

Description

A woman’s birth story: from Fear to Trust and Love

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It was on the 1st of April 2019 when I took a pregnancy test based on my gut feeling. I was pregnant. We were in shock, in a very positive shock. At that time we were in Spain with our car, all our belongings and our dog. For the previous two years we were travelling in the Caribbean and Europe. We were doing voluntary work, following a more holistic and ‘off the grid’ kind of lifestyle. The question was eventually raised, where we should continue to make own nest? It was absolutely clear we needed our own place, peace and own surroundings. We decided to drive up to Norway, since my partner Don would be able to work there and the country was apparently ranked to be the world’s ‘best place to give birth’. Based on these factors I was ready to face any possible challenges when dealing with the system that I’m not familiar with and the fact that I don’t speak the language, as I am Finnish.



So I was about eight weeks pregnant and living in Norway, we didn't have a home yet, no income, no clue or promise about any of these. We stayed at my in-laws cabin and Don looked for a job. I was super exited to see a local midwife – in this small village in northern Norway where have a very small midwife unit run by four midwives. We had no expectations when we head to our first meeting. I was pretty nauseous and tired but so ready to learn more. Already then I had a clear vision of how I would like to welcome our baby and I was eager to get to talk about it with professionals. In the background I was worried to loose my autonomy and control.

The most happiest, roughest and educational year of my life began there

I soon found out that prenatal care varied very much between Norway and Finland. I wanted the option to have the screening test for Down's syndrome which involved a blood test and a scan for nuchal translucency but the leader of the unit told me it wasn't available for me in Norway. I was surprised, since the possibility is offered to everyone of my age in my country. After my reaction the midwife mentioned that if mother is anxious or there are other reasons they will consider it. After some discussion, she agreed that I could have it if wanted to. I made it clear that I could travel to my home country to get it done if it wasn't possible here. They then promised it would be made possible if I really felt the need. I shared my vision about giving birth at home with her, she seemed terrified and told me about the pain, suggesting that I wasn't capable of doing it and that it was too dangerous. I left feeling very disappointed and decided to

do everything possible to own my own birth. Why should anyone decide it for me?
Getting the screening test for Down's syndrome done was challenging. I felt that the midwives and the maternity hospital thought that I would abort my baby if the findings indicated any risk. That actually wasn't the case, I wanted to be able to prepare and learn in advance as much as possible if there were going to be any extra challenges. I will never do that screening again, I now know I can trust my body, and forget the fear-led way of thinking. Anyway, the hospital first of all refused to invite me in, they sent few letters back and forward with the midwife unit. Finally I got a date to be seen in the hospital. I travelled there alone, since it's very expensive to travel long distances in Norway if you are not doing it by car. Sitting in the car on the mountain roads wasn't an option for me as a mother to be. I was happy that the midwives in our village fought this scan for me. At the hospital they did the scan, my baby looked so beautiful and perfect, I felt great and happy. After the scan I was ready to go and give some blood for the second part of the screening test. No. The doctor at the hospital said, 'your baby looks fine, with what we can see there's no reason to do any further test'. I was surprised, I was there to complete the whole screening test. They told me that this decision was shared in the letter to the midwives at the midwife-led unit, the fact was, no one ever showed the letters to me. It was also too late to travel to Finland to get the screening done as there is a window of opportunity for the test between 10-14 weeks . I felt misled, mistreated and confused. Is this how they will treat me and take care of my baby is something comes up? They had promised me something that they knew would never happen?
I wanted a homebirth. As everything got difficult in our village with so much mistrust from the start, and if there was a need to transfer in labour it would be via helicopter – we decided to move to a town near Oslo. We had just moved in to a new home, Don was offered a good position from the local school, but still we decided to go. We felt moving was a right thing to do. Homebirth midwives seemed to be quite easy to find in the Oslo area, based on our research. I was confident that when we found a good home for us there everything would fall into place. Don got a job and our lives seemed to roll forward smoothly. After beautiful summer months in Finland visiting my family and friends we were at home where our baby would be born.

