

*Elijah Birth*  
*How to turn the Hearts of the Fathers*  
*By,*  
*Jenny Marie Hatch PhDMH*

*“Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; And he shall turn the heart of the Fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the Earth with A curse.*

*Malachi 4:5-6 and 3<sup>d</sup> Nephi 25:5-6*



**Hatch Family 1996 – Jenny (expecting Andy), Jeff, Allison, Michelle, and Paul**

## Introduction

The idea for this book developed over a few months. I was part of an online chat group of ladies for a couple of years, who were all into Unassisted Childbirth (LDSUC@egroups.com). We also shared membership in the same church, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. As our group grew and developed and new ladies joined and old members left, I noticed a common theme of “husband reluctance” in the posts of the mother’s who were expecting babies. Most husbands were not very excited about having a home birth, much less doing the birth alone without a paid professional. Having struggled in my own marriage with this problem, I decided to begin doing research that could be compiled into a book written mostly for fathers. I conducted a survey of the members of our group in the fall of 1999, and have used some of the quotes in a question and answer format throughout the book. Many of the members of our group graciously shared birth and miscarriage stories. Because all of the members of our online group are LDS, this book has a decidedly Mormon flavor to it. However, I believe anyone interested in learning more about Unassisted Childbirth will enjoy reading it.

During the distillation of the survey, I began writing a series of essays for Father’s. In these essays I shared information on a variety of topics. As the topics broadened and one essay led to another, I realized that what I was doing was sharing information and insights that were precious pearls of knowledge that I had gained over my many years of research. Knowledge that may have helped my husband and I as we debated and fought over medical care for our children during our births and parenting.

The lowest point in our marriage, as we fought and argued over medical care for the babies, came when we had been married about seven years. Our son Jeff was a baby and he had a horrible eye infection that just seemed to be getting worse. I wanted to take him to our chiropractor for some herbs and an adjustment and Paul wanted me to take him to our

pediatrician for an antibiotic. We had a huge fight and I found myself praying that night that Father would just take Paul home to heaven because I couldn't deal with him anymore. Asking the Lord to "take out" your husband is a pretty serious sin, but it illustrates my absolute frustration at that moment. As I prayed such an evil prayer, I felt one of the most powerful rebukes of my life from the Lord. I felt from him, "you have the amazing blessing of a righteous priesthood holder for your husband. How DARE you request that he die??? Do you have any idea how many of my daughters would give anything at all to be married to such a wonderful man?" He went on and on and I shrunk in shame. The next day I dutifully took Jeff to our pediatrician for the first time in his young life and was given that nasty pink antibiotic. I asked our doctor if he would get better without the drug and he said "no".

On the way home from the doctor I stopped by the health food store and picked up some Pulsatilla (a homeopathic remedy). I arrived home and spent the afternoon looking at both medicines. It was a defining moment. I put my finger in that pink liquid poison and put a tiny amount of it on Jeff's tongue. He made a face and spit it out. His eyes were completely crusted over with eye gunk. (I now know this was related to a vitamin A deficiency in my breastmilk, as he was being nursed exclusively at that point) I decided to be honest with Paul and just tell him that I could not give Jeff the antibiotic, but if he wanted to give it to him, I wouldn't object. Then I gave Jeff a few pellets of Pulsatilla, which he eagerly sucked on. Within minutes he began to poop and didn't stop for the next 24 hours. He filled his diaper about 12 times and by the next morning the eye goop was completely gone. This experience remains the most dramatic episode I have ever had with homeopathics, and needless to say, it had a profound impact on my husband. I chucked the antibiotic in the garbage and now seven years old, Jeff's only experience with antibiotics has been the drop or so I placed on his tongue that fateful day.

I share this experience to illustrate the many fights and problems we have faced as a couple as we have broken down the walls in our minds, pondered, and put into action the things we have learned. These days Paul makes his own chiropractic appointments and when the children get

sick we have a whole arsenal of natural remedies to use to help them be well. And the fighting? Well, we still fight and debate, but after thirteen plus years of marriage, I can honestly say we are more “one” than I ever would have thought possible on that awful night I prayed for the Lord to take my man home.

It is my sincere prayer that the knowledge in the ten essays entitled Family Sovereignty will help PREVENT some of those fights in your marriage! It is my hope that in sharing the pearls that I have discovered these past twelve years, you will be able, as a couple, to move beyond the fear and the hype and just settle into your parenting. One of the hardest things about going down this path as a Latter Day Saint women is that I did not know anyone else who was into these things, and for many years I experienced much frustration and felt so alone, especially when Paul and I would fight. My books were my solace and I read hundreds of them, searching for the truth. I especially read my scriptures and spent many hours praying and pondering the things I had discovered. Most importantly, I put the natural principles I learned into practice and have felt the deep satisfaction that comes with mastering new and challenging skills.

As you young parents seek the skills that will help you along the path to an eternal family I would encourage you to be on the lookout for mentors who have healthy, beautiful children. Look for those babies who laugh and smile and seem well attached to their parents when seeking advice and friendships. By their fruits you will know them, as the scriptures say. Most of my homebirth friends keep a low profile and don't seek to advertise natural parenting, because they know the majority of the saints are into chemical parenting and are all too willing to shut them up with derogatory remarks when the sister's get talking about birth. And if you hang with a group of young Moms, eventually the discussion will head in the general direction of birth stories. It has been my experience that those least educated in natural principles are those who speak with the most authority on birthing options. If you want to speak your mind and share, tread softly, these issues are at the heart of motherhood, and questioning all of the chemicals tends to put you on the same level as those who question the divinity of the Savior.

As I have listened to the stories, felt the pain, witnessed, and experienced for myself the slaughter of Mother's and Babies, then observed the emotional trauma of the Father's, I have come to believe that we families are at war with a Beast that has at its center simply the perpetuation of itself.

The power and control of this monster reaches out its tentacles to all the countries of the world. Only a few native peoples have kept themselves unspotted from the plagues associated with it. As time passes and woman continue to be sliced and diced during birth, I feel this welling in my heart, a scream, that makes me want to fight. The only weapons I possess are words, and so I write, but in my chest beats the heart of a fighter. I believe the most efficient way to fight is to simply share the knowledge, the truth, and the testimonies of the families. And so this book contains an attempt to articulate what it means for a family to be free.

As families leave Babylon and head into the desert for this wilderness experience of Elijah Birth, it should be a comfort to them to know that they do not walk alone. Many couples are walking this path.

If I have learned one thing during my own walk, it is this; Satan HATES homebirth! He will do everything in his power to frighten parents into a medicated birth. If the devil hates this thing so much, to my way of thinking, it must mean that there is some truth connected to it.

I believe Homebirth is healing, solidifying, and strengthening to the family bond. I have heard it said that if you think someday you might want to divorce your spouse, don't have an Elijah Birth, you won't be able to leave. (Jeannine Baker) The bond that is formed during a sacred, quiet, gentle birth where a mother confidently pushes her child into the hands of it's father, seals a couple Together....Forever.

Lynn Griesemer says in her book Unassisted Homebirth, an act of Love (p. 137) "A powerful psychological union is formed between the couple who births a baby together. Birth transcends all rational explanation of time. At the moment of complete surrender, many couples feel a sense

of eternity together, they just KNOW they will be together forever. Past, present and future are linked together and the baby will be a constant reminder of the momentous event.”

It is my prayer that in these pages you will find words that will comfort, console, and teach. I hope that you will find the courage to embrace some of the principles shared. As you wean from the structures that have formed in our society to rob you of your birthright of freedom and sovereign living, please remember to talk to your Creator. He will give you strength, wisdom, and courage. He will fight your battles for you.

How do I know that he will give you these gifts? I know because he has given them to me. I have actively searched for him. I believe I have found a portion of his truth. A kernel of truth, that has enriched my life by restoring my health, helped me overcome many fears, and given me the hope to work for a better day for my own children and posterity.

He is our eternal Heavenly Father and all he wants for you and your family is for you to have JOY! It is my strong belief that Joy comes with keeping the Commandments. Joy is the fruit of righteous living, but Joy is also the fruit of accepting and living the principles of natural parenting. If you have ever wondered, “I have always wanted to be a mother, I have really great children, then why am I so miserable?” Please keep reading. The families who have shared their hearts in this book simply want to yell from the rooftops...FREEDOM! JOY! HAPPINESS!

It is our prayer that by the time our granddaughter’s are born, family freedom and sovereignty are firmly entrenched in the hearts and minds of mother’s and father’s everywhere.

There is also a practical side to Elijah Birth. A day may come when we simply cannot rely on the medical profession to help us with our healthcare because of world conditions. It just so happens that as I type this Introduction, it has been eight days since the bombing of the world trade center on September 11, 2001. Many parents are feeling frightened, wondering what sort of a world they are bringing their children into. I will tell you this. The world you are birthing babies into is a place that is being prepared for the return of the Savior Jesus Christ. We have been promised in the scriptures that the time before the Savior’s second coming would be a time

of great tribulation and trial. Yet we must not fear!!! It is my great hope that in these pages you will find some information that will bring comfort and peace to your heart. That “come what may” you will have the tools and understanding that will free you to continue keeping the commandment to multiply, trusting that even during times of chaos and war, you will have what is needful for your family.

### **Dedication**

I dedicate this book to all of the babies that will be born in the weeks, months, years, and decades to come. May we parents all ponder the long-term consequences of our choices and seek the **Truth**, which will indeed.... **set us free!**

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## Chapter one – Family Sovereignty

“Subject: Our baby boy

Just thought I'd let everyone know we had a baby boy born at 6:04 this evening. Regan Alexander Nephi's big sister was so excited while Mary was in labor. Every time she'd get a contraction, Sinéad would give a big smile and say, "Baby! Coming!" Regan's a nice, beautiful pink. We don't have a weight or a length yet, but we'll keep you all posted!

Kim”

### **Family Sovereignty, A series of ten essays on Family Freedom –**

(Jenny Hatch's Dissertation on Family Freedom for her PhD in Motherhood)

In these essays I quote extensively from the Proclamation on the family. I would ask you the reader to consider if the direction we are headed with “better living through chemistry” is leading us towards the strengthening of the family or the disintegration of it. Consider the final two paragraphs of the proclamation-

“We warn that individuals who violate covenants of chastity, who abuse spouse or offspring, or who fail to fulfill family responsibilities will one day stand accountable before God. Further, we warn that the disintegration of the family will bring upon nations, communities, and nations the calamities foretold by ancient and modern prophets.

We call upon responsible citizens and officers of government everywhere to promote those measures designed to maintain and strengthen the family as the fundamental unit of society.”

## **Essay #1 – Family Sovereignty**

Sovereign, the buzzword in Internet circles, also has applications for the family. Why? Over the past decades a shift has occurred in the hearts and minds of some parents. So many have adopted home-school, unassisted family birthing, and a complete severance from government programs and money that this trend toward family sovereignty could be called a movement.

Why? The definition of sovereignty holds the clues as to why families are adopting practices completely out of the mainstream. Sovereign is defined as self-governing or independent. Sovereignty includes in its definition complete independence and self-government. So the definition of Family Sovereignty could be The Family That Is Self Governed.

What does this mean for the modern husband and wife? Is it scriptural?

Scriptures from Genesis to the Ephesians talk about a man leaving his Father and Mother, and joining with his wife and they two shall be one flesh. (Genesis 2:24, Matthew 19:5, Mark 10:7, and Ephesians 5:31) I like the Genesis version because it talks about a Man who cleaves to his wife. That denotes a sort of bonding that is true, faithful and cemented. The picture in my mind is a husband and wife so completely bonded in unity and love, nothing can come between them. I believe the couples who are adopting these practices understand the necessity of independence from most worldly structures. The reason for this is because of an instinctual understanding that when we let anyone do something for us that we are fully capable of doing for ourselves, whether it is birthing, teaching and training our children or even nurturing them when babies, the bond between husband and wife is weakened.

As parents and families gradually wean from the structures that are available for education, health care and finances, I think it is important to have a clear understanding why we are leaving Babylon for Zion. Not only for ourselves and our own need to be clear about what this all

means, but also so we can clearly articulate to others why we feel this deep instinctual need to grasp our sovereignty and never let it go.

I would suggest that as the world continues to separate into those who desire to be parents and those who don't, this notion of Family Sovereignty is going to become crucial to understanding modern life in the new millennium. The chasm between Liberal and Conservative will continue to widen as never before as those who live for themselves in an eat, drink, and be merry existence and those of us who live for the tomorrow's of life with grandchildren, grows ever wider.

In my Mothering these past eleven years I have been blessed to have many close friends who are highly educated, self declared liberals. Through the wonderful natural childbirth community that quietly thrives in Boulder Colorado, I have been privileged to enjoy hours of quiet conversation with Mothers of every nationality, religion, and political viewpoint. Many, many times I was the only Christian, anti-feminist, conservative in the group and I give my liberal friends credit that they have loved me and welcomed my ideas and feelings as valid, despite being a Rush Limbaugh fan. Being friends with those who are ideologically opposite from me in world view and yet sharing a passion for the sacredness of women's bodies and minds has helped me to clarify more clearly what I believe.

I have spent many, many hours thinking about what it means to be a woman and a mother in the new millennium. The word sovereign keeps coming into my mind. I am descended from patriots, so my passion for liberty comes naturally, and as I have studied American History I have been baffled how we could go from Thomas "patriot" Jefferson to Bill "liar" Clinton in such a relatively short time. The feelings of nausea that come over me every time I see Bill and Hillary on the news are telling symptoms of the sickness in America, as our freedoms continue to be swallowed up in executive orders and the constitution is trampled under the feet of those who don't even pretend to hide their socialism and communistic beliefs and practices.

I see our generation of parents as those who must understand truth in all areas of our lives. I

see our generation willing to sacrifice worldly aims and pleasures in order to clean up the planet and make it a more celestial place for our children to inhabit. I see our generation full of complete fidelity towards spouse and children, amazing strength of character, love of truth, integrity to principle with a zealous desire to see the triumphant forward march of truth.

We honor our parents for giving us life. Like us, they made choices based upon current available information, and if that information tended to be propaganda and harm resulted then we let it go and remember they made the best choices possible at the time. We honor them for the legacy they have passed along to us, but that does not mean we have to adhere to every false tradition and practice they utilized in their parenting, just to keep the peace at family reunions. We must identify false ideas and practices and set about righting the wrongs of the past two centuries.

Our generation must be thinkers, and workers. We must be men and women who consider carefully our course in life and the principles we espouse. The scriptures say "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

As we hunger and thirst for the faith and knowledge that will allow us to overcome years of fear based parenting practices let us be confident that the Lord will fill us up with his righteousness and give us every answer to every question posed. I have spent the past eight year's breast - feeding my children on demand. While I nursed I would read books on everything from birth to political ideology and education. This has translated into about 4 hours a day of study time. Based on the time spent and the effort exerted as well as the multiple final exams (my births). I have given myself a Ph.D. in Motherhood. I don't know of any university that would or could grant me an advanced degree in being a Mom, but I feel like it is time to offer my Dissertation, and these editorials are my way to do it.

I believe most of the problems we encounter as parents can be summed up in one word - knowledge. The lack of knowledge, the misuse of knowledge, or the overabundance of false knowledge, misapplied. As I have sought to increase my Faith and Knowledge one principle has

been A sure foundation of belief for me. It is "What does Heavenly Father think?" I believe "all human beings are created in the image of God. Each is a beloved spirit son or daughter of Heavenly parents, and, as such, each has a divine nature and destiny. I believe gender is an essential characteristic of individual premortal, mortal and eternal destiny and purpose. I believe in the premortal realm, spirit sons and daughters knew and worshipped God as their Eternal Father and accepted His plan by which His children could obtain a physical body and gain earthly experience to progress towards perfection and ultimately realize his or her divine destiny as an heir of eternal life." (Proclamation on the Family)

I trust that Heavenly Father is interested in the details of my day to day life, and so it has been my practice to turn to him in times of need to ask him what I should do for his child, who has been loaned to me for a time to nurture and teach. As each issue has come up with my little ones, I have turned to that all knowing source of inspiration, power and knowledge and have felt guided to know what each individual child needed at any given moment, rather than adopt a belief or practice based on some professionals expert "opinion."

As I have struggled to make decisions for and in behalf of my children until they are old enough to make their own choices, I have come to adopt a few principles and beliefs about knowledge, freedom, and self government. It is these principles and beliefs that I would like to share in this series of editorials. I hope to create a dialog on Family Sovereignty that moves way beyond the current debates over day care and nationalized health care. I am interested in creating a dialog with others who are passionate about freedom. So, let the conversations begin...

The final portion of this chapter is a copy of an interview I did early this year with a Father who has helped his wife during three Elijah Births.



Julia with her first Unassisted Baby

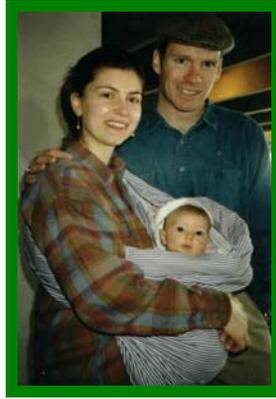
Interview with Monte Magill - March 24, 2001

A LDS Father's perspective on Unassisted Childbirth:

Conducted By Jenny Marie Hatch

Q: The number one question I am interested in is, “what can a husband and father do to help prepare himself and his family at large, to giving birth to a baby at home?” and what did you do?

A: I would have to say there is two aspects to it. One is to be able to support your wife in her preparations for the delivery, and to prepare yourself to know as much as you can about the process, the different phases. What to do before and after. What to look out for. And as much as you can seek and know and understand the answers to all of those, the easier the process is.



The Magill family shortly after their first Elijah birth

Q: And, how important is the Holy Spirit to your preparation?

A: We try to do everything by prayer. We try to make sure that the proper spirit is in our household at all times. As we get closer to the birth, there has always been a special electricity in the air. We can feel it. We can actually feel the spirit get stronger, and we always make sure to continue our prayers and scriptures and family prayer time.

Q: Do you have any advice for the father who may be feeling like it's too big of a risk, and yet his wife really wants to do this?

A: Well, there are always going to be fears in just about anything you do. So one of the things you always have to be willing to ask yourself is "What would you do if you weren't afraid? And, in this situation, what we felt we wanted to do once we moved out to Colorado here, was to be able to go through that experience. We knew how glorious it could be. We still had fears but I think there was a part of us that kept saying, certainly for me, "What would I do if I weren't afraid in this?", and that's what I would want to do. There were still times when I was afraid, and I did have fears and they would crop up and haunt me at the most inconvenient times, but we went ahead and moved forward with that, felt very good about the decision we had made. And

with Julie, I could see it made a big difference in her life, before and after we had the first natural birth at home.

Q: How do you think it changed your marriage? Monte is someone who their first birth was a planned c-section and then with their next birth they went to the other extreme and had an unassisted home birth.

A: Well of course, with the first birth there was a lot of trauma with that. That left some emotional scars for a long, long period of time. Some of which may never be fully recovered from. But the opportunity then to have the natural childbirth, there was always some problems that would crop up, emotional, here and there from the first birth with the twins. But once we had Madeleine, the actual birth experience itself, preparing for it, and the special bond that Julie felt with Madeleine and with each kid after that, has helped her *and* helped us in our marriage and our growth together, because it was a very strong bonding experience to be able to go through something as close as that. That, in my mind, is about as intimately close as a husband and wife can get, is going through that whole experience together.

Q: I know you guys have experienced some rejection from some of your peers in your ward at church, and since this article is going to be for Latter Day Saint couples, who are considering home birth, what advice can you give them to deal with some of that rejection you may have felt the last few years while you've gone down this path?

A: Well I'm not sure if I would even call it so much rejection. I would probably look at more as questionable. It's certainly the type of fears that I had myself going into this, are the same type of fears I see others exhibit when they hear of what we have gone through. But I think in our situation we thought about it, we considered it, prayed about it, and got a very good feeling about going forward with it. So I think in the end what you really have to do is, weigh the pros and

cons, and then take it to prayer and have the Lord help confirm to you that it is the right thing for you to do in your situation.



The Magills, shortly after Hunter was born

Q: Do you feel that your family, your extended family, parents on both sides, have gone through a shift in attitude perhaps from when Madeleine was born five years ago, to today?

A: I think with each successive home birth that we have, that in their eyes we become less and less of the lunatics they probably thought we were in the beginning in trying to do this.

Q: And did they ever express to you those feelings that they thought you were lunatics?

A: Not directly, it would always be indirectly, you know, certain things would be said here and there. And Julie was always there picking up on those things, than I was.

Q: Any final advice you can give? Especially for Father's out there who may be feeling like they are being pushed into a home birth when they don't want to be? Can you give them any good advice, especially as a priesthood holder and the head of the home?

A: Well one of the things that I considered myself was that, the home birth experience itself had been an experience that mankind had been going through since the beginning of time. And it hasn't been really until modern history within the last hundred years, that hospitals began to be used on a regular basis for births. So, it is something that is possible, it's something that is

doable, and had been done all through time up until the very recent history. Are there going to be fears going into it? Yeah. Are there gonna be second thoughts, doubts and questions? Yep, there will always be those. But I think as long as we try to live a righteous life, exercise the priesthood properly and try to be good examples, prayerfully consider this, once we get a confirmation of what we are to do, it really should be no second doubts at that time. There should be no question of it. We should try to do everything we can to alleviate any other fears that go along with it and know that it's what we are supposed to do.

Q: Could you quickly give about a minute synopsis of each of your home births...maybe how much each baby weighed, and any little issues that cropped up that may have caused you concern with any particular birth that maybe you felt like you were guided by the spirit to know how to help that situation? What comes to my mind is when Julie gave birth to Madeleine her placenta was extremely delayed (about two hours) in coming out, and I just remember being at that birth and praying to have the placenta come out. Right as I said "AMEN", Julie was in the bathroom and she said "The placenta's out". And I really felt like that was an answer to my personal prayer. (Note: Monte and Julie took my Bradley Childbirth class during Madeleine's gestation. A few hours before the birth, I went over to bring them a meal and help with the twins who were four at the time and was privileged to be at the birth. This experience of "praying our a placenta" increased my faith, and was a witness to me that the healing power of the Savior can be used in all birthing situations)

Can you share any experiences like that, that you had with the other births, or even Madeleine's birth?

A: With Madeleine's birth I had a vision even beforehand that she would be coming out face up. And I would be able to see her face right away. The neat experience was that the way we went through the birthing, and Julie's posture at that time (Ed note: she was on her hands and knees), she actually did come out face up. Eyes open, ready to greet the world. It was just as if she was

just a little doll baby coming out and ready to participate and ready to be close to her Mommy right away, and to start nursing very quickly.



Monte with his first home birth baby in 1996

Q: How many weeks was she past due?

A: I think she was a couple weeks past due, maybe two or three weeks or so. In the end it really isn't something we were too terribly concerned about. Each of the births at home have been about the same, they have been a little bit delayed. And they've all been very healthy babies. They've been very large babies. Every one of them. Julie's done a great job of being able to have them without any problem, without any cuts or tears, or real hang-ups. With Julie, each delivery time has shortened, they get quicker and faster. The actual birth experience itself was similar each time. With Hunter, he came out and as a matter of fact, his shoulder was stuck for a little bit, we had to work his shoulder out, he's a big guy, still is. After he came out, Julie was in a little bit of pain, but the interesting thing was that, babies are so resilient, I was actually able to set him on the side, down on the ground, not even to check to see whether he was breathing or not, and check on Julie to see how she was doing and then come back to him. He hadn't started breathing yet, but he still had a decent color to him, he was still doing well, because he was still getting the blood flow through the umbilical cord, and that was still keeping him going. But as soon as I picked him up, and cleared him out a little bit, then he started breathing, never even opened his eyes. Didn't even cry.



The Magill family

Q: What did you do to clear him out? Did you use a bulb syringe?

A: I turned him on his side and used the bulb just a little bit to clear out his nostrils and his mouth, just really lightly. And made sure that everything was clear there. And he gave a great big gasp, started breathing and then just sorta went back to sleep.

Q: How many minutes would you say that was, right after he was born?

A: Well, it seemed like a long time, but I would say it was probably at most a minute and a half, at the most. And I think he slept for a little before he actually started nursing, then he started nursing pretty well. And then Rutgerre was, he also had his shoulders hang up just a little bit upon coming out. But as soon as he came out, he was ready to go.

Q: With nursing?

A: Not necessarily with the nursing, actually he went ahead and pooped twice before he ever actually nursed, before he ever started nursing. So far he's been the strongest lungs of all the kids. He did maybe a little bit of crying at the birth. But as long as he's with Mommy he's OK,

which actually has been the same with the last three children. Through the first three to five months, they are very much Mommies children, and if Daddy holds them, then after a while it's like Daddy's a stranger or somebody else and they start crying and they want Mommy. Once they start getting into the place/the age where they can interact a little bit or even crawling, then that's when they realize Daddy's a pal of their's and we start playing around and that's when they start warming up to Daddy. I think the twins had to warm up to Daddy more quickly because of the terrible experience that Julie had to go through in that Cesarean birth experience. It's interesting to see how that bond develops very quickly between the mother and child during that type of birth where their born, they usually start nursing very soon after birth, and they're very close to their mom for a long period of time after that.

And our children, after birth, the last three, we've actually had them sleep in our bed with us the whole time. There is a sense of security there for them and there is some convenience there also for Julie. To be able to nurse them during the night, they are right there. We don't have to go to a separate room or get up to go to a crib or something across the room. They're right there next to us. We're with them all the time and we've had no problems there, neither of us ever roll over on em or anything like that.

Q: You said your babies were rather large, would you mind sharing their birth weight, even your twins, which I think was a pretty amazing accomplishment.

A: The twins came a little bit early and that probably explains why they were a little bit smaller than the last three. They were seven and eight pounds in general at their births, which is a pretty good size for twins. Had they incubated a little bit longer, they probably would have been a little bit larger, probably would have been as large as the other kids.

Madeleine was about ten pounds. Hunter was eleven pounds, a little bit larger than Madeleine. Rutgerre was 9 pounds 6 ounces. They have all been big kids. Rutgerre, the last

one was the smallest weight birth, but he was a little bit longer than the other children. Maybe he'll be the tall one in the bunch. Hunter is going to be the stout, strong one.

Q: You've added something new to your family and that is the Auryveda Post Birth massages. How do you think that has enhanced Julie's recovery having done this now when you didn't do it before.

A: I know that Julie is always very conscientious of the weight that she carries right after birth, and one of the things I could see that happened during the two weeks we did the massage every day, was that you could almost see her body reshape back to the type of size it was supposed to be without leaving any type of scars, stretch marks and other things. And I think that made her feel a lot better being able to get back into some clothes that she had worn before rather quickly.

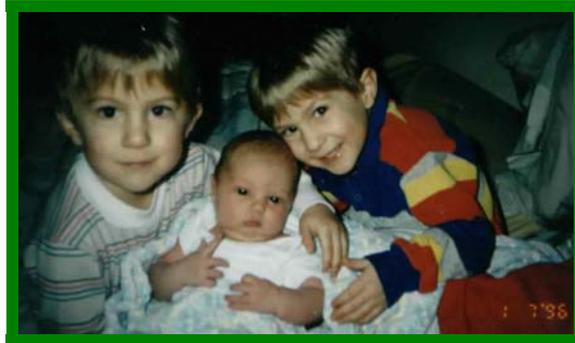
Q: Do you think it created too much of a hardship on you as a Father to do this massage every day?

A: Oh it was time consuming. The way we did it, it would take anywhere from 35 to 45 minutes to go through it depending on interruptions, but in the end it was a worthwhile time spent. I think both of us were able to get close during that time frame. It wasn't easy, but it was worth it.

Q: There is a practical side to home birth in the sense that if we are going through some end times calamities before the Savior comes, what do you do if you have a pregnant wife? Monte could you share with us your feelings of being comforted that you have these skills?

A: Well for Julie and I now, we feel that we have another set of options that opens up opportunities to us in the future. So that if things should change, if there should be a time and situation where we could not get to a hospital for births as most people would do. It's not going to affect us. We feel very comfortable with the birthing experience at home and while each of the births that we have gone through so far have been almost textbook births, we do feel that

even if there were some minor emergencies, we would be able to handle those well. So it gives us a very strong sense of security, a very strong sense of self-fulfillment and self-reliance.



The twins have a new sister – two weeks old!

Q: It brings to mind the scripture “If ye are prepared ye shall not fear”. Do you feel that way about your births and your babies, that “come what may” you are going to be fine?

A: Well, I think there is always going to be a little bit of fear. But certainly, I would say the fear I have now is probably only a couple percent of what it would have been otherwise. It would have been a tremendously large amount more.

Thankyou! Monte for taking time out of your busy schedule to give me this interview. I am sure many Fathers and couples will be interested in what you have to share! Jenny Hatch

## Chapter 2 Fruit of the tree

“We had a baby boy at 2:50 this morning. He’s perfect. Red hair. Ethan is so thrilled. He was there for the birth, and ran and immediately woke up Allisyn. So she was there just a few minutes later. I had the waterbirth I have always wanted! It was pretty quick. I slept until about 1:00 and then had to get in the tub. I was about 6cms.

I think I had the urge to push a little early. So I tried changing positions and that seemed to help some. But there were times when I couldn’t just breathe through it. My body was involuntarily doing it. But I finally ended up kneeling, and leaning over the side of the tub. Dh was sitting on the bed answering Ethan’s questions. Dh said that I said I had to push, and he came over behind me to see what was happening. Before I knew it, I was pushing out a head. I was afraid of tearing, and I know at one point said, I don’t want to tear. Dh was supporting the lower perineum and I had the upper. But when I pushed, he came out all at once. He kinda shot in the side of the pool (luckily it was soft, right?!) And I grabbed him and sat down. I didn’t tear, and not even a skid mark. And there’s no swelling. SO I’m pretty happy about that..... I am truly happy about our birth. Our first unassisted. And I will do it next time, too! I really feel great, and I know Heavenly Father was pleased, and right there with us. I never worried about things like his heart rate, or my blood pressure or temperature. I was really at peace. I did have a hard time handling the contractions at the end, but it was my first totally un-medicated birth too. Which I have to say, was not nearly as bad as I’d imagined. Thankfully, it was a quick

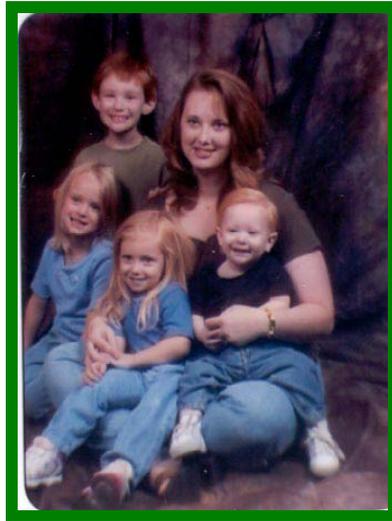
labor. So, that's it. Not all that exciting, but it's mine, and I'm proud, and I loved it. And what makes me even happier, is I KNOW beyond a shadow of a doubt that Heavenly Father is pleased. Love, Mischa"

Mischa, who just shared her birth announcement while answering the question "why did you choose unassisted birth?" replied, "I was looking for something better than the hospital birth's I'd had. I started getting information about homebirth. And somewhere came across unassisted birth and was intrigued. More curious at first, I think. I then (and for the life of me can't remember how) came across an LDS unassisted email group. I was so touched by these women. They'd had incredible experiences with their births and their husbands. They weren't poked and prodded, they weren't humiliated, and forced to do things they didn't want to do. They had their birth THEIR way! I was so touched by the spiritual experience they'd had. I loved to hear the stories. I still do. And they are so much sweeter now that I've experienced it first hand. I knew that next time I had a baby, it would be unassisted. In my home, with my husband and child. I would be free to listen to my body. I would be free to eat and drink, and go where I pleased. I wouldn't be forced to labor on my left side. I wouldn't be forced to push against gravity by lying flat on my back with my feet and legs in the air. Never again would I feel embarrassed by people I had never seen walking in and staring at my exposed genitals! Never again would I endure the humiliation and frustration of a hospital birth!

When I became pregnant, I began reading everything I could get my hands on. If it had anything to do with an unassisted birth, I bought it, I read it. I talked about it. I prayed about it. I left it laying around. I pondered it. But then, I turned to the scriptures. We have been told that all the answers to any question we will ever have can be found in the scriptures. I was looking to know if this was right for me. I knew the answer would come through prayer, and through the scriptures.

I was so inspired by Lehi's family in the wilderness. Their women had babies. They had strong, healthy babies. They didn't have a doctor. They didn't have a hospital. They had their

family. They I read again about Adam and Eve. They had their babies. Who was with them? Wouldn't Heavenly Father have given them hospital or an obstetrician or a midwife if that was what they needed? Wouldn't he have them have an ideal birth? If God had intended for babies to be born in a hospital, there would have been one! There would have been a doctor standing by!



Mischa with her babies



Mischa's Ryan on his birthday

But all they needed was each other, and their faith in the Father. The spirit testified to me so intensely that this was true. Babies should be born to their parents. To their family. Into their parent's waiting hands. Not a doctor's! Not a midwife's! I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that this was the way that the spirits of our Heavenly Father should come into the world. Gently, lovingly, and with their family standing by.

I truly believe that Father has a vested interest in how his children come into the world. He loves us. He wants the best for us. Wouldn't he want us to have the easiest possible transition into this earth life?

