

(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.

(music)

MARYN: "Feel yourself being quietly drawn by the deeper pull of what you truly love." Rumi. It's Rumi fest here today. We are hours away from Rumi's first birthday. And so today, a year ago, it was just as sunny and beautiful as it is here today in Kentucky. I was in labor sort of, maybe, kind of. It was a weird experience as many of you know. I'm not going to rehash the whole tale, but I am going to blab probably for myself to—hmm. Not wrap up. But to comment on the journey so far. It's been a long year and a short year all at the same time. Mostly just feeling so infinitely grateful to wake up to my darling little boy next to me. His curly, blond hair and big, blue eyes. He looks just like his dad which is funny because none of the kids look like Jason really. Well, that's not entirely true. But Rumi looks like Jason. My parents are visiting. Another topic. But my dad was laughing. He said, "It looks like Jason has been shrunk down." Oh, wow, Raven. We'll let you finish that itching there.

Dogs have joined me in my office today. They're kind of scared to come in. The one that was just itching is such a home body. She is freaked out by going anywhere really other than for walks. So she is not liking being here. But once she settles in, it's a nice, quiet space. So that's a lot of things this morning. I do want to ramble about the one year anniversary of what was a very monumental experience for me. But first, an update. First, all the things going on that do somehow tie back to it also being his birthday. Hmm. Always where to start. Again, I've received lots of emails the past few weeks just with women commenting and resonating with what's been put forth here. So I'm so glad if this feels resonant, feels useful, or if you just don't feel as alone. I think that is a very worthy reason for us all to commune in the ways that we do. It's just to not feel alone.

On that note, I am reminded that Midwife Monday is happening tomorrow. But I've changed the name. I'm hoping that the name change will entice more of you to come because not being alone, having a community of women, even virtually in circle, is so

valuable. And I am so honored to continue hosting that. So if you don't know, Midwife Monday hasn't really been about birth talk a lot of the time. So for me, tomorrow won't be any different. It will just be what we've been doing. Pulling cards, talking about whatever is going on in life. Moon phases and such included. And then opening it up for topics and questions. So people can come. It's on YouTube at the moment. YouTube Live. And you can comment, if you're logged in, I believe. Let me know what questions you have, what topics. Thank goodness. Thank goddess that women come and they do do that because I never have anything planned. It's not like a podcast although it's like a live podcast, in a sense. It's like a live Q&A. But I do think it has a very magical element to it. And to that, I thank the women that have been coming because I think having their presence consistently there from all over the world has it made it energetically feel magical. It has made it feel like a circle. Hence, the name change.

It's not just about birth. And that's really a lot of what Rumi's birth also taught me. There's so much more. And the birth lessons are the life lessons. So I do hope you'll come hang out. It's free on YouTube every week. And the time is Monday at 3:00 p.m. Eastern. You can use the same link, indiebirth.org/live at the time. And I'll see you there. Really, really fun to open up this circle and broaden the number of people, the number of women all over the world that want to be in community. I think it's just so beyond important right now. And that's definitely one thing I want to talk about.

So on that note, virtual circles, real life circles, I'll talk more about this I'm sure tomorrow on the live. But I was a part of a women's circle here in Kentucky. Very briefly. So you might have missed it, right? Because I only went to one circle. And I was so honored to be invited because it isn't—or I don't think so. I don't think it's the kind of circle that is just public. It's been going on for awhile. So having a well established circle is really cool because it means it's working, right? In whatever ways it needs to for that group of women. And yeah. I was just super honored to be invited by a very close person here. So I went last month to the inaugural circle. And it was nice. It was nice. Seems like super cool group of women. And I felt very welcomed by a new community, and I was excited although there was definitely a part of me that was super uncomfortable. And I'm not apologizing for that. But I left feeling a little like, "Oh, damn, Maryn. You need to change. If you're not comfortable in a group of women, what's wrong with you?"