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Six months pregnant, feeling fabulous and happier than ever. I did read and study a lot around the birth and pregnancy. Besides western medicine, I gave lot of time to the Ayurvedic point of view, watched barn animals give birth, read quite a lot about mind control and neuroscience. I felt super powerful, capable, not afraid at all. I knew I was made to give birth, my pregnancy had been uncomplicated, my baby was communicating a lot with me. I will never ever forget how those first tickles felt, all the kicks and hiccups. After settling down I contacted a community midwife near our new home, explained everything to her on our first meeting. This was my situation, my needs and plans. She listened and understood me, faced me with love and compassion. I felt so happy about our decision to come her. She recommended another midwife from their unit, who had lot of experience with home births and whose philosophy was about supporting natural processes and trusting women. I was thrilled, finally!
Let's call this new midwife Mary. First meeting was huge success with her. I was left with the feeling I met my soul sister, she listened, shared same values, didn't try to make me afraid, she was amazed how prepared and brave I was. We talked a lot about how nowadays women are scared and lost when it comes to giving birth. In other words, society, media, movies, even friends have taught them, brainwashed most of us to be scared of the most natural and ecstatic event of our lives! But Mary doesn't do births anymore, just follow ups before and after the birth, so she referred me to another midwife. But as the Autumn began to turn to Winter we had contacted almost ten different midwives and the only one who had a possibility to attend was hired. We shall name her Anne. Anne explained to me they that had very strict guidelines from the Government how to do things, when to transfer etc. She said we need to sign a contract where I gave her full responsibility and freedom to decide what to do and when to do it. I found that very odd. Of course there needs to be full trust between me and who ever is present. Anne understood and respected my vision about having as hand-off a labour and delivery as possible. And within those Governments policies she was willing to give me all the freedom.
I kept seeing both of them, Mary and Anne. I felt Mary was like my Norwegian best friend, I shared lot of my personal and intimate secrets with her. Anne, I found more like my mother. The energies were totally different between me and each one of them. At the last meeting I had with Anne she presented me the contract and her written terms. It was then I found out that she only agreed to follow me until week 41, normally it is 42. But she was leaving somewhere to have a holiday. She would also be away few five days periods during my weeks 37-41. I felt that this posed a big question mark. Anne said she could ask another midwife, her friend, to act as a back up midwife for the days she would be gone. A woman I have never met. A woman who doesn't necessarily agree my hands off wishes. All these special terms stood in that contract, we would be committed to pay 2000 Euros for her, full normal price anyway. It just didn't feel right. I made a decision to speak with the 'back-up' midwife and ask her if it would be possible for her to act as my 'main

midwife' since Anne wouldn't be able to be fully available for the 38-42 weeks. It occurred to me during first minutes on that call, she had never heard of me, she wouldn't follow my wishes etc. About a week after that phonecall Anne sent me an email. She wrote they were unable to assist me. It was obvious for me already when I finished my call with the back up midwife that this wouldn't be the way I want to do this. We never communicated by email with Anne. I found it extremely coward like and insulting that she chose to email me instead of calling. Even text message would've been more respectful. Again I felt misled, fooled and discouraged by the Norwegian midwives.
My due date was written to be on the third of December. I never felt my baby would be born then, It was always a man calculated number for me, I never put much value on that. My baby will come when he is ready. Mid-October we attended a Lamaze course as a preparation for labour. I found it partly extremely interesting and got tools to use, but there was fear mongering also. Anyway, around this time we made up our minds to not give up on our dream and plan to give birth at home. We were ready and well educated. My baby and I had a strong connection, I swore I would let no-one come in between. Due to Anne's inability to provide cover me and get paid anyway, we were without midwife, again. I was so frustrated and tired of battling in this strange society to find a midwife to help us. Someone who I would feel safe and respected with and who would be able to show up when I went into labour. It was impossible and we decided to free-birth. I was aware we were not doing anything illegal. It is a basic human right to choose where, how and with whom you give birth. Huge relief. This had to be our way, we felt we could do this. We live about half an hour drive from the hospital. I felt confident, if I would feel bad or insecure we would transfer, or if Don would sense or see something is wrong we would transfer. We felt the solution as well as the result would be exactly same as with having a midwife calling that ride.
We shared our change of plans with Mary, after a little hesitation. I really trusted her and she had been such an amazing friend to our family. Don was with us in that meeting, we told her how disappointed and fooled we felt by Anne, again the Norwegian system had failed us. She supported us fully and promised to help us with anything we needed such as with the registration papers, postnatal checks and what ever we would find essential. She was amazing, I felt so blessed to have her on our side and not choosing the fear-led mentality like basically every single other midwife had done till that point.