The truth burned through me like fire, and I knew that I was to have an unassisted birth. That I wouldn't be alone. I knew that my husband would be there. But more important than that, I knew that my Heavenly Father would be there. After I received this confirmation, I was told in a blessing during my pregnancy that Father would be present at this birth.

When I reached the point where I didn't think I could go on, He was there. Lifting me up. Sustaining me. Holding me and the baby in his hands. I never felt fear. Which was something that after three hospital births, I was quite familiar with. I felt powerful. I was awed by the strength of my body. I felt humble. I knew that without the lord's help, I wouldn't have been able to accomplish something so amazing.

When Ryan was born, as I scooped him from the water, I sat down cradling him in my arms and marveled. My husband knelt beside me. It was like he had always been a part of our family. I was so proud! I had done it! I'd had the birth I've dreamt of from the very first moment I knew I was pregnant with our first child. It had taken 4 children to get to that point, but I had gotten there! With the Lord, nothing is impossible!

I said the day that he was born that I could do it again. If Heavenly Father sees fit to bless our home with more children, I will do it again. With my husband, and my Father in Heaven holding my hands."

## Family Sovereignty Essay 2:

By their fruits...

As the doctor sliced into my body I had the sensation of my soul being cut in two. Then one doctor stood by my side and pushed on my little daughters breech head and the other doctor pulled, hard, on her legs, and I heard a loud sucking sound and then "POP!" she was out. As she emerged my blood spewed out of me and a drop of it landed on my husbands forehead. I thought to myself, "is this really necessary?".

I have given birth to four children, one was a cesarean. Not bad odds. Actually, they are about average. The 20 hours of labor I put in with my 2<sup>nd</sup> daughters birth was followed by the surgery. Like most breech babies Allison wasn't given the option to be born normally and so I sport the crooked battle scar that we c-section mommas carry as evidence of doing battle with the medical profession.

I would suggest the rapid rise in the c-section rate, which has occurred in my short lifetime is about one thing...money. Is there a historical pattern of families being robbed of their health and income by doctors? The Bible holds the clue. Modern Christians love to tell the story of the diseased woman who suffered from a bleeding disorder for twelve years. This story also had a deep impact on the apostles as Matthew, Mark and Luke all recorded versions of her faith healing simply by touching Jesus Christ's clothing. What is generally left out of these recounting's however, is the time and money she wasted on doctors. (Matthew 9:20-22, Mark 5:25-34, Luke 8:43-48).

Mark records that she had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse. Luke recorded she had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any.

Is it possible that one of the main reasons Jesus Christ was crucified was because he was breaking up the medical monopoly in Jerusalem? And the doctors didn't like their medical practices being threatened by someone who called himself the son of God?

Healing in the scriptures has been described as a spiritual gift, not to be sold for money. Selling spiritual gifts for money is a form of priestcraft. As the cesarean epidemic continues to escalate in our world (in some countries it has topped out at 90%), and the costs of childbearing and parenting continue to rise, couples are going to have to take a hard look at exactly what the Obstetrical world is all about. We also have to ask ourselves if this money spent results in a healthier baby, family, and pocketbook.

Modern Obstetrical practice is historically rooted in doctors having a desire for financial well being. In fact, in the early 1800's an all out assault was conducted against midwives on the East Coast of America. These women were labeled as witches and families were propagandized into believing the only safe way to give birth was with a doctor.

In fact, Boston was the first city in the 1700's to offer ladies "finishing" schools to young women, which were actually started by medical schools, doctors, and drug manufacturers. These "schools" were designed to teach young women Victorian ideals of medical childbirth and how to behave in ladylike ways instead of "Motherlike" ways. Young women were convinced that childbirth was a medical procedure which required drugs, surgical tools and was shrouded in mystery. "Finish" is an interesting description of these schools because I think this power grab by the doctors was the beginning of the end of women's sovereignty in America.

Here is a quote from a pamphlet that was published in 1820. Doctors were proclaiming victory over the midwives by this time. (Cummings and Hillard - Boston -1820) "It is one of the first and happiest fruits of improved medical education in America that they (midwives) were excluded from the practice; and it was only by the united and persevering exertions of some of the most distinguished individuals our profession has been able to boast, that this was affected."

Why did the doctors want the midwives out? This same pamphlet claims the practice of midwifery was the ticket to a successful practice. "women seldom forget a practitioner who has conducted them tenderly and safely through parturition. It is principally on this account that the practice of midwifery becomes desirable to physicians. It is this which ensures to them the permanency and security of all their other business."

Modern hospitals also understand that a mother who delivers at a certain hospital will return again and again for emergencies and surgeries. They bank on it, which is why so much money is spent on advertising for the maternity ward.

In the ebb and flow of our worlds history there have always been those men and woman who have earned their living at the expense and to the detriment to the family. But never before has it been so respectable, or so profitable as it is right now today. We have doctors charging thousands to get us pregnant, keep us pregnant, abort away the baby if we don't want it, birth it for us, feed it for us, keep it alive if it is born too soon, heal it for us and then we have the government waiting to teach it, train it, feed it and manipulate it and everyone sends the bill to the parents, or the taxpayers.

I have this picture in my mind of Adam and Eve alone, perhaps surrounded by ministering angels, but basically alone - birthing, nourishing, teaching, and training their children until they are teens. Then sending them off two by two to multiply and carry on. No doctors, no lawyers, no beaurecrats, no social workers, no banks, no stores. Just quietly living two by two, farming and birthing and living - simple.

The absolute mess of modern life has made these simple god-like acts of procreation so expensive and scary that we recently reached the sad milestone in America of more couples deciding to remain childless than those who desire to be parents.

A friend of mine who really wanted her married children to have babies was lamenting to me once, "it's a selfish generation, won't have babies." Selfish might be part of it, but I think a more correct word is scared. It is a scared generation. In the 1960's, if a hospital's c-section rate went

over 5% an internal inquiry was held to determine why it was so high. With one in four babies in America cut out of their mothers today, one has to question "has there been a discernable change in women's bodies in the last forty years to justify this increase?"

As young women hear the horror stories from older sisters and friends, see the occasional child who is permanently damaged by birth, see a friend in the throes of suicidal post partum depression, or the financial devastation from a preemie, no wonder they are opting out.

One of my unassisted childbirth friends recently said to me, "Marriage and parenting are challenging enough when you have an empowering freebirth. Why muddy the waters with the indignities and defilement's of a profession gone crazy?".

In psalm 127:3 we are told, "lo children are an heritage of the Lord and the fruit of the womb is his reward." We are also told in Matthew 7:15 to "beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves".

Is the medical profession a ravening wolf chowing on families like never before? Matthew continues that same entry with these words in v. 16, "ye shall know them by their fruits...a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit...wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

Certain doctors are calling for a 100% cesarean rate. This self-serving attitude is suspicious and I am curious to know WHEN we as a society are going to start questioning all of these surgeries.

The natural childbirth community just keeps plugging along, believing that the gifts of the medical establishment are useful to the 6% of mothers who truly need to have their babies cut out of them. About 10% of mothers should be in the hospital to give birth with the tools and techniques which have been sent by God to help us when the body can't function normally, perhaps because of a birth defect or accident (like a broken pelvis). But for the vast majority of women – natural spontaneous birth is possible and highly desirable because of the positive impact it has on family sovereignty and unity.

With the media, government, years of fear based propaganda and history backing them up and several generations of women who truly believe the doctors saved the baby with all that cutting and pulling and sewing, this monster of Babylon just keeps on keepin' on. I would encourage those parents who wish to claim their sovereignty to say no to drugs. Say no to the maiming and torture of mothers. Say no to the socialized medicine, the "free" cradle to grave health care. They cannot have control over our minds and hearts with their fear based tactics. Enough! Mothers and Fathers, claim your sovereignty...Say no to the fruits of the medical profession.

I challenge those who believe in freedom and teach its principles to: Develop our gifts of the spirit to the point where we confidently know which birthing scenario is best for each individual child. A mother may give birth to ten children in a quiet family setting with only Father present and then for her eleventh child she may require the services of highly trained doctor who will save her and the child during the birth. The challenge is to develop our listening skills so when the still small voice of the Holy Ghost whispers what is needful, we are listening and in tune.

The problem I see with what is happening today is that when iatrogenic (doctor caused) situations arise, the couple in their ignorance naively believe that the doctor saved the day, when he/she performs extreme "heroic" measures to get the baby out, or stop the bleeding or resuscitate the baby. The fact that the labor stopped because Mom was given an epidural, or that the hemorrhage was caused by pulling out the placenta too soon, or that the baby is blue and not breathing because of too many drugs administered during labor is generally not considered by most parents today. And so the cycle of ignorance and brutality continues. When will it stop? When parents take personal responsibility and decide to get educated. By their Fruits, ye shall know them



**Lisa's children**

### **Chapter three – Is Feminism heading for extinction?**

Lori has given birth to two children. The first at home with midwives and the second the unassisted lotus birth of her son Jack. (A lotus birth is a birth where the baby is never cut away from the placenta, the cord is simply allowed to fall off on its own)

Q: Why did you decide to move away from the medical model of birth?

A: For my first birth, I cried my eyes out when I visited a hospital. Nothing about it seemed right for birth. I thought homebirth with a midwife was a fine solution. It turns out that by doing that, I invited the hospital home with me. The midwives made me very tense. And somehow I wasn't taking responsibility when they were involved. I expected them to birth my baby (or so I now suspect). Everything about the medical model of birth inhibited me. Those crutches kept me from taking full responsibility. It made things even worse that medicine also was so likely to harm mother and baby without taking any responsibility for having done so. I would not have torn, for example, if I didn't have someone yelling at me to push when it clearly was not yet my baby's time. Who knows what my daughter will have to overcome after her traumatic entrance. I believe trauma in pregnancy, labor and especially in birth is one of the main reasons babies cry.

And it turns out I was right. My son had the easiest birth I could have imagined for him. He is the most cheerful baby I've ever met. He seldom cries. He has never had a difficult time sleeping. And he absolutely loves having a shirt pulled over his head. He closes his eyes and smiles. I believe he is remembering his birth with every emergence.

Q: How has home birth changed your life?

A: I will address not just home birth but birthing alone in both of these questions. Home birth didn't change much on its own. Jeannine Parvati Baker (who is also LDS) told me before my son was born that freebirth would change the way I parent. I didn't think I would change. I just didn't see the change. Both my husband and I have learned to let go more. We flow with our family better. We do not try to control so much (though that wasn't a particular problem before). We have both been better able to visualize gentle solutions to whatever difficulties present themselves. We were two gentle people who became gentler. We were two confident people who became more confident. We don't argue that people should choose our way. We live our way and find that people ask us why we are so peaceful, why our baby is so happy. That's when we tell them about his birth.

Q: Do you have any advice for other's who may be interested in learning how to give birth unassisted?

A: Let go of the control you might believe you have. Birth is not in your hands. Birth is a dance between you, your baby and God.

Q: Please explain why you chose to do your own prenatal care?

A: I was healthy. I didn't need the fear mongering of "just in case". That is often self-fulfilling prophecy. I knew I would feel when things got out of balance. When they did get out of balance (beginnings of pre-eclampsia), I was right on it and banished the symptoms (she ate dandelion

greens). Now I know more and I believe I could improve my nutrition and avoid any form of toxemia at all.

Q: Did you have postpartum care?

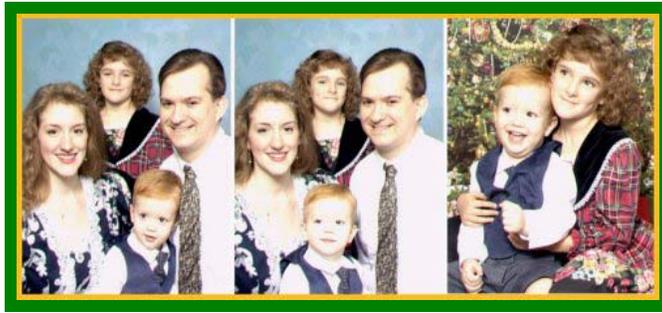
A: No medical care, though the midwife from my first birth, who is still a good friend, did sneak a peek at the baby when she came in to give me a foot massage later that day. This time we didn't ask anyone to prepare meals, but we had more friends just show up with food. We took care of the house on our own and our daughter stayed with us the whole time.

Q: How do you care for your children when they have an infection?

A: Let them flow with fever. Give them antibiotic type herbs like usnea.

Q: Why did you choose unassisted birth

A: THAT'S the question. Birth just IS unassisted. I Unchose the medical intervention. I took responsibility for my own part in pregnancy, labor, birth and parenting. The awareness that others birth this way dawned on me slowly, then one day I realized "I am going to birth alone too" I had been reading birth stories—I was hoping to be pregnant in a few moths, I went to sit with my daughter and nurse her to sleep. Holding her that night, I felt surrounded by warmth and white light. I knew this was what I needed to know. Never up to that point had the love in my family been stronger than at that moment. I had more lessons to learn, but the choice was as simple as turning on a light.



Stephanie with her family

### Family Sovereignty Essay 3

#### Feminists in the village

"Marriage is not a man made institution. It is of God...it is honorable...There are great consequences connected with it...Marriage is the preserver of the human race - without it, the purposes of God would be frustrated, virtue would be destroyed to give place to vice and corruption, and the earth would be void and empty..." Joseph F. Smith

Vice and corruption, void and empty...These are the words that come into my mind when I think of the current Feminist movement. I wonder...WHY do they hate men so much? Why do they hate marriage? Birth? Breastfeeding? Moms, like me, who stay home to nurture and teach? And why, oh WHY is the murder and death of the unborn the only topic they seem to care about?

The most feminine thing about being a woman is the ability to give life to one of Heavenly Fathers spirit sons or daughters. Why don't the feminists ever talk about birth? I think it is simply because babies and the love between a man and a woman have absolutely nothing to do with their agenda. I think a solid family of Mom, Dad and Baby frustrates their plans for the world.

We have heard much debate about the Village raising our babies. Everyone loves to claim ownership of the "children" especially if there is funding involved. They love to assume

this "ownership" gives them the right to tell parents HOW to raise their children. I have observed that those in my village really enjoy my children while they are happy, healthy, cute, and behaving well. As soon as one of my children poops, barfs, cries or behaves badly, they belong to my husband and I really quick. One of the surprises of parenthood was that I did not seem to mind my children's negative sides. The occasional bodily fluids that ended up in my hair, or seeped into my clothing, did not bother me. Yet during my babysitting years, I hated that side of caring for children. No one will ever care for a child as well as his own parents. We are wired to each other in a spiritual, emotional bond that is God given. Man made entities can frustrate this natural affection, even make it impossible to feel, but even so, Grandparents, Day Care, and institutionalized care will NEVER replace the tender love that parents can provide.

A great prophet was criticized because he always seemed to emphasize the ideal family of Dad, Stay-at-home-Mom and children. "What about those who are divorced? or who don't fit the ideal? What about them?" Unapologetically, he replied that it was the duty of the church to always emphasize the ideal.

I feel the same way about parenting issues. I will always talk about the ideal of a sovereign family situation as being best for the child! I will not apologize for this belief. For those unwed mothers with their illegitimate children, "alternative" homosexual groups, or any other group who claims to be a family, these editorials are not for you. I will always idealize the Godly order of things.

The feminists have largely concerned themselves with the societal problems that have resulted from individuals turning their backs on Gods laws for Happiness. They are free to do so, but they should not expect that the young mothers of this world are going to blithely and blindly follow along simply because we are female. I will never allow myself to be bullied, brainwashed, or sensitivity trained into believing an alternative to what God has ordained is "just as good". And the feminists in the village need to realize that millions of parents agree with me!

We have just been so busy raising our children that we have not taken the time to get organized. But Bless the Internet, NOW we are....

<http://www.worldcongress.org/>

### **Chapter four – Multiply**

Date: Fri Apr 13, 2001 7:53pm

Subject: It's a boy!!!

Hi mamas!

Crystal just called me and asked me to let you all know that her little one has arrived! Derek Vance was born at 2:58am this morning after only 2 1/2hrs of labor. It took only 5 min to push him out she said!

He's nursing well and even pooped on Mom twice right away :o). Cyrena was there for the whole birth and Crystal was excited that just the 3 of them were there. Derek weighs about 8lb 11oz but they haven't done any other measurements. He had pretty much no vernix any more and his skin is a little peely already ... a little overcooked :o). Crystal sounds GREAT!!!! She told me that she would post the birth story soon.



My Parents Family at the Detroit Temple Dedication

### **Family Sovereignty essay four**

Multiply (part one)

Robert Mendelsohn in his book, Confessions of a Medical Heretic, claims the most political thing one can do is to fall in love, get married and birth the babies at home.

Patriarch Abraham was told in Genesis (Gen 22:17-18) "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore...and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

I suppose if Satan wanted to frustrate Gods plans for the House of Israel he would start by interfering with every aspect of fertility.

And He HAS!

The spirit of child death - the spirit of Pharaoh and Herod, is raging in our world.

In Malachi ch 4:5-6 it reads..."Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the Fathers to their children and the heart of the children to their Fathers, lest I come and smite the Earth with a curse."

How can the spirit of Elijah turn the hearts if Fathers don't have children?

The question I was most asked while expecting my third child was, "Are you done?". Even some of my Christian friends assumed the only reason I was having a third child was because I had two daughters and we wanted a son. Whenever our family went out in public while I was pregnant with our fourth, we were greeted with stupefied stares.

Now when I am asked, "Are you done?" I usually reply, "Oh, I'd like to have 8 or 9 more children." Silence.

"Why are billionaires like Ted Turner so interested in population control?" In giving a billion dollars to the UN population fund he has exemplified his antagonism towards parents who desire large families. Why does he care? Is he afraid there won't be enough food for him?

Lack of food in our world is caused by ignorance, not overpopulation. If we took all of the prime land that is used to grow tobacco, coffee, drugs, chocolate (all of the alkaloid plants that wreck so much havoc on our bodies), as well as the grains used to make alcohol and fatten cattle, and used that land to grow grains, beans, seeds, fruits, vegetables and herbs for healing, we could, in one generation, change our farmland from fields of death and disease to crops which promote abundant health.

I have nothing personal against those who eat meat, drink coffee or smoke cigarettes. I simply believe that it is not little babies who are the cause of starvation and disease in our world. Let's be honest about where the problem lies.

Monsanto, the huge agricultural company, wants to change the face of farming. The terminator seed is potentially dangerous to the ecosystem, yet an agricultural monopoly is all they seem to care about.

In Genesis it reads, (Genesis 1: 28-29) "God said unto them, Be Fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the Sea and over the fowl of the Air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed: to you it shall be for meat."

A century of chemical farming has caused tremendous amounts of disease. Those scientists who believe they can improve on what God has provided for food are risking the gentle ebb and flow that is the plant world.

I have learned that organic foods and natural healing offer some extremely valuable tools which enable the family to heal. Babies are not the problem, ignorance is.

Ted Turner, why don't you offer your billions to the organic farmers of the world?

Multiply (part two)

Modern prophets have boldly declared that "Gods command to Adam and Eve, the same command given to all of us to multiply and replenish the earth remains in force. God commanded that the sacred powers of procreation are to be employed only between men and women, lawfully wedded as husband and wife." (Proclamation on the Family)

Misused reproductive organs have a tendency to fill with cancer, shrivel up and fall off the body. Those who misuse their procreative powers in sinful ways have the most guilt, depression, cancer and surgery. This is not some plot against those who reject God's laws for happiness, it is simply the way the body works.

The happiest couples on the earth are those who save their virtue for marriage, honor their marital vows with complete fidelity, and claim the fullness of their reproductive powers by quietly birthing their own babies in the sanctity and peace of their own homes. "Happiness in family life is most likely achieved and maintained on principles of faith, prayer, repentance, forgiveness, respect, love, compassion, work and wholesome recreational activities." (Proclamation on the family)

When parents relax and just let the babies come naturally, (exclusive breast - feeding has given us 15 months of infertility after each of our last three babies!), the ideal of replenishing the earth is realized.

A great prophet has said that Motherhood lies at the foundation of happiness in the home, and of prosperity in the nation...He added that there can be no lasting happiness separate and apart from the home, and every effort made to sanctify and preserve its influence is uplifting to those who toil and sacrifice for its establishment... There is no happiness without service, and there is no service greater than that which converts the home into a divine institution and which promotes and preserves family life.

I grew up in a home where Mother was always pregnant and nursing. The oldest girl in a family of eight children, I know the joys of having many brothers and sisters to share my life with, a loving nurturing stay at home mother, and a kind and generous Father. I have always told people that I was going to have twelve children when I grew up. As I entered into my dating years, I quickly realized that most men were not interested in having that many children. I married my husband because he was the first man I dated who didn't run when I mentioned this desire. As we have struggled and learned how to be parents together, I have been so grateful to be married to a man who loves our children with all his heart.

I meet so many spiritual women who would love to have more children, but their husbands shy away from the expenses involved in raising a large family. What these men don't realize is that having children is actually very inexpensive. It is the doctor bills, the baby formula, the plastic diapers, the name brand clothing, the junk food, the day care and the schooling that is expensive.

I figure by the time we finish raising our children holistically we will have spent about as much raising our brood as a two income family spends in raising one mainstream child. We rarely go to a medical doctor (usually just the E.R. for emergency care.) We buy most of our clothing at thrift stores. Second hand toys, shoes, and washing our own cloth diapers saves thousands. Breast - feeding saves about two thousand per child. I stay home, so we don't have day care costs. We drive one beat up second hand mini van, and live in a small house. We believe that if our children have the ability to read and write well and excel in math they will be

better educated than 50% of the population. Internet schools and universities will greatly reduce college costs for families and by the time we are finished our children will be healthy, educated, alive, (I think these recent school shootings are the tip of an iceberg of violence in the public schools) and ready to marry and start their own families. Which is what this whole business is all about...grandchildren!

Fathers, what you need to realize is that home life can be done very inexpensively and happily on one income and if the desire is to have many children, it can be done!



Kim, Mary, Sinead, and Reagan – Elijah Birth babies!

Kim and Mary Birth Story -

#### MAMA'S VERSION

Let me start from the beginning....which began long before she was conceived. The way this pregnancy, labour and delivery happened was not by chance , nor by our decisions alone. I know that our Heavenly Father was very aware and involved in the whole thing, and that He also not only approved of the methods we used for this delivery, but was instrumental in bringing them about.

After two years of trying to get pregnant, following the loss of our baby at 11.5 weeks gestation, in May of 1996....our home was once again blessed with the potential of a new life

joining ours. I have to be honest and say that when I saw the positive line on the test, that I cried in joy and gratitude and the first thing I did was thank my Father in Heaven for answering our prayers. I also knew that it was time....the right time for our little one to come into the world. And I knew from the start that she would not only be born and stay with us, but that she would be healthy and that we had a responsibility to do the very best we could to make her entry into this world as peaceful, problem-free and joyful as possible.

I knew from the beginning that we wanted a home-birth...I was not prepared for an unassisted birth this time around, although Kim, by this point, was more than prepared to do that. So we began the journey through this pregnancy, with ample prenatal care (that I am now very glad we got, as our decision to birth her at home, on our own, was even more reinforced.....including from our doctor). We arrived in Alberta when I was 10 weeks pregnant, and I set about finding a caregiver. Midwives are scarce in this area of the province, and so it was more difficult that I anticipated. I first found a doctor who, although a medical professional, has shown nothing but support and acceptance with our desires and decisions right from the beginning. He is one in a million. It took a little longer to find a midwife, but find her we did and were very pleased with her outlook on pregnancy and childbirth. Her feelings and practices totally meshed with our desires.

The pregnancy continued to proceed well and happily. I had so little discomfort and literally no complications. I knew this would be the case, but I was pleased that my thoughts were verified.

Okay, fast forward....We had been planning to have a midwife assisted home-birth, and knew that there were some who were even alarmed by this. But both of us have researched and prayed and sought counsel on the different methods available for delivering one's baby, and knew that not only was this the right decision, but that to not have a home-birth, at least in this case, would be going against the counsel of our Heavenly Father. Neither of us are against the use of hospitals in such circumstances as they become necessary, but we know that birth is a natural

event, that can be complicated when controlled by an intervention-trained caregiver. Doctors are trained to use interventions to control and avoid problems in the outcome of health concerns. Hospitals are designed for the sick and dying....and for surgery, We firmly hold the position that a normal pregnancy, coupled with spiritual, mental, and physical preparation, and divine guidance and confirmation, should take place in the home where possible.

As a student midwife myself, I have studied and learned extensively, and I personally felt the very best about this decision. Kim also knows and has learned so much that was of great benefit and importance to the whole pregnancy and birth. I have to let everyone know how amazing he was. If everyone could have such a supportive birth coach and husband and attendant as he then they would be able to have the experience that I had.

Okay, on to the juicy details. On Sunday, Jan 10, I started having some bloody show and the head was definitely engaged. My aunt Deb had told me to try the "crossing the legs" test, and if I couldn't cross them, then the head was engaged. Well, I could barely get them together, never mind crossed. Needless to say, I didn't feel very lady-like that Sunday, at church...or anywhere else for that matter. Later, the Primary President told me that she and some other ladies were amazed I was at church, and knew from looking at me that delivery was not far off. However, I had no such feelings. As this was my first delivery, I figured I had a good week...I knew that the head engaging and even bloody show can show up a few weeks in advance. The next morning I had a mild contraction...which I knew was a contraction as it was more like a menstrual cramp rather than Braxton Hicks.

Oh, I should point out that we had already decided to have an unassisted birth because of some legal issues that had arisen regarding our midwife's ability to attend home-births...new laws had recently been introduced that only allowed registered midwives to attend home-births. We had gone back and forth...okay, let me be honest...I had gone back and forth, between giving in and going to the hospital, because I personally felt we couldn't do it alone this time around...and doing it alone.....but the thing is , I never felt nervous about doing it by ourselves, just had "

logical concerns" arise, but when it came down to it, I felt more peaceful about doing it on our own than going to the hospital. Of a great benefit was Laura Shanley's book, Unassisted Childbirth. I learned so much from her experiences.

So there it was.....I didn't have any really painful contractions, and no regular ones, until later on in the afternoon. It was funny...I was teaching a voice lesson, and sitting nice and still...twice when I got up, I had contractions that must have made me look like an invalid...that poor 9 year old girl must have been confused with why I looked almost decrepit.

This continued on for awhile, I have to say that up until that evening (Monday) I was not even thinking I would deliver...I thought they would stop and would maybe continue next week. Well, I was wrong....they started getting really strong, but not regular, around 3 PM....okay, I THOUGHT they were really strong.....boy was I proved wrong!! They were nothing compared to the end of it! We had friends who popped by to visit, and as I sat there, every time I contracted I would phase out a bit and breathe ....I apologized to them, but they had seen their sister do the same thing, about two weeks earlier. Kim didn't want to let any of our family know, as he was concerned about people phoning all night. Well, I had to tell my mum, my mother in law, my aunt and my grandma....I got my way....I am glad I did, because I got support and assistance that was very needed. And no, they didn't call all night :). My mum also didn't believe I was in real labour...boy was she surprised when she got the phone call from Kim the following morning informing her that she was a grandma.

Well, we prepared the bedroom with candles and a drop sheet and supplies.... Unfortunately I had not finished getting all my herbs (as I thought I had more time), so I had nothing really for the pain. I should have called my midwife, but I didn't really think of that once we had decided to do this. Although I had called both her and my Dr, letting them know what was happening, earlier that evening. She didn't think it was imminent...he said that if I wanted, to come into the hospital and get monitored, but basically to do what we felt was right. So we continued on....the contractions were regular enough to keep me pretty much awake, but weren't progressing fast.

Which was fine. I didn't mind.....they hurt, but I breathed through them, and tried visualization. Kim brought me food, and sat with me, ran me a lovely hot bath, which helped immensely! I kept going back and forth from the bed to the bath. I laboured standing up, sometimes lying on my side, but mostly in the bath...which felt so good.....I had about five all through the night! I dozed for maybe 2 or 3 minutes at a time, and we vaguely timed the contractions, to get an idea of where we were at. Kim couldn't find my cervix (hehe...) so we couldn't figure out my dilation....oh well...obviously it happened! I kept watch on her movements after the contractions and noticed that they were regular and problem-free. It would have been nice to have had a faetoscope to check her tones, but we both had the calm assurance that everything was just perfectly fine. Kim gave me a blessing at the start promising me a good delivery. I was comforted, but at the same time I was hoping for something in there about "painless"...wishful thinking on my part. As the contractions got stronger, I felt I had never experienced such pain in my life...I was glad there was some respite between them...I was becoming exhausted, however, not unbearably so. Kim sat there with me, encouraged me, and guided me. When I was in the bath, he sat on the toilet and held my hand, let me squeeze the life out of his, talked me through it and lifted my spirits when I felt I couldn't do it. Thoughts of "anything for the pain!!!" ran through my mind, and I knew that if we were at the hospital, I would likely have given in and probably asked for something...and I really didn't want that. I even told him that I just couldn't do it anymore. See I am not sugar-coating! I really needed Kim, and he was perfectly amazing. He is my companion, my eternal mate and the most incredible support. He knows my mind, he knows what we wanted, and he helped me through it...he helped me have faith in myself... he was the reason I got through it....at least one of the reasons!

They got stronger, and heavier all through the night, and as morning approached I started to holler and scream as I breathed heavily (but correctly! lol) through each contraction. I am surprised our neighbours didn't call the police.....they must have thought something awful was happening in there. But I continued to bear with it and strive to stay on top of each contraction...I

kept thinking and even saying, " Okay, this is good for the baby, each contraction brings her closer to being born". And it helped. I tried to work with it, and sometimes that even helped. I thought there were times when I would just give up, that I couldn't continue on...but I did...I knew I had to, and I knew that I just would, because what else can you do? The contractions moved lower, I could feel them stronger in my back and in the lower pelvic region. My water broke and some came out, nice and clear, her head blocked the rest. I knew she wasn't far from coming. I was labouring on my hands and knees at this point and finding only relief from that position. As they got stronger and time between them ceased to have meaning, I knelt and bore down with all my energy, letting my breathing and voice box ease it! :) It worked!! As her head came down the birth canal, I knew it wouldn't be long....we were heading for 9 am, and Kim was right there, supporting my perineum guiding me, giving me positive reinforcement, and being just wonderful. I am so blessed to have him. I wish I could have given everyone just a glimpse of what he was like during this whole delivery. He was my warrior through this...he really was. I know that without him, I wouldn't have had the experience I had, I would have been weaker. He kept me strong. The urge to push came gradually, and her head kept sliding at the start...back up, when I tried to push her out. But after a few pushes, her head did come out...I felt I had torn, but I hadn't ...at least only a tiny tear on the inside vaginal wall, the perineum was perfectly intact (didn't even go white), because Kim was wonderful about massaging and supporting it. He couldn't have done that at the hospital, and I may have ended up with an episiotomy.

When her head came out, I just gave one final push and out came the rest of her, Kim caught her beautifully, and as I turned onto my back, he handed her to me. The first thing I asked was " Is she a girl?" We had known she was, but you know, I wanted confirmation...and yes, she was...a beautiful, healthy, and strong girl. She didn't need suctioning she gurgled, cried and spit up any mucous, immediately. Kim put her on me, and I started to nurse her...it took a bit, but we got the hang of it!

After a bit, I went back into the bath (mistake, shouldn't have done that, as there could have been a risk of infection) to deliver the placenta.

We didn't cut or tie off the cord for 1 and a half hours...until it had given her all she needed. I should also note that she was perfectly pink right away. I know that if we had Apgars done, she would have been right at the top. She opened her eyes, blinked, and had a calm peaceful look....even after all that hard work! Don't know if I had the same look on my face. I finally realised that being in the tub wasn't moving that placenta along any further, and got out , to sit on the toilet...within seconds, I delivered the placenta.....no tugging was necessary! It came out intact.



Kim, Mary and Sinead – A New Family!

The phone calls were made, we started to get cleaned up and prepared to go have her checked at the doctor's office. I felt, once I delivered her, a sense of awe and gratitude that such a wonderful, spiritual and blessed experience was ours to have. I know that this is the way our Sinéad was supposed to be born. The feeling in our home was one of calmness, strength and peace. I am so thankful for that. At the Drs office, we had her weighed and measured ( 7 lbs. 14

oz, 19 3/4 inches). And checked over. She was and is perfectly healthy and strong....Really strong, she has a grip like you wouldn't believe, and tries to lift her head all the time. She is two days old, and is already focussing. She knows us, she is happy, she is calm and she is the most beautiful person in the whole world! (okay, I suppose I am biased...but she is!!). She has a lovely head of dark hair, she has a sweet round face, a pretty button nose, the tiniest ears, so delicately formed.

Her head had a bit of moulding at the beginning, but it is now nice and round. She is so perfect and precious, I can hardly believe that she is ours and that Heavenly Father has given us this most valuable of all gifts. Her birth was perfect...it truly was. I know that having her by ourselves and bringing her into the world in her own home, was a custom made birth. She is content, healthy, happy and just wonderful. She has been in mine or Kim's arms for the majority of her life , so far. She knows us, and I believe she is glad to be here with us.

Thus has the life of Sinéad Aurora Fève Siever started. We are grateful for her, we are grateful for her in our lives. My mum said that my grandma told her she felt strongly that my grandpa, who died almost 2 years ago, was present. I believe he was, and my midwife (who came over later) said she could feel the presence of angels...they were here. I know that they were offering support and guidance. It is a bit emotional, remembering this. All through the pain, when I thought I couldn't do it, I never knew that the price was so little compared to the reward. She is worth every single moment I went through, and I know that I will do it again....and again...and again...whether it hurts, or not! I love her so much and so does Kim. She is the greatest blessing we have.