And I am comfortable in groups of women, but I wasn't there entirely. And I was trying to make sense of it. And, again, kind of beating myself up. I know I can lead a circle. But there was this sense of, "Why can't I sit in the circle?" Lo and behold, my intuition was right. Just about something not being on for me. Not in alignment for me. It's not really a comment on the circle or the people there. But I also felt this sense of sadness

around not having my sisters here. I'm not someone that's ever had a million close friends. That's not the way I do it. That's not the way I've ever done it. And so upon leaving Arizona, I wasn't leaving tons of friends. But certainly a few. A few very close people. So just missing them and realizing, at the same time, that when you're a grown up it's hard to make friends. So feeling this sense of obligation, this self obligation, to participate because it takes time and effort. And you don't meet a friend overnight. That's not how it works. So the pressure was from me. Nobody really care, I'm sure, if I continued on or not. Tea stop here.

It's very cold in my office this morning, and I don't want to turn the heat on. So I'm drinking tea. So anyway, I'm making this longer than it needs to be. But the circle is supposed to be tomorrow on Rumi's birthday. And, again, I had already had these feelings, and that was part of it. Like, "Oh, damn. I don't want to miss his birthday." So I kind of rearranged my life for tomorrow, and it was just another check in the box of not alignment. And then receiving an email for it and seeing that it was going to be kind of complicated. Like I'm glad if people have time for that, but I like things simple. I can sit in circle with two other people that are close. I can be in circle by myself. I don't need a lot of stuff. I don't need gadgets. I don't need dressing up. That's just not me. And so the instructions were kind of complex, and I was like, "Oh, man. I don't know. This feels weird." Listen to your gut. That's been one my lessons along the way since Rumi's birth. You know how it feels. Don't engage in your head. To make a choice, feel it. Feel it. And it goes this way or it goes that way.

So final straw with the women's circle was me reaching out to someone that lives, I think, close by to me and saying, "Hey, do you want to carpool because I don't know where I'm going?" And fortunately, I'm going to choose the word fortunately rather than unfortunately. Fortunately, the response that came back was shocking although it shouldn't be. The response that came back was, "It's too dangerous to ride in a care together. There are germs. Public health." And the person responding chose to reveal that they've had the shot and even some boosters, and, yet, they're still scared as hell to ride in a car with another person. It made me so sad. It made me so sad for this world. And so I couldn't deny the truth anymore. The truth of non resonance, non alignment even when we really want it. We really want it. And it's like making me feel teary right now. I don't know. What is that emotion? That emotion is I think a deep grief for the world we're in, for ourselves, for these kind of petty situations, honestly, that bring up something really deep. This grief of separation. And so I don't even care what people do. Go get it. Don't get it. Get your booster. Don't get--whatever you want to do.

But for god's sakes, there's still a choice. There's still a choice to live in love and fear no matter what. So maybe those things don't go together, and that's the hunch, of course. That if people are choosing to poison themselves they're probably not of the highest vibration or a high vibration, but I don't even want to label that. I'm sure there are people that are exceptions. That have all the reasons and live in joy and happiness having made that choice. So it really wasn't like, "Oh, well you've got this thing. I don't want to be around you," although I could have easily pulled that one. Like, "Hey, you don't want to ride in a car with me. I don't want to ride in a car with you." I didn't say that. But I did write a somewhat lengthy group email to the women's circle just saying, "Thanks. Thank you for welcoming me. This is hard. But I have to listen to my own truth. I have to follow my own voice. I respect your choices, all of you, to do whatever is best for you. I totally trust that that is what is happening. I don't actually have a judgment really on that. But I will not live in fear. And I will not sit in circle with other women with that vibration going through us." I don't want to worry about that. "Oh, am I too close? Am I sitting too close? Oh, we can't hug." No. Not doing it.

And that's not sisterhood to me. That's absolutely not. And I am blessed to have a couple people here who don't feel that way. And when we're together, that world doesn't exist. We can be together. Kids are playing, sharing drinks. We're hugging. You have a snuffle. Okay. Big deal. Sometimes people get sniffles. So grateful for that. And actually, really grateful for the opportunity to step out, to release, to step away in perfect timing because I didn't need to go tomorrow. I didn't need to even waste that time. I'm so glad that this became very clear, made the choice. And so this idea of release. And, again, as I kind of weave Rumi's birth story perhaps through some of this release. His birth taught me to release so much. And I talked about this last week when I talked about death and the birth process. Release and control. Not holding on. What can we control? What can we not?