My last month was on, our baby would be here soon. I did my daily yoga practices, long walks in the woods with our two dogs, eating and resting well. Don was with us when he didn't need to work, we really enjoyed that magical time, last days just the two of us. Soon we would become a family. We had a very beautiful and exiting pregnancy shoot with the birth photographer Eva Rose. She also attended to capture the birth. Becoming friends with her and experiencing all this together has made me a huge admirer of her and her valuable and beautiful work.

My last follow up meeting with Mary changed my life forever.

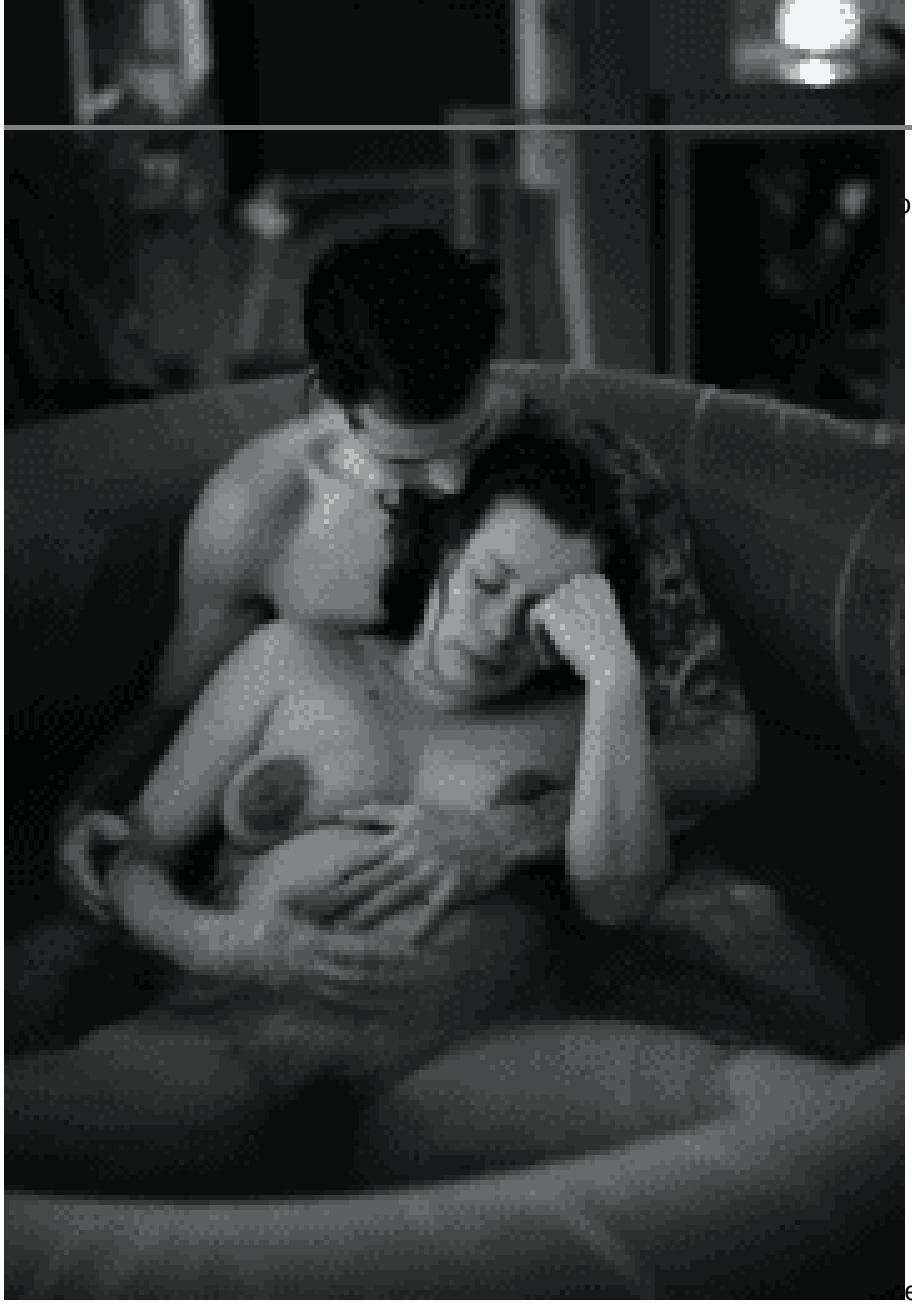
On the third of December, I was full term based on the hospital's measurements. I had a strong feeling it would still take time to meet my baby, I was willing to give all he needed. I was exited to see Mary on this day, like I always had been. She seemed very tense when I entered her room, she wanted to do all the tests, urine, heartbeat, measuring my belly, blood pressure, all that right away. I got confused since we normally have a good conversation and let my body rest after the travel and 3 floors of stairs. I asked could we use the traditional wooden apparatus to listen to baby instead of theDoppler. I had learnt about the radiation and effects of ultrasound along the way, so wanted to avoid unnecessery exams with that. She reassured and pressured me to have the Doppler. My blood pressure was a bit higher than normal, still clearly in normal range though. Clean urine. Super happy mama, and highly active baby. All good. After she wrote all the numbers down, she invited another midwife into the room, after gaining my permission. I got a bit worried at that moment, why would we need someone else in the room? She knew I have bad experiences and I don't trust just anyone. Rina, a pseudonym, turned out to be Mary's boss, leader of this health unit. I sat in my chair in the corner, like I always used to do. They sat in front of me and started to talk. They went trough all the possibilities what might go wrong if I give