Papa's Version

I kind of need to start right from the beginning. Before we were even married, I remember one specific discussion on the births of our future babies which stands out in my mind - in fact, if I recall correctly, it was our first - when I was being adamant about a hospital birth, and Mary, whose greatest desire was to become a midwife, was adamant about having a home-birth attended by a midwife. I am truly the most stubborn in our tiny family, so I always thought I would "win."

Ten months after being married, we finally got pregnant. We had been wanting to get pregnant right from the start, and it got to a point when Mary asked God if he would make her pregnant - even if it meant a miscarriage. What an exciting day that was for us - to find out we were expecting. Both of us had wanted children for a long time. We had many dreams and goals for our first baby. We enjoyed going through all the pregnancy books and seeing where he was in his development. Unfortunately, three months after being conceived, Mary miscarried. On May 20, 1996, we lost our little boy Ravine Meadow Reine. It was a sad day, and we longed for quite a while to have another. One must be careful what s/he wishes for.

About a year and an half after we were married, we finally got a computer and access to the Internet, and we spent a lot of time surfing the net every day. Some days I would be on pretty late (especially when we discovered chat rooms), and looking back I feel bad about spending that much time away from Mary. Luckily, the frequency and length I was on-line for wasn't enough to make our marriage suffer, and we spend more time going through our email now than anything.

By this time, I had agreed to home-births (so much for stubbornness), but not with the first one. We weren't sure how it would turn out, I would say, so we had to be at the hospital. Just in case.

Anyhow, one day I was surfing on the Internet - I am quite sure it was after we were pregnant the first time - and somehow started looking at pregnancy & childbirth pages. Most of them were experiences of people who had babies. We were wanting babies right from the start, so this was

intriguing to me. Well, it wasn't long before I stumbled on to some home-birth experiences, and the ones written by the fathers really stood out.

Well, after quite a few of them had been read, my mind started thinking, "you know, that sounds pretty neat...having a baby in a nice calm, relaxed, familiar setting." After reading through some more experiences, I soon realised it was quite late, so I shut down the computer, and joined Mary in bed. She was surprised when I turned over and said, "if you want to have a home-birth with the first one, that is fine." You should have seen the expression on her face. "Oh Kim, do you really mean it?" It was worth the expression. She told me just this afternoon (14 Jan) that she felt a very spiritual feeling after I mentioned that.

Each day after Ravine's death, we kept praying morning and night that God would provide us with another baby. It seemed like a long time that He was making us wait, and many times were counselled that it was for our good that we were having to wait as long as we did. Some of the times, however, it didn't matter and we just wanted to replace the void created with Ravine now gone.

Sometime in 1997, I think it was the summer, Mary had a dream. In the dream, she and I were at her 10 year high school reunion. We had two children, and one was on the way. There was a boy - he was the oldest - and a girl. The boy was 3 years old, and the little girl was 9 months old. Mary

really enjoyed the dream and enjoyed remembering the little boy playing with me. She said he looked just like me. However, when she awoke from the dream, she felt a great loss for the little boy. None for the girl, but a great loss for our son. It saddened her.

Finally, in early May 1998, while I was at work, I took a lunch break as I did every day, and stole to the bathroom while my food was reheating in order to offer a word of thanks to God for the food I was going to eat.

While I was doing so, I mentioned in the prayer that I and Mary still wanted a baby. An incredible feeling came over me, confirming the fact that Mary was already pregnant. It was the same feeling when I discovered that Mary was expecting Ravine.

I phoned Mary and told her what happened, and she was skeptical right at the start because similar, but weaker, feelings had happened before. It wasn't long before she believed me however, and she went out and bought a HPT just a few days later. When it showed positive, she cried, and then phoned to tell me the great news. We were ecstatic.

We offered some serious prayers of gratitude that night, thanking Our Eternal Father for the blessing He had given us. We made sure to ask Him not to let us lose this one.

Once again, goals and hopes surfaced for this new baby. It was truly a happy day when we got past the first trimester without any complications, and even a happier day when the second trimester was over. Each day began and ended with a prayer to God asking Him to watch over this little child he had blessed us with and to make her strong and healthy.

A few times Mary, asked me to give her priesthood blessings, which helped calm her fears and anxiety, and encouraged her that everything would be all right.

In the meantime, and even previous to conceiving again, Mary had enrolled with the Utah School of Midwifery (now the Utah College of Midwifery) and had begun her studies to be a midwife. I, now interested in a home-birth, took it upon myself to not be a regular "Joe Dad" who sit back and let the doctor go after Mary like a maniac, or to let the midwife help her along without me knowing what was happening, so I started studying about pregnancy and childbirth. Mary has an extensive library on pregnancy/childbirth publications, and I went to this first. I also began looking on the Internet for informative resources, especially concerning the controversial topics. I especially talked to others who had their babies already. I talked to some who birthed in the hospital attended by an obstetrician; those attended by their GP; those assisted by a midwife; those who delivered in a birthing centre; those who delivered at home with a doctor; those at home assisted by a midwife; those who birthed at home as a couple; and even single mothers

who delivered at home by themselves. I must have talked to thousands of people. It would never have been possible without the Internet.

The last two really intrigued me. Parents who birthed their babies at home unassisted by outside help. It got me thinking about how close it could really bring a family together, and how peaceful and relaxed it would be for the baby to have only his/her parents there touching her. What a way to develop a strong maternal/paternal bond with a child - one that would last forever.

I have to say that I was a bit skeptical at first, but after studying more (Laura Shanley's book, Unassisted Childbirth really helped take away a lot of that skepticism), and speaking to a lot more people, and reading a lot more experiences, I became more and more turned to the idea.

One day, after much study, I suggested the idea to Mary to see what she thought (an important element in any successful marriage). She didn't like the idea of unassisted childbirth at all. Well, it wasn't very long before she had agreed to an unassisted childbirth, but not with the first one. We weren't sure how it would turn out, she would say, so we had to have someone there. Just in case. Sound familiar? We had come around full circle, and switched roles (compared to before we were married).

Needless to say, unassisted childbirth appeared to be an option for the future, and we both continued to study and research about the subject, and pregnancy & childbirth in general.

In the summer of 1998, after moving from Vancouver, British Columbia to Lethbridge, Alberta, we got talking about the dream Mary had had the year before, and we got talking about how this 2nd baby may be the little girl in the dream. Mary's 10 yr. reunion was going to be in the summer of 1999, and if Ravine was still alive, he would be 3 years old, just as the dream said.

This second baby will be around nine months old at the high school reunion, just like in the dream. I prayed about the dream and I asked Our Father if the little boy in dream was Ravine. I got an astounding yes. I then asked if the little girl in the dream was this present baby. Again, a blatant positive answer. I was elated. I had wanted a boy, but now my heart was at peace with

Ravine, knowing that he is fine, and that he will someday be ours to raise, and that this baby would be fine as well.

Shortly after moving, we found a doctor right away. We told him our desires to have a home-birth, and he said, "well, you know, I don't do home-births." We assured him that that was fine, and we had been looking for a midwife anyhow. He said he was ok with that and if we still wanted to continue seeing him, he would be fine with that. He was very supportive and let us make our own decision.

Midwives are very scarce in Southern Alberta, and we were very lucky to find one less than 30 min away. The other nearest one was nearly 200km away.

Our midwife, as our doctor, was also a great blessing. She was a nice change from the doctor, but it was a good thing we had them both because we were able to get a very objective view of this pregnancy and the details of the birth.

They were both very supportive of whatever we wanted, and they are truly each, one in a million. We just wouldn't be able to find another like either of them - especially at the same time. We were truly blessed.

Well, the day after getting back from a week-long Christmas holiday in Vancouver, we were supposed to have an appointment with our midwife. We had returned home late, and wanted to see if we could move it to a bit later in the day so we could rest a little. That's when we heard some disturbing news:

Apparently, the Government of Alberta organised a Midwife Registry of Alberta, and passed a law stating that if a midwife was not registered with the Government, and still delivered a baby, she could be prosecuted. We were shocked! How could this be? We were only 2.5 weeks from the delivery date, and we did not want to go to the hospital. We were quite annoyed that no one told us anything for five months.

We talked to our doctor about it at our next pre-natal visit and he said he had not been informed about anything like that. He knew how we felt about hospitals, and even encouraged us

to go pre-register at the hospital, but one thing he said really floored us. He said, "well, you could always stay home and say you couldn't make it in time." Imagine...a doctor saying that unassisted childbirth was an alternative!

Well, we discussed it a bit, and about a week before Sinéad was born, we made the decision to do it alone. We continued the research we had been doing for 3.5 years, and focused a bit more on getting more responses and opinions from people we knew.

We were getting excited about Sinéad's delivery coming up, and knew that it was around the corner; however, we just didn't know how close around the corner. Two Sundays before Mary was due, some bloody show began to appear. This didn't make much difference to us. Many women had weeks go by after their initial show. However, Monday morning, shortly after eight, Mary had some contractions which were noticeably stronger than Braxton Hicks. Of course, even that didn't phase us, as we still figured on at least a week.

But then shortly after three in the afternoon, The contractions began to get heavier, and by one the next morning, they started getting close to ten minutes apart. We knew this was it.

Mary was uncomfortable a few times at the start and would sit in the bath to relax. As labour progressed, Mary switched from the bed to the bath at least five times, and it really helped in making them not so painful.

Around 7am, however, many of the contractions were intense enough that Mary had to lean on me to keep her upright.

The contractions were fairly close by now, but we had stopped timing them because we were getting pretty worn out, and besides, we knew she was coming any way. Why did we need to know anyhow...so we could get to the hospital on time?

I put on some surgical gloves and had tried to check Mary's cervix twice, but it was a whole lot different feeling for it, than looking at a picture of it in a book. The second time, I could barely feel it, but it was too far back for me to check. I did check one more time after seven, and I felt the end not too far in, so I knew delivery was on the way.

By 8am, the contractions were close enough together that Mary was not able to get much relief between them, and she decided to get back into the bed. The most comfortable position for her seemed to be on all fours, so that is where she stayed.

I began to massage the perineum to help keep it elastic, in order to prevent tearing, and once I felt Sinéad's head on the other side of it, I began to massage only when Mary pushed. I could see her head moving as it slid past the perineum, and it was an amazing sight to behold. I couldn't believe how much the perineum had stretched and how thin it had gotten. It was unbelievable.

Nevertheless, It wasn't long till her head began to poke through. I noticed a fold of skin running from the front to the back of the crown, and it looked like a spine, so I began to think the back was coming first. Once I felt the "spine" and realised it was simply skin, I was much relieved. I then thought to myself, that would have made for one hairy back. I told Mary, that this baby looked like she had her head of hair. It was nice and dark.

It took about 5-6 pushes before the baby's head stopped retracting whenever Mary stopped pushing. Finally on the 6th or 7th push, Mary gave it all she got, and out came her head. It was a relief to see her in a vertex position, and that her head was centred perfectly when it came out. She had a very fat head when she was born, and she had a huge amount of vernix. She was so white, that I thought she was grey, and that she was dead. However, upon looking further, I saw that there was pink/red under all that white. Another relief. Anyhow, there the head was sitting, and I was waiting for it to turn to the side, so I could deliver the shoulders, when all of a sudden, whoosh, here she comes. I quickly extended my hands and caught her before she could hit the mattress. All of the water came out with her, and really there wasn't as much as everyone kept saying there would be.

I sat Sinéad up, and she gurgled, so I quickly laid her on her stomach and massaged her back to help her force out the mucous. Mary asked if she was a girl, and I answered back, after checking, and said she was. After Sinéad's crying was clear-sounding, I handed her to Mary and she tried to

feed her. That is quite the task for an inexperienced breast-feeder and a very slippery baby! But somehow, they managed to do it, and it was not too long before Sinéad was content.

About 1.5 hours after the birth, we decided the umbilical cord had finished pulsing, and that Sinéad had received all the nutrients and extra oxygen from it that she was going to and we cut it. I opened up our package of cotton shoelaces, and tightly tied a square knot 1 inch from the navel, and another tight square knot three inches from that one. I took out the scissors I had sterilised and cut the cord halfway between the two knots.

After seeing Mary and the baby were doing fine, I began phoning everyone. Both her mum and aunt were worried that the placenta hadn't delivered by this point. I assured them not to worry...Mary's uterus was still hard, and the contractions were still occurring. It would come out when it was ready. After another phone call from each of them, and it still hadn't been delivered yet, I suggested to Mary that she should try getting out of the tub and sitting on the toilet to see if that would help, knowing that sitting on the toilet would let gravity help out, and would help open the vagina more. Well, within 30 seconds it came right on out. What an intriguing looking organ. I commented to Mary when we were disposing of it, that some cultures actually eat this. We both looked at it and were disgusted at the thought.

About an hour later, we started getting ready to go to the doctor. We washed Sinéad, and dressed her, and held her while Mary soaked in the tub and had a shower. The doctor looked her over, weighed her, and measured her, and was pleased to announce her wonderful health. The midwife stopped by to visit and looked at the baby and Mary and was pleased everything was well also. Both of them were very supportive of what we had done, and we are indebted to them for such wonderful support and understanding.

Since then, Sinéad has lost only half a pound, and her hands no longer turn blue when she's cold. She has the biggest feet, and the longest fingers. Everyone who comes over always comments on how pretty and beautiful she is. She is very strong, in addition to being healthy,

and it has been answers to true prayer. We felt we had been inspired and directed by God through the entire pregnancy and birth, and we are so grateful for his mercy and guidance.

She sleeps a lot, and is very quiet, except when we go to bed, and when we change her diapers. She sleeps in our bed, so that isn't too much of an inconvenience, but it sure gives us more of a respect for our own parents.

I think I will phone my Mum tonight and apologise for any grief I've ever put her through.

## Chapter five – Roses in the garden



### Family Sovereignty Essay five

Fungus or Roses?

"By concentrating exclusively on antibiotics for half a century, mankind has totally focused on the lower plant world - that of mushrooms, mold, rot or in other words, the family of decomposers and destroyers. Our mistake is not in the biological study of these microorganisms and their products, but in the systemic, blind usage of them." Daniel Penoel MD from his book - Natural home health care using Essential Oils.

I was one of those children always on an antibiotic. I was challenged with food allergies, eczema, and a host of other diseases linked to candida overgrowth. I remember asking my doctor when I was a teenager if my bronchitis would heal without the antibiotic. "No" was his reply. "But I always get a secondary infection that is worse than what I take the drug for". I took the antibiotic and a few days later my bronchitis turned into pneumonia just as it had before. It

was during my teens that I began to question all of these drugs I was taking for the myriad infections I was plagued with.

I took my last course of antibiotics over ten years ago. Two of my children have never been on them. Again from Dr. Penoel, "we frequently see fungal infections start to proliferate, particularly candidiasis, after treatment with antibiotics (after all, antibiotics coming from fungus would favor other fungi)." As our family continues to increase in health and well being and I have overcome the damage done to my body by all of those years of antibiotic use, I have learned that it is possible to heal without the molds. In fact, as I have systematically cleansed the molds and funguses out of my body, especially my sinuses, I have reached a level of health I would have believed was impossible for one who was as sickly as I was. And, not only don't my children suffer from the food and chemical allergies that plagued my life, they also don't have the skin rashes, the intense itching, the headaches, the ear infections and the sinusitis that was my life for twenty years.

As we have learned to control the purity of our water, indoor air and food, it has cleared the way for our family to work on the emotional and spiritual reasons for the illnesses that come up rather than just being distracted with layer upon layer of toxicity in the physical body. As we have used Essential Oils on a daily basis our health seems to gradually be improving.

<http://www.youngliving.com> - my member number is #29526, if you want to order.

Finally from Dr. Penoel.

"The greatest present hinder to the spreading of Medical Aromatherapy is the total grip of the chemical pharmaceutical industry on all teaching, research, and medical practice. Since essential oils are carriers of life force, builders of vigor and strength, and generators of calm and joy, they contribute powerfully to achieving and maintaining authentic and profound global health. It is easy to see that an impressive quantity of medications could be rendered useless and obsolete by these essential oils. This represents a profound threat to the chemical, pharmaceutical community, one that will be fought viciously in the name of self-preservation."

Parents, as the "war of the Roses" begins to rage, you need to ask yourself one question. Do you want your babies to smell like fungus or Rose Petals?



Allison, Jeff, and Michelle Hatch in front of the Salt Lake Temple

Patrick Murphy's take on the birth of Elisabeth Claiborne Murphy

To Whom It May Concern,

My wife and I had our first child, a boy, in 1997, almost a year after we were married. My wife insisted on having a homebirth, because that was what her mother did with her two younger sisters. We used a midwives group who did prenatal checkups and the whole nine yards. They were pretty nice and very professional. We felt they could have been nicer and more laid-back, but they felt they needed to be super professional in order to be considered legitimate.

We had Isaac at home in our bed, with both sets of parents, a few friends and one of my wife's sisters, in addition to the two midwives.

The labor and delivery went fairly smoothly. I was in position to catch the baby, but since I wasn't completely confident as to how to catch him (How can you be completely confident to do

something you've never done or seen done?!?), the midwife basically took over and "helped" me catch, doing it all for me, but letting my hands be there. My wife tore a little, but otherwise it was a good birth. We were pretty satisfied.

Then we moved out of Memphis to a small town to the North, and when Alison was pregnant again, there was only one midwife to be found. She seemed nice. She was very religious and spoke of trusting the Spirit, which we agreed with, but she said she wasn't taking any births that were due in December because of family obligations. This was a setback, but so was our dearth of money. We couldn't have afforded her even if she had been available.

As we drove around one afternoon, I remarked that if this birth was going to be as smooth as the last one, then we could probably do it ourselves. I laughed, thinking this to be a totally crazy idea. Alison laughed too, saying that it would definitely be crazy. But from that day forth, we couldn't shake the idea. We thought it stuck around just because we were broke and had no other option. Alison started the application process for government insurance, but soon felt a definite bad feeling and quit. We prayed a lot about this "crazy" idea of ours and went to the Temple with our questions, but the idea just became more and more comfortable. Then Alison found Unassisted Childbirth sites and email lists on my in-laws' internet, and printed out birth stories from fathers and mothers, some who were LDS, too. We started to realize that the Lord was showing us the way.

(NOTE: actually, the birth stories came right before the Temple trip. Ed.)

We knew that having a birth at home with no professional help would be a severe trial of our faith in God, but mostly of our faith in each other. I knew that Alison did not trust me completely. I also knew that she had to for us to do this. We talked a lot about this, and she had to examine her feelings from many angles to figure out if we could do this together.

I'm glad that she finally figured out we could. The only trouble came from some members of my family who accused me of jeopardizing my family's well-being. My mother, a wonderfully kind and supportive woman, expressed her genuine concern for us, but left it at that. This just

made us pray harder and more seriously. By the time our daughter was ready to be born, we were ready to bring her into the world.

I guess the reason I'm giving so much background to the actual birth is that that's the whole story. The birth was simple. Quick and easy (relatively). It's always the buildup - the not knowing what will happen - the waiting - THAT'S the hardest part! (Sorry for quoting Tom Petty, but the boy was right) When the night finally came, we were set to have the missionaries over for dinner. Alison was nursing Isaac at 6:00pm, and her water broke about quarter after. She got up, but Isaac just stayed in bed. I got home from work about 6:45, Alison told me what was happening, and I went to say hello to Isaac. I said hello and threw out my arms to him, but he just said Hi and said he was just going to lie in bed for awhile. He said No, he wasn't sick, so I left him.

The missionaries showed up at 7:00, and I went to tell Isaac.(He always runs to me to give me a big hug whenever I get home. When the ELDERS come over, he's even more excited because then he has new people to show off for.) I told him the elders were here, but he just said he felt like staying in bed. Alison had told him his little sister was coming that night, but nothing was getting him excited. He felt fine, he just wanted to lie in bed. By 7:15 he was sound asleep.

I had dinner with the elders, but Alison wasn't up to it. She just wanted to concentrate on her contractions and be alone. They gave me a blessing for guidance and strength (I had given Alison a blessing a few nights before when she had a "false start", so she wanted me to have one this time), and left about 8:00, when Alison said she needed me and was ready to get serious.

We had decided that Alison and I would trust her body and the Spirit to let her know if anything was wrong, so we had very few prenatal checkups (NOTE: We did all our own monitoring, minus a last minute visit from the midwife to confirm baby's lie and check iron levels in my blood. Ed.)

and did no monitoring during labor. She labored on all fours, leaning on our bed for support. I was behind her, putting hot towels on her peritoneum (sp?) to help it to relax and we found it felt

good to her. She had been afraid she would tear again as she had done with the midwives at Isaac's birth, so we decided not to try to figure out the proper time to push. At Isaac's birth, the midwives told her when to push, but she felt like it was too soon, but since they were professionals and she was in no mood to argue, she had pushed and torn. We felt that if she tried to relax and keep herself from pushing for as long physically possible, that eventually her body would take over and start pushing on its own.

All this time, Isaac was asleep on the bed not four feet away from Alison laboring to bring his little sister into the world! He never stirred!

They say that miners send a canary down into mine shafts to see if the air is breathable or poisonous. If the bird comes back, then they know it's okay. Isaac was our canary. Watching him sleeping peacefully while we worked together to deliver his sister was more than enough proof that the Spirit was in the room helping us. We felt extremely close to each other, and even closer to our loving Father in Heaven who was so obviously watching over us and helping us all the way. Any doubts that remained about our decision were whisked away by the powerful spirit of love that was in the room.

Alison's mother arrived about 9:30, as we were in the middle of the hot towels. She had been called to drive up from Memphis to help with Isaac, so she just helped me get clean, hot water and clean towels and such.

Alison kept herself from pushing as long as she could, but eventually she couldn't help it. She pushed. She pushed. I figured she'd be doing this for awhile. Suddenly, there was this little head sticking out!

Since Alison was on her hands and knees, Elisabeth's head came out looking straight up at me! It was quite an amazing experience. I knew intellectually that a baby was going to come out of there, I had seen it happen before, I had been told about it and read all about it, but nothing could prepare me for seeing my daughter's little head come out with her little face, not yet breathing, facing right at me! I cradled her head as Alison relaxed and pushed again. Another

push and her shoulder started coming out. I saw the cord at her chin and immediately thought that it was around her head and we needed to do something about it. No sooner had the thought run its course, but the rest of her body slid out into my hands. One of my greatest fears was her not breathing right away. The midwife had told us that it was normal for the baby not to start breathing for several minutes, but I REALLY didn't want to have to deal with that. But she started breathing immediately.

She cried very healthily and latched onto the breast very quickly. Then, as I was cutting the cord, Isaac woke up, ready to nurse and look at his little sister, happy as a clam!

I had thought that Isaac's birth was as smooth as it got for homebirths.

Elisabeth's birth was so much faster and smoother, it doesn't even compare.

Alison didn't tear a bit on this birth, probably because of the waiting to push, but also due I'm sure to the hot towels we used for about an hour and a half. In a day, Alison was up and around, the only bad feelings coming from the after pains that were fairly uncomfortable. But now, almost two months later, mama and baby are perfectly healthy and haven't felt the need to see a doctor yet.

I hesitate to suggest to others to have a homebirth, especially an unassisted one, because I know of so few couples who truly trust one another even a little, much less implicitly. There need to be no lingering doubts about each others' faithfulness or loyalty or commitment in the marriage if an unassisted birth is to be even considered.

The husband and wife need to be totally committed not only to each other, but also to the homebirth. Any doubts or fears will have a way of popping up in the stressful situation that birth can seem like.

If the couple is completely together and ready for the unassisted childbirth, the last and most important prerequisite is the Lord. Go to the Lord with your idea. Pray to Him. Fast. Go to the Temple. Make sure it is what He wants for you. If it is, He will send His Spirit to be with you.

Angels will attend the birth of your child. It will be one of the most spiritually-fulfilling experiences of your life.

No hospital could have given us the birth that my wife and I performed together with the help of our Father in Heaven in our little apartment on the 6th day of December, 1999.

## Chapter six – Tyranny or Freedom?

### Family Sovereignty Essay six

#### Tyranny of the mind

In my study of history I came to realize that the decade of 1830-40 was a turning point in America. Great shifts took place in Medicine, Education, and Government. With the death of Thomas Jefferson in 1826 the golden age of the Great American Patriots drew to a close. What came next laid the foundation for the likelihood of someone like Bill Clinton being elected in the homeland of Washington, Madison and Lincoln. I don't think it is necessary to outline 200 years of political history, but I would like to share a little quote from Jefferson, a portion of which is on his tombstone.

"The clergy...believe that any portion of power confided to me (as President) will be exerted in opposition to their schemes. And they believe rightly: for I have sworn upon the alter of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man. But this is all they have to fear from me: and enough in their opinion." Thomas Jefferson to Benjamin Rush, 1800

Tyranny of the mind...what does it mean for the family?

Tyranny is defined as absolute power, esp, when exercised unjustly or cruelly. What was it about the years from 1760 to 1830 that allowed the American people to rebel, fight, and then preserve their Liberty in a way that had never before been attempted? I would suggest it was the ability of over 90% of the American populace to read and think critically. Consider this quote from Democracy in America by The Frenchman, Alexis De Tocqueville...

"In the United States, men...constantly display an entire confidence in the understanding of a wife, and a profound respect for her freedom: they have decided that her mind is just as fitted as

that of a man to discover the plain truth, and her heart just as firm to embrace it...I do not hesitate to avow that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is, in some respects, one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position: and if I were asked to what singular prosperity and growing strength of (the American) people ought mainly be attributed, I should reply, to the superiority of their women.”

What happened between 1830 and 1999 to the American woman? It seems like every patriot you read about either came from an unusually large brood of children or went on to Father one. What did our progenitors know that allowed them to birth, teach, and train so many children? And perform those tasks so well that families thrived and prospered without modern Education, Medicine and Welfare?

Having descended from puritans and pilgrims who left Europe to free themselves from the tyranny of caste and station as well as the overbearing power of clergy and state, these women understood how to think for themselves and were able to identify tyranny as soon as it reared its ugly head. As these wise mothers and grandmothers began to die off and the young to grow and forget the price that had been paid for freedom, I believe new entities began to rise up to compete with the clergy in relieving the American people of their sovereignty. Who and what are these entities? C. S. Lewis stated that all professions exist to help the homemaker. And homemaking is the reason for the existence of all other professions. I believe this is true. I also believe that the better run each individual home is, the less need for the “professionals”. It has now come to the point where the professionals believe the home exists for them. This is exemplified all over our society. The schools who think it is their job to nurture, and the job of teaching children to read, write and think is left up to the parents. I think it is the same in the birthing world. The doctors believe they have a right to impose their “professional” opinion on unwilling patients who do not want to have certain procedures, even being willing to go to court to force certain patients to have c-sections when they don’t want them.

Parents who do not want their children on psychoactive drugs learn quickly that when a child is diagnosed with a mental disorder, especially if they have primo mental insurance, the state takes over real quick to get that child into psychiatric care. Amazingly enough they are sent home right about the time the inpatient benefits run out...cured! And in my opinion, the worst examples of so called experts ruining the lives of families come in the form of the social services social workers who are not accountable to anyone and run roughshod over parents constitutional rights on a daily basis all over the country.

As we have quickly moved into the modern age the level of control and fear used to manipulate parents can only be described as tyrannical. With each generation the bands that hold us fast have pulled tighter. It is now time for a second renaissance. A rebirth of freedom of thought and freedom of the mind. To throw off the fear that shackles our minds, and once again claim the sovereignty that was bought and paid for with blood. In this age of freedom of expression, largely brought about by the explosion in technology and the internet, let us as parents have a clear vision of what the stakes are if we refuse to see the truth. Let us understand the ways that we have been manipulated and frightened into complacency and blind obedience. Let us understand that we have been sold (at a very high price) this chemical mess of fear-based pottage for our birthright of empowering, spiritual, sacred parenting that is indeed a possibility for any couple who honestly has a desire for it.

Many of my friends and family have asked me why I get so angry and emotional when I talk about certain topics. I guess I agree with Patriot Jefferson. I vow eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the minds of men and women.

## Chapter seven – Music for the soul



### **Jeni and Josh on his birthday!**

“Jay and Jennifer are pleased to announce the birth of their 3<sup>rd</sup> child (second son) this morning July 5<sup>th</sup> at 6:45 AM just 12 hours and 5 minutes after my water broke during the 4<sup>th</sup> of July family picnic:) Boy can I interrupt a family gathering. Joshua Oliver is approximately 8 ½ pounds, when the dr is open tomorrow I’m going to take him in to be weighed and measured. I’m guessing about 20 inches like our daughter was as well. He had a head of full dark hair and is finally nursing well. Best of all he was born somewhat peacefully (OK I did yell) at home with just Mommy and Daddy in attendance after TWO c/s (one a classical) no tears, no major bruising, but my legs are SO sore since I delivered in a stand/semi squat and pushed for a little over 30 minutes. We waited 2 hours to cut his cord so we have no blood sugar problems even though I am a type II diabetic. There was some mess since the water splashed all over as he came out getting some blood on the carpet where the pads didn’t reach but my mother came over this morning and scrubbed it out for me. Birth story to follow when I can sit a little better:) Jeni”



Jay and the boys!

Josh's birth story

After three weeks from our first hopeful start of labor I was starting to think that maybe my body just wasn't going to be having this baby any time soon. My daughter's 2nd birthday was Friday, July 2nd so I decided this would be a good time to just enjoy her birthday and forget about planning for a baby a few days. I was really hoping that the baby would hurry yet at the same time I didn't want to have the baby before the 4th of July weekend was past. We had Hannah's birthday party on Friday and had her birthday pictures taken that morning. I really had no contractions to speak of so I gladly just accepted that I would be waiting maybe until my due date even to have the baby. Sunday morning I had some contractions but they were mild and seemed to disappear as I did more things so I paid them no attention.

We went to church and I remember thinking how much I wanted to just be done with being pregnant because I felt so big and at 38 1/2 weeks I was now pregnant longer than I ever had been before (Jarod was born at 37 weeks and Hannah at 36 weeks). We got home and had lunch then prepared to go to my parent's house to meet them for a dinner bar b Q. I mentioned to Jay on the drive that I sure have a lot more contractions while driving than I do any other time but

joked that it was no big deal because I had to wait until AT LEAST the next day to have the baby because I refused to have a 4th of July baby. Not to mention I wanted it to be a few days apart from our daughter's special day as well.

At my mom's house I was talking to my sister in law as everyone was cooking food and preparing to eat. We talked a bit about my plans to have this baby at home, she always wants to know "what are you going to do??" (She hasn't been able to have children) so I explained again that we knew we would be fine because we had prayed, researched, prepared, and prayed some more about this and felt very comfortable with our decision and readiness. Then I had this very strange poky feeling right at my cervix that lasted and just seemed to shoot through my legs and I must have had a funny look on my face because she said, "are you okay?" I said "ummm yeah just a really weird feeling" she tells me to please not have the baby right there because she would love to watch the kids but she doesn't want to be there. (How do you gently tell someone you love that part of the reason for a homebirth is to NOT be a peep show?) I just smiled and told her it wasn't coming now because I have decided next weekend would be best. My mother then tells me that my meat was cooked so I got up to cut it so I didn't have to attempt it sitting with a paper plate on my lap. When I finished this I took a step towards the refrigerator and felt a warm gush, nothing splashing, just a small gush and thought "oh no! I KNOW that's my water" I didn't say a word but walked to the bathroom to check. When I wiped and came up with a tinge of blood I knew I had been right. I yelled for my husband and my sister in law says, "are you okay?" I replied "umm I think so but my water just broke" then everyone seems to hear and come into the house to see if I'm okay. My mom tells me I should go home because her house isn't clean enough (they're building still) to have a baby in. I was very glad because I had begun to be a little nervous about having anyone else around because I knew I wanted to be relaxed and somehow I cannot totally relax with anyone else around to talk to. With my husband he understands that I want to just ignore him sometimes :).

So we hop in the car and start driving home (yes we brought the kids) and I am thinking the whole time how much I do NOT want a really really fast birth because it is an hour drive home from my mothers house and the other thought was "man I didn't get ANY of my dinner!" I called a neighbor on the way home and asked if our oldest could come spend the night (our sons are best friends) and she told me to just send him over as soon as we got home. I think he was packed and out the door before we parked the car :). Luckily as we got home it was also just past our daughter's bedtime so we got her ready for bed and kissed her good night and off she went.

The contractions were starting to feel strong and I got encouraged thinking that this could be really quick. Of course then the phone started ringing and I started feeling like I wanted everyone to just go away. I could feel a lot of pressure against my rectum and having never had a vaginal birth I wasn't sure what exactly should be happening at what point. I had a bath for a while which really helped the uncomfortable feeling and helped me to doze off a bit. I was amazed at how sleepy I was so early into the night. After I got out the contractions picked up stronger again but I was SO tired I kept crying to Jay that I just wanted to sleep. I tried lying on my bed but that immediately was so painful I had to get help off the bed as soon as possible. I tried kneeling at the edge of the bed and sitting forward on a chair but both weren't very relaxing for me and I really just wanted to rest. I remember thinking how very sore my hips were and how I just wanted to lie down to relieve the pressure from them. I felt like I wanted to push so I gave a few half hearted pushes (I wasn't sure exactly how to push) which did relieve the pressure in the contraction but really just frustrated me because I didn't feel like I was making any progress. Time must have passed quickly even though I felt like the night would never end. I looked at the clock sometime around 3am and thought that I would be here forever waiting to have this baby. I needed Jay to hold my hand and just be there for me but unfortunately our daughter picked that night to be sick and have diarrhea, messing her bed twice and a few times in her pajamas in between that. So he was up and down the stairs cleaning her up, comforting her, and taking care of me. A few times she really wanted mommy so he brought her down stairs to

get a hug, I just kept wishing we could do this another time or hurry and get it over with. I definitely got very discouraged thinking that maybe the baby wasn't really coming tonight and I was just going to have to wait some more. Finally she calmed down again and was asleep about 4:30am and I thought maybe now we can go ahead and have a baby. The only problem was I was so tired I could barely open my eyes and was trying desperately to sleep in the recliner between contractions. Jay was trying hard to sleep between being needed and taking care of Hannah. Part of it was irritating but part of me just wanted to be alone. He asked at one point if I wanted him to call my mother, but I decided that I definitely did not want her or anyone else there. I didn't want to have to talk, I wanted to just have the baby and be done.