Well, certainly, we don't control a lot. And there is that element of birth. We don't control. But then we do control our vibration. We do control when we engage or step away. And, again, this theme of release is so heavy. And by heavy, I don't know mean uncomfortable or dark necessarily. I mean prominent. This is a prominent theme right now for many of us. So if you're feeling this, get the weight off your shoulders is my humble suggestion. It has felt so good. I felt an amazing sense of lightness yesterday after writing this email. Not just because I don't have to show up tomorrow but because I spoke my truth. And I knew going in that there were differing opinions in this circle. And I chose to wait for the chips to fall. And I'm glad I did for my own reasons.

So this idea of release, it's been around for me for a couple of weeks now. We had the new moon last week. And that was the theme. New moon in Scorpio. At, least that's

kind of how it felt and manifested for me. But it's been continuing. So obviously, we're not in that same moon phase still. But it's still happening, and I found myself deep in childhood stuff, deep, deep in childhood emotion, feeling it, living it, actually having it physically manifest in my body in very uncomfortable ways. Huge amount of anger going along with that. I think that's been another emotion just coming up in the most raw way. Anger and digging deeper under that to, again, this grief and sadness that, yes, it's the world. I do believe that yes. We're being affected. Yes. We're carrying stuff that isn't ours, per se. But I think it's also kicking out asses into peeling the layers down into what is ours. And it might be this lifetime. It might be other lifetimes. But it's in there. It's deep and dark, and the external world is simply reflecting this all back to us.

So that's where we all do have the responsibility, and that's where we are all unified in a sense although certainly not everyone is seeing it that way. Many people seeing it as this external--this virus out to kill you. But really what's going to get us possibly in the end, if we don't address it, is our internal turmoil, our internal non--the parts that have not been worked in yet. What's the word I'm looking for? Processed. So yeah. It's all one and the same. The women's circle. And I don't know what the future of that circle is, of course. I'm not a part of it anymore. I wasn't a part of it for more than one day really. I don't know. I mean my hunch is that there is a falling apartness that may happen there, and it may not. But there is something definitely happening here. I talked many months ago about the reality splitting, and lots of people resonated with that. And lots of people were like, "What? That's crazy." But I still believe it. I still think we are talking about vibrations and different vibrations not working together just like in a music piece. You can't just slap two pieces of music together and make it work. It doesn't happen that way. They're each fine on their own, but they don't combine. And that is, I think, essentially, what we're feeling right now in the world. And these hard places, these hard times within ourselves, within our own bodies--which I know so many people are experiencing.

I am really, really trying my best to view it as a gift. It is an absolute gift whatever you're experiencing right now in your body because it is challenging you to go within and be in the dark. Dark night of the soul. I feel like that's what I'm in too. So you're not alone. Do the good work. Stay connected. Stay present. Stay present for what's coming up. Let's try our best to feel it and not solve it with our heads. Let's try our best to do what's best for ourselves without care for other people's reactions. Let's keep going. Let's keep going down this dark path. Perhaps the seasons of the earth will assist us in the shift to light soon in another month or so when solstice rolls around. We'll see, right? I mean I think so. It happens every year this way although this is a particularly dark night

of the soul this year. But, again, gratitude for the super powers that will expose themselves within your own self, your own body when the light is shown on them.

I'm reading this book. I don't remember the name. I'm terrible at names. But it's essentially a young adult book. My daughter, Tolula, passed it on. And it's about magic. It's about magic being punishable by death in this fictional kingdom, which, of course, is not fictional in a lot of ways and sort of amazing how this author has gotten away with writing this book for children essentially about how magic is so misunderstood. It's really good. Anyway, last night I was reading before bed, and these children, in the book, these teens--they don't know that they're magical. They have these super powers that seem really scary and undesirable, and, of course, they've been punished and all kinds of terrible things have happened to them because they don't understand their power. And it very much physically manifests in some of them. So the one boy is fire, which is also appropriate to this conversation today, I think. So much fire. So much burning it down right now.

