of transport? No. Not anymore. Am I scared for other women that they can't have what they want? No. But I think there is always work to be done collectively, and, I think, on an individual level to create what we want. It doesn't just manifest out of thin air. It takes the lessons. It takes the work. It takes sometimes these seemingly difficult initiations.

But it can happen, and it will happen, if that's where we put our effort. So I'm blabbing on forever here. But it's not a matter of changing hospital policy. It's not a matter even of prepping women better as far as, "Well, when you get in there, you've got to get your birth plan out and don't back down. And bring a doula." Yeah. Those are all details that maybe people want to talk about. But for me, I didn't have any of those things. I didn't know I was going. I didn't think I would go. I didn't have a birth plan. There's lots of things that I was not prepared for. But it didn't matter because I had an intention, and I had—oh, you're just like sleep dreaming, baby, huh? You're sweet. Yeah. I had what I needed. And I'm proud of the work I've done to be able to get to that point. I don't necessarily think that that would be everyone's experience. And I'm just grateful for it. I'm grateful for knowing my power and being aware of what I'm capable of. Again, on both sides of the coin and I'm looking forward to continue journey and lesson with Rumi, who I think is definitely one of my chief teachers in this life especially until—yeah. He goes off and lives his own life which won't be for a little while. You're stretching, buddy.

So I will leave you with another Rumi poem because it's only appropriate. "Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world. Today I am wise, so I am changing myself. What hurts you blesses you. Darkness is your candle." Some parting words from sweet Rumi. And thanks for listening. This was really long, and I'd love to hear your thoughts. If you have them, you can send them to [maryn@indiebirth.org](mailto:maryn@indiebirth.org). I try to read every email and get back to it, so I'd love to get to know you more. And don't forget to check out that social platform, [social.indiebirth.org](http://social.indiebirth.org). Put Mighty Networks, the app, on your phone, and you will be good to go to hang out with us there. And that's the best place to find us for questions. Have a beautiful day. Thanks for listening.

(closing music)