About 6am I felt like I wanted to try pushing some more standing up. I did and dripped some blood but it was tiny spots so I decided that couldn't be bad since there was only less than 1/4 tsp. each time. I checked to see if I felt the baby because although I felt like I needed to push I didn't feel like I was making any progress and it was really frustrating to me. The bleeding stopped after a bit and I thought maybe I could try pushing in the recliner and quickly found that not only was that very hard and ineffective but it was more painful so I got up again even though my legs were so tired they were shaking. I had Jay stand in front of me so I could just hang on to him. The pushing was more and more intense and I felt like I barely finished one contraction (didn't even feel the contraction but I knew when I couldn't help but push) when it was time to push again. I tried to get a drink of water in between because my throat was so sore from all the heavy breathing and groaning I was doing. I know I shouted some but Jay swears it didn't seem that loud to him. (Another thing I loved about being in my own house, no one to hear me or judge how in control I was) Finally I check again about 6:30 and finally felt part of the head and knew I was crowning. I pushed and pushed and felt like this head was never coming out of me :) I talked Jay into looking and feeling the head so he would know it was really happening too. He immediately got excited and told me that there was a lot of hair. I wanted him to tell me how far out the head was because it seemed to be taking a long time. I could no longer walk between

pushing to get the water so I had him hand me my cup. He tells me finally "I see an ear!" Then I knew this could really happen, He told me that the baby was facing my back and asked if that was normal and I let him know that was good. The funny thing is that it hadn't occurred to me how the baby would come out, my biggest fear was really reaching down and finding a butt presenting or a foot. So then after we got the ear I think I pushed just one more contraction and the baby just flew out. Thankfully Jay was already on the floor :)

He grabbed him and yelled, "we have a boy!" He looked up at the clock and told me it was 6:45am and handed me our little baby. I grabbed the receiving blanket that I'd had downstairs and wrapped him up next to me and started rubbing his back and nose to help get out any mucous. I did end up suctioning him a little bit but there was hardly anything in there. He cried for a little bit then just quietly lay in my arms for about an hour. He didn't nurse for a really long time (about 40 minutes) I guess he just wasn't hungry yet. About 10 minutes after he was born I stood up off the recliner and gave a push, some more fluid and blood came out, then I felt like pushing again and that time got the placenta right into the little tub we had ready. Then I just sat there and held him for the longest time. The cord started to get cold, white and limp but we left it there as we called relatives and just looked at our baby. Jay started to clean up the sheets and the pads that had gotten dirty and I just sat on the recliner. About 30 minutes after he was born our son Jarod called to see if I had the baby yet so we told him he could run home and see him before he went to swimming lessons. His response was "ewww I saw an umbilical cord" My friend says he was on cloud nine all day though. Our daughter Hannah is usually up about 5:20am and this day slept until 8am and nothing could have made me happier. She came in all happy and wanted to see the baby. She looked at the placenta and I told her not to touch because it was ewwee" and she says "eewwwwee" and left it alone. Finally after 2 hours we had rested enough and I wanted to shower so we decided to cut the cord. We had bought umbilical tape which we tied about an inch from his body and cut then we tied it again because it bled a little bit. I showered and went upstairs for breakfast and we've really just relaxed ever since.

The next day I got around to calling my family doctor to tell him I had a baby and to get an appt to have Josh checked out. They weighed him and said he is 9lbs 6oz and 21 inches long. I guess there was a reason it took a while for me to have him :) He did tell us that he was completely healthy as far as he can tell, his lungs and heart sound clear and strong and told me I did a good job and asked how I was feeling. I was happy to not get a lecture about how I shouldn't have had the baby at home he just told me congratulations on the baby.

Now our house is all cleaned up (mom came over that morning and scrubbed the carpet for me) and things are settling down to normal. After my first cesarean I accepted readily that I would never have a natural childbirth. When my second was performed and they couldn't find a scar I knew they'd never get me in that operating room again. Now I know that my body is strong, my husband is capable and there is no place I'd have a baby but in my house again. I highly recommend finding if unassisted birth is for anyone at all.

I thought about this long and hard before I posted to this list. Above were the surface facts of this birth. What prompted it, what guided us, what sustained us, is the real story and what I wanted to share with my sisters in the gospel.

This morning I was alone and thought about how this birth and pregnancy have affected my life. I feel so overjoyed with my new son. I have always loved my children but this one just joined our family easily, softly and without fanfare. This was so ideal for us. I think our Father in Heaven desires his children to come lovingly into the world without a fuss but with just a hug and a kiss to welcome them to their new test.

Many blessings came during my pregnancy and labor. I felt like I was constantly asking Jay to give me another blessing. I relied more heavily on the priesthood power than anything else in this last year. I think that helped more than anything to give us this baby healthy and without problems. I knew there would be no problems so I had no fear of problems. I knew it because my Father told me it would be unremarkable and without incident. I knew I would be healthy because my Father told me I would be. I was able to relax and trust my Father. This was a new

experience for me to reach this point of being able to remind myself of the words in the blessings I'd had to know that I would be watched over. Jay was supportive and without fear because he also knew the words I had been told and he was able to receive that revelation for himself that we needed to be at home. In the middle of the labor when I hurt and needed comfort I asked for a blessing. Jay seemed to kneel forever and I wondered if he fell asleep. Later he told me it was that he was asking for help for himself as well and worried if I should go to the hospital. He was comforted and knew that all was well and home was the place we needed to be. My family was comforted knowing that through the priesthood power we had been assured of safety. This was a good way of reminding them that they should also have faith in our Father in Heaven. Anyone who was skeptical I told them they should pray that they may know I would be safe.

After this is all past us I can look back and see how close this has brought my family. We have been calm this past week, we have had more energy for the things we have before us to do, and we have been all getting along well as we have learned further to depend on one another. I truly think this birth has brought Jay and I even closer even though I always felt we had a good solid marriage. I wish there were words to describe how full of the spirit I felt as this baby was coming into this world. He didn't breathe at first but I wasn't scared, I somehow knew what to do, the spirit whispered and I listened. Since then I have tried harder and harder to pray for things that may worry me instead of letting them eat away at me. I feel more and more like I am in this together with my Father as a team instead of me teaching and just checking in with him. I know that this is how all my children will be born now and I look forward to having as many as he will allow me to have while on this earth. My husband is even more for this now than he was a week ago and I am loving it.

Jeni



Jenny Hatch with her daughters Michelle and Allison - 2001

### **Family Sovereignty Essay seven**

#### Lullabies

I rocked my feverish child quietly in my arms and softly sang to him his favorite lullaby. As I sang, I thought of dreams from years gone by.

I recently realized full maturation in my singing voice. Well into my 30's, the richness and strength of my voice has thrilled me, yet the only ones who ever seem to hear my gift are my little ones when I sing to them at night. I have thought many times what a shame it is that I am not able to share more with those around me. As a youth I dreamed of singing in the great concert halls and theatres of the world. I spent years developing my talents in musical theatre and worked with some of the best directors, conductors and musicians in my sphere.

As I have wondered at the irony of my family being the only ones to hear my voice (I do occasionally sing in church), I have come to the belief that maybe the reason I was given this gift of song was simply for and in behalf of my babies. I have used music to calm a frightened child, soothe my babies when they are crying and bring the spirit of God into my home. My children

have developed a deep love for music and I often have observed my toddlers singing to their dolls.

Once when My husband and I left our little daughters (aged five and two) with a friend while we spent the night at a bed and breakfast to celebrate our anniversary, our little daughter Allison, who had never spent a night away from Mom, started to cry and fuss in the middle of the night. My friend was concerned about what to do for her, and then Michelle woke up and began to rock her little sister and sing to her. My friend marveled that a five year old would know how to nurture and care for a little person. Yet that was all she knew, singing and rocking to comfort and console.

I am a violent critic of "let them cry it out" parenting practices. I believe children are permanently damaged by this type of non-nurture and the so-called "experts" who advocate it should simply go away. Parents who have learned to read their children's "cues" know and understand that babies do not cry just to antagonize their parents. They cry because of a specific need that should be addressed, as soon as possible. I quickly learned from my own babies that they usually were just lonely and wanted to be with me when they cried. A tummy full of warm mother's milk, a gentle rocking, and a soothing lullaby were all they generally needed to become happy again. I am so grateful that my husband has enabled me to have the privilege of being at home with my babies while they are nurslings. The combination of music and breastmilk has been a wonderful way for me to nurture and love my babies. If in this earth life I never am able to sing for the great audiences that I envisioned as a youth, it will be all right. I have forever to sing praises to my God, but my babies will only be little for a short time. God give us all the courage to nurture the way these children deserve and let us boldly and proudly wear the scorn of those who feel we are "smother mothers" and "spoilers" (you are going to spoil that baby with too much holding!) as a badge of honor. I know that I am doing a good job as a mother based on how many times a year someone tells me I try too hard or I hold my babies too much.

Mothers and Fathers...invest in a rocking chair, learn a few lullabies, nurture, hold, cherish, love and give your babies exactly what they deserve - a quiet song and a tummy full of warm mommies milk.

Birth story:

I guess I would like to start my birth story off a few weeks before the birth and mention a couple of miracles that occurred to make this the spiritual experience it was. About two weeks before the birth my husband came to me and told me he had been instructed to give me a blessing on Wednesday evening. It was Sunday and I didn't want to wait till Wednesday but I did. It was amazing with three small kids in the house and me being homemaking leader and 2nd counselor in our small branch you can imagine that homemaking night was a bad night in my mind. But we got through homemaking and my husband brought the children home. I followed later after clean up in his truck. I got pulled over twice on the way home because he had recently hit a deer and had a headlight not working.

When I finally got home the kids were all asleep. I was amazed I can't tell you how in frequently this happens. He gave me the blessing and in it instructed me to pay close attention to two things during my birth. To the spirit's whisperings and too my body. Well he thought that because he was specifically instructed to give me the blessing on Wednesday that meant that the baby would come soon. I knew that the next night we were busy and my mom and sister were expected to arrive on Friday and well that was probable the last moment we would have alone in a quiet house that we weren't completely exhausted. As it turned out I was right. My mom and sister got in ok. And things soon settled into a chaotic routine. Trying to get all the things done I needed to. I had also been promised several times throughout the pregnancy that I would have the birth I desired and I have received a promise similar to this in my patriarchal blessing. Only a week before I found a pool, (In Ohio, In January) this was truly a miracle. My husband has

another I guess we will call it a discussion with the Lord. And the Lord told him he needed to have a blessing for Administrating of Angels.

Well he stayed up late finding out how to do this. I had never even heard of it. Well we found out an Aaronic priesthood holder has to do it. Well since the Aaronic priesthood leaders live a good distance from us he decided that he would wait and see if I needed it. Bad idea, if the Lord tells you to do something make it happen or as we found out he will. The next night the most spiritual of our 3 Aaronic Priesthood leaders showed up at our door they had been at the hospital he broke his arm and we were on the way home and they stopped by to get a blessing for him. I looked at my husband and said ummm dear isn't Joey an Aaronic Priesthood holder? He looked at me and asked Joey to do it. So he did. Everything was set and ready for the baby.

I had really wanted to have my baby on a Sunday. I read a cute little poem in one of my kid's books about what children born on different days of the week are like and decided I wanted Sunday. Well that's what the Lord gave me. We got paid on Saturday and were also expecting a big storm that night so my husband and I went out and all day we were shopping and getting ready. Mostly cause I didn't want to have to send anyone to the store later if I had the baby. Well I had been have a mucus discharge all week and was very worn out when I went to bed Saturday night. I woke up about 4am and went to the bathroom and noticed that the mucus was streaked with a good amount of blood. I knew that I would have the baby that day, I just didn't realize how quickly. I laid back in bed and had a good contraction, which in turn made me have to go to the bathroom again. This happened about three more times in about 10 minutes and I decided it was about time for my husband to get up and start getting the pool ready. It was about 4:30a.m at this point and I tried to wake my husband up. He wanted me to time the contractions, he must have been tired cause I had one and he asked me how far apart they were I said well I need to see the clock for at least two to tell you. They were about 5 minutes apart and getting stronger. So we got the pool out woke up my mom cause she was sleeping where the pool goes on an air mattress. We got the pool filled up and decided we had to just fill it up with buckets.

So my husband started filling and my mom and I put pots on the stove to boil because I knew we would run out of hot water. I got everything set for the baby and things straightened a little and the contractions started hurting more. They had been in my back a lot and so I put the heating pad on my back. As soon as I deemed the pool full enough to keep me warm I jumped in.

Two contractions later I looked at my mom and said "I am never doing this out of water again!" I was amazed at how much pain the water took away.

It's about 7:30 -8am at this point and my oldest wakes up. I told him we are having the baby today and reminded him that it hurts mommy to have a baby but it's a good hurt and it doesn't last long and every thing will be ok. He said ok asked a few questions and went about his normal routine.

Aaron was the next to wake up and he is almost two. He was a little confused with the water in the tub but insisted on bringing mommy juice and cool wash rags for my head. He wanted lots of hugs and kisses but was in and out playing on the computer. My middle child Aj I was the most worried about seeing the birth because he is the most sensitive and has a hard time seeing people in pain. I had hoped he wouldn't be there but it became evident real fast they were all going to be there. He came out just as I was throwing up. And was a little upset but we talked about it and he was ok also. Things were starting to get a little intense at this point because the contractions are mostly in my back and I didn't have a lot to support my back in the pool. I didn't feel comfortable on all fours during the contraction but I moved around a bit after. At about 9:30am felt the baby move down and the contractions were bad Tony sat behind me while I grabbed around his neck and he applied counter pressure to my lower back area. This was very relieving. I told him the baby was coming and he said no you got another 5 hours. I scowled at him and said nope your wrong I have to push now. Well I did push and the head came down. My mom quickly took over with counter pressure and my husband got in the pool to deliver the baby. I was too short and still can't figure out how woman deliver their own. I will have to work

on this one. I pushed twice but not too hard I really felt the need to gradually push even though I wanted to push hard to get this over with. His head came out facing down and my husband got a little antsy. As he was yelling at my sister to get the suction bulb I felt I needed to move my legs in closer to my body. When I did the baby turned, and was facing right side up. My husband said I don't know what you did but thanks. I pushed again and the baby was out. We laid him on my chest and put a blanket on him my husband threw the bulb down and said well it must be the water but we didn't even need that. I didn't want to deliver the placenta in the pool although now I don't know why but I got out and laid on the couch. This was a bad idea. My couch isn't that great and I think the position I was in was keeping the placenta in.

We kept the baby connected for almost two hours and I decided we needed to cut the cord to figure out this placenta thing. I moved to the other side of the couch, which is better and that still felt wrong so I moved to the floor. Just as the placenta was about to be delivered the phone rang and someone answered it and gave it to my husband. I told him to just say I will call you back and hang up but he didn't listen. He was going to leave me and get a phone number for someone! I looked at him like he was insane so he said I will have to call you back in a while. I delivered the placenta pretty easily after that. He looked it over and said it was great. And I nursed the baby again.

I decided I really needed a shower so my mom took the baby and cleaned him up and weighed him and my husband helped me get a shower. My kids had come in to see the baby and my three-year-old was a little scared at the blood. I told him when mommies have babies in their belly they get a lot of extra blood to make the babies healthy, and when the babies come out they don't need that blood anymore. It was ok cause it didn't hurt and mommy was going to be ok. He gave the baby a kiss. And went back to playing.

I got my shower and laid in my bed with the baby and we nursed and took a nap. All my husband could say was how amazed he was that I wasn't worn out. I felt great. It was a pretty fast labor but I don't feel like I had to work half as hard in the pool. I will never give birth out of water again. It was amazing. The baby weighed 10 pounds 12 ounces and I didn't even tear. We attribute it too three things 1. My body was made to have babies, it's what I do

well. 2. Massaging the perineum with Olive Oil for the last 6 weeks or so 3. Giving birth in the water. I am amazed at how wonderful this experience was for me. I truly learned that my body sends so many signals to do its job that are generally ignored during childbirth. It was amazing to listen to those signals and how much easier things were. My baby was so alert. Even though I hadn't had drugs at my last two hospital births they still weren't as alert and smiling as little Adam. He has been happy and peaceful and content since he got here and his brothers are truly enjoying him.

### **Chapter eight – When you cut my body, you damage my soul!**

Melissa was asked

Q: Please explain why you chose to do your own prenatal care?

A: There wasn't anything a health care provider could do for me better than I could do myself except scare me and try to risk me out of Unassisted Childbirth. Instead of going to a scare provider I focused on my body and my baby, and getting in tune with what was going on for me.

Q: Why did you choose Unassisted Birth?

A: Power over my own life. I don't believe that medicine should have its hands in birth. Most empowering way to go.

### **Family Sovereignty Essay eight**

Childbirth's effect on a woman's spirituality

Women's bodies are intricately linked with their spirituality. If a woman is tortured, maimed, molested or sexuality assaulted it has a profound impact on her ability to feel the spirit. If women are drugged, manipulated into decisions they do not feel comfortable with or physically maimed and tortured during childbirth, this can have a lasting influence on the psyche of the

woman involved. So much so that her ability to feel her husbands or her Heavenly Fathers love are damaged. Most men perceive the beginning of the breakup of their marriage as starting sometime in the postpartum. The couple may not fully feel the effects for years, but many men see the first true changes in their wives personality and emotions as beginning some time after the babies start to come.

Why is this? As medical birth, (drugs and surgery) started to take over the practice of midwifery in the early 1800's, a great shift took place in the world. Where women were formerly delivered by other women, friends, or family during childbirth, doctors who had been trained in medical "arts" had now taken it upon themselves to deliver babies. Why? Research seems to suggest it was the doctors understanding that families who used their services for birth tended to come back for emergency care and other ailments of the body. Hospitals understand this truth. If a woman delivers at a certain hospital she will most likely return for other ills again and again, which is why the advertising budget for most maternity wards is so high. The guarantee of return business was enough of an incentive for the doctors to run midwives out of town and brand them as witches and heretics to the "scientific truths" of the teachings of men during the 1820's.

What is it about a woman being delivered in an unnatural way that leads to conflict in her heart? On the one hand most women thrill with the thought of being mothers. They love nurturing their little ones and many describe pregnancy as being the most wonderful times in their lives. So for some women the fact that they are induced with a drug like pitocin that has on its packaging "not to be used for pregnant or nursing women", monitored, poked, prodded, and finally cut, "delivered", sutured, and finally handed their little one after all of these defilement's a crazed sort of confusion comes over some women. On the one hand she is grateful to have a baby and finally be a mother, on the other she feels deep in her core that she has just been physically, emotionally, and spiritually raped and these two feelings jumble and fight for place in her conscious. Most women successfully deal with their feelings of defilement and move on

with life. Others carry feelings of rage and depression to the grave. There have been books written which explore these different reactions of mothers to the current childbirthing practices. Robbie Davis Floyd in her classic Birth as an American Rite of Passage, claims that it was the women's preconceived realities about childbirth that seem to set her up for a huge let down after the birth. She claims that women who strive for natural childbirth in a hospital environment seem to be the most frustrated by the defilements of the hospital routines. Some doctors claim that this desire on the part of many women to birth without epidurals and procedures is in fact the problem. They feel that all women should simply accept the epidurals and c-sections (30% of us are delivering by cesarean these days) and then turn to the formula and baby food manufacturers for feeding our little ones rather than nurturing them with our own God given abilities.

These well meaning or not so well meaning beliefs of medical professionals have caused much damage to the Family over the decades past. As I have pondered current trends and beliefs among my latter day saint sisters I have wondered if we are experiencing the time of “Wo” described by the savior in Matthew 24. "Wo unto those who are with child and do give suck in that day" Why wo? Is it possible that the current childbirthing scene all over the world is a fulfillment of that wo???

I believe so. As A professional Bradley Childbirth teacher for eight years, I was privileged to enter into intimate relationships with over 50 couples which gave me a unique view on the hearts and minds of Young Mothers and Fathers. As I observed the effects of nutrition, exercise, and the dedication of the couples involved and the choices made regarding the use of technology and procedures, and then as I have seen the babes grow into children and I have had the opportunity to observe these families in action, I am convinced that the way parents birth their little ones has a profound effect on the spirituality of their homes, their marriages and that when a young couple sets out to educate themselves on nutrition, exercise, birth and breastfeeding and then put that information into practice, the most amazing thing occurs. As the Mothers are enabled to utilize their full mothering abilities a peacefulness and happiness enters into the home and the marital

bond is strengthened. I am a proponent of private, sacred family birthing. But I support any couples decision as to the place and who attends the birth. My plea to women now is to learn all they can about the natural way that Heavenly Father intended for us to birth, nurture and raise our little ones.



Jenny Hatch with her first baby Michelle in 1988

### **Birth Story - Jennifer**

Wow! I can't believe that I am actually sitting down to write the birth story of my own child now, after reading so many others these last few months. I never thought it would actually be my turn!

This has actually been pretty hard for me to start. I kept thinking that there was really nothing about my birth story that anyone else would really be interested in reading, but after talking to a dear friend of mine, I realized that this was screwed thinking. The thing that has made this birth so powerful and wonderful is that it fit with MY family and our lifestyle perfectly!!! We didn't have to try and mold it into someone else's idea of what birth should be. I have so enjoyed reading others birth stories in the past, but now they don't hold quite the same flavor for me.

What I would have thought of as the perfect birth before, just doesn't seem that way now after experiencing the perfect birth for my family. This, I feel, is the whole essence of unassisted birth.. We all experience the perfect birth for OUR family, and they are all unique, no matter how many similarities that there may be. It's a beautiful thing!!! :-)

So, here is my story!

I had been experiencing contractions at about 5 - 10 minutes apart for a few weeks (yes, that is WEEKS) and was dilated to over 5 for about 3 1/2 weeks. This was normal for me though. I have experienced this in all of my births, due to an extremely tipped uterus. The difference this time was that there was no doctor or midwife to break my water to 'get things moving a little faster'. I had never experienced birth without this 'aid'. I was pretty excited (and a little nervous) about letting my body work out these 'complications' on it's own.

On Monday (Feb 7th) in the evening, I suddenly felt that things were different now. I can't really explain it, because nothing changed, but I 'knew' that things were going to happen now. So I had my husband set up the birthing pool (thank you eternally, Josephine!!!). After it was all up and ready, I went downstairs to labor in it. I wasn't having really hard contractions, but I knew that this was where I wanted to be. Within about a half-hour of being in the pool, the contractions really picked up in intensity. I knew that these were birthing contractions! My husband and 5 yr. old daughter were in the pool with me, and this was perfect. My 5 yr old was SOOOO excited about the baby being ready to come out, finally! I labored for a few hours, until at 5 AM, my husband (bless his heart) started to fall asleep. We have an autistic child, so sleep is hard to come by at our house, and he was exhausted. I left him to sleep, and went upstairs for a potty break. I also stopped to e-mail a few people to let them know that it was really happening. I went back downstairs and saw that hubby was still asleep, and I decided that I was exhausted to, and that I wanted a sleeping break. My body obliged, and I was able to lay down (with NO contractions!) for about 6 hours and get some much needed sleep.

So we are now at about noon on the 8th. The contractions are slowly starting to pick up again, and I know without a doubt that today is the day. I also know that there is still time, so decide that I want us to go and get new snow tires put on the car while dh is home and we have the chance. So off we head to Wal-Mart. We try to walk around the store while the tires are being put on, but it is just too intense to walk. I am uncomfortable in any position, and just want to get back to the birth pool where I can be weightless and comfortable again. The tires are done quickly, and we head home. My husband goes to warm up the birth tub water again, and an hour later, I am sitting in bliss again. I know that if we would have stayed awake the night before, the baby would have already been here, but I am glad we had the chance to rest. It was needed. The only problem was, now all of the kids were up, and needed supervising, so Michael was not there with me. Ashley (my 5 yr. old) and I were in the pool while he was taking care of the other two young ones for the next few hours. He came in to check how things were every once in awhile, but I knew that things would not pick up until he was there for good. Finally he got the other two asleep, and came to join me at about 11:30 PM. The contractions started heavily about 20 minutes later (isn't the subconscious an incredible thing!?!). I was doing well through them, but definitely had to vocalize through parts of them! My 5 yr. old had a book about giving birth, and was showing us the pictures and telling me what I needed to be doing next. This just could not happen fast enough for her! Suddenly I found myself saying that I didn't want to do this anymore, and that next time we were adopting :-). I knew that this normally means transition, but didn't feel that I could really be that far yet. Surprise! About 5 minutes later I found myself pushing!!!

My 'vocalizations' were getting pretty loud at this point, and Ashley let me know that this was NOT appreciated :-). But being as I had no real control over the noise at this point, she decided to leave and watch TV for a few minutes. Less than 5 minutes later, baby was crowning. My husband very excitedly exclaimed that he could see the head. I was so

happy about his excitement! This had never happened before in previous births. He was so encouraging, telling me what a great job I was doing, and that it was almost done. A moment later I was pushing out a rather large head. It took three pushes to get the head completely out, another 2 for the shoulders, another for part of the torso, another for more of the torso (down to the knees), and one more for the rest of the body! This was so different for me, as all of my others immediately FLEW out once the head was born. As soon as she was out, Michael excitedly exclaimed, "It's Sariah!!!" Ashley had been telling us all night that it was Sariah and NOT Kevin, and she was right! He immediately put her in my arms, and she pinked up very quickly. She was nursing eagerly within seconds, so we just sat in to wait for the placenta. All of my other placentas came out effortlessly, but such was not to be the case this time. The contractions continued just as strong as during transition, which was a huge (and very unwelcome) surprise for me. 45 minutes later I felt the urge to push it out, but at this point I honestly felt that I was delivering another baby!!! The placenta was HUGE!!! I kept telling Michael that it was another head, and he kept saying that there was no way, I wasn't big enough! Funny now, but not then :-)

The 50 LB (it felt!) placenta soon delivered, and Michael took baby and placenta still attached upstairs to wait for me at the shower. I was able to easily get up the stairs and take an immediate shower. It was wonderful!!! When I was done, we decided to go ahead and cut the cord, as the placenta was just too big and heavy to lug around. We then weighed Michael with and without Sariah. 9 1/2 lbs! WOW!!! That sure explained a lot!

I don't know that this really counts as part of the birth story, but I'll add it anyway. The next night when I was going to the bathroom, I noticed a huge blood clot hanging halfway out. I couldn't get it all the way out though, and decided to call in the troops for help. I climbed into the bathtub, and called for Michael to help (can you believe this? What a trooper he is!) He tried and tried, but the clot just wouldn't come out. Suddenly, there was blood everywhere! The 'clot' had burst! Turns out it wasn't a clot at all, but a piece of my water bag that was blocking blood behind it. After it burst, he pulled out the **WHOLE TOP PART OF MY PLACENTA** with water

bag attached!!!!!!!!!! When we looked at the placenta the night before, it looked fine, one side smooth, and one bumpy. What we didn't realize was that the top quarter inch of the bumpy side was missing!!! I believe that what happened was that when we were in the pool, Sariah and I started slipping at one point, and I hurriedly passed her off to Michael while I tried to catch myself. I think that the placenta must have ripped somehow during this. The amazing thing is, we had NO CLUE, and my body took care of it on it's own. The afterbirth 'pains' were sure a lot easier after the rest of the placenta came out!

Anyway, that is the birth of Sariah Bridgette Rochester. Life has been so fun with her finally here! I will NEVER birth any other way but unassisted again! The changes in our house have been very dramatic since her arrival, especially in my husband. Don't get me wrong. He has ALWAYS been wonderful, but the new sense of responsibility he has taken since her birth is just absolutely amazing!!! I believe now VERY strongly, that all men need to go through unassisted birth with their children to fulfill their true measure as men. They have been robbed of this heavenly experience due to the crazy messed up medical profession, and it is wrong!!!

Also, if I have ANY say about it, I will never birth out of water again! It was incredible!!! The 'ring of fire' is always the absolute worst part of birth for me, but in the water, IT NEVER HAPPENED!!!!!! And this was by far my biggest child!!! Miracles will never cease!

Jennifer

## **Chapter nine – Growing Evil in our midst**

“Would you want doctors? Yes, to set bones. We should want a good surgeon for that, or to cut off a limb. But do you want doctors? For not much of anything else, let me tell you, only the

traditions of the people lead them to think so; and here is a growing **EVIL** in our midst. It will be so in a little time that not a woman in all Israel will dare to have a baby unless she can have a doctor by her. I will tell you what to do, you ladies, when you find you are going to have an increase, go off into some country where you cannot call for a doctor, and see if you can keep it. I guess you will have it, and I guess it will be all right, too.”

**“It will be so in a little time that not a woman in all Israel will dare to have a baby unless she can have a doctor by her.” Brigham Young**



Paul Hatch with little Michelle

### **Family Sovereignty Essay nine**

After its Kind

When I think of the word seed, I think of the scriptures. Over and over again seed is used to describe posterity, children, descendants, babies. Conversely, A seedless generation would be

made up of individuals who are not only incapable of reproducing, but who search for identity in sexual practices which do not produce babies.

Why is it that Father in Heaven brings his children home by the millions when they have ripened in iniquity, and what does that mean? Noah and the flood, Lot and the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah? Why this pattern in the scriptures of whole nations being wiped out and civilization starting again with just a few families?

Ripened. I think of mold, rot, and decomposition when I hear the word ripened. When the people of a particular civilization are ripened in iniquity, I believe they have lost the trust of Father. I believe he has lost hope in them, and allows them to be taken off the earth, with flood, famine, pestilence, war and natural disasters. I believe the spirits of those waiting to be born look down and say to Father “we cannot go to that family/city/nation. We will be molested, beaten, neglected, or aborted or killed and have no chance to make a go of life. Send us to a family where we will be loved, nurtured, and taught the gospel.” History teaches that once a nation has reached certain milestones, the inevitable end is Father taking them off the earth and starting over with a few righteous families.

How families treat their “seed”/children is the main indicator of where a given nation is at in terms of the “ripening”. If infanticide, abortion, homosexuality and all forms of infidelity are the norm, that nation is quickly ripening into iniquity. I believe a seedless diet contributes to this ripening. A seedless diet molds the body more quickly. And a moldy body is one that has a hard time reproducing.

What is seedless food? Denatured, adulterated and “processed” foods are seedless foods. Seed filled foods mean eating eating the germ (the seed portion) of grains, beans, and seeds.

In the bible dictionary seed is only used in terms of the great promise made to Abraham regarding his seed. It says under the seed of Abraham, “The heirs of the promises and covenants made to Abraham and obtained only by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Men and women become heirs by faithfulness to covenant obligation’s whether

they are literally of Abraham's lineage or by adoption. Literal seed may also lose their blessings by disobedience.”

In the topical guide seed is compared to heir, offspring, and posterity. There are also more than a column of references to seed in the four standard works. In the index to the Book of Mormon, the references to seed apply mostly to posterity, but also some to plants and gardening and growing. I believe there is little difference between babies and plants. Both need careful nurture to grow and develop and be able to reproduce naturally.

In our generation we have had those who think they know better than God frustrate the plan of reproduction, which Genesis tells us is “each after its kind”. Those scientists who work for huge corporations like Monsanto have spent decades learning how to terminate the reproductive ability of seeds, so that farmers and gardeners have to purchase seeds every year, thus increasing profits, instead of using non hybrid seeds over again, year after year. These hybrid plants, which do not reproduce, are a lower quality foodstuff for the people of the world and the foods they produce contribute to the seedless types of people on our planet. Seedless, meaning those who cannot reproduce and or those that engage in non baby producing sexuality.

I have often wondered when I read D&C 2:2-3 and 138:47-48, which say respectively, “And he (Elijah the prophet) shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming.”, and “The prophet Elijah was to plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to their fathers, Foreshadowing the great work to be done in the temples of the Lord in the dispensation of the fullness of times, for the redemption of the dead, and the sealing of the children to their parents, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse and utterly wasted at his coming. “ When I read that I think of my ancestors and temple work, but I also think of my grandchildren and the hopes I have for an eternal increase of righteous temple worthy posterity. If after several more generations of “refined, plastic, and adulterated “dead”, genetically manipulated food, our children cannot reproduce, that is a needless waste in my mind

and is akin to the curse which the Lord is talking about. How can children “turn the hearts” to their father’s if fathers don’t have children? Or if the refined foods most people consume make the offspring so brain dead, the last thing on their sugar and chemical numbed minds is temple work and righteous living?