But this poor kid is literally carrying fire. Everything he touches, right? And so the kind of fairy leader, the teacher, who finds him says, "You don't know, but that is a gift. This thing that you've hated, you've feared the most, you've thought made you totally not just weird but unable to be in normal society and has caused what you think is so many problems and destruction--in that lies your gift." And so the same is true. Whatever you're experiencing right now, on a million different tangents here--but this whole vision thing I've been sharing with you. That, of course, is part of it. That's been coming up. And behind that, it's like there's a frozen ice berg. And that's your physical manifestation right now of whatever is happening for you that's uncomfortable, undesirable, whatever. Breaking that ice through feeling and processing and all of these things is going to reveal the treasure underneath.

So it's another great reason to not give your power away about your health, to not inject your body with poisonous substances, to take utmost care of your physical health and your emotional and spiritual health, of course, and love. Love the body you're in. Love this vehicle that is getting your soul through this life. And laugh. Laugh too. I laughed yesterday about the ridiculousness of some things my body is showing me here especially with my parents, right? It's no accident. Timing is no accident. They've come to visit this weekend kind of at this dark point of some evolutionary stuff I'm working through. And they're bringing it out. Bring it on. Bring it on. And remember to breathe. So that's the update. It's a little somber today. But it's also really real I promise. It's very real. This is my life right now. And I love it. It might be a weird life, but I love it.

So feeling all of these things, again, timing is no accident. Feeling them today when Rumi was still in my body. I looked at him this morning, and I said, "A year ago you were still in there. What were you doing?" And he's smiling and laughing with all his little teeth, and it's just so crazy. How? I really rejected the idea this morning of making some kind of list. Sometimes it's great to make lists. I did journal as I always do, but it wasn't anything list related as sometimes I've shared with you here. My brain wanted to say like, "What are the results of this massive experience? Let's quantify them. Let's put it down on paper and share with the world." But I realized I just can't do that about his birth. I've talked so much about it in the last year, so this would be more for you, very loyal listeners, right? Because you know that I mention it almost every podcast. Somehow it's come up as like, "Oh, yeah. In Rumi's birth and this happened or this is how I felt or this is now." This is why we're in Kentucky. Does that sound crazy? Well, it's not. A year ago today was the beginning of the end in a lot of ways. It was the beginning of that chapter that has me sitting here in a different state, in a different culture, in a different climate. Honestly, I feel like I'm on a different planet a lot of the days.

So that was the instigation for massive change. And massive personal change. I don't feel like the same person. I look at photos. His birth photos are really cool. And I'm like, "Who is that?" It doesn't make sense to me on a feeling level. And in a lot of ways, I feel like I was simply just the vehicle for him to get here in whatever way he needed to. That's how my eyes see the photos now. I don't remember, in a way, parts of it. Like yes. I talked about the pain and the death last week. So I obviously do remember. But when I look at the photos, I don't think, "Wow. You worked so hard to get him here." I think, "Wow. You were just the vehicle for him." And your vehicle had a little trouble getting him out. But it is his story. There is no regret. There really isn't. It's so strange. It took me way longer to process and get over Rune's birth 12--almost 13 years ago. He was our baby that was born at home and then airlifted. That was really traumatic. I had given away my power, and I couldn't get it back in a sense. It just took time.

But Rumi's birth was all me. I was living this practice of my own power, my own ability to create. And so even though, in some moments, it felt like just being a vehicle for him it also felt like a powerful manifestation on my own and in harmony with him and what he needed. And so much more, so much more like my ancestors and past lives and other dimensions. There was so much that came together for him to manifest earth side. And I'd do it all over again. I would, of course. I think most mothers would say that no matter what their experience, right? If your child is here and they're healthy and thriving, you're grateful, and there is a part of you that would definitely do it again. But I guess important to me is that I wouldn't change the story. I wouldn't.