birth without medical assistance. Child Services would be alerted. They told me several times how I might end up killing my baby with my choices. I might die. My baby might die. They told me it was impossible for a woman to know whether the baby was okay or not and it was extremely dangerous to go overdue. The midwives informed me that I needed to get checked every other day from then. I couldn't avoid it, first came tears, then stress, anger, dissapointment, I was trapped and tortured, on my due date. By two midwives. With one of them I had shared my everything with. I asked them what they were doing to me and my baby. Shouldn't they know how stress, fear, anger etc effects on my baby? They who are preaching about fetal distress, why it did not matter now? Shouldn't they know that this time of the pregnancy the woman is extremely vurlnable and sensitive? Shouldn't these women know ninth month of pregnancy is a holy month. Shouldn't these professionals of midwifery do everything they can to support and courage me to succeed with the process of giving birth, becoming a mother? These questions among others were banging in my head while I left the room crying, shaking and in shock. My last words to them were 'I'm not going to use your services anymore, and I regret that I did trust you'.

My car was my shelter when I got out from their office. I cried there almost one hour before I got myself collected to the point where I felt safe to drive home. It was a horror weather, icy and rainy. Don called me and promised to come home to take care of me after all this. I felt so scared and lonely. My phone rang, unidentified number. Normally I don't answer to those, I don't know why I did now. There was my listed doctor, we have never seen each other, talked or had any kind of contact. She invited me to visit her for a check up. Why? I asked and said I'm not sick I don't need a doctor and by the way I just came home from my midwife. She confirmed she knew this but that she was worried that I might end up doing things that would kill both my baby and myself. Again this death talk. The conversation went on less than ten minutes, I was instructed not to leave the country and told to go to hospital immediately and that she will report me. I cried questioning what gives her right to call and threat me like this? All I want to do is to take care of myself and my baby the best possible way. She or no-one else should never try to stop or question it.

After Don arrived home, I started to calm down. Still felt very sad and terrifyed how this country and society can treat women like this. Bully a pregnant, soon birthing woman like this, absolutely unforgivable. Today when I'm writing this it is all cristal clear. These women are full of fear, there is undealt traumas and bad experiences underneath. They made me pay for all of that. They are used to follow women who are unsure or who maybe know less about birth and are not willing to own their birth. I was different so they decided to start actions; it was a witch hunt in 2020. I was so afraid they would take my baby away, that they would come to my home, they would continue doing things against my will. It took about one week from then before I was able to sleep well and feel peace. Phones were turned off and we put our full focus on our family and birth bubble.

The moon reached its full size on 12th of December and my contractions began also. I remember I felt huge excitement to experience birth, welcome our baby and to be reborn as a mother. The labour started, each wave felt good and



ong time, I got exhausted, and a bit worried why all this took so long. I was happy we were safe at our own home, I was able to rest in my own bed. First time mums are in a position that no one can tell how long it will take, I was aware of this. We had a beautiful birth pool and space where I laboured, I was so happy to be at home. Fear, the worst enemy of a birthing woman, was above us. Not fear to give birth, but the medical system. The midwives' words didn't leave me alone, what if they take my baby away if he is born at home, what if they get us into trouble? I realised my body wasn't able to release because I didn't feel safe. Fight or Flight was on, I was extremely tired and afraid of concequences. We decided to go to the hospital.