One of the common “refinements” of certain civilizations as they rose in prosperity was that they took the seeds out of their foods. Hippocrates, the father of modern medicine, wrote that he loved polished rice, his favorite food. The fluffy white, largely non-nutritious part of the grain had the seed taken out of it and while he claimed it was easier to digest, this largely non nutritive food, was a seedless food. The germ of any grain is the “seed” part of the plant, and when any grain is “degermed”, it becomes a seedless food. Consuming these types of foods leads to seedlessness in humans. If a grain or seed is a whole food, planted in the ground, it will grow. The Romans who lived during the height of the Roman Empire were noted for their gluttony. It was common practice for them to eat and puke and eat and puke and glut themselves with food, sex, and non-procreative activities. An insatiable hunger is present in those who eat seedless foods. They are constantly in search of those foods which will satisfy. The easy quick fix of a sugary, fatty, denatured food will tempt the appetite and give immediate gratification to the organs of the body. Yet this refined food, simple carbohydrates, are exactly the foods which ripen the body, literally “mold” the body with candida overgrowth. The most highly addictive refined carbohydrate is alcohol, but I would suggest that addictions to sugary carbohydrates (I have in my mind a picture of a huge fluffy donut), have a similar “drunken” effect on the body, and is the “stepping stone” to alcoholism. At the other end of the spectrum from alcohol is the highly nutritious and completely satisfying food, wheat grass juice. This alive, healing, nutritious food contains every nutrient known to man and immediately jolts the body with electricity and life force when consumed.

I believe changing the inevitable end of certain families in infertility and non baby producing sex, can be turned around with a diet that is full of seeds.

Ironically, in our quest for so called scientific progress, where before our grandparents simply took the germ and bran out of the wheat and ate the white bread, our generation is now raising babies on hybrid seeds, which do not have the ability to reproduce, then they have been sprayed with tons and tons of chemicals, refined, mixed with sugar, more chemicals, and then packaged in plastic (more chemicals), saturated with synthetic vitamins and completely denatured of all natural nutrients. This is what the typical family in America is raising their children on. It is no wonder to me that reproduction is becoming more difficult to achieve, maintain, and when the babies are born, they are small, sickly, and unable to reproduce in kind.

If we want to raise a seed filled generation, we must leave the seeds in our foods. We must understand that the whole food is the most nutritious and will fill our posterity with healthy seed with which to reproduce. The seed of any grain (the germ) is the most nutritious of any plant. It contains the most vitamin E, B complex, Essential fatty acids and minerals. These nutrients are all needed for reproduction. If eaten in abundance, these whole foods can and will make it possible for the body to make a healthy baby who can in turn reproduce.

A recipe for a homosexual or infertile child would be to daily consume chemicals and sugar during pregnancy (soda pop is the worst anti-nutrient - it dehydrates and demineralizes the body). Use as many drugs to give birth as a doctor allowed. Feed the child pasteurized, cow's milk formula, or worse, soymilk formula. Load the baby up with toxic, synthetic viruses and bacteria, grown in a lab and injected into the child's muscles over and over again throughout babyhood in the form of so called "immunizations." (For your information these "immunizations" have been targeted by some in the alternative healing community as the main cause of increased autism, autoimmune disease, and toxicity in the liver.\*) Use plastic/toxic diapers, laden with chemicals which are not even allowed in schools, which are absorbed into the child's bloodstream every time the diaper was wet. Don't nurture the baby with the breast, touch, or massage, rather let him "cry it out" to teach him to not be dependant on anyone, most

of all mother. Feed him all of the canned, processed, and junk foods he desires and get distracted by life and not take the time to know what his real needs are.

Never considering that anything I did would contribute to this child of mine “choosing” the homosexual lifestyle. This seedless person, who chooses and is drawn to a seedless “alternative” lifestyle, is created by parents who refuse or don’t see a need to plant the seeds which will later bear abundant fruit either because of ignorance or laziness. I believe all sexual perversions are contributed to in part by our society being fed the seedless foods of the major food corporations.

If we parents desire to be grandparents, we need to turn back to the soil. To realize that we are indeed the dust of the earth, and that the minerals and vitamins in our organic soil, which is formed up into grains and seeds and beans for us to consume hold the key to us being able to reproduce in this life and into eternity.

\*Note on immunizations: it is important to understand how our great grandmother’s immunized against smallpox and other diseases. They would pick a scab, containing the live virus of a disease, run a needle and thread through it and then prick the skin with this “inoculation”. I personally see great wisdom in that. The virus is the current live bacteria running around town. It is gently entered into the bloodstream where in a healthy body immunities will immediately start to form. Conversely, the synthetic viruses which are grown in labs, using tissue from aborted babies (Merck’s chicken pox vaccine uses fetal tissue) saturated with preservatives and other chemicals and then shot directly into the muscles of little babies are the absolute most stupid way to immunize against common illnesses. Most disease enters the body through the mucous membranes, and the healthy body has several lines of defense against these microorganisms. But when these synthetic bacteria are shot directly into the muscles, the body is stunned, wondering, “where did that come from?”, the muscles do not contain the high amounts of lymph tissue and blood which are around the mucous membranes, and so the normal lines of defense are bypassed and the body reacts to these foreign proteins in different ways. Some scientists theorize the beginnings of autoimmune disorders and other situations where the cells

behave opposite to their normal function are the body reacting to the chemicals/tissues contained in these immunizations. And to answer your unasked question, No, we do NOT immunize our babies - for anything. Rather we use all alternative healing, breast-feed for three years and trust that healthy immune systems can and will fight off disease in a natural and effective way.

Jennifer gave birth to three babies in the hospital.

The first was born after 4 hours and 20 minutes of labor - 8 lbs. vaginal birth.

The second was born after 12 hours of labor that was augmented with Pitocin after a spontaneous rupture of the membranes - 8lb 2 oz vaginal birth.

The third was born after an 11-hour labor and was an 8 LB 12 oz vaginal birth. All of these first three babies were born at the hospital. Then Jennifer decided to have a home birth and gave birth to a 9 pound 14 ounce child. Her labor was shorter and her baby bigger!

Recently Jennifer had an unassisted Miscarriage. These were her words in sharing this with our email group.

Subject: I need some prayers please I am scared to death right now. I am about 14 weeks pregnant, and I think I may be miscarrying. I started bleeding some last night. It was about like a pretty light period. I was pretty concerned, because this is my 6th pregnancy, and nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I had my brother get up this morning to watch the kids, and I slept late, cuz I just didn't want to deal with this. Anyway, I'm up now. I am still bleeding, and there were a few smallish clots a few minutes ago. I KNOW many people have experienced bleeding and everything has turned out fine, but I never have before.

I don't know whether to pray for this to stop, or if it is supposed to happen because of the measles I had a few weeks ago.

Like I said, I am pretty scared, and could really just use some prayers.

Jennifer

Date: Fri Apr 13, 2001 4:45am

Subject: update

Thank you everyone who sent messages with hugs and prayers. It really means a lot to me.

I miscarried the baby about an hour ago. I am doing ok with it all, just pretty weirded out, I guess. I am pretty positive that all of this was due to my having the measles about 3 weeks ago. It makes me sick that the disease has been driven into the adult population like this due to vaccines and the money mongers behind them.

Anyway, I just wanted to update everyone before I try to go to sleep. I am sorry to have kept everyone hanging all day, but our phone line went dead for most of the day. We finally got one line back, and the guy will hopefully be here tomorrow to fix the other one.

Again, thank you all for being such great friends. I have never had better friends in real life than I have 'virtually'. What a blessing you all are.

Jennifer

A few questions and answers from Jennifer...

Q: Why did you choose to do your own prenatal care?

A: I chose to not see any health care providers for this baby, as I was not ill or diseased, and that's what they should be used for.

Q: If you found tandem nursing relatively easy, and your new baby thrived, why do you think it was easy?

A: Because I feel that this is how God designed it to be, and I am in fairly good health, and eat nutritiously.

Q: Do you own a wheat grinder?

A: Yes

Q: Do you own a water purifier?

A: Yes

Q: Do you immunize?

A: NO!!!!!!!!!!

Q: Why not?

A: My 4-yr. old daughter is autistic due to immunization

Q: Do you selectively immunize?

A: NO!!!!!!!!!!

Q: How do you care for your children when they have an infection?

A: They haven't had any, but I will use blessings and alternative medicine as led by the spirit if they do.

Q: Why did you choose Unassisted Birth?

A: Unassisted is kind of a misnomer, as I was assisted by God. I chose it because I have come to believe that birth is as natural and as safe as life gets, and doesn't require outside help.

## Chapter ten – Captive daughters???

“Shake thyself from the dust; arise, sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of they neck, O captive daughter of Zion” 2 Nephi 8:25, 3 Nephi 20:37, Isaiah 52:2

Susanna has given birth to five babies, the last two born at home into the loving hands of her husband Robert.

Here are some of her responses.....

Q: Did you nurse through any of your pregnancies?

A: Nursed through pregnancy 2 for 3 months. Pregnancy 3 all and pregnancy 4 all.

Q: If you found tandem nursing relatively easy, and your new baby thrived, why do you think it was easy?

A: Because I nursed a lot, ate a lot, drank. I wasn't distracted with lots of other things to do. Stayed home mostly and nursed when necessary.

Q: Why did you choose unassisted birth?

A: Because I believed it would be less painful and safer than with an attendant or in the hospital. It would be more intimate, unifying, sacred, and in keeping with modesty. It is in greater accordance with gospel principles.

**Essay #10 This is the final essay on Family Sovereignty.  
It completes my dissertation on Motherhood.**

When giving birth - Romance or Rape?

In this final essay, I would like to explore the idea that modern medical childbirth shares a striking similarity to sexual abuse. I would suggest that many women respond to their hospital birth experiences the same way that victims of rape or molestation respond to having their bodies trifled with by those who have power over them.

The trauma and powerlessness I experienced during my first birth was similar to accounts that I have read of molestation and rape.

I want to emphasize that the terrible thing that happened to me was NOTHING compared to what many women experience. All things considered, my first birth was a total triumph, especially when considering the fact that I gave birth at a huge teaching hospital in Michigan which was the regional high risk hospital where all of the high risk women in the Detroit area were sent AND after the birth I learned this hospital had a 50% C-section rate. I gave birth with no drugs, episiotomy, internal fetal monitor, or epidural. I went into labor spontaneously on my due date after five days of pre labor during which we had three runs to the hospital before I

finally stayed the fourth time to give birth. I share this negative experience to illustrate that even when a natural birth occurs, defilement's can happen which leave the mother enraged, powerless, and feeling "raped or molested".

I was twenty at the time of my first birth. I had read both of the Bradley books on natural childbirth. Husband Coached Childbirth by Robert Bradley MD and Natural Childbirth the Bradley Way by Susan and Peter Rosegg. I read each book three times and had a pretty good idea of what I wanted to do during the labor. I also was prepared to say NO! to fetal monitoring, vaginal exams, and drugs for me and the baby.

The fourth time I went to the hospital, I was sent to triage alone, to see if I was dilated enough to be put in a labor room. Naked on the cold hard table, covered by a thin sheet.....waiting.....freezing.....alone, I dealt with a number of contractions by myself. After a long time, two people entered the room. A female "doctor" and a young male "intern". At this point I would like you to imagine that these are just a couple people off the street and not almighty doctors and ask yourself if their behavior in any other forum would be considered criminal.

The female shoved her fingers up my vagina. She didn't look at me. She didn't talk to me. She didn't ask my permission. I was having a contraction when she did it and the exam was painful. Then the man took his turn. He shoved two of his fat fingers into my body and began digging around my cervix. He was inside of me for a long time and when he pulled away his hand he declared to her "dilated to three". She said "no, she was a two". Then he again put two fingers into my body without saying a word to me and started reaming my cervix with his nails. While he was in there I began having another contraction and started moaning. They noticed and the female put her hands on my abdomen and started pushing on my belly. She told the male to put his hands on my lower abdomen to learn what a contraction feels like. I was freezing, my back was completely cramped in pain, and I quickly realized these people were using my precious laboring body as a teaching tool, without my permission. I looked at them both - they

had still not acknowledged my presence - and said “Don’t you EVER touch me again while I am having a contraction.” Later I learned that when couples sign paperwork to be admitted to the hospital, especially teaching hospitals, they waive all their rights. At home Paul and I had labored for hours alone, he was very effective in keeping me warm, hydrated, and comfortable by rubbing my back in that fabulous Bradley back massage. We had been so excited to greet our child.

At the hospital I felt backed into a corner, completely vulnerable and alone. When Paul came into the triage room after about 30 minutes I started to cry. I was just so cold and my back hurt and I was thirsty and felt so violated. I just wanted to go home. But that was the beginning of my seven hour fight to have a natural childbirth.

The anger and feelings of defilement from this experience stayed with me for a long time. In some ways they are still with me.

I had been a virgin when I married, and had only one vaginal exam from a trusted Family Doctor right before my marriage. My OB had only given me one exam during my whole pregnancy and this hands off approach was greatly appreciated by both my husband and me. Husbands get very territorial when they see some other man messing around with their wives bodies. When a husband watches another man or women touch or cut or massage their wife’s perineum, some have feelings of rage and anger. This is normal and justified.

For days after the birth all I could think about was this man - the intern - his cold dark eyes, his fat fingers digging around in my body. When I tried to articulate this to Paul, or my family, they would brush it off saying things like “you have this great baby, well, it was a teaching hospital, that’s how childbirth is, get over it, etc”.

I really couldn’t explain what I felt and why I was so upset.

As a young girl of 9 or 10, I had a few males in my life attempt to trifle with my body. I was not very effective in sticking up for myself. As I entered my teens the many men and boys who expressed an interest in my body were effectively brushed away with words. Once I had to

elbow a young man in the nose to convince him to keep his hands to himself. The bloody nose I gave that sixteen-year-old was nothing compared to the violent rage I felt towards my perpetrators during my first birth. I wanted to kick and bite and scream. I am not one for extreme violence, however, I felt as violated as any victim of molestation.

Interestingly enough, later on I had no problem with my carefully selected doctors checking me for dilation. They were kind men and one woman - generally advocates of natural birth, and we shared a mutual respect. It was simply the cold assumption that my body was there for the taking during my first birth that really made me feel used and abused.

You may ask, “how then are doctors to be trained if they cannot learn on women in labor?” I honestly don’t care. Just stay away from me and my body. I plan to NEVER have another vaginal exam - from anyone. My body is mine and my procreative parts are for my husband and breast-feeding babies. Unassisted childbirth solidifies the marriage bond because it protects the couple from interfering hands which may leave the Mother feeling raped and the Father feeling like killing the attacker. Instead society expects Father to thank the guy that abused his wife, shake his hand, and pay him \$5,000.00.

Note that I have not delved into the soul damage that occurs with episiotomy, cesarean, internal monitoring, the powerlessness of epidurals, and the detachment from husband and baby which occurs when the mother’s body is interfered with during labor and birth.

I believe the feelings of rage I experienced from fifteen minutes of violation are multiplied in some women with each procedure, each intervention, and each cut of the body.

This rage is confusing to the mother as she simply wants to enjoy her new baby after the birth, but instead finds herself projecting her rage towards the person who least deserves it...Her Husband. This undercurrent of anger bubbles to the surface often during the months after birth leaving husbands feeling defensive, guilty and panicked over what has happened to their wife since the baby arrived. Men on the other hand, deal with their own feelings of defilement as they play over again and again in their minds the emotional baggage which is present when one pays

thousands of dollars to someone who tortures his wife and child in front of his eyes. It is these couples who get the most angry when they learn of unassisted childbirth. So much emotion bursts forth that many of these couples divorce or separate or have other problems from remembering what they experienced during their birth and wondering how parenting would have been for them had they retained their sovereignty. The memory of the hours of torture and needles and “speed things up, slow things down”, the tease of manipulating labor, the blood and pain of the episiotomy, the fear of the cesarean, the money, the baby that is blue and not breathing. They wonder how different parenting would have been for them, if they had been able to have a quiet family centered home birth.

Because birth is a sexual event, it might be helpful for men to imagine how impossible it would be for them to engage in any sexual activity in a hospital birthing environment.

The hormones a woman needs to open the cervix and expel the baby are the exact hormones which allow her to achieve orgasm. The common hospital analogy of pushing a baby out and comparing it to a bowel movement is all wrong. The most effective way to get a baby born is for a husband to arouse his wife sexually and then stand ready to catch the baby when it comes flying out.

If a man was asked to produce some semen, the way a mother is expected to produce a baby in a hospital delivery room, surrounded by nurses and doctors, hooked up to monitors, poked and prodded and hurried along or slowed down based on the needs of the staff, and finally when someone else decided he just didn't have what it took to produce that semen, and he was then hurried to surgery where his testicles were forcibly opened and semen taken from his body for “failure to progress” or some other such nonsense, that is sort of how it is for some women when they give birth in a medical environment.

Husbands and fathers -claim your sovereignty! Keep your wives home! Protect them! Nurture them! Feed them well!! And when the time comes, gently and romantically birth your sons and your daughters with your lover...alone, you can do it with Heavenly Father's help!



Holiday Party - Laura Shanley and Home birth Moms 1998

Alison gave birth at home first with midwives and then had an unassisted home birth. See Patrick's version of the story earlier in this book. Here are some of her responses:

Q: Did you tear?

A: Yes, with pregnancy one, first degree, no stitches. (I could have had stitches but chose a week of bed rest instead. Then I didn't spend enough time flat on my back with legs together so I had yet another week of bed rest and still didn't heal right. I wish I'd known about super glue then! I feel that if I'd either had waited longer to push (I was told when to push) or used hot towels for a longer period of time (I only had a few minutes) that I wouldn't have torn.

Q: How much protein did you eat while you were nursing?

A: 75 grams or more the first 12 months, decreasing to an approximate low of 20 grams around 18 months, we were experimenting with the raw foods diet and eating just fruit for breakfast, lots of salad etc... Interestingly enough, I got pregnant right around the time I began to increase my

protein, but still miscarried at three months. Not enough protein, nutrient dense foods before conception.

## Chapter 11 – Mary and Esther

When I was a new mother I would read the scriptures and wonder what the ancients knew about Motherhood. I read about purification, oils for cleansing, and isolation after birth. I spent much time searching the scriptures for knowledge about pregnancy, birth, nursing, and anything that had to do with Mothering.

Many times I have wondered why the scriptures are so quiet about pregnancy, birth, and breastfeeding. These Godly procreative acts which are the very purpose for our being here are NOT covered in detail in the scriptures. I know because I have looked. What is spelled out over and over are Heavenly Father's rules regarding when we may engage in sex, but as for any practical advice to help us during pregnancy, birth, and nursing, there is not much information. I have come up with two theories for why this is so.

The first is that pregnancy and birth are so sacred that the ancients simply did not write about it. They perhaps quietly passed along this information from mother to daughter. I am not sure if I believe this, but it could be true.

Yet if the sacredness factor is the truth, it seems rather odd to me that casual references about purification were made in various books of the Bible like Esther almost as an afterthought, but a complete "how to" description of these practices were not listed. That didn't make any sense to me.

The Bible gives us tiny clues about how our ancestors prepared for marriage and parenting, like this passage in Esther which talks about a twelve month purification using Myrrh and sweet oil "odours"/scents;

"when many maidens were gathered together unto Shushan the palace, to the custody of Hegai, that Esther was brought also unto the king's house, to the custody of Hegai, keeper of the women. And the maiden pleased him, and she obtained kindness of him; and he speedily gave her her things for purification, with such things as belonged to her, and seven maidens, which were meet to be given her, out of the king's house: and he preferred her and her maids unto the best place of the house of the women. Esther had not shewed her people nor her kindred: for Mordecai had charged her that she should not shew it. And Mordecai walked every day before the court of the women's house, to know how Esther did, and what should become of her. Now when every maid's turn was come to go in to king Ahasuerus, after that she had been twelve months, according to the manner of the women, (for so were the days of their purifications accomplished, to wit, six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odours, and with other things for the purifying of the women;)" Esther 2:8-12

Reading this passage brings up many questions in my mind. Far more questions than answers.

What did this purifying mean? What was it for? How was it accomplished? What is Myrrh used for? Why did it take twelve months? Why did she need seven maids to assist her? So many questions. So few answers. Other biblical references to cleansing and purifying are more confusing still. Why did Mary have to go through a purification period after the birth of Jesus? "And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord;" Luke 2:22

In the book of Leviticus chapter 12:1-8 we have the outline of the directive given from the Lord to Moses, this was most likely the time frame that Mary obeyed for her seclusion.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel saying, If a woman have conceived seed, and born a man child then she shall be unclean seven days; according to the days of the separation for her infirmity shall she be unclean. And in the eighth day the flesh of his foreskin shall be circumcised. And she shall then continue in the blood of

her purifying three and thirty days; she shall touch no hallowed thing, nor come into the sanctuary, until the days of her purifying be fulfilled. But if she bear a maid child, then she shall be unclean two weeks, as in her separation; and she shall continue in the blood of her purifying threescore and six days." Leviticus 12:1-8

What really strikes me as I read these passages of scripture is the length of time spent in seclusion. Weeks, months, even a year of purifying for Esther before she was prepared to be married. What is this all about? Is it applicable and important for us as mother's today? I believe so.

The Book of Mormon mentions nursing in a passage when it refers to the mother's of Lehi's family; "And so great were the blessings of the Lord upon us, that while we did live upon raw meat in the wilderness, our women did give plenty of suck for their children, and were strong, yea even like unto the men; and they began to bear their journeyings without murmurings."

But as I said, these types of passages regarding motherhood are few and far between in the scriptures. Considering the importance of the procreative acts of sexuality, pregnancy, and birth, I am curious to know why there is such a lack of detail in the written word of the Lord.

My second theory as to why these important topics are not covered in the scriptures is that some of the "women's books and women's knowledge and wisdom" were carefully removed from the texts during translation. "We believe the bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly" (article of faith 8)

As for the Book of Mormon, we know that it was intended to be a strictly spiritual record, focusing on the spiritual lives of the people who were written about. Since mother's work is such an earthy, bloody, physical thing, I believe Father in Heaven allowed the women's books, stories, teachings, and testimonies to be left out of the sacred writings to "try the faith of my people". When Jesus appeared to the Nephites after the resurrection, Moroni writes in 3 Nephi: 6-12 "And now there cannot be written in this book even a hundredth part of the things which Jesus did truly teach unto the people;

But behold the plates of Nephi do contain the more part of the things which he taught the people.

And these things have I written, which are a lesser part of the things which he taught the people; and I have written them to the intent that they may be brought again unto this people, from the gentiles, according to the words which Jesus hath spoken.

And when they shall have received this, which is expedient that they should have first, to try their faith, and if it shall so be that they shall believe these things, then shall the greater things be made manifest unto them.

And if it so be that they will not believe these things, then shall the greater things be withheld from them, unto their condemnation.

Behold I was about to write them, all which were engraven upon the plates of Nephi, but the Lord forbade it saying: I will try the faith of my people. Therefore I, Mormon, do write the things which have been commanded me of the Lord. And now I, Mormon make an end of my sayings, and proceed to write the things which have been commanded me."

Much to the consternation of my family, I have a curious nature and for years have pondered "what was Mormon forbidden to write about???" Why was it forbidden? What exactly are the great treasures of knowledge that await us? These "greater" things which if we don't have the faith, will condemn us?

In a logical way, I started to ponder "If the fullness of the gospel is health and posterity - and I believe that is a true statement - then wouldn't it make sense that these "greater things" would have something to do with healthy babies?"

If it is true that the ancients knew things that are hidden from us today, things that would bless us greatly as a people, what are they?

Now let's turn to Isaiah where unfortunately, only more questions will present themselves. I love the symbolism of Isaiah, he uses female analogies wherever possible and speaks poetically of birth, and the nursing relationship of mother's and babies throughout his writings.

In ch. 3 Isaiah writes about the daughters of Zion. This passage is quoted almost word for word in 2 Nephi 13. "Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet:

Therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers. The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings and the nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantels, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, The glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty. Thy men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war. And her gates shall lament and mourn; and she being desolate shall sit upon the ground."

Not exactly a pretty picture. The way the Lord ties the worldliness of the daughters of Zion to the young men dying in war is downright sobering. I have thought to myself many times, do we as a people recognize our worldliness?

I can't think of anything more worldly than conceiving a baby and then using all sorts of drugs and surgery to birth it. In 1 Timothy 2:15 it says, "Notwithstanding she shall be saved in childbearing, if they continue in faith, charity, and holiness with sobriety." Does anyone honestly believe that a young mother who is "drunk" on Stadol or Demarol or Stoned with the cocaine like effect of an epidural fits the description of someone who is sober? These drugs pass into the baby and are the first imprint on that child, teaching it to turn to drugs during stressful life events. I know this is probably painful for those who are dependent on the birthing drugs to read. That perhaps the drug use of a beloved sibling or an older child is tied to the mother's

casual use of drugs during birth. I am not trying to guilt trip anyone, but when pondering on the pain and suffering that any addicted person brings into family life, maybe these hurtful truths need to be shouted from the rooftops. For it is the TRUTH! Drugs during birth can lead to drug addiction later in life. Violent births can lead to suicide later in life. Newborn ICU care with all its needles and drugs can lead to children seeking out “raves” usually when they are fifteen or so, and many children act out their imprints from birth. Look at the behavior of these children. They like flashing lights and loud droning music, they suck on pacifiers and tend to mutilate their bodies. I only spent three days with my son while he was in the NICU, and that was all I needed to see to know it was a particularly awful way to be welcomed to the earth. Especially in light of the research that shows that in third world countries where they don’t have our fancy machines and drugs, premie babies are kangaroo carried next to their mother’s, and the babies have just as good an outcome as our drugged and tortured newborns. Children who get into self-mutilation have been shown to have a high level of this type of ICU care as babies, with needle insertion, blood letting, and body cutting experienced by the babes, almost every day. Psychologists love to blame the parents for these problems, or they will say “this child is screaming for help”, or some other babble about latent mental tendencies, etc...Is anyone looking to the child’s birth to see what was imprinted there??? I predict that self mutilation (cutting) will increase in scope and nature as the babies who have occupied the NICU’s grow and develop. We now have thousands of these children who cut themselves, with more coming every day and everyone seems to be wringing their hands not quite sure what is going on. (Read [Babies remember birth](#) by David Chamberlain, if you would like an enlightening education on baby imprinting.)

I think of Babylonian plagues when I think of the thousands of children who have been taken from their mother’s wombs and placed in these little kid concentration camps. I can think of nothing more horrific than a little baby being tortured in this way for weeks on end. Think of these worldly things when reading this passage from the book of Revelations...

”Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the Kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. And I heard another voice from heaven saying, **“Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto Heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.** Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works, in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her; for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefor shall her plagues come in one day, death and mourning, and famine and she shall be utterly burned with fire for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. And the Kings of the earth who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her shall bewail her, and lament for her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning. Standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that might city! For in one hour is thy judgement come. And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more. The merchandise of gold, and silver and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple and silk and scarlet, and thy wood and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass and iron, and marble. And cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men. And the fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed from thee, and all things which were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all. The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing. And saying, Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls! For in one hour so great riches is

come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off. And cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying What city is like unto this great city! And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing saying, Alas, Alas, that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! For in one hour is she made desolate. Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles, and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon, be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee; And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee; for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived. And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.” Revelations 18:2-24

For years I have read and studied the varying interpretations of what this chapter of scripture means. I have come up with my own interpretation, and I will continue believing in it until someone convinces me otherwise. I believe the great whore of the earth is in fact medical childbirth and all of the companies associated with it. From the pharmaceutical companies to the infant formula manufacturers, and the powerful medical schools and hospitals the world over, I believe this “fornicating” spoken of by the angel in Revelations 18, this plague of unnatural affection, divorce, and abuse that is causing the family to fall apart all over the world, is in fact the abomination of doctor controlled birth and parenting.

I also believe the Joseph Smith translation of Revelations chapter 12:1-17 is a charge to run to the wilderness for safety from this whore of medical birth. It says – “And there appeared a great sign in heaven, in the likeness of things on the earth; a woman clothed with the sun, and the

moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. And the woman being with child, cried travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered. And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God and his throne. And there appeared another sign in heaven; and behold, a great red dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth. And the dragon stood before the woman which was delivered, ready to devour her child after it was born. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore years. And there was a war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon and his angels fought against Michael. And the dragon prevailed not against Michael, neither the child, nor the woman, which was the church of God, who had been delivered of her pains, and brought for the kingdom of our God and his Christ. Neither was there place found in heaven for the great dragon, who was cast out; that old serpent called the devil, and also called Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth; and his angels were cast out with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; For the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. For they have overcome him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; for they loved not their own lives, but kept the testimony even unto death. Therefore, rejoice O heavens, and ye that dwell in them. And after these things I heard another voice saying, Woe to the inhabitants of the earth, yea, and they who dwell upon the islands of the sea! For the devil is come down upon you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time. For when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child. Therefore, to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might flee into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times and half a time, from the face of the serpent. And the serpent casteth out of his mouth water as a

flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away in the flood. And the earth helpeth the woman, and the earth openeth her mouth, and swalloweth up the flood which the dragon casteth out of his mouth. Therefor the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.”

I believe medical childbirth makes it easier for the devil to devour our children. He knows if he can get a woman to use drugs during labor, keep mother and child separated after the birth for a few weeks, (just long enough for the breast milk to dry up), keep mother from fully bonding with the child and disrupt family harmony, then he has a variety of entry points later on, to recruit the child to whatever hellish existence awaits.

Daniel also wrote of these things in his book of scripture in the Old Testament. He said, “These great beasts, which are four, are four kings, which shall arise out of the earth. But the saints of the most High shall take the Kingdom, and possess the kingdom forever, even forever and ever. Then I would know the truth of the fourth beast, which was diverse from all the others, exceeding dreadful, whose teeth were of iron, and his nails of brass; which devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with his feet. And of the ten horns that were in his head, and of the other which came up, and before whom three fell, even of that horn that had eyes, and a mouth that spake very great things, whose look was more stout than his fellows; I beheld and the same horn made war with the saints, and **prevailed against them**, until the Ancient of days came, and judgement was given to the saints of the most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom. Thus he said, The fourth beast shall be the fourth Kingdom upon the earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces. And the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise and another shall rise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three Kings. And he shall speak great words against the most high, and shall wear out the saints

of the most high, and think to change times and laws; and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time.” Daniel 7: 17-25

I believe the fourth beast Daniel describes is the same whore of all the earth described by John in Revelations. Daniel was also given a vision, which he claimed made him so sick he fainted and he claimed he was astonished at the vision. I believe he saw all the innocent couples going before the slaughter of the doctor’s knives and drugs. And the resulting chaos this caused on the planet. He claimed the angel Gabriel (whom our religion teaches is the prophet Noah), came to him and said,

“Understand, O son of man; for at the time of the end shall be the vision. Now, as he was speaking with me, I was in a deep sleep on my face toward the ground: but he touched me, and set me upright. And he said, Behold I will make thee know what shall be in the last end of the indignation: for at the time appointed the end shall be. The ram which thou sawest having two horns are the kings of Media and Persia. And the rough goat is the king of Grecia: and the great horn that is between his eyes is the first King. Now that being broken, whereas four stood up for it, four Kingdoms shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power. And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up. And his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power, and he shall destroy wonderfully, and shall prosper, and practise, and shall destroy the mighty and the holy people. And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand; and he shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many: he shall also stand up against the Prince of princes: but he shall be broken without hand. And the vision of the evening and the morning which was told is true, wherefore shut thou up the vision: for it shall be for many days. And I Daniel fainted, and was sick certain days: afterward I rose up, and did the King’s business and I was astonished at the vision, but none understood it.” Daniel 8:17 – 27

I used to work with couples who were giving birth in hospitals, but it made me sick to watch the torture of the families who partook of the drugs and procedures. I think those same things are the visions Daniel saw, and they also made him sick.

Do we need to wait for the Lord to compel us to think on Heaven and eternal things, like babies and health? Or are we just going to continue with our blind worldliness and use the drugs and sorceries of men to do this important work for us?

For those who wish to break free of the world and enjoy this wilderness experience of Elijah birth, there are things we can do now to purify ourselves in preparation for that final purification, the one that I believe will be tied to the Abomination of Desolation, when the Lord will allow world conditions to be so bleak the medical profession will be unable to help us with our babies.

I taught natural childbirth classes for eight years and came to some conclusions about pregnancy, and birth during that time. I also was privileged to share many intimate conversations with many women. In talking with my sisters of the church, the general lack of practical knowledge on mothering skills is damning to us as a people. Some feel "Why learn these womanly arts when we have the doctors to birth the baby for us, the formula manufacturers to feed it for us, and the schools to teach it for us?"

I feel far too many women in the church have believed the lies and propaganda of conspiring men. The relief society motto says this about motherhood:

"Dedicate ourselves to strengthening marriages, families, and homes. Find nobility in motherhood and joy in womanhood." Do we really find nobility in motherhood? I think if we did we would spend way more time preparing for being wives and mothers, and we would understand that worldliness encompasses much more than just wearing the clothes, makeup, and jewelry of Babylon. It also includes Mothering in worldly ways. The ignorance, distraction, and complacency of the majority of our young women on this issue of mothering in the Lord's natural way is a witness to our worldliness. But we who are raising the next generation of

mother's can prepare our daughters for this important work of learning the skills and knowledge needful for healthy pregnancy, natural birth, and nurturing babies with mother's milk.

Diane Hopkins, founder of the Liahona Home Educators Association has devised a curriculum for girls. A four year course of study to help them prepare for mothering. She has graciously agreed to let me print her article, the curriculum, and her recommended reading list as an alternative course of study for girls during the college years. I completely endorse and honor her insights.