I've had so many in the sense of birth perfection. So many stories that, by anybody's accounts and my own, were so absolutely picture perfect. So textbook. So textbook. So I'm so grateful that I've had so many babies, that I've had so many births. If Rumi's birth had been my only, I don't know. I might feel differently for sure. I might feel all the regrets and, "Oh, it could have been or it should have been or what if it had been?" But I don't feel that way. I think it was perfect. Everything. Everything. It taught me so much about birth, about life, about death, and I'm so glad. I'm so glad. I got this crazy experience of essentially having a freebirth in the hospital. So if you're totally new to the story, of course, you can go read it. It's called *The Time I Had a Freebirth at the Hospital: The Indie Birth of Rumi Sol*. And I'll probably link it.

But it really was so incredible. I just went in there and did my thing. And even in these COVID times, nobody said anything, did anything, touched anything, made any comments, nothing at all. And we were home within--I don't know. An hour and a half, I think. Two hours of Rumi being born at his most magical time of 3:33 a.m. I was looking back at journals this morning just to see where I was at this point last year. I'm sure I had written stuff down and kind of got carried away reading the journal at different phases. And upon reading the processing of his birth with my mentor, she had said to me, "Close the door." And that was hard to do at the time within a week of his birth. I wasn't ready to close the door yet. It was a lot of sadness in some ways. A lot of tears. A lot of regret and shame even around how could this have happened to me. And what did I do to make this happen? And just sort of the more victimy thoughts. So I wasn't ready to close that door then.

But I think her advice is sound and has proven to be. Close the door. Remain open to the wisdom were her words. And so the wisdom keeps coming. That we do create our realities. Rumi and I very strongly created a bubble around us. It was the Verde Valley Hospital as I know it. It was not. I had been there many times with other times. It has been horrid. We created our own reality bubble. Much like Rumi did a couple of weeks ago in the airport when visiting Margo. Totally remained untouched outside of whatever vibration that is in that world. So Rumi is really great at systems and navigating that and just vibrating where he wants to be. It's not even a choice, I don't think. He just is. So what a gift. What a crazy gift. What a great story. I'm going to enjoy reading it tomorrow. I'll probably shed some tears just because, right? The first birthday is so meaningful to the mother. I mean they all are. But there is something about the first, I think, where you really relive it. And last night, I was up quite a bit in the night as I sometimes am lately.

But I knew it was because last night was the night that my waters opened. And I was in labor. I was in labor from 10:00 p.m. until about 4:00 a.m. when I called Margo over

very sure that this baby was coming out pretty much any minute. And then it all just quit. So I was actively in labor last night even though today I would have just been sort of sitting around contracting randomly. But I was up last night just kind of relishing the strangeness of it all. And certainly, having some gratitude that I wasn't really in labor again because that part was fine. But I didn't know the road ahead. I didn't know that he wouldn't come out then, and that it would be a whole other 24 hours. So ignorance is bliss. Or not having the gift of maybe foresight is certainly a gift sometimes. So I was feeling that all in the night. And as I go through the day today, I'm sure I'll continue to have memories and such pop up. I had my chiropractor come over a bunch who is still in Sedona. So I won't be seeing her today. But just things like that where it felt like we were all a little bit confused. Not many people are having a tenth baby, to be honest.

So there was this feeling of being in uncharted territory, even for me. I think I've attended a couple births of grand grand multiples, which is what someone like me is considered. But not enough. Not enough to say I've seen this. It was very strange. It was very strange but yet made perfect sense. And I'm sure I'll learn more from Rumi as he grows around his side or maybe what he was feeling or what he intended.

Hmm. So let's see. What else? It was also the beginning of a new identity. Not just for me but also for Jason, believe it or not. I think it's funny, as I mentioned, that Rumi and Jason look so much alike. They have a connection for sure. They did in the womb, and it was super strong. And Rumi's birth just kind of blew us both apart, as I've said. I've never seen him, Jason, like that. Just kind of in his body. Obviously, he didn't experience the birth himself but being witness to it, having this be his son really changed him in ways that, again, neither of us knew at the time. We were just kind of in it trying to rebuild. And, of course, part of that led to the destruction, the burning down of the old way of life, the way we were living in Sedona, and this moving on to this totally different thing we're doing here. I think working at being self-sustainable is also an internal process, and that's something his birth brought up for us which is we didn't want to keep on living the way we were. We wanted to have some stability with food, with water, with all the external ways that we can take care of ourselves that we give up.