Decision to transfer was one of the hardest ones I have ever needed to make. Don supported me all the way, I knew he would also keep doing so while looking after my rights. It would've been needed if the hospital midwives were like the ones I had experienced. After I shared my story with the hospital staff my worries were gone – they treated me so well. I slowly, slowly began to breath but I was out of energy, all the fear and long labouring had drained me. I gave up and choose to have an epidural, even all my cells were against it. They offered me epidural or morfine to ease my being. I got few hours of rest, they were needed. Now when I look back I feel misled, no one reminded at the time of the decision making, having epidural requires constant monitoring with those oh so uncomfortable belts and machines. They did not mention this even they knew I did't want it.

We talked in that dark bathroom, she sat on the floor next to me and toilet seat, we breathed each wave



The midwife who was helping me at first changed to another one. I was afraid I needed to give up and let them do more interventions. I knew my body can do this, but now with epidural no one really knew how it would go. I experienced serious pain despite the epidural. I was only able to handle on the toilet seat, in a dark room. Time was something like 4am, I was confused why I was having so much pain even with an epidural. I cried and got stressed again, the thought that they would force me to c-section next was present. Interestingly, I heard few days after the birth my midwife had said it out loud; she believed I needed a Cesarean. She had asked me few times if I wanted to talk to a doctor, I declined at first but then I surrendered one step more and invited her in. Her name is Andrea, that's her real name, she deserves all the credits and love, she truly changed my state and the whole atmosphere. We talked in that dark bathroom, she sat on the floor next to me and toilet seat, we breathed each wave together. Andrea assured me that even though I was in hospital they would follow my wishes and my lead. No one would force me to do anything I did't want to do. We discussed between my contractions about the option to try little bit of synthetic oxytocin. My cortisol was still all over the place and I believe it messed up my process. I agreed to go for it. It actually eased my contractions, it made the way easier to dance with.
Midwife changed again, third shift came in. Tanja, she faced me like a fresh breeze. She was familiar about my situation,

I felt immidiate connection with her. She was



like a warrior full of love, her first words to me were something like ‘let’s give birth to your baby’. I raised beyond my tiredness and felt sudden energy boost and pretty rapidly I felt it. To be honest was a bit in shock, I got a feeling I want to push. Tears of happiness ran from my eyes when after the check I heard Tanja saying ‘*Nina, you are 10cm dilated, just listen to your body and do as it says when it says’*. We had worked for that moment for so long. I just cried while collecting my last drops of energy to bring my baby in to the light. I remember very lively Tanja mentioning this phase is normally done within one hour. My answer was, ‘*I will do this in three minutes because that’s all the strength I have left. We laughed and got back to focus*‘.

It was the most intense 40 minutes or so of my life. We had shut the epidural off when I felt the urge to push, of course it took time to wear off, but it was important to me I was able feel my body as clearly as possible. I changed positions, up, laying down, on the floor, on all fours etc. I was allowed to listen my body and my baby and I did. My baby had huge faith in me, on us, not a moment was he stressed. He trusted his mother and worked his way out. I am for ever grateful to Tanja, she allowed me to do all this in pretty strict frames, set by the hospital. We truly worked as a team, I felt my bladder was full, she got confused, we just emptied it, ”yes but it needs be done again”, she did, and was amazed how much there was, and it just felt so good to be listened and followed. It is true, midwifery is science, love and care. She knew I wanted to catch my baby, she told we should soon go to all fours his head is right there! I decided to have few

contractions laying on my side, so I was able to rest those moments in between pushes. But my baby decided otherwise! My body loved the movement and variations of the positions, it gave us huge progress.



Our baby was crowning, Don's facial expressions were priceless, I reached down to feel what they saw. I got huge burst of energy and prepared my self and when next surge hit he rode on top of that wave out. It was incredible! Finally we met. I reached down Tanja guided him into my arms and I was rewarded. The best possible way. We all cried, we were so high on love all of us. Our family was born, I became a mother. I gave birth to my child, beat the violations and doubts this society had planted in me. I proved I was made to do this. My perfect baby boy was safely on my chest.
Tanja respected our wishes and I gave birth to my beautiful placenta while the cord was still attached to my Nathaniel. We cut the cord after it gotten white and didn't pulse anymore. All those nutritives, blood with oxygen and stem cells in my baby body where they belong, where he needs them the most. This amazing organ my body created to take care of my baby, was taken home and will be burried in the honourable place. My plan was to prepare it as capsules, if I needed to take care of my future postpartum rollercoaster. But unfortunately it was not possible, since we were at the hospital, to process it.