Here it is:

### **A College Degree for Girls?**

**I Don't Think So.**

**An Education?**

**Why, of Course!**

**By, Diane Hopkins**

I have Brooke Reynolds to thank for causing me to write this article. She and I got into a discussion about what homeschool girls should be doing between the ages of 16 years and the time they enter marriage. Brooke is 18 years old and is currently pursuing a music education on scholarship at the University of Utah. She enjoys it and finds it challenging, but wonders if college is exactly the right thing for her.

I know lots of young women who have been tenderly taught in homeschool and yet "graduate" from their family homeschool and wonder what to do next. Working doesn't seem to be what they want to do full-time. Entering college seems to automatically lead to following the coursework to attain a degree, which seems to automatically lead to becoming career-ready. Society seems to dictate that college is the next step in a young person's life, but once involved in college, many homeschoolers realize that what they didn't want in a public school setting is ever present in a college environment. Truth is not the standard taught in every class. Most students

are involved in the "credit game" (credit, then forget it). The desire to gain true and useful knowledge is not the first priority of most college students.

I have older sons, and for men in this society, a college degree is a necessity. College has proved frustrating to them. Even if they begin a course with high interest, most of the classes have managed to deaden that desire to learn very quickly with a lengthy syllabus, huge list of terms, class attendance requirements, test schedule, etc. What started as a tremendous motivation to learn accounting ended up as dreaded drudgery. I marvel that in nearly every educational area, delightful learning has been regulated and expanded into so many nonsensical terms and extrapolations. The accounting in Accounting 101 is not the same accounting that you would find stimulating and useful in the business world. Somehow, a college course can turn a chocolate éclair into a dried out pancake.

Obviously, some courses are more directed and interesting than others due to the competency of the teachers. Some schools are probably better than others, too. Two of my sons have been extremely motivated and stimulated to greater learning by one excellent Spanish teacher. I learned to write because of a demanding high school English teacher that pushed me beyond my normal performance and taught me to appreciate Shakespeare. But I can also clearly remember my days at BYU some 20 years ago. There were some wonderful religion teachers and a few courses that taught me home nursing of the sick and nutritious food preparation, which has been practical. But, of all the classes I attended to earn my bachelor's degree, only a few stand out in my mind as feeding my hungry interest for truth in the subject, and even fewer have been useful in my adult life.

Being involved in a college program means you end up taking classes in which you have no interest and which hold no practical application for your life. It's "credit and forget it", again. One young woman told me she'd just taken Botany at BYU. In spite of my zeal and enthusiasm for discussing Botany with her, she could recall very little. I questioned why she took the class,

since her disinterest was apparent, and she replied that she had heard it was the easiest course to take to fulfill the Science requirement in her major.

What should a young woman be doing, if not college? I have pondered this question long and hard as my daughters are growing up, and I have friends whose daughters are already college age. As I look back from a more experienced perspective, I am shocked at how unprepared I was personally to birth, nurture and raise my large family and deal with all the challenges that a wife/mother/homemaker career holds. Had I been able to see the future (or had a wise and experienced advisor), I could have done things quite differently. Those precious preparation years between approximately 16 and marriage could have been spent in rigorous, exciting learning for the work that lay before me.

Over many years, I have learned mostly through the school of hard knocks how to do the things necessary to pleasant home life. Had I been prepared with these skills before marriage, it would have proven very practical and would have greatly improved the quality of my life and my family's well being. I see young mothers overwhelmed with the demands of housekeeping, childcare and pregnancy. Few are prepared to handle the high intensity of these callings. Many are unhappy, just as unhappy as a man who majored in Physical Education would be in a desk job. If a young wife has career training, it is natural for her to long to go back to doing what she is good at and turn from this challenging and unfamiliar new job. Some choose to escape through a part-time job, depression, mall shopping, hobbies or unwillingness to have more children. Lack of preparation doesn't make for a contented young wife and mother. It is tough on marriage, too. President James E. Faust told about a young woman whose mother passed away suddenly when she was just 17 years old. This young woman took over the household and tried to do her mother's duties, such as cooking and laundry, burning dinner and turning her father's shirts pink, learning in the process. When she married, her adjustment was easy and stress free. Her newly married friends complained about how difficult it was to adjust to married

life, but she had made an easy transition because of her preparation. (Ensign, Conference Report, May 1998, page 95).

I have been a mother for 22 years now, and I am certain that with my big family I have washed three times the amount of laundry in my homemaking career than my mother washed in hers. And yet, I still don't feel very confident. Why didn't I learn from my mother, whose clothes always look so bright and clean and stain-free? I suppose I wasn't paying attention or didn't see the need to learn how to do laundry properly, or maybe I was too busy with college classes! Since doing laundry is a daily affair and creates the first image that others see for all your family members, I think it is an important skill to learn. There is no better time than when a young woman is living under your roof, to tutor her in the details of laundry and every other homemaking skill that will be required of her in her lifetime. Many of us don't learn the important lessons of a homemaking/mothering career until we are up to our ears and screaming for help. What a happier world it would be if we came to our marriage/family life prepared!

If I could have the perfect college coursework for future wives/mothers, it would be thoroughly saturated with the word of God from the scriptures, Conference reports, Ensign, BYU speeches, and other sources of truth. I would pick and choose ways to learn the skills: studying good books on my own, tutoring under a grandmother, mother, neighbor or friend; taking correspondence or on-campus college courses, community classes, Education week classes- wherever I could find knowledge. Learning would retain its joy and interest. My education might look something like this:

Semester 1

Book of Mormon

First Aid

Basics of Good Nutrition (I do not recommend using the government structured diet, RDA's, etc.)

Planning Nutritious Meals

Sewing (with emphasis on mending, remodeling clothes, children's clothing)

Manners, Social Skills, Etiquette

Semester 2

Church History

Family Relationships (using conference reports and *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective Families* by Stephen Covey as the basic textbook)

Happy Marriage (how a man ticks)

Natural Health Care (using good foods, vitamins, herbs and natural remedies)

Making Your Own Herbal Remedies (herb identification and preparation)

Bread Baking

Semester 3

Doctrine & Covenants

Pregnancy (how to take care of yourself, remedies for morning sickness, pre-conception foods, vitamins, herbs to reduce chance of birth defects, etc.)

Drawing (useful for church callings, teaching children, etc.)

Laundry How-to

Preparing Nutritious Meals

Haircutting

Semester 4

Childbirth (options, natural remedies to help in labor, etc.)

Piano or musical instrument

Money Skills (shopping savvy, yard sales, making do)

Handling an Infant

Choosing and Care of Major Appliances

Practical Writing

Semester 5

Pearl of Great Price

Postpartum Care (building your strength back, proper recovery care)

Calligraphy

Voice (with emphasis on family fun songs, patriotic songs, songs to teach children)

Quantity Cooking (Once-a-Month cooking, cooking in bulk, etc.)

Care of Furniture and Carpets

Semester 6

Teachings of the Living Prophets

Breastfeeding (how-to, problems and solutions, herbs to help)

Toilet Training a Toddler

Child Discipline

Cooking from Scratch (how to make canned soups, mixes, prepared foods from scratch)

Common Childhood Illnesses

Semester 7

Old Testament

Weaning

Preparing Your Body for Subsequent Pregnancy (building up strength, using natural helps to prepare, etc.)

Teaching Skills (how-to, best resources, etc.)

Fast Meal Preparation (nutritious meals in under 30 minutes)

Art for Children

Simple Home Repairs

Semester 8

Making Special Foods (green drink, sprouts, healthy candy, healthy holiday foods)

Time Management

Keeping Fit and energetic

Sewing Shortcuts

Chores System

Storytelling

This may be too idealized, but you can catch the vision of how well prepared our young women could be if their educational pursuits followed their future life's work. Even if a woman remains single, she still has to do laundry, prepare meals, manage her money, stay fit and energetic, and know the scriptures well. Preparing for eventualities, such as widowhood, remaining single or childless, is to expect and focus on the worst in life. Apostle Henry B. Eyring, in a recent address on the Proclamation to the Family, explained that planing for the worst is planning for failure, and that it takes faith to plan for the ideal. ". . . we can decide to plan for success, not failure. Statistics are thrown at us every day in an effort to try to persuade us that a family composed of a loving father and mother with children loved, taught, and cared for in the way the Proclamation enjoins is supposedly going the way of the dinosaurs, toward extinction. You have enough evidence in your own families to know that righteous people sometimes have their families ripped apart by circumstances beyond their control. It takes courage and faith to plan for what God holds before you as the ideal rather than what might be forced upon you by circumstances . . . there are important ways in which planning for failure can make failure more likely and the ideal less so. Consider. . . the commandment as an example: . .

. "mothers are primarily responsible for the nurture of their children". . . A young woman might prepare for a career incompatible with being primarily responsible for the nurture of her children because of the possibilities of not marrying, of not having children, or of being left alone to provide for them herself. Or she might fail to focus her education on the gospel and the useful knowledge of the world that nurturing a family would require, not realizing that the highest and best use she could make of her talents and her education would be in her home. Consequently, because a young woman had planned thus, (she) might make what is best for a family less likely to be obtained." (Ensign, February 1998, page 16, emphasis added)

I know there is a stigma about the importance of being a career homemaker. To admit that your highest aspiration is to be a good wife and mother is to admit that you won't have a professional career, and that is not smiled upon by our society. When I was in college, the natural question that everyone asked upon introducing was: "What is your major?" or "What are you studying?" I responded, "Mommy-hood". That really was what I was studying! I had begun college as an English major. Then I experienced the spiritual awakening of a testimony of who I was and what my role as a woman in the Lord's church in the last days would entail. I changed my major to Family Studies (a now defunct major) and tried to get all the practical education that I could. Not many of the classes gave me the excellent and true-to-life education that I needed. I have learned more from my friends in times of crisis in my life about miscarriage, childbirth, infant care, breastfeeding, caring for sick children, feeding children to build their immune systems and prevent dental problems (and a hundred other topics) than I ever learned in college or while living at home. Oh, the suffering that would have been relieved had I possessed knowledge!

I do think that our daughters need to learn History, Science, English, Math, Constitution, and American Government, Basic Computer Skills and other academics. These subjects can be well learned long before college age, though. I think they can be completed during high school years. College level World History is just the same World History that you learned in high school, with

much more detail. My son discovered the hard way that a beginning Spanish course at college was the same stuff he'd learned years before in first year Spanish at high school, only moving more rapidly. Teach your children adult level academics once (in your own high school homeschool) and let them move on to preparing for their life's work during college age. The public school system is already doing this by granting college credit for their advanced high school courses.

A note of caution: seriously pursuing an alternate course of study requires a lot of self-discipline. I like to see a regular study schedule planned out hour by hour on paper and adhered to. This would entail quiet study time, attending classes that would help meet a goal, Institute attendance, correspondence courses, meeting with others that could tutor in skills, and time researching on the Internet or at the library. Perhaps it would be better for a young woman to be in college disciplining herself to study nothing that pertains than staying at home 24 hours a day doing little to further her education. We are admonished by the leaders of our church to gain all the education we can. The development of self-discipline is a major factor in success when following a program of self-directed study.

Attending college means paying someone to make you do what you intended. A reason that one goes to class and turns in assignments is because one doesn't want to waste tuition money, nor have a bad grade on one's transcript. A way to solve this money motivation matter is to deposit an equivalent amount of tuition/fees that would have been spent on a college course into a bank account. Then form a study contract and have both daughter and parents sign the contract. The contract states the objective (for example: complete a Basic Sewing Course and make final project, a child's outfit), the hours of study, the course outline (names of resources and topics/chapters/projects by week), and the exam/final project deadline date. If the terms of the contract are met, the tuition money is refunded 100% to the student. If the terms are met a week late, 10% is deducted and put in a family vacation fund (or some other fund). Two weeks = 20% forfeit, and etc. This helps a student have the money motivation without losing their

tuition. At this rate and with a little investment, by the time a daughter finishes gaining an education, she can have a hefty dowry as well as an incredible library that will aid her throughout her life!

"Return and report" is an eternal principle. You can help your daughter with her education if you together set up a system of accounting, whether it be by written reports, exams or completing projects (such as cooking a large company meal or passing a First Aid certification) to prove competency in her endeavor.

Another concern I have is that this type of education may not be taken seriously. Although girls need tutoring under their mother's hand plus lots of opportunities to practice, it can be tempting to draft a present daughter into the "mother's helper" role, especially if you have a big family and lots of duties. As mothers, however, we have had our preparation time and we must respect our daughter's time to prepare and study. A young woman also needs to be out of the house some of the time; meeting young men, attending Institute and experiencing some independence so she can learn to interact with the world on her own. Just because she is not pursuing a degree at an accredited institution does not mean that her education is any less important. I have found it challenging not to interrupt study time when I need a helping hand, but I am learning and it is allowing my older children to stay home to study rather than drive to a local library.

Having said that, I still maintain that the best education a girl can come to marriage with is not gained at college following a prescribed course of study for a degree. Oh, may we aptly prepare our daughters!

Diane Hopkins

Books I Wished I had Studied in Preparation for My Career as Wife and Mother

ABC Herbal

Bear's Guide to Non-Traditional College Degrees

Bible  
BYU Speeches (can be found online)  
Choreganizers  
Drawing Textbook  
Empty Harvest  
Encyclopedia of Country Living  
George Washington's Rules of Decency  
Health is a Blessing  
Herbal Health for Women  
Honey for a Child's Heart  
How to Cut Your Child's Hair at Home  
How to Hug a Porcupine  
How to Raise a Healthy Child in Spite of Your Doctor  
How to Win Friends and Influence People  
Calligraphy instruction book  
LDS Conference Reports  
None Dare Call it Education  
Nursing Mother's Companion  
Nutrition and Physical Degeneration  
Polly's Birth Book  
Pregnancy, Childhood and Your Growing LDS Family  
Seven Habits of Highly Effective Families  
Smart Medicine for a Healthier Child  
Solve Your Child's Sleep Problems  
Stock Up Your Medicine Cabinet Herbally  
Teachings of Gordon B. Hinckley

The 21 Rules of this House

The Naturally Healthy Pregnancy

Uncommon Courtesy

Vaccines: Are They Really Safe and Effective?

We Believe

Whole Foods for the Whole Family

Woman and the Priesthood

You Can Teach Your Child Successfully

If you are interested in reading more of Diane's writings, go to her family's fabulous Web Site at <http://www.ldfr.com> or Call at 1-800-290-2283 (toll free) or at 801-423-9111 . (If you call after hours (9:30-5:30 MST, Mon-Sat) or if all the lines are busy, you'll get the voice mail...just leave a message.) Fax - 801-423-9188, 24 hours a day.

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Her article, A College Degree for Girls? I Don't Think So. An Education? Why, of Course, first appeared in her monthly newsletter and is now found in Vol. 2 of I Love Homeschooling.

The Proclamation on the family states:

"The first commandment that God gave to Adam and Eve pertained to their potential for parenthood as husband and wife.

We declare that God's commandment for His children to multiply and replenish the earth remains in force. We further declare that God has commanded that the sacred powers of

procreation are to be employed only between man and woman, lawfully wedded as husband and wife."

This is all well and good for the Lord through his mouthpiece to reemphasize his command to multiply, but if young mother's are so damaged by the current birthing scene, so ignorant of basic nutrition that they go on bed rest the moment they conceive, so care worn and tired they have no milk for their babies, and if they limit their families simply because of ignorance, whose fault is it??? Does the church have some responsibility for this lack of knowledge? Does the church's continual emphasis on the medical model of childbirth contribute to the problems we see in families?

Should a curriculum be devised that would help the parents in the practical day to day living that natural mothering entails? I think so. We in the western world would be well served to follow the lead of our sisters in native countries where birthing and mothering are done in more natural ways. The absolute ignorance level of certain communities is such that young women don't know it is possible to give birth without an epidural. Young women do not understand that there will be consequences for this drug use, sometimes, deadly consequences. Young women don't know that the chemicals in vaccinations could make their babies very sick and toxic. Young women don't know that extended breast feeding, while currently not a socially accepted practice, will ensure the health and well being of their babies for years to come, they also don't know the protein and calorie amounts necessary to produce the milk to feed the baby. Over dependence on the doctors who also have no knowledge of this important information, has created a sick co-dependent situation where the baby gets sick, the mother runs to the doctor, who charges lots of money, yet doesn't take the time or have the time to teach the mother how to keep the baby well. And the ones who suffer during this cycle are the babies!

A typical girl in our country grows up learning more about sexual aberration and perversity through the health classes in the public schools than she does about normal human intimacy. (I am thrilled by the new abstinence movement in the schools though.) The videos of traumatic

birth, which are portrayed in school sex Ed classes do more for delayed marriage, postponement of children, and the abortion industry than anyone realizes.

These videos also fill the young people with fear that this abomination of drugs and surgery birth await them if they want to be parents. Few doctors have ever witnessed a truly natural birth where the mother was allowed to go into labor spontaneously, then encouraged to change positions for comfort and birth the child squatting or standing or whatever position she feels comfortable with. There is generally very little damage to the mother's body during one of these births as the baby was designed to come out the mother's vagina, not her belly.

Yet it is the doctors we run to for information on how to give birth - crazy!

I am looking forward to the day when every young latter day saint girl is so well educated in natural parenting that she confidently marries at a young age, after fully preparing herself for the hard work that is motherhood. She willingly accepts the babies that Father sends to her, without a thought wasted on birth control and spacing. She will know and believe that real, honest to goodness breast feeding will give her body a break from pregnancy for a time and she doesn't have to worry that another child will be conceived too soon. She will also carefully nourish and hydrate her body so that the babies in her womb won't want to leave!

The only LDS mother's I am acquainted with who desire large families are those who have taken the time to educate themselves on these important matters. The mother's who scream the most about pain in childbirth and the bother of raising children and who spend the vast majority of their babies early years trying to find someone to care for the baby while they do other things are those women who rely mostly on other's to do the things that God ordained for them to do when it comes to birth, nursing and nurturing. This is a travesty and a blight on our people.

In the next few chapters I am going to share with you my prescription for making a healthy baby. I believe it is an equation. When certain principles are adhered to and practiced, the likelihood of a healthier child entering the world is realized.

At General Conference April of 2001 Apostle Dallin H. Oaks stated:

"The work of God is to bring to pass the eternal life of His children (see Moses 1:39), and all that this entails in the birth, nurturing, teaching, and sealing of our Heavenly Father's children. Everything else is lower in priority. Think about that reality as we consider some teachings and some examples on priorities. As someone has said, if we do not choose the kingdom of God first, it will make little difference in the long run what we have chosen instead of it."

I agree with this statement. I feel that the young women of the church are being encouraged in their worldliness by parents and teachers assuming that they will birth and nurture their babies with the tools of the medical profession. The birth control and the lack of knowledge of natural things prevents our girls from learning the truth about their bodies.

Again from Brother Oaks talk (can you tell I loved it?)

" As a further illustration of the need for focus in using and teaching from the great information resources of the past, consider the comparative value today of the advice Brigham Young gave to an audience 140 years ago with what President Hinckley and other servants of the Lord are saying to each of us right now, in this conference. Or compare the value to each of us of some other facts or advice from the distant past with what our stake president said at our last stake conference or what our bishop counseled us last Sunday.

Overarching all of this is the importance of what the Spirit whispered to us last night or this morning about our own specific needs. Each of us should be careful that the current flood of information does not occupy our time so completely that we cannot focus on and hear and heed the still, small voice that is available to guide each of us with our own challenges today."

Again, logically, if babies, family, and gospel ordinances are the most important thing to Heavenly Father and our own personal relationship with the Holy Ghost is the absolute most critical skill we can develop for life in these last days, shouldn't we ask Father if the path we are on with our mothering is his will for his child? Or our will? Or societies will?

Brother Oaks challenged us with this:

"We should take advantage of all these great discoveries . . . and give to our children the benefit of every branch of useful knowledge, to prepare them to step forward and efficiently do their part in the great work"

What is more useful to humanity than teaching our young daughters how to build a healthy child? The whole foundation of humanity rests on this truth. If we all believe the lies and propaganda of the chemical companies and get to the point where none of us can reproduce, then, what is the purpose of our existence?

Finally from Apostle Oaks:

"In terms of priorities for each major decision (such as education, occupation, place of residence, marriage, or childbearing), we should ask ourselves, what will be the eternal impact of this decision? Some decisions that seem desirable for mortality have unacceptable risks for eternity. In all such choices we need to have inspired priorities and apply them in ways that will bring eternal blessings to us and to our family members."

How can we have eternal blessings for our family if we are too sick and crazy to have babies?

It seems to me that the worldliness/lack of personal knowledge of natural parenting of the mother's in Zion should be the first red flag as to where we are at as a people. Utah is the epidural capital of the world.

The pattern I see is this:

We are born, we are fed chemicals and a little cow's milk, we are drugged with medications and vaccinations, we are fed over processed, sugary, fatty foods our whole childhood, we are overindulged with "stuff" while our mother's find themselves in hobbies and volunteer work outside the home. We spend 12 to 20 years in institutions of higher learning, educating ourselves on everything that is not mothering. Then we marry, we use the pill for a few years to keep the babies away while we pursue worldly goals, we decide that *now* we are ready to welcome our babies into our homes. We are infertile. We use drugs and surgery to put the baby

into the womb. We use technology and drugs to keep the baby in the womb. Perhaps we have struggled with an eating disorder and still have "food" issues, we puke for 7 months of our pregnancy, we finally, gratefully give birth with more drugs and technology. Our baby is sick, it is not able to suck and thus the milk does not form in our breasts. We drug the baby, we don't bond with the baby, we let other's bond with it while we engage in Martha Stewart type busyness, while the chemical and food companies feed and medicate our babies. We get depressed, we don't feel that "mother love" intensity for our babies. When other's talk about it we assume that we are not meant to be mother's and decide one or two is enough. We spend the rest of our days wondering how those pioneer women ever had more than two children. Never pondering that motherhood was not supposed to be this way and yet, we feel helpless to change and helpless to do anything about it. The pattern continues with our own daughters, if they are able to get pregnant, and although we say family is the most important thing in our lives, we really wonder at times if this so called happiness and joyfulness is really all its cracked up to be.

When we replace the sacredness of natural birth with the technology of drugs, knives, and machines we rob women of their birthright of empowered natural mothering. Ironically we also take away the joy and satisfaction that comes with a natural birth, watching a baby thrive on our milk, and the deep contentment both mother and child feel when truly bonded together well. What is left is the dark and lonely depression which accounts for so many of our sisters turning to the psychiatric profession for chemicals to overcome and numb the pain that is felt when chemicals, machines, and masked men and women replace the natural god given capabilities of most woman. (Some women need the tools of the medical profession because of handicaps).

As I see it, we have two choices, we can now decide to get educated on natural parenting and let go of the Babylonian model which has been thrust on us by those conspiring men who make boatloads of cash from our ignorance, or we can wait until the Lord cleanses us with war and natural disaster and forces us to learn provident living. That is if we are one of the ones "left". D & C 112:24-26 says "Behold, vengeance cometh speedily upon the inhabitants of the earth, a

day of wrath, a day of burning, a day of desolation, lamentation; and as a whirlwind it shall come upon all the face of the earth, saith the Lord.

And upon my house shall it begin, and from my house shall it go forth, saith the Lord. First among those among you, saith the Lord, who have professed to know my name and have not known me and have blasphemed against me in the midst of my house, saith the Lord."

The Lord doesn't qualify any of us in his church. In fact he makes it clear that this whirlwind of cleansing will BEGIN on his house! The question that needs to be asked is: "Are you prepared as a parent to care for your children when the worldly structures are not there to help you? Can you give birth, breast-feed, heal, and feed your little ones without the help of the modern conveniences most of us have been brainwashed into using? If the answer is no, then keep reading, because I will outline a few principles which if adhered to will enable you and your spouse to wean from the structures available for health care and family education and prepare for that survival situation. What may truly surprise you is how happy family life will become once you get rid of the Babylonian lifestyle that takes a daily toll on our home life and replace it with the quiet, purposeful life our ancient ancestors enjoyed. What modern woman would spend a whole year purifying her body for marriage? What modern women would stay home from church for ten weeks to breast-feed her daughter?

Yet this is what Esther did and this is what Mary did. This is what the children of Israel did. I get the feeling these things were important to them, because of the amount of time spent on them. In fact, I believe the main reason Esther spent so much time preparing for marriage is because in her culture marriage meant babies. She wasn't preparing herself with essential oils simply to be more beautiful for her husband, she was preparing for childbirth. Myrrh was classically used as an aid during pregnancy, birth and postpartum and because of that fact, this is most likely why the wise men brought that particular oil to Mary after Jesus's birth.

How healthy would our posterity be if we spent the time and energy our ancient sisters did preparing for marriage, pregnancy, and mothering? I think we would all be amazed.

Modern mothers are in fact adopting these practices. Much to the chagrin of her ward family, I have a friend who gave birth to a nine-pound son just six weeks ago and has stayed in relative seclusion the whole time. She is committed to home birth, natural mothering, and fully bonding with her son and giving this fifth child all of the tender nurture he deserves. I am certain many people in her sphere have no clue what she is trying to do, what eternal bond is being formed with this gently birthed son as she quietly sees to his every need during these crucial early weeks. I keep asking her "are you bored, do you need to get out?" Her reply has consistently been "no, I am fine" She is just quietly engaged in the most important work on the planet and I honor her for her dedication and sensitivity to add this new dimension of purposeful seclusion to her mothering. I will now spend the rest of the book sharing some principles, which if implemented, will help any family through the trials and tribulations of end times events before the Savior comes.

## Chapter twelve – When eating for two...or three....or four

Nutrition Chapter:

As I sit down to type this chapter, I have on my mind the story of a young mother that was shared with me just yesterday (July 2001). I was told of a baby that had been induced to be born at thirty weeks gestation because the mother was suffering from Toxemia and the doctor's felt the baby would do better outside the womb than inside. When the young couple questioned how this disease could have happened, the doctors replied, "Toxemia has no known cause." This family is now experiencing the stress and cost associated with a three pound child who requires NICU care for a few weeks.

"NO KNOWN CAUSE" – this statement made me want to vomit because of the rage I felt upon hearing this story.

Having taught the Bradley Method of Natural Childbirth for eight years, A huge part of my class was teaching basic nutrition to the couples. Most of the families who came to me to learn were highly educated professionals in their late 30's having a first baby. They tended to be readers, thinkers, and liberals. Many were "into" nutrition. As I would attempt to educate, my biggest frustration with these families was that so many of them had adopted the "fads" of the media, or had read that awful "what to expect" book, that I had a difficult time convincing them to get the proper amounts of protein and calories into their diets. However, all of these couples had babies that were over six pounds, carried to term, and they generally had better births than the mainstream.

My goal with this nutrition chapter is to simply and effectively share a few principles with you that will help you move beyond the fads and into the truth. Truth that will set you free to have a wonderful birth, an abundant breastfeeding experience, and a big beautiful healthy baby!

If a young woman were to come to me asking what she could do to help prepare her body for marriage, sexuality, pregnancy, birth, and breastfeeding, I would encourage her to do as Esther in the Bible did, and take a YEAR to prepare.

During that year I would encourage her to engage in a variety of purification's that would help prepare her body for the hard work of building the physical body, the temple, where her child's spirit would be housed for it's mortal life. We have been told "be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Building a Temple, a physical body, with poparts, soda, drugs, candy, and popcorn is the like the builder's of our temples using the poorest building materials for Heavenly Father's house on earth. Imagine one of our beautiful temples built with pressed wood, gravel, and then painted an ugly green. Do we understand that attempting to build our children's bodies with junk food and chemicals is a similar act??? The tissues of a baby's body are NOT built well with Synthetic Vitamins, Tums, and Dominos Pizza.

Here are a few ideas for cleansing.....(I have done all of them personally and can attest to how effective they are!)

#### Liver and Kidney:

The Liver is the master organ for pregnancy. During early gestation the mother's liver must filter the waste for the baby until it's own liver has been formed and is functioning. Many women stop puking during the month that the baby's liver function kicks in. Most of us have livers clogged and congested with solid waste. Four years ago I began doing liver cleanses. It has been incredible to me to see what I have passed out of my body since that time. Thousands and thousands of stones, generally the size of a small pea and looking somewhat like overcooked peas in color and shape. It has been suggested that these stones have at their heart a little dead

parasite, a flute, which having been filtered by the liver, stays inside and over time is covered with layer upon layer of cholesterol until the stones becomes solid. Anyone who suffers from food and chemical allergies has thousands of these stones congesting their liver.

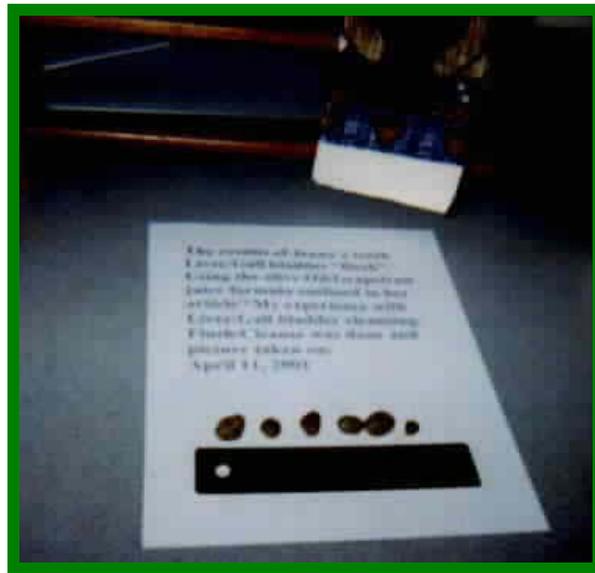
Don't believe me?

Do a flush and see what comes out.

Here is my simple recipe for a liver cleanse.

1. Purchase the Cleansing Trio, Di-Tone Essential oil blend, and Parafree from Young Living Essential Oils –My member number if you wish to order is #29526  
<http://www.youngliving.com> – spend two weeks taking all four of the food products – Comfortone, ICP, Megazyme, and Parafree. Rub Di-Tone on your feet morning and night. Drink at least eight glasses of pure water every day of this cleanse. Eat your normal diet but emphasize raw fruits and vegetables and fresh garden salads.
2. When the two weeks are finished fast for three days with just pure water and the fabulous Young Living product, Mineral Essence . Put squirt after squirt of it into your water and glug it down.
3. At the end of the three-day water fast, drink fresh pressed fruit juices, like Apple, orange, and Black Cherry. You can drink bottled juice, but fresh is better. Drink this juice for a day or so. This will help to soften up the stones in your liver and gall bladder.
4. Start the liver cleanse by preparing some Epsom salts in water – Two tablespoons in three cups of water, refrigerate. This concoction will help to open up the bile ducts and release the stones.
5. Drink  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of the cold Epsom salts – rinse your mouth with a few sips of water. Wait two hours. Get your grapefruit out of the fridge, and let it sit on the counter.
6. Drink another  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of the Epsom salts – wait two hours

7. Get your infusion of Olive Oil and Grapefruit ready. I always press the grapefruit fresh and heat the olive oil just a little in a pan on the stove – (do NOT microwave to heat this!!!) Use at least ½ cup of olive oil and ½ cup of grapefruit juice. I usually use a full cup of each. Right before I drink down the olive oil drink, I do five Yoga sun salutations to open up my digestive tract. I also put White Angelica Blend Essential Oil from Young Living on my shoulders to help protect me from any negativity that might be released from my liver. The liver is the anger center of the body and if you think the emotion that might be released could overwhelm your spirit, the white angelica oil protects against negativity and just sends it out of the body. I also put Juva Flex Blend Oil on the reflex point for my liver on my right foot and a few drops directly over my liver (Under the ribcage on the right side of the body.) Then I go stand next to my bed and put quite a few pillows on it. I drink the infusion quickly and then lie down on my back with my head elevated and start breathing, deeply. I hold still as much as possible, only moving if I feel guided to. You may need to run to the bathroom to poop, but if you can hold it in, then do, for as long as you can. Take a nap or go to sleep for the night. You may feel the stones moving through the bile duct out of the liver, it feels like small marbles gently moving along.
8. After six hours do another infusion of the warm olive oil and grapefruit. I just repeat the above steps with the Yoga, the oils, and lying on my bed.
9. After another six hours, I again repeat these steps. Completing the infusion at least three times. The most I have ever done the flush was five times over three days. I ate no food, just drank pure water as I needed it. This is a great way to cleanse and invigorate your liver. The stones that I removed during my huge cleanse numbered in the hundreds and the biggest ones were the size of a quarter. I know this is difficult to believe and so I will share a picture of some of the stones that passed out of me, next to a six-inch ruler.



10. You can do one liver flush or as many as you have time to do, just make sure you have the six-hour span between infusions so as not to overwhelm your colon. It takes at least twenty liver flushes to rid the body of the stones that cause Food and Chemical Allergies. I have now done thirteen over the past four years. I plan to continue on until I am no longer allergic. I know I am healing because once I was allergic to cats and recently I slept in a bedroom where a Siamese cat lived and I did not even have a sniffle.
11. When you are ready to begin introducing food into your digestive system again, go light, raw fruits and juices, salad, and liquid proteins are good until your system gets revved up again. After a few days of recovery, you will feel much better, very clear headed. I have noticed that I always seem to notice beauty more when I have just done a flush. A beautiful flower thrills me, the sunset renews my spirit and a sparkling rainbow is something to be savored. I don't know exactly why doing the liver cleanse has this effect on me, but it does and it is nice.