So the list is long, and we all are somewhere on the list, I think, of ways that we're still engaged with allowing other people to dictate how we run our lives. And that might sound extreme, but if we're relying on food on the shelf of a grocery store, yes. We can have gratitude for that. But to me, the reality became a dependency on the system in a way that doesn't really feel aligned. So believe me, we are still doing that. We still buy food from the store. I'm just saying the vision has changed, and the intentions have changed for us to grow our chicken flock and to have crops and plants and herbs growing within the next year or two. Of course, to manifest this retreat center and have

that be self-sustainable. To be equipped with water, not be depending on anybody or anything for that. So these were all thoughts we had, but we were kind of plummeted into the depths of ourselves in a way knowing that the only way our lives could change is if we created them that way.

It was powerful. And I think Rumi was so huge in that. One little anecdotal story I don't know if I've shared honestly is we were looking for houses to buy when I was pregnant with him. And we got fairly close to buying one in Sedona, and it completely fell through. And it was very upsetting, of course, at the time. It felt horrible. It felt like we'd never find anything. All of the stuff especially being pregnant. It was just really hard. And I wrote in my journal that Rumi had protected us from that happening. And it was sort of stream of consciousness. I went back and read it or integrated it and thought, "What do I mean protecting us?" But he was. He was. That was all him too is just blocking. Blocking that because I think he knew. He knew in all his wisdom that that wasn't the life we wanted. That wasn't the life we were meant to live. It was a fancy house in a development, HOA. It was not us. What were we even thinking? But it was an unconsciousness.

So if I could highlight the changes with his birth, at risk of sounding I think it made me a guru or something, I don't necessarily think that. But I do think it upgraded our awareness and our own consciousness and our own inner vibration. I think it did. We just weren't the same after that, and our lives couldn't be the same. And even our location and our house and our surroundings couldn't be the same. So, again, this is all in hindsight, of course. Just a year. Just 12 months. That's all. That's all it's been with all the changes we've had and uprooted and moved to Kentucky and been there almost five months now with a completely different life, completely different focus, completely different community and friends, a new ability, I think, to speak our truth. Both of us. Not that we were afraid to before. But just going for it. Just going for it and living it and knowing that we are each responsible for our own happiness no matter what's going on. It really is a choice.

And I realize that just so concretely the other day. It's like if you're waiting for it all to be okay, for it all to be right, for this to happen, for you to have this for whatever, you'll be waiting a long time. You'll be waiting a long time because we have so much. And we have so much more in a sense than we had. So much more to be grateful for. And in those moments where I still feel like I'm waiting, I really have to catch myself. No. It's now. That's the lesson, right? And that's the lesson of birth. It's now. It's now. Take it or leave it. It is what it is. Absorb the wisdom. And just relish the chance to grow in

your own ways at the same time that another human force is coming through you. It really defies all description.

That's my sharing for today on this happy Sunday. We're going to go to the park. Spend time with all the kids. Everyone will kiss and hug Rumi even more than they do. It's kind of ridiculous how much love this little baby gets. Constantly kissed by his siblings and told how wonderful he is and--oh my gosh. I would have been sort of horrified in a sense--and I mean this in a funny way if anyone had told me we would call this beautiful Rumi child Bubba. But we totally do. We're real southerners now or something. But he's Bubba to a lot of them because he's just like this fat, happy, adorable, little thing. And that's just very comical. So here's to many, many more years and a healthy lifetime, long lifetime of wisdom and love and joy for this human that we know is Rumi Sol on this plane. So many blessings to him and to the Universe and to all the forces that are us but beyond our description that unify us here on this plane to allow us these opportunities to live in joy and togetherness in this human experience.

Happy birthday, Rumi Sol. All right, everybody. I really appreciate you holding space for me. And I'll see you next week. Oh, I'd love to see you tomorrow. Don't forget. Moon Circle time. 3:00 Eastern on Mondays. Indiebirth.org/live. Have a beautiful week.

(closing music)