I got the peace and rest we all needed, Nathaniel latched perfectly and we had moments like in a dream. No complications, 10/10 points for the baby. We were ready to go home. We were offered to go to the hotel wheremidwives are present, just in case if needed to have support or guidance. I hesitated. I was too tired to start a battle, so Iagreed. Turned out there was no room for us, so we were taken to this unit inside the hospital. Blaah. The midwives toldme it similar to the hotel that was offered first. Of course it was not. Don was visiting home to see our dogs, when I was transferred to the unit with my newborn. There was a new midwife waiting, she never introduced herself, she told me they will be observing and doing checks and I was like no. I wanted and deserved to be in peace, undisturbed respected, with just my family present. They had difficulties to understand that. But eventually followed my request.
During the time when I was labouring at the hospital the follow up midwife Mary made a report to Child Services about me. The doctor who called me on my due date wrote a letter to them also based on information she got from Mary. Stating she has never met me and finds me uncapable to take care for my child when he is born. I have this letter, it is literally three lines long.
Don did get a phone call about this but thank God protected me from this information at that time. We spent the recommended time in the hospital, I got to do amazing closure talk with Andrea, the obstetrician, she came to meet us in to our room. I was feeling huge gratitude towards her and her humane way to face me with love and understanding. My baby gained his birth weight back in just few days, I felt ready to go home.



We were forced to go through some baby checks and face a big humiliation from the leader of Paediatric unit. We had chosen not to inject vitamin K, this was decided way before the birth, respected by birth unit. We signed the paper the hospital gave us in the birth unit, all was set. We thought so. I was nursing my baby in my room, basically naked, enjoying skin on skin and telling to a midwife about how happy I was, when three people in white jackets rush in to the room without knocking or notice. Two of them stayed by the door and the oldest started to yell at me about vitamin K, claiming it could kill my baby, or at least put him in great danger. I told him that we as parents had done our research and decided as it stood on the paper. He had never seen or asked to see the paper. There I was again made to listen to this fear mongering and threats. Like on my due date. I cried and asked him to leave, he did not. He yelled that he cared about the baby, not the parents. I asked how he dared to question my love and care and would do everything for my own newborn baby. I said '*His mother is essential and the most important thing in his life, so I think you as a paediatrician should care about her too'* . He left without apologizing with two others.

When we all were in the car heading home the feeling was unforgettable. Finally alone. The car ride was exciting but took an eternity, at least felt like it. Our home smelled good, felt good, and was ready to welcome its newest habitant. Being surrounded by our own sheets and life, in peace and silent was priceless. Hospitals are for sick people if you ask me. We were nursing and cuddling in our bed when Don received a phone call from Mary. I got to chance to talk to her by jumping in the conversation. I asked why she was going to all this trouble and trying to bring my name into disrepute.

She ignored the question, congratulated me with an icy tone. I suggested a meeting so that we could discuss what had happened. She refused.
We got a midwife and a nurse visiting us after few days at home, from the same department as Mary. I felt all I could do was to accept them into our home since the Child Services were hounding us. Because I planned to give birth unassisted, but did I? They were nice and very professional. Nurse wanted to do an extra visit in one week, my respond was the same. Later I have found out the reason was her leader gave these orders based on Mary's lies. Nathaniel had gained so much weight the nurse thought her scale was broken. It was hilarious, I knew my boy was doing just perfect. Just with breast milk, one kilogram in ten days. I was recovering well, happiest I've ever been, our family had a beautiful first Christmas together.
Child Services contacted us after the holidays. They wanted to meet us and get the full picture based on two received concerns, Mary's and the doctor who Mary had talked to. They came for a visit after about 40 postpartum days, we shared the whole story with them. It took three hours and lots of tears. They showed us symphathy and understanding, but they were compelled to investigate us with a minimum of three visits based on the law. I was in shock. Just because of those messages they had gotten? Yes. Today I am grateful they did so, they were extremely humane and true professionals. They quickly saw that Nathaniel was very well taken care of and loved and that our family had been treated wrongly. The case was dismissed. But it truly stained our precious unique postpartum time as a newborn mama and baby.
I learnt a lot from the papers, journals, notes, that were collected by the CS to figure out the truth about me and us. We had a birth pool here at home with some towels on the floor and dimmed lights when we had called the ambulance to get trasfered. Their report said 'questionable home and environment for the baby'. Midwife and the visiting nurse reported 'cozy, clean and warm home on their report'. How can some health professional be so blind and far away from reality that they are unable to see what's really going on? Mary wrote in her first letter to CS that we have two big Doberman dogs and that I might travel to my home country, Finland. Yes we do, and they are the most lovable family dogs there is. But she choose to spread fear and use information I had confidently shared with her, against me. And yes Finland, not into some war zone.