12. I also break out in rashes when I cleanse. I don't know if this will happen to you. I have always suffered with skin problems and so it is the way my body likes to put toxins out. I also don't have the important detoxing organs, my appendix and my tonsils (stolen from me by the medical profession because of my ignorance), so perhaps to help my digestive tract a little, my skin works harder to de-tox than others. Here is a picture of me during the cleanse. My hands and face are all broken out.



The liver cleanse is something that can be done throughout life. I have never done one when I was pregnant, but I would only imagine it would be safer than gall bladder surgery if a Mother was to have a gall bladder attack during her pregnancy.

I plan to continue to do these flushes every six months for the rest of my life. It is simple, cheap, and it works! If you are not convinced on the cheap part, just call your local hospital and ask them the going rate for gall bladder removal. My guess is that you would be able to purchase dozens and dozens of Cleansing Trio kits, Parafree, the oils, and bag after bag of grapefruit, and dozens of cans of Olive oil. Besides all the savings on allergy medication, etc....

I started having gall bladder attacks during my second pregnancy in 1991. I had no idea what caused them, but I noticed that I felt worse after eating a heavy meal. So I ate lots of fresh fruits and vegetables during her pregnancy and no dairy at all. I just couldn't stomach it. But dairy foods have many nutrients that are beneficial for pregnant Moms and I wish I had been able to digest better. If I had known about these cleanses I could have saved myself so much pain, literal pain. Only those who pass a gall stone know the pain. The pain comes from the stone grinding through the bile duct.

Those pains continued on and off for the next five years until my chiropractor introduced us to the liver flush. I have shared my own recipe, using the Young Living products. I think the Young Living Cleansing foods are the most effective colon cleansers on the market. But many recipes and herbal formulas are available at health food stores and whole web pages are on the internet that tell how to do an effective digestive tract cleanse. Everyone has a slightly different recipe.

Any OB will tell you the detoxifying organs are the ones most stressed during pregnancy. By cleansing them well before conception, (Dads should also participate in this cleansing!), the nasty symptoms of pregnancy are lessened. Less nausea, less heartburn, more energy, better transfer of nutrients from mother to baby, better assimilation of nutrients from food taken into the cells of the body. Less TOXEMIA, which has been described by Tom Brewer MD, as a disease, of MALNUTRITION. Gail Sforza Krebs and Tom Brewer have written several excellent books on pregnancy nutrition. The best is, [The Brewer Pregnancy Hotline, what every pregnant woman should know about Nutrition, Bedrest, and Drugs in Normal and High Risk Pregnancy](#). Because this book is the absolute best nutrition read on the market for pregnancy, I have linked to it from my website. It is available in e-book or regular form. Go to [www.naturalfamily.com](http://www.naturalfamily.com) to purchase it. The fact that the average OB hasn't read these books or the studies that accompany them and has zero understanding of Toxemia being caused by PROTEIN deficiency and Malnutrition, is evidenced by the story I shared in the beginning of this chapter.

This is a blight on the medical profession that even today in 2001, doctors are ignorant of this simple, common sense information. Why don't they know and why haven't they been taught? The Drug companies own and run the medical schools and use these schools to propagandize the medical students on drug and surgical interventions that will relieve the common symptoms of pregnancy. There is no profit in doctors being taught common sense nutrition. Additionally there is no profit in doctors teaching or making sure woman are taught basic nutritional information during pregnancy. So it is up to the parents to teach themselves what the daily nutritional requirements are to make a healthy child.

During the days when I was still going to doctors for help with my pregnancies, I had contact with about ten of them during my first three medical births. Not ONCE did any of them ask me what I was eating.

If you want better health overall, cleanse your liver. I personally think if a young mother only cleansed her liver, before conception, this would give her the most effective return on her investment of time and a little money.

If you feel that you don't think you have the luxury to take a year off from work or school to prepare for marriage and mothering, here are a few ideas to help you cleanse "on the side".

Fast at least once a month for twenty-four hours. Fast with a purpose. Consciously think of your children waiting to come to you up in heaven and fast for them, that they will have a safe and wonderful place to grow in your womb. Visualize your Uterus and think of it being cleansed from the inside out.

I have a friend who suffered for years with multiple chemical sensitivity. After giving birth to two babies prematurely, she decided to find out what was wrong with her body. As she researched and read and pondered, she discovered the answers to her problems on the Internet. She started to cleanse. Deep tissue parasite cleanses. Then she discovered the liver flush and began doing them. She also used them on her little girls, who both have passed stones. One day she was doing a liver flush and she felt something drop from her Uterus. When one thinks of the

various tumors, cysts, and growths that so many women suffer with, using gentle means to cleanse these pockets of disease out of the body is such a gift. Rather than going to the surgeon to cut them out of our bodies, what a blessing to simply put the nutrients into our bodies and watch the cleansing take place. My friend is actively preparing for another baby, but wants to make sure her liver is completely clean before she attempts to get pregnant. She has basically stayed home for a year to stay away from chemicals in the community, (yes even the chemicals at church), and as she has rebuilt her body from the inside out with pure organic foods, and actively cleansed the deep tissues of her body, and her home environment, she has felt a child's spirit waiting to come to her. This child is patiently waiting to enter her womb, which has carefully been prepared to house the body, the temple where his spirit will reside.

I am so proud of her hard work and focus. It takes a great deal of courage to stop everything in life and just focus on wellness. When the body is screaming for us to notice it, and take proper care of it – screaming so loud with symptoms of pain and suffering and discomfort – then is the time to listen, and if we listen well, the symptoms of our body can be a map to us, to teach us what is needful to be well. So much of modern medicine is simply about removal of symptoms, removal at any cost. Remove the inflamed uterus, remove the ovary, or remove the breast. Sometimes the disease has been allowed to progress to the point where perhaps we do need to have the organ removed to save our lives. But often the removal takes place simply because of pain, fear, and discomfort. When we remove an organ that is being distressed by disease and inflammation, we are also choosing to ignore or not listen to the conversation our body is trying to have with our spirit.

In the past decades exciting research has been documented on the various emotional aspects of disease. My favorite book on this topic, Feelings buried alive, never die by Karol K. Truman has a list in the back of it which describes the various illnesses and the emotional distress they are tied to. Uterine cancer has at its heart the emotions of being ticked off at the male gender, repressed anger, and feeling like a martyr. Is it possible that a woman who eats a pure diet and

has complete control over their home environment in regards to toxins, could still develop cancer of the uterus because of struggling with these feelings? I believe so. The power of wellness is in our minds and our hearts and our beliefs. But I also believe that the physical, emotional, and spiritual bodies are completely intertwined. I also know that the physical body is a great place to start when cleansing. The physical removal of toxins from the cells, followed by the complete saturation of the tissues of the body with vitamins, minerals and protein, has such a huge regenerative effect, that the body/mind can quickly do a huge transformation from a depressed, toxic, fat body to a vibrant, healthy, and glowing temple for our spirits to reside in – sparkling with life and vitality.

Occasionally we will be stumped, seeming to regress into pain and patterns of disease. These regressions should be recognized as further opportunities to heal our physical bodies, rather than symptoms needing to be suppressed with drugs and surgery. As we learn to know our own bodies, our physical weaknesses and strengths, our nutritional requirements and the amount of sleep necessary for health...a great freedom will come over us.

A mini cleanse you could do for your liver would be to fast for one day. Then, drink organic apple juice and take Parafree tincture along with your regular meals for one week. This softens up the stones in your liver. Then do the flush on a Saturday afternoon. Eat a normal lunch. Then take the Epsom salts in a larger quantity (4 tablespoons in three cups of water) to cleanse the bowel and open the bile ducts to pass the stones. Take  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups of this at 2PM, and again at 4 PM. Eat citrus for supper. (grapefruit and oranges) Then at 7PM take one more dose of the Epsom salts. Get ready for bed and warm the grapefruit and olive oil. Mix together  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of warmed olive oil and fresh pressed grapefruit. Drink it down within five minutes and then lay down on your right side with your knees up to your chest. Lay still for as long as you can, go to sleep if you are able. In the morning drink one more dose of the Epsom salts to help your colon pass out the stones. Eat light foods that day. I have done seven of these “mini” liver cleanses and have passed on average 200 stones per flush. Follow the flush with healing/nourishing

meals. My favorite foods to help rebuild my liver are Power meal from Young Living and NuPlus from Sunrider. These concentrated foods are the perfect tools to rebuild and regenerate the liver once the debris has been removed.

### Teeth and Skin:

Doctor Weston A. Price D.D.S. – famous dentist, wrote a wonderful book called Nutrition and Physical Degeneration in the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. It was his belief that our teeth are the best indicators of health in the body. Dr. Price wrote that Dental Caries are evidence of nutritional deficiencies.

Quotes from his book:

...”Nature MUST be obeyed!.....

.....”It is a matter of immediate concern that if a scale were extended a mile long, and the decades represented by inches, there would apparently be more degeneration in the last few inches than in the preceding mile. This gives some idea of the virulence of the blight contributed by our modern civilization.”

“One immediately wonders if there is not something in the life giving vitamins and minerals of the food that builds not only great physical structures within which their souls reside, but build minds and hearts capable of a higher type of manhood in which the material values of life are made secondary to individual character.”

Quoting Hooton, the distinguished physical anthropologist. “Hooton has made important observations regarding our modern physical degeneration. As an approach to this larger problem of man’s progressive degeneration, he has proposed the organization and establishment of an Institute of clinical anthropology, the purpose of which he has indicated....For finding out what man is like biologically when he does not need a doctor – in order to further ascertain what he should be like after the doctor is finished with him. I am entirely serious when I suggest that it is

a very myopic medical science which works backward from the morgue, rather than forward from the cradle.”

“We like the successful primitives, can establish programs of instruction for growing youth and acquaint it with nature’s requirements long before the emergencies and stresses arise. This may require a large-scale program of home and classroom instruction, particularly for the high school girls and boys. This would be in accordance with many of the primitive races...”

Dr. Price’s book is simply a record, with pictures, of his travels to native people’s the world over. In his studies he discovered that these societies had survived, even thrived in health and well being by creatively finding the sources for all the protein, vitamin, and mineral requirements to make healthy babies. In all of the cultures the young boys and girls were put on special diets before marriage to help prepare them for making healthy children. Some cultures had strict traditions of baby spacing to keep the mother’s healthy throughout the childbearing season and ensure that each individual member of the tribe was healthy and strong.

Recently I read a book about Nigeria because my parents are there serving a Humanitarian mission for our church. Today in Nigeria, upon menstruation, young girls in certain tribes are cloistered in a room away from the general populace, where they are fed well on high fat and high protein foods, taught fertility dances, and are prepared for marriage. (Did you know that the belly dancing of the orient was traditionally used during labor to help the baby pass out of the womb! Try belly dancing instead of getting an epidural!!!)

We in the west look upon these cultures of the third world as somehow being less, but it seems to me at least they are attempting to educate their daughters on natural things like nutrition and natural birth rather than teaching them the propaganda of the pharmaceutical and food corporations.

I remember watching C-Span one time. It was a broadcast from a Woman’s Issues Conference in Washington D.C. Various speakers were decrying the practice of American corporations exporting their Abortion machines, Birth Control drugs, and Sterilization tools to

Third World Countries. Some women shared stories of forced abortions and sterilization's at the hands of doctors. I will never forget one little African Man. He was a minister of health in a small African country. He said in a very humble but direct way, "we do not want to kill our people, please keep your machines of death out of our country, what we would like from you in the west is help with irrigation and well digging, healthy food storage, and maximizing crop yields". I am certain his pleas fell on deaf ears. What Corporation would profit from those activities? OK, maybe a gardening or tool company.

The pharmaceutical companies know where the profit lies; Money comes with consumption of The Pill, the IUD, the abortion, the epidural, the c-section, the baby formula, the pre - packaged food, the hysterectomy, the tubal ligation. And with all of these profit producing products of death comes one more thing....control over women's bodies and minds. Women are the heartbeat of the home and so control over their health and well being begets control over the husband, his children, and because of his love and sense of duty to his family, his willingness to do anything to provide "the best" for his family.

Truly healthy families don't need drugs and machines to help them with their baby making. They need a quiet political life that will enable them to grow crops in freedom, so the Mother's and babies will be healthy and well fed. They don't need our abortion machines and our birth control pills, and our legalized infanticide, they don't even want it. But that is all our corporate powers have to offer them. That and corn flakes.

Do we do anything to help our young people get educated in natural principles? Our high school health classes are a wasteland of propaganda for birth control and abortion. Our kindergarten children are being taught alternative lifestyles, and our College age girls take the pill and get abortions without pondering that these choices may have dire consequences for them later on when they may wish to have a child.

The only real medical preparation I had for my marriage and motherhood was a visit to a family doctor who did a pelvic, blood work, and a pap, declared I was healthy as could be, and

asked me if I had any questions about sex. It took about five minutes of his time, He asked me if I wanted birth control. I said, “no, we will just take the babies as the Lord sends them” and that was it. No information about nutrition, no information about how to prevent morning sickness – (It is mostly caused by dehydration and fear of birth), no information on how crucial it is to eat healthy fat and proteins before conception. He didn’t know these things and even if he did, he wouldn’t have had time in his busy day to educate me on them.

My sister had a nasty confrontation with her doctor when she went to him for her pre-marriage blood work and exam. He was an OB/GYN working out of the BYU health clinic. He pushed the Pill on her so bad that she left his office crying, clutching the prescription in her hand. My other sister and I had shared with her some really damning information on the pill before that visit with the doctor and she had determined not to go on the pill before her marriage. This ugly little man had other plans for her however. Why would a doctor push the pill on his clients? I read a story of a Christian OB who decided he was going to stop pushing the pill on his clients. Within a few months of not prescribing the pill he discovered that his practice had dropped \$35,000.00 a MONTH in profits. A nice tidy little sum robbed from the healthy bodies and innocent wombs of the ignorant. Did this Mormon doctor understand the plague of death and the legacy of ill health he was bullying my sister into? I am not sure if he understood or cared. All he could see was the money he would lose if she did not partake. He didn’t spend any time teaching her how to make a healthy baby, he didn’t give her any nutritional advice, or one bit of practical information. Rather he spent an hour arguing with her on the merits of the Pill.

During the days when I was still going to the doctors, I had contact with ten OB’s because of the four different states we lived in during the early years of our marriage. During my prenatal care with my primary care physicians and their partners, not ONCE did any of them offer me any nutritional advice. They didn’t know it’s importance and they did not have time to teach. One day shortly after my third birth I made the determination that they didn’t know anything of value to me personally. I had spent years studying and reading and pondering and

putting into practice the things I learned. I was tired of fighting with them over not being induced. I was sickened by the poor advice that was given to my sisters and the couples who took my Bradley class. Advice like, “you have toxemia – stop eating salt, no excess protein, go on bed rest, and take these drugs.” Why go to them for prenatal care if all they were going to do was give me bad advice? I’d rather get a massage.

How many women would prefer to get a chiropractic adjustment, or a ninety-minute massage than go sit in some doctor’s waiting room for two hours? Then pee in a cup, get blood pressure checked, listen to a heartbeat, weighed, told she was too fat and then sent on her way, with the doctor too busy to answer the list of questions she had so thoughtfully prepared. Who needs this type of “care” and why are we all so dumb to think it is worth the insane amounts of money they charge for it?

I have learned practical things these past years, and I would like to share a few of them with you!

Here are some simple ideas.

Stay away from chemicals. Use all environmentally safe household cleaners, laundry soap and dish soap. Shaklee is the best! Use personal care products that do not contain sodium Laurel sulfate. Young Living Essential Oils shampoo, conditioner, soaps, and toothpaste are the finest on the market!

Eat foods in as close to their natural state as possible, buy organic when available. Get a wheat grinder and start grinding all your own grains, seeds, and beans. The year before pregnancy, except for cleansing days, eat at least 80 grams of high quality protein a day. When conception occurs up your protein to 100 grams a day and during lactation to 120 grams a day. For twins eat 150 grams of protein a day during pregnancy. For nursing twins get 170 grams of protein a day. Add 30 grams of protein and 500 calories (a quart of milk will provide these amounts!) for each additional baby for triplets, etc...or if tandem nursing. If you have a large frame, eat even more! A great foundational diet for pregnancy is a quart of fresh milk and two

eggs every day. (If you and your husband are balking at the amount of food you need to make a healthy baby, think of a little preemie in NICU care for a month or two, and how much that will cost!) Drink eight glasses of pure water a day. Eat butter, fresh pressed oils and foods like nuts and avocados, foods with high amounts of natural fats. Rotate your sources of protein, carbs, and fats. Don't eat the same foods every day. Eat spelt with goat milk one day and Kamut with Cow's milk another day.

Seriously consider getting a reverse osmosis water purification system. Shaklee's best water is excellent! <http://www.shaklee.net/drake/product/52345>

Consider getting an air purifier. I have used the Alpine brand for years, but Shaklee has a brand called Air source and both companies have excellent products!

Up your calories the year before pregnancy to at least 3,000 a day. When conception occurs eat between four and five thousand calories a day. For lactation, shoot for between five and seven thousand calories a day. These amounts are blowing your mind? We Americans are starving in a wilderness of disease and deficiency. I know whereof I speak and if your desire is to build a healthy child, why don't you just try this for one pregnancy, preferably your first, so you can get a testimony for yourself right at the beginning. Every time I attempted to teach these calorie amounts in my childbirth preparation classes, the woman who had always starved themselves on 2000 a day calorie diets would balk and question and wonder. Only a few of them tried it, and interestingly enough, they were the ones who had the largest babies, the quickest deliveries and the least pain during labor. It says in the book of Isaiah that during the Millennium the age of a man will be the age of a tree. Do you honestly think you are going to build a baby that will live to be several hundred years old by starving your way through pregnancy and then raising that child on artificial foods and chemicals? If you forego breastfeeding because you want to fit back into your old clothes, who the heck is going to care about that in a couple generations? We all know what is best, yet so many moms complain, "my milk dried up at three months!" Maybe if you would eat ENOUGH healthy food before conception and during

pregnancy and get your fat stores up, your breasts will magically fill with food for your baby and you can have the pleasure and satisfaction of watching your baby thrive on your milk.

As for the actual birth of your child. No matter where you choose to give birth, you would be well served to take the twelve class Bradley series from a teacher affiliated with the Bradley Academy. (The American Academy of Husband Coached Childbirth 1-800-42-birth). Taking a real childbirth preparation class will enable you to learn and practice the relaxation techniques together as husband and wife that will help your body to quickly open the cervix and let the baby pass. The Bradley Method teachers offer an early bird class in the first trimester, followed by the twelve class series, which usually start in the 35<sup>th</sup> week. Most teachers will allow you to attend additional classes until you go into labor. At these classes you will be taught the basic nutrition principles to build a blue ribbon baby. Breastfeeding information will be covered in detail and you will be educated on informed consent of medical procedures. The “free” hospital classes are little more than obedience classes, if you want some real consumerism, seek out your local Bradley Teacher!

By far the most important thing you will learn in your Bradley class is the techniques for pain management and relaxation. These tools are so powerful and have enabled me to have three painless births. My births were intense during transition, but never painful so that I was screaming for drugs. As long as someone was working on my back, rubbing hard, I was able to relax in the hospital. With my home birth I was alone during labor, and used the water from my shower, vocalization during every contraction and belly dancing to deal with the intensity of the contractions. It worked, and I had no pain. For the couple expecting a new baby, Bradley classes are the most effective and informative way to get ready for a couple’s birth. Even if you can’t take a class, read Dr. Bradley’s book Husband Coached Childbirth or Susan Rosegg’s book, Natural Childbirth the Bradley way for practical information on the stages of labor and relaxation techniques.

Then, for heavens sake, get yourself to a La Leche League meeting and learn how to breastfeed. You will find wonderful lifelong friends at these meetings. Committed stay at home mother's who will be your support and help while you practice attachment parenting. I don't feel the need to write a book on how to labor or nurse, because I feel these books have already been written. The Rosegg's book is my personal favorite for labor preparation. I love The Womanly Art of breastfeeding, written by the LLL, and anything written by Dr. William and Martha Sears will send you down the path to a firm attachment to your child. As you read and study remember to ask Heavenly Father what his will is for the child you carry. He will take you line upon line to the truth. Often times his methods of teaching are simple, yet effective. You will bump into an old friend and have a conversation on the very topic you needed to understand. You will feel like going to the library to look at books and will feel guided to a particular book that contains the answer to your question. All great answers in life start with a question.

Use your body's symptoms of distress and your children's cues to teach you what is needful for your family. Every time you run to a "professional" for advice on how to nurture yourself or your family, you are lessening your own personal freedom to choose. Look to the master of the universe for answers to the problems that plague you and your family.

Cook your own food, and where possible grow your own food too! You as mother have so much control over the health of your children. I love this quote by John Widsoe, which is found in the preface of his wife Leah's cookbook "The woman who prepares the food of the family rises to a place of first social importance. If she does not comply with the modern knowledge of nutrition she becomes an incipient menace to society...Such a food preparer is far more than a cook. She becomes, also, a loving guardian of the well being of her family. In that role, with knowledge and intelligent vision, she summons the courage to battle against injurious appetites, usually acquired by faulty nutrition...All nutritional problems must at last be solved in the kitchens of the world." -- Leah Widtsoe in How to be well

If you are feeling somewhat overwhelmed by this challenge to get into your cooking, think on this:

From the New Laurel's Kitchen – the chapter, The work at Hand...

“What goes on in the kitchen is Holy. Cooking involves an enormously rich coming together of the fruits of the earth with the inventive genius of the human being. So many mysterious transformations are involved—small miracles like the churning of butter from cream, or the fermentation of bread dough. In times past there was no question but that higher powers were at work in such goings on, and a feeling of reverence sprang up in response. I wonder sometimes whether the restorative effects of cooking and gardening arise out of similar—though quite unconscious—responses.... Perhaps though, the real point is not so much to find the Holy Places as to make them. Do we not hallow places by our very commitment to them? When we turn our homes into a place that nourishes and heals and content, we are meeting all the hungers that a consumer society exacerbates but never satisfies. This is an enormously far-reaching achievement, because that home then becomes a genuine counter force to the corporate powers that be, asserting the priority of a very different kind of power..... In a materialistic culture everyone loses; not just women, but men, children, the elderly, the handicapped, and every minority in the book. Whenever the accumulation of wealth is enshrined, the resources of a society will always flow into the hands of the unscrupulous. You can spend your life fighting for equality and justice for one group or another, but if the entire frame of reference is wrong, nobody is going to win.”

Can you young women see that by staking your claim, by standing tall and proud of the work you do in your kitchen, in your own home, your pride in having a large, strong feminine body, that can easily birth, nurse, and nurture, that YOU are engaging in a war? Without saying a word, you are fighting the forces of evil on our planet. The most political thing you can do as a woman is to stay married to your husband, birth your children gently at home, and spend the majority of your time cooking nutritious meals and making your home a haven for your children

and husband, and anyone else that chances by. I can assure you that if you are the stay at home mom on the block who bakes, you will have every kid in the neighborhood over at your house to eat and play.

Again from the New Laurels Kitchen, “Mahatma Ghandi’s word for someone who sought to right wrongs without violence was Satyagrahi, - a “truth seizer” – someone who when he or she discovers something true holds on and follows it, no matter how out of place it seems with “normal” everyday life. Truth here means the enormous value of what goes on in the home – and its just when the rest of the world seems to be denying the truth that those of us who perceive it have to take a stand, beginning where we are.”

My challenge to you Mother’s and Father’s is to simply stand. We are commanded by Father to stand in Holy Places. Stand fast in the truth. Don’t let anyone in your sphere rock your world with the grenades that will be tossed in your direction when you decide to become a Homemaker with a capital H.

I would like to finish this chapter by paying respects to my own beloved mother. My mother was a reader and a thinker who gave birth to eight children, nursed all of us, and passed along a legacy of gentle mothering and memories of A whole food’s kitchen. I will never be able to thank my mother enough for the thousands of meals that she prepared for our family. For the warm whole wheat bread that would be waiting when we children walked in from school. For the hours spent sewing and teaching and reading together. For the fun we had dancing and singing in the living room.

My mother nurtured us during the height of the feminist movement in America. The late sixties and seventies were a time of confusion for women. I am grateful for my mother, for her clarity of purpose, and for her sacrifice of her own worldly aims and pleasures to give our family the best of her-self. As an older teen I still had no concept of what she was doing for us. I invited one of my boyfriends over for Sunday supper one night. His mother had died at a young age and he had been raised in a home with just his father. We had our typical Sunday meal of

roast beef, mashed potatoes with gravy, green salad, homemade bread, and a wonderful fruity dessert. After our supper he walked over to my mother and thanked her so profusely for the meal that I thought to myself, “what’s the big deal? That was nothing.” Yet because of his lack, his clarity on this issue of nurturing our families with food, was very clear. He had no doubt that what had just been offered to him and the family at large, was a precious gift. In my typical teenage arrogance I thought he was just flattering her. But later on, as we talked and he shared his feelings of neglect because he had been raised on packaged TV dinners, and as he expressed his heart to me, I began to get a welling in my heart that told me yes, this daily offering of homemade food was not only “nothing” it was EVERYTHING!! My mother’s legacy of strength and clarity of purpose in family life is being passed along to her grandchildren, all of whom have stay-at-home mother’s. Thankyou Mother, for your example to me. I Love You!



Our Family reunion 2000

I will end this chapter with a plea...Please, let the materialism go...in the end, it is NOTHING! Everything that is true and right in life is tied up in the happy contented smile of a healthy baby.

## Chapter 13 – Additional birth stories and Testimonials

How we chose unassisted birth: Alison

Soon after her conception, while pondering a name in the Temple, I was told that the child I was carrying was indeed a girl, and that her name was to be Elisabeth. With this knowledge in my heart, I began to attempt to plan out her birth. We knew it had to be at home, just as my son Isaac had been born at home, and my two younger sisters had been born at home. Home was the right place and the only place, and short of a medical emergency, nowhere else would do. But how to go about hiring a midwife? Our financial situation had only gotten worse. We had moved, been sealed together in the Temple as a family, then my husband went through a two month period of unemployment, and I miscarried our son Abinadi at 12.5 weeks. 4 months later I was pregnant again. As we pondered the choices available to us, "let's wait and see" seemed to be the only available option. I continued to eat healthy and drink voluminous amounts of water, and I became more and more accepting of my lack of so called pre-natal care. I was healthy, I took my vitamins, and I'd had no problems (physically,) with our oldest son's birth or the miscarriage. So we waited. And waited.

Finally, at 5 months, things changed. A sister in our Branch, due at the same time, found a low lying placenta (completely covering the birth canal,) during her ultrasound and was scheduled for her fourth c-section. Another good LDS friend had planned a homebirth, but decided to get an ultrasound, which revealed Spina Bifida. The baby was scheduled for a cesarean. After the birth she was hospitalized, separated from her baby, and unable to nurse until 5 days after the "birth." I had had some very light spotting in the first month, and I began to feel overwhelmed by fear. What if I had a low-lying placenta? What if I had a baby with a "birth-defect" and couldn't find a midwife? What if I had a baby that needed medical intervention? I decided to get government

insurance (socialized medicine) so that we could get an ultrasound to confirm the safety of a homebirth. If everything looked ok, I reasoned, we could take the "earned income credit" on our taxes (income redistribution) and arrange to pay the midwife a few months after the birth. If everything wasn't ok, we'd know up front and be "covered." After a week of acting in fear, little progress had been made. It was more than just red tape; whenever I'd call, computers would be down, people would be out to lunch, running errands, etc. And my husband and I were fighting every night. I knew this wasn't the right path for us. I knew creeping socialism didn't hold the key to our daughter's birth. So after church on Sunday, I took some quiet time and studied the Doctrine and Covenants, where the Lord talks about the law of the land. I finally felt at peace with the decision to let go of the birth. He would take care of us. He would let us know if something was wrong and we needed medical help.

Almost as soon as I told my husband of my decision to let the Lord take care of our birth, the subject of unassisted birth came up. It seemed crazy, but an option. We decided to call our local midwife, thinking that some miracle could happen and we might be able to pay her, at least get some "prenatal care." She said she'd be happy to work out a per visit price for prenatal care, but that she wasn't delivering babies around that time of year due to holiday and family obligations. Well! The idea of calling the midwives we'd used for our oldest son's birth, an hour and a half away, did not appeal to us. By this point I'd already decided that the minor perineal tear incurred during his birth could have been avoided by more hot towels, a less athletic delivery, and a more upright position. And after five months of no one checking my cervix, I didn't particularly want anyone to start now. I just don't like people having their hands up my yoni.

After the midwife turned us down, all the pieces fell into place. I realized that both the homebirths I'd witnessed, my two younger sisters, were unassisted births. The first was precipitous labor; the doctor and the midwife didn't make it to the planned homebirth. The second, the midwife refused to attend for legal reasons; she provided phone help during the birth but my dad and a few family friends provided all the medical expertise and support. I talked to my parents, who with no priesthood or Temple blessings and no faith in the Lord, had planned and carried out an unassisted homebirth. Certainly I, who had overcome fear through faith in the love of our savior Jesus Christ, could handle whatever He had planned for me! During that same visit to my parents home, I used their internet access to search for "unassisted birth" and was amazed at how much information I found! Two birth stories were obviously LDS parents and all the stories spoke such peace to my heart. Within a few days we went to the Temple and confirmed in our hearts that unassisted was what the Lord wanted us to do. With about two months of gestation left, I started to prepare.

*\*Preparing for Elisabeth's birth:\**

We checked out and watched a video on infant CPR from the library. (With my husband in school full-time and working a full-time job, plus our son, we couldn't find time for a class.)

I read volumes of children's books on new siblings to our son, then two and a half. I talked to him about birth and the new baby sister coming to our home soon. I started going up to my husband's work so I could use his computer to contact other "ucers." Soon some people on an email discussion list (C-Birth) told me about a "uc list" that was specifically for LDS. With one month to go I was home at last!

I didn't worry about testing my urine. Instead I focused on eating a lot of protein, mostly beans, dairy, eggs, tuna fish, and all whole grains, (with a lot of cheeseburgers and tacos thrown in the last couple months!) I took a Freeda all natural multi-vitamin as my pre-natal vitamin, with additional natural vitamin C, Folic Acid, and vitamin E, Colloidal Minerals, and EFA capsules.

I also borrowed a fetoscope and blood pressure cuff and a couple of midwifery texts from a friend. I turned into a birth junkie, with those two books and my Special

Delivery I was constantly studying. We never used the blood pressure cuff. I checked my blood pressure twice at one of the free machines at Wal-Mart, and it was comfortably low as it always is. We checked for the baby's heartbeat once with the fetoscope, and found it, but couldn't ascertain her "lie" or the placental souffle. I worried a little about the possibility of a low-lying placenta. I was also concerned that I might tear again along my previous tear mark, so I planned to squat or kneel during the birth. My husband would "catch," a father's right he was denied at our previous birth. My mother would come to assist with my son Isaac's needs, and gopher supplies, etc. I waffled for a few weeks; did I want the rest of my family there? My husband, Patrick, was very into the idea of a couple's birth. I wanted Isaac nearby and felt someone needed to be there for him, but I also felt someone else should be there for me. My main labor support in Isaac's birth was my Dad, my sister Olivia, and Patrick. Patrick felt that too many people to help and the midwives (who were "in charge") had removed him from our son's birth. He wanted one-on-one intimacy. After some discussion, I decided he was right. I had some trust issues, (mostly related to his lack of interest in the midwifery texts I'd borrowed from my friend!) and the fact that, while he was there, he didn't catch our son as we'd planned bothered me. So, putting my trust in the Lord and in my husband, we pressed forward.

I decided I didn't want any checking of heart tones or blood pressure during labor, unless we felt prompted to do so. Also, no checking dilation; I would wait for the uncontrollable urge to push, concentrating on opening.

We ended up, at 9 months, asking the midwife who'd turned us down for the birth to come over and check my iron levels and the baby's position. We weren't sure how we felt about doing a breech at home; we wanted to know if she was breech, before we made a decision whether to attempt breech at home. I'd thought a lot about the possibility of going to the Farm for twins or breech, but I wasn't really comfortable with leaving my home and putting the birth in someone else's hands. On the other hand, the thought of needing to transfer to the hospital terrified me. Fortunately, baby was head down and my iron was fine. I think the midwife was feeling a bit responsible for us and our decision to birth at home! She offered some good advice on what to do in case of shoulder dystocia, answered some of Patrick's questions on how soon after the birth the baby should start to

breathe, etc. She told us to feel free to call her during the birth if we needed help or wanted someone to help with a birth certificate. After some discussion with Patrick in which I told him I was grateful for the midwife's generosity but felt that it was a temptation to depend on her, we confirmed once again our decision to go with an unassisted birth. Then came the false labor- it was my father's birthday and when I called my mom she said "We'll be there in an hour and a half." (My parents live two hours away, but were on the side of town close to us when I called.) I didn't feel like I could argue with my dad coming; after all, it was his 50th birthday. Maybe we'd name our daughter in honor of him. (We still hadn't agreed on a middle name.) But, soon after they arrived, labor petered out. Our estimated due date of December 7th was 5 days away. My parents were very nice (my mom had a lot of false labor with her second,) and went on home the next morning. Two days later, I thought, this is it, I'm sure! Patrick got off work and gave me a priesthood blessing to help me through what turned out to be false labor episode #2! I enjoy being pregnant, but I was looking forward so much to the birth (the part of me that was a little afraid just wanting to get it over with!) and my son had come three weeks before his estimated due date (we knew our dates were very iffy, my cycle had been irregular.) So I'd never had to wait before!