I requested a meeting once more with Mary, again she refused. I requested to see my records, she refused. I have a legal right to have them, of course. I wrote to her supervisor and after few emails he delivered it to me. We took a really good look of it, side by side with my health card of pregnancy. The findings were unbelievable. It included confidential information about two other women, dated way before I even moved to Noray and had my first visit with this health unit. It should not be possible that I get someone else's private health records in to my hand. Doesn't anyone check these papers before giving them out?
Mary claimed in the letter to CS that I had complications in my pregnancy. Based on my knowledge, my journal, my card singed by her I did not. In the records we found multiple mistakes, missing and wrong dates, missing notes about the meetings we have had and lies about what I'd said. She wrote for example that I have argued with the Lamaze course instructor about giving birth without a medical person. That wasn't even possible since Mary was the only one we trusted and shared the information with. I shared our personal stories with Mary yet she drew me as a monster. There were so many mistakes, lies and flaws I can't even list them all here, even I wish I could. Luckily we have saved all the information. One unanswered question is a big one, I found out from the records that these midwives were planning to force me to have my birth done as they wished. The county's head doctor stopped them by sending them a reminder

that it is every woman's legal right to give birth where and how she wants to. They pulled out of their actions, I never found out what they would've done. The whole situation was surreal, I have proven all the lies to be lies to Mary's supervisor and the Child Services. The correspondence with the hospital is still ongoing about the vitamin K incident and there will be a meeting with all involved. But this has now been postponed due to COVID19. I have requested meetings with the doctors and midwives involved but all have been refused. It is unforgivable that these people who practice midwifery or as a medical personnel are so full of fear, so far away from life and nature that they put me through such torture. I have let Mary and her boss know I would like to meet her, she refuses again and again. So the last time I saw her was on my due date when she scared me and started this night mare. Which thanks to my baby and my beloved baby papa, turned out to be a dream come true.



Today is a International Mothers Day, I have shared our story with you. Endless gratitude is present. I feel so priviledged to be a mom for this sleeping baby next to me, soon five months old Nathaniel. He is the happiest and most adorable little person I have ever met. When Sheena asked if I am willing to share my story, I knew opening up, sharing our birth video, writing down all that was going on is right thing to do. This journey was for me to go through for a reason, it needs to be told, it deserves to be heard. I am hungry to do it. In todays Western world, ranked as the best country to give birth in, how ever that is measured anyway? I dealt with 13 different midwives along the way, if the crew of the after birth care-unit would be calculated with the number would be over 20. This country was unable to provide me the help I would

have needed, Even with paying for it myself it was impossible get. And it almost punished me for following my heart and the need to feel safe. How can anyone's needs be heard and cared for when the process is this broken? My thoughts are with women who have gone through even more devastating actions, been insulted and silenced. This needs to change. Every single woman out there deserves to be cared with love and warmth, as individuals, unique themselves. No matter how different they and their needs are from the usual, the average, the mainstream. If there is fear, it should be dealt and replaced with love and faith. Birthing woman should never need to carry a midwife's or other health practitioners fear on her shoulders, never. And possibly pay for someone else's fears as it easily creates another traumatic experience. We, women, are made to do this, grow a human body in us for a soul who choose us to become hers/his mother, life inside of life. Our bodies have huge capacity and knowledge. We are too busy with fear mongering and avoiding possible mistakes we can't hear what our bodies are telling us. We are forced to fight the system to keep our autonomy. In today's world, with all the science and history, autonomy should be for everyone and always.
Giving birth to your own child is the biggest celebration of love there is, we need to begin to treat it like one. I will keep on doing my share towards this goal, I hope you do it too. Much love.

Category

1. News & Views

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