*\*Labor Begins:\**

My labor began in the same way it had with my son's birth; I was lying down, and my water broke. I'd been nursing Isaac and when I felt a little pop and gush I told him I'd get up and get him some juice, because the baby was coming soon and I had to keep my clothes clean. 6:24 pm. I was expecting the missionaries at my door in the next fifteen minutes, I had dinner to finish up in the kitchen, and Patrick would be home within the next fifteen minutes as well. So I put a cloth diaper inside a clean garment (miraculously, my skirt had been completely out of the way and it was still dry,) and waddled into the kitchen. Patrick got home first and I told him my water had broken. He responded "Does that mean I should stay home from work?" (LOL!) I refused to time the contractions because after all the false labor I was convinced that they would stop if I started watching the clock. So I couldn't give him anything definite, I just said I thought he should. He went in to check on Isaac (read his account of the birth for the miracle of Isaac!) When

the elders showed up at the door I said "I'm so happy you're here! My water just broke!" With a big smile as I ushered them in. One of the elders had been in our area since Thanksgiving and we'd told him about our birth plans; the other was new and had never been to our house before. So the one elder was congratulatory and relaxed while the greenie seemed, well, a bit green, like he was thinking, "Should we be here?!" I had them set the table and had Patrick help me finish the salad in the kitchen. By that time I was starting to feel a bit tense and I wanted to be able to vocalize softly (ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!) on my exhalations. I thought it would make the elders uncomfortable to hear me, especially the greenie, and I definitely wasn't hungry. So I stayed in the bedroom for awhile, then retired to take a shower, first I called my mother who warned me about her precipitous labor (she barely made it out of the shower!) so Patrick had instructions to check on me if I hadn't come out in fifteen minutes. The shower was nice and my contractions were definitely picking up, so I felt confident that this was really it! After the shower I was starting to need to concentrate, so I hung back in the bathroom and bedroom for a few minutes. I'd asked the elders to give Patrick a blessing, and after they finished I put my robe on and came out to tell them that I was ready for them to leave! We had a spiritual thought that I don't remember at all as I was really having to concentrate to get through my contractions without moaning, squirming or making faces, then they left and we were alone. It was about 8 pm. My mother was on her way but we couldn't expect her for at least an hour. Anyway, Isaac was asleep. I walked around the apartment a little, tried sitting in the recliner, but hated it and got up again. I started to feel like I wanted to throw up, then I wanted to poop. I'd spent a lot of time on the toilet while the elders were there. The contractions were so intense, I really had to concentrate just to stay with them. Isaac's labor was so mellow, this was nothing like that. I started saying things like "I'm opening up really big," "I'm opening up like a flower," "and finally, "I want my mother!" I was kneeling on blankets next to our bed (we had hardwood floors) and Patrick had a big bowl of hot water (tap water) with a couple of hand towels. I'd put one on my stomach during the contractions, which were coming pretty close now, and he'd fold the other and keep it over my vulva and perineum. The cloths felt soooooo good on my stomach! (I thought very little about a water birth and the

idea still doesn't really appeal to me; I guess it doesn't seem natural to me. But the wet, warm towels did wonders for my pain and tension!) I really felt sick, like I was in transition, and I'd felt that way since the elders left, but I still hadn't thrown up. I had another big metal bowl in front of me on the bed and every once in a while I'd lay my face down on it's cool surface and moan and say "I want to throw up!" Patrick was like a cheering section, constantly telling me what a great job I was doing, reminding me that the baby would be here soon, and changing my towels. Finally my mother showed up! (About 9:30) The first thing she did was call my dad and I did the one really negative thing of the birth (a few minutes earlier I'd said NOOOOOOOO! During a contraction but I replaced it with "I'm opening up really big!" after hitting the bed a couple times.) While she was on the phone, I told Patrick, "She doesn't need to talk to him right now! If I'd wanted him here I would have asked him to come! Tell her to get off the phone!" My mother did get off the phone and then came in and sat down on the bed next to me. There wasn't really anything I wanted her to do; I just wanted her there. Knowing my mommy was there made me feel safe and I wonder if part of the really long transition might have been Elisabeth waiting for her to get there. I could tell my mom was nervous but it didn't make me nervous, I just wanted her there. So I wouldn't let her go boil water in the kitchen or anything. I had told Patrick in our preparations for birth that I was concerned I might push too soon, to make sure to remind me to breathe through contractions and to not push until I couldn't stop it from happening. (This because of what I'd read about bruising the cervix, etc.) I had a very intense three and a half hours where the last two hours felt like transition, I think possibly the cervix had a "lip" and I was almost completely dilated for over two hours. I kept waiting to feel pushing "take me" like it did with my son's birth. Well, it never happened! Finally I felt this weird fluttering sensation in my womb, like the baby was swimming and kicking her way down. It was like a ripple below my navel, and I assume it was at that point that her head really entered the birth canal. I just had a definite sensation of down! Patrick was chanting/soothing behind me: "You're doing great Alison, you're doing just fine!" and I told him "I need to push" and I pushed and while I was pushing he said "wait until you can't help it" and I couldn't say anything because I had to push again, but I was thinking :I can't help it!" Then I needed

to poop (LOL!) fortunately since I was kneeling it all went on the blanket on the floor and Patrick was very cool about tucking the blanket out of the way, saying to me, "It's all right!" and to my mom, "We need another blanket!" He washed my perineum and rectal area with a warm wet washcloth and betadine solution, it all seemed to take about one minute, and then I was reaching between my legs to feel the top of her head! Then I felt the "ring of fire" and boy was it hot! (I didn't remember feeling it with my son. I remember thinking that those towels were way too hot, so probably with his birth they were about to start applying the warm wet towels (used to help the circulation to the perineum, to keep it stretchy,) when he started crowning.) So I started panting and trying really hard not to push, but MAN! Pushing was just sooooo satisfying! And not pushing hurt almost as much as the burning. But since I had torn slightly with my son and I was determined to not tear with this birth, I held back as much as I could, panting and then pushing a tiny bit. This took maybe 5 minutes at the most. I kept my hand on top of her head, it was so soft and warm, I will never forget how she felt, and I kept saying "That's my baby! I can feel my baby!" Patrick says it was the most incredible feeling in the world to see her face come out and her eyes open up and look right at him! Then I pushed one last time for her body, and she slipped out into her Daddy's hands. We knew she was a girl, but he announced it anyway.

Elisabeth Claiborne Murphy was born! 10:08 pm December 6th, 1999. She had a dusting of blonde hair and dark, true blue eyes. Afterwards, I found out that the cord had been around her neck, but before Patrick could try to move it she plopped out! She was greyish at birth, but by the time I'd pulled myself up onto our bed and into a cross-legged position and reached out for her, less than a minute later, she was pink. She wanted to nurse right away and a few minutes later I pushed the placenta out.

\*After-birth:\*

I'd never had the chance to examine our son's placenta up close and personal, so I took a look into the bowl, which was a mistake. There it was, floating in blood, and all I could think was, "It's too much blood! Gee, that looks like a lot of blood. Hey, that's my blood! Is that less than two cups?" (The midwife who'd checked me before had told us two cups was the maximum amount of blood I could lose safely during labor.) The placenta was

squishy looking and soft, not the brain like mass I'd expected, it seemed more like a calf liver. It definitely did not look appetizing! (With my son I had practiced placentophagy, but had my husband blend it up in some V8 for me. I'd been questioning whether I really wanted to do that this time around, and I got my answer!) I felt pretty shaky after that, I was drinking a lot of water, but seeing the blood in the bowl had me feeling panicky. I realized it was just shock and jitters and I kept asking Patrick and my mom to check my pad to reassure me. But I was fine.

Next time I might have some Shepherd's Purse tincture on hand to prevent "bleeding out," and take some just in case, to keep me from worrying over it. Or maybe I did need to eat a bit of the placenta, to keep me from worrying. In any case, I was fine. I intended to bury the placenta and Patrick put it in our freezer until the ground outside was soft and easy to dig up, but we never did get around to buying the tree and digging the hole. I ended up throwing it away when we moved! I know what a waste, but it really held no significance for us at that point, and Patrick said we were not moving with it!

We tied Elisabeth's cord off about 10 minutes after the placenta "was born," using cotton string from the kitchen we'd sterilized earlier with rubbing alcohol. We cut it with my sewing scissors, also sterilized. We didn't bother tying it twice, since the cord was limp and there was obviously just the one baby and placenta. About 30 minutes after we cut the cord, we noticed it leaking a few drops of blood, so we retied it with the other bit of string.

I hadn't torn a bit, and I wasn't sore at all. (Unlike my first birth, where I could barely walk for three days and Patrick had to almost carry me to the bathroom!) I felt like I could run a marathon! I never got swollen or sore, although I did have some minor itching from the lochia, which flowed red to barely brown in about three weeks.

*\*Isaac and Tandem Nursing:\**

Isaac woke up right after we'd cut the cord and asked to nurse. So I sat up in the bed and nursed him on one side and Elisabeth on the other. They gazed into each other's eyes, and Isaac reached out and grasped her tiny hand! I will never forget that moment. Bonding at it's best.

After being asked, I announced to Patrick that her middle name was definitely Claiborne, and that ended the middle name controversy! While nursing, I started having incredible after pains. (I think possibly it was the intensity of the after pains that got me worried about the possibility of bleeding out, not common sense, since nursing would help stop hemorrhage, but the pain-fear cycle connects the two events for me.) I had Patrick make me some Raspberry Leaf Tea (my mother was working on the laundry,) and I enjoyed my two beautiful nurslings.

Amandas story

Date: Wed Dec 6, 2000 8:45pm

Subject: Daphne Kate's Birth Story(long)

Part One: Daphne's Unassisted Homebirth

Friday night I accomplished my goal of cleaning the kitchen. It was frightful. Then I puttered around and went to bed about 1:00 am. And didn't sleep. John came home at 3:00 and at that time I was having a lot of discomfort in my rib area, and couldn't get comfy. Finally I went to the couch and fell asleep from about 3:30-5:30 am. Sometime during that time I started having ctx, in my sleep. I know I was taking big deep breaths, and I kept saying "oooopen" in my head. I got up and started "getting ready". I made laborade, finished laundry, put makeup on...(i know, i know, but I like to look pretty for my babies...). I called my father in law at about 7:30 and asked him to bring some bread, as I wanted toast, and to come help John give me a blessing, then I called my parents and told my mom that if she could maintain control I wanted her to be here. For my family this was the first they had heard of our UC plans! Since I got up the ctx were about 5-7 minutes apart, but only lasting about 40 seconds. The in-laws arrived, and I woke John up. They made me toast, gave me my blessing- which was perfect, it was as if I was telling the lord exactly what I wanted him to tell me!! John was given a father's blessing by his dad that was great, too! During this time the ctx were getting a little too much for me to handle with all of the company, so I sent everyone on their way. I sent Jack along with them, which was totally not my plan; but in hindsight I feel like I

was able to really let myself go, without worrying about protecting him from the intensity of the experience.

The ctx stayed about 4-5 minutes apart for a while, got longer, and I had to pee after every single one!! I spent a lot of ctx on the loo, which was quite comfortable. A really neat thing that was happening, is that as I was praying and doing my affirmations during the more intense ctx- if I would smile it would feel better-- like I was just smiling my adversary right out of my house! The actual uncomfy part of each ctx was so nominal, and the pleasurable rush after each one was incredible!

At around 10:00 I took some motherwort to take some edge off, because I was really tired. So for a while I laid in the nest I made myself in the living room, where I was certain I would birth. And I slept between ctx. John set up the video camera. I was having some discomfort in my hips, and lower back, and it was beginning to be difficult to find a comfy position.

At 12:00 my mom called to tell me she would be at my house at about 2:30, and if I thought it was close to call her on her cell. I said, "no way", since she was going to get a haircut, "you're not coming over here with your hair 1/2 done". I told her just to come when she was finished.

After we hung up I looked at John and said "she's not gonna make it."

I think right around here I started losing sight of my objective, so I went to take a shower to help myself regroup. Boy did that feel good.

It was then that I remembered someone's advice to "ride the waves". I think I was going to try to stay in the shower forever, but then the water started being freaky. And there is nothing quite like trying to "ride a warm wave" thru a ctx, when it suddenly turns frigid. So I got out. My ctx had gotten noticeably stronger and closer together, I imagine about every 2 minutes. John had been wonderful thus far, talking little, responding rapidly to my monosyllabic requests, and just being beside me. At one point he looked at his watch and said, "It's only been 5 minutes since the last time (that he looked at the time)". He responded to my mortified look by saying that he was just joking, it had been about 1/2 an hour. I had really feared that labor would seem eternal, but there were several times when I remember thinking how quickly time was passing.

I got up and walked down the hall, into Jack's room & did a lap around there- I was feeling very discouraged at this point & wanting relief from discomfort, but knowing that it was too late, I voiced these things to John, and he just kissed me and patted my hair. My water still hadn't broken & I was wondering how much longer it would last. I got on Jack's bed & had a really big ctx there, when it was done John asked if I wanted to go back to the living room, I just said "NO, staying". I was getting myself to my knees for the next ctx, and after it was done I reached in to feel for baby's head, as I was starting to feel like bearing down.

When I felt her head it was exactly where it was the first time I checked- earlier in the a.m. That was probably my lowest low. The next ctx I had my right hand cupping my perineum, hoping to feel the baby descend-- ANYTHING. I felt my body pushing & wanted to try & stop it. I kept my hand where it was & next ctx my water broke. I said to John "water broke, baby's coming, what color". He told me it was clear & I really let go then. It started feeling so good. I stood up in the corner of Jack's bed with one hand on each wall. I was moaning and calling for the baby. I felt like I was yelling, but my mom drove up right about this time & she told me later that it didn't much different that someone moaning over a bellyache. She couldn't believe how calm I was. She came into Jack's room & asked something about where we were & I said "baby's coming". I still had my hand on my perineum & remembered feeling what felt like a cluster of grapes, I asked her if she saw my hemorrhoids & if they needed their own zip code!! Always a comedienne, eh. At that time I remembered my crock full of compresses & told her to bring me a cloth--- I applied it & think I saw the pearly gates it felt SOOOO good. At the same time I felt the baby's head & wondered if I was going to cook her brain. Mom says I continued to call to baby, "come on Daphne, come on baby girl". She thought, "Amanda is such a wussy, how is she doing this???" I said, "ohhhh, ring of fire, here comes her head" & remember my mom saying "oh my god, her head!!!" I was beginning to ease myself to my knees & then delivered her shoulders & body just before I got to my knees. John guided her to the bed.

From the time my mom got into the room, to the time Daphne came was about 4 minutes, if not less.

I turned to look at her and she was already turning pink & trying to breathe. John was asking what to do--- we hadn't gone over the game plan for a baby that was just fine!! He helped me to sit, & I got her in my arms. She was wide awake, spit out a little amniotic fluid & was then breathing on her own. Of course- all of our towels, blankets, supplies, etc- were in the living room. Over the course of the next few minutes I imagine it looked pretty silly my mom & John running back & forth grabbing stuff for me....

There is no description for how awesome I felt after that baby came!! I could have run a marathon! John just looked at me & said, "you didn't even break a sweat". I held Daphne in my lap for quite a while. I really wanted to nurse her, but her cord was quite short, so we decided to cut it. She had long been breathing on her own.

I tried to nurse her but she was not very interested & I was having a hard time holding onto her with some of the ctx I was having. My dad and sister arrived & I sent the baby with them while I had John & my mom help me to my knees, because with every ctx I was sure the placenta was coming. After a few minutes my dad came back & said she was trying to eat her blanket, so I finally nursed her. Still no placenta, and the ctx had diminished to all but menstrual cramps. By about 5:00 my dad was getting weird because I still hadn't delivered the placenta, so we sent him home. He said that three hours was "several" as the books said... After he left I took a shower, hoping that it would speed things up as it did before. No such luck. By now I was starting to feel pretty yucky.

I looked pale, and was feeling slightly shocky. I wanted the baby to nurse again before I even considered doing anything. She did & still no placenta. By then I didn't even have the strength or muscle coordination down there to try & push. So I consented to leaving.

#### Part Two: The Assisted Hospital Delivery of Our Placenta

We arrived at the E.R. where John is the police officer on duty a couple nights a week & were let in by a friend of John's who is an OB air-med flight nurse. She knew our plan, and became my bodyguard once we got there. She escorted us to labor and delivery the back way, right to a room, she took care of all of the checking me in, etc & before my pants were even off a very nice, young, female doc was in there. They tried

some light traction to get the placenta out, but I was just too tense, scared, shaking, and generally noncompliant. But I was beginning to feel really agitated about it being there, I can't even explain how- but I really wanted it out. I decided that I would rather take something to help me relax than pitocin. They gave me a something mild that I can't spell, & can only mispronounce & was told that the max it would stay in my system was 2 hours. Whatever, but it worked & two pushes later I again felt like a million bucks once that placenta was out. It was very small, but intact & I was happy to have seen it. I never did see Jack's, so I had originally planned on keeping Daphne's, but after having it for so long, I think I was kind of mad at it, so we didn't take it home.

And I feel totally ok about it! Weird. Anyway, the dr. told me that I did have a 2nd degree tear to the right of my epi site & I realized that much of the blood I had been losing was probably from that... I was pretty disappointed. I decided that I would go ahead and get stitched. Another disappointment, but I realized that I had accomplished the most important part MY way. My baby was born in the manner I had hoped and prayed for.

We were at a hospital & no one even cared about her!! She never left my side when I was getting worked on!! I never really did work hard on affirmations for afterbirth, etc.... I kind of feel like that tear was sufficient enough to need stitches, and that's why my placenta didn't come. If it had I'd never have gone in. Who knows? I did ask for her to be weighed & had someone check her heart & lungs. We were home before 10:00 p.m.

### Part Three: My Unassisted First Post-Partum Bowel Movement

This subject has been brought up with both levity and gravity on the e-lists! But I must say that the first ppbm after a 2nd degree tear w/stitches is quite pleasurable compared to the first one after a 4th degree episiotomy. Suffice it to say, that with Jack I needed help getting off the toilet- hence my ppbm with ds was ASSISSTED!! Laurie, do we have a new subsection to your book? The Power of Pleasurable Post Partum Pooping??

I still can't believe that I accomplished all that I did. I am so proud of myself. I am so proud of the start I gave my daughter. One of my big issues that makes me so pro UC is

that my generation has made virtually no progress in the way we have our babies, compared to the way our mothers had theirs. BUT I DID. I EVOLVLED. And I pray that my daughters will do so as well.

My yoni is a little sore, and I'm a little tired, but that just gives me all the more reason to lay in bed & cuddle my new dolly.

Monday I looked at myself in the mirror, expecting some more lines on my face, maybe a gray hair. I have heard people say that they have felt years falling off their life in childbirth. But I felt & feel amazing, and I actually think some of the lines I had might have disappeared! Other than that- life is the same around here.

Much love to all! Many thanks to those with the websites that inspired me to start my journey toward UC. And thanks for all of the support along the way.

Love, Amanda

mimmy2angels, jack & daphne

## Chapter 14 – Turning the Hearts

Martha Sears wrote in her book, The Birth Book, “Baby number six, Matthew, was born after a relaxed morning of thinking I was only in prelabor....By the time I realized I was in labor (You’d think I would have known after five babies), I had just enough time to summon Bill back home and get the waterproof sheets down on the bed before the baby started to come. In fact, our midwife did not make it in time for this birth, though she attended by phone, and Bill had the privilege of catching this baby. It is interesting that Bill has always felt a special bond with Matthew, in part, he feels, as a result of this first touching.”

It is interesting indeed that Father’s who deliver their own babies feel this special bond. It is my firm belief that Heavenly Father always intended for Father’s to deliver the sons and daughters sent to them. As I was working through and breaking down in my own mind the beliefs and prejudices I had against home birth, I was always forced to think about Adam and Eve. How did they birth the babies without a doctor? How did they know what to do when Eve was in labor?

Then I would think about Jesus birth, his simple entry into the world in a barn, being placed in a manger. How did Mary know what to do? Was Joseph really the only one present at this birth? If Jesus were being born today, would he come after an induction, pitocin, epidural, c-section, and resuscitation drugs? Or would he be born at home?

Honesty forced me to accept that he would be born under the most simple of circumstances. Jesus was very clear when he said, “Come follow me”. He meant, do as I do, live as I live, and find true Happiness and Joy in simple living.

I have yet to experience a complete Elijah Birth. My own Freebirth was cluttered by a transfer to the hospital after the safe passage of my son from my womb to the hands of his father.

I will now share our experience with Elijah Birth. I title this chapter Turning the hearts because as I have observed my own husband these past five years of our sons life, I am absolutely convinced that delivering his own child did something profound to his heart. Paul has always been an amazing Father. Our older children adore him, but

something special was bonded between he and Andrew when he was the first to touch his son upon his entry into the world.

It is my great hope that any future children we have will appear the same way, after painless labors, and gently birthed into Daddies hands, without the need for emergency help.

Here is Andrew's story, it is the end of this book. It is my prayer that my husband and I can continue to overcome the traumas we have experienced and take the leap of faith needed to bring more children into the world. As of today he is not sure he can go through an unassisted home birth and I have reiterated my stance that I will never give birth in a hospital, experience another vaginal exam, or have the medical profession's fear based prenatal care. It is my prayer that we will have many more children, but time will tell.....

### **“A Healthy Baby”**



Andrew Kindergarten picture

The stated goal for almost all parents is to give birth to “A healthy baby”. The constitutional rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for many parents have at times been trampled by those professionals who believe they know best how to make a healthy child.

Young parents have been forced to have cesarean sections, drugs and procedures, sometimes court ordered and backed up by the justice system all in the name of keeping babies “healthy”.

The doctors, nurses, judges, and police, who have forced these powerless innocents into painful, expensive procedures believe they are the only ones knowledgeable enough to make decisions regarding the health of a baby. Are they the anointed who have all power when it comes to the truth of making a healthy child? I believe this is one of the great questions of our time.

Young parents like my husband and I have been challenged with Post Partum Psychosis and Suicidal Depression, one c-section, and a long labor followed by a VBAC in a hospital environment.

I have had contact with dozens of young parents over the years. Lately I have been an active participant in the Unassisted Childbirth movement, both in my community and on the Internet. In all my associations with Parents these past thirteen year what I have discovered is that it is difficult for parents to enjoy a healthy newborn when Mom is in the throes of Post Partum Depression. It is hard for a Father to savor the laughter of his little baby when his dreams are haunted by the screams and distress of the memories of his lover and baby being tortured during childbirth. For some, the stress and financial burden of even a “healthy” child is enough to destroy the marriage bond.

In the five years that have elapsed since I gave birth to my fourth child I have had many people question my motives. We had an unassisted childbirth, commonly called Freebirth, at home with just our family present. It is a common belief in our world that the only way to have a healthy child is by using the technocratic model for pregnancy, labor, birth and postpartum health care. Yet I look at Andrew’s perfect five year old body; his shiny blue eyes, his well spaced teeth with perfect dental arch (Weston Price would be proud!), and happy disposition and I am reminded daily what A “healthy child” who only used the services of the allopathic system for three short days of his sojourn here on the planet looks and behaves like. Those individuals in our world who have questioned my agenda, motives, and in some cases, my sanity, have looked upon those three days of NICU care as being the key to Andrew’s good health.

They didn’t see the daily work that I put into my child. The nutritious meals, the exercise, the hours spent meditating and visualizing. They didn’t see the thousands of hours he was attached to my breast during his first three years of life. They didn’t see the

long hours spent reading nor the years of research and effort spent overcoming fear. As I learned and implemented new labor techniques and put into practice the truth's gathered from every book I could find on health and nutrition, I felt a confidence well up in my heart. I could do this thing, without anyone's help.

Those who questioned Andrew's birth only saw the blood, the ambulances, the large overdue baby who was slow to breathe and a couple of nutso parents. It has been a challenge for us to live with the scorn heaped upon us because of our choice to walk a different path. I should insert here however that the support and love we received from our church community, neighbors and friends, and our family shortly after Andrew's birth was amazing to behold. Meals, rides for my children to school, home cleaning, emotional and financial support....we had it all. This help was wonderful. Those mostly professional naysayers who only saw the negative things and claimed that the baby and I would have died had we not had the medical help simply have no idea what they are talking about. Every time I look at my beautiful son, I feel glad. The Joy and Pure sanctity of his birth has far outweighed the trauma of a transfer to the hospital after our Free Birth. As each year has passed and my anger and frustration have slowly melted away, what I am left with is in fact, A Healthy Child, which for us is what parenting is all about.

I will attempt to put into words the short details of Andy's birth. It is difficult to describe the most sacred day of my life with just the written word, but I will try.

Seven months before Andy was conceived, he spoke to me spirit to spirit and told me that he needed to be born soon and wanted to come to our family. Our three young children, Michelle age seven, Allison age three and Jeffrey age one were our pride and Joy, but we had decided to put off having another child for a few years. My husband and I were Bradley teachers at the time, and teaching childbirth class, attending births, and practicing attachment parenting had been the heart of our home life for seven years. I was tandem nursing Allison and Jeff when I had this sacred experience of Andrew communicating with me before his conception. A few months before this experience I had picked up Laura Shanley's book, Unassisted Childbirth at the library and reading it gave me the courage to tell my husband that if he wanted to have anymore children with

me we were doing the birth at home and alone. During my third pregnancy I had already determined that prenatal care was a waste of my time. I knew more about how to build a healthy child than any of the doctors I worked with and for my fourth pregnancy I knew I was going to go it alone.

When we conceived Andrew I really tuned in to my own body and attempted to get what I needed for myself in the exact moment I needed it. This resulted in many chiropractic adjustments, massage, Reiki sessions, transformational breath work and Yoga. I knew that this was the type of prenatal care I had always desired and was grateful to be in a place financially to get it (Thankyou Visa Card!)

I had a wonderful, sacred, empowering 45-week pregnancy. That's right, forty-five weeks from the 1<sup>st</sup> day of my last period Andrew entered the world.

As the time grew close for Andrew to be born, I felt more and more grateful that we had made the decision to go it alone. A few weeks before the birth my husband and brother, who are elders in our church, gave me a blessing and told me that the baby would come in the due time of the Lord and in his own due time. It was difficult to be pregnant during the hottest august on record in Colorado, and patiently wait for my little son to be born, but I was determined no one was going to make him come out before he was ready!

The morning I gave birth I awoke and knew my baby was going to be born. Soon after making love with my husband, a steady series of contractions began. As our dance of labor intensified, I felt the heavens open. Time stopped and I felt past, present, and the future all melting into one great expanse of Eternity. As my body quickly opened to let my child pass into mortality, I reveled in the fact that I had no one between my legs, shoving their fingers into my sacred body. I had complete peace and freedom as I did what I wanted to make myself comfortable. I danced and sang to Kenny Loggins Pooh Corner CD. During the three hours of 1<sup>st</sup> stage labor I felt my baby kicking and wiggling his shoulders, pushing with his two large feet to help himself to be born. He was ready! I vocalized loudly with each contraction and felt the energy very efficiently move from my uterus up my throat and out of my body, This was my only pain management tool and

it worked perfectly! I had no physical pain before, during, or after the birth and never used any form of pain medication.

I danced and bathed and prayed and sang. During transition I felt angels come into my bedroom. I had a sense of all the women in the universe- past, present, and future dancing with me, belly dancing, swaying to the music. As we danced and I experienced the euphoria of that complete high, the absolute clarity of consciousness that my strong female self – my temple- was doing the most sacred, important work of the ages, by bringing this precious, beloved soul down to the earth. In that moment I felt to surrender completely to the forces that had overtaken me, and I squatted down into a full squat next to my bed. Andrew rushed down the birth canal in one fell swoop. The nurses later said he had a c-section head, no molding whatsoever, it was perfectly round and supremely shaped.

I called down to Paul who was washing the Saturday morning breakfast dishes and asked him to come up. Before he arrived I had my second pushing contraction and this time felt guided to stand in a semi-squat. As the contraction took over my body Andrew's head slowly emerged, completely encased in the amniotic sac.

When Paul entered our bedroom a few seconds later he was stunned to see our son's head on the outside of my body. I asked him to wash his hands and after doing so he came in to catch our son. With the next contraction I knelt down on all fours and gently pushed my child into his Daddies hands. He arrived in a splash of amniotic fluid and blood. Then his umbilical cord broke right by his navel. Paul worked with him for a few minutes but he looked like he was asleep. He was completely still, with eyes closed and was gradually turning blue. Paul gave him a blessing, then said "Jen, I'm in over my head, don't be mad, but I am going to call for help." So, he handed my son to me while he dialed 911. I tried to give him a few puffs of air, but he was floppy and so slippery that it was difficult to hold on to him.

A few minutes after Paul made the call, our hero, Shawn – a local volunteer fireman – showed up at our door to help. The girls let him in and he bounded up the stairs to help with the baby. He gently took Andrew from me and calmly put his mouth

over Andy's nose and mouth. He then sucked him out, and spit out the mucous. Then he gave him three puffs of air and Andy opened his eyes and started breathing on his own.

I have this recurring fantasy of Shawn handing Andrew back to me, tipping his baseball cap and saying, "have a nice day Ma'am!" and then LEAVING. I honestly believe that had he done so, I would have latched Andrew on to my breast which in turn would have stopped my bleeding and we both would have been just fine.

But by the time Shawn had performed his little suck and spit routine, half the police and fire department had arrived, sirens screaming, up to our home. Andrew was handed to an EMT and taken to the hospital. I was left to worry and wonder about my baby. In this hour of fear and panic right after the birth, I bled out 95% of my blood volume and almost died. I was taken in a separate ambulance to the hospital where I was given two bags of blood and some pitocin to clamp down my uterus.

Andy had been intubated in the ambulance and so they wanted to air flight him to a children's hospital. We gave our permission for him to go and he and I were separated for the next 28 hours. I felt much better after the transfusion. My hematocrit was a 4.7 when I arrived at the hospital, but after a blessing, a couple ounces of wheat grass juice, a few nice meals, and a gallon of water, I was ready to be released from the hospital the next day with a normal hematocrit for a post partum mom.

We drove down to the hospital with the Newborn ICU and spent three days trying to get Andrew out of that wicked environment for babies. After every test they could think of to see if he was brain damaged, they released him to our care. I am grateful to the doctors because initially they had talked about a two-week stay in the ICU and then an additional two-week stay in our local hospital. The fact that it was only three days was a miracle to us.

These three days have been Andrew's only contact with a pediatrician in the past five years. We have continued to use our alternative doctors and healers for help when he has been ill.

The question I believe we all need to be asking is, "Is it possible for a child to be created without the help of the Medical Profession?" In this ultimate act of creativity, which I believe is the height of being an artist, is something precious lost when we go to

the professionals for their stamp of approval on our creations? The nurses in the hospitals all assumed that I had been a gestational diabetic because Andrew was an eleven-pound baby. They knew nothing about the nutritional practices I had implemented and faithfully followed during his gestation. They were simply angry with me for bucking the system and having the audacity to believe that I could conceive and birth a child without their help. At the hospital they kept coming into my room and saying “why didn’t you have prenatal care, you have insurance, you had a quick labor, everything would have been just fine if only you would have had some help from US.” The fact that my labor was only three hours and I was able to birth that huge head with no tearing or damage to my body was lost on them. The most important thing to me was keeping my body in tact and the drugs away from my baby’s brain. If I had gone to them for help, they might have used the courts to force me to be induced against my will, because as the assumption goes, they know best and everyone knows little babies shouldn’t stay inside their moms for more than 42 weeks. The fact that I had the confidence to birth alone and then be willing to live with the consequences of my actions was what made them so angry.

As the cesarean epidemic continues to escalate and rage out of control, I challenge young couples to ask this question. Is it possible to have a healthy child without the medical profession? If the answer is no, then I would simply ask, How was it possible for the human race to propagate over the millennia without the modern tools of forceps, epidurals, knives, and baby formula? If it were true that the only way to have a baby was with a doctor’s help, we wouldn’t have made it past Adam and Eve.

I have been an active part of the unassisted childbirth movement for the past seven years. It has been my privilege to associate with dozens of couples in person and on the Internet as they made the careful preparations to birth their young at home. As I have taught principles of natural childbirth to these exceptional young people, with each birth I feel to shout for Joy each time another child is birthed into the hands of his Father. As I have observed the transformation that takes place in these families, and the triumph and joy that enters into the homes of these exceptional couples, I feel Heavenly Father

smiling down on us, pleased with the tender and gentle care his spirit children receive from their earthly parents.

I am absolutely convinced the Freebirth movement is the next great frontier in Human Growth and Development.

May the powers that be keep their fear-based selves, their slimy, greedy hands away from these intelligent and educated parents. You have no right to pass laws to keep these families from doing what is best for their children. If families in this country are going to be allowed to murder their babies a few weeks short of total gestation in a partial birth abortion, then you better get your noses out of the bedrooms of the people and let these parents have their Freedom.

I predict that this movement will swell and grow and as families are freed from the shackles that bind their minds and their bodies, a great healing will take place in the lives of parents everywhere.



Andrew 3 weeks old with Allison, Michelle and Jeffrey

This is my testimony, my experience, and my witness. I pray that you the reader will take a few moments to ponder and pray about what you have read in these pages. If truth has been written, I have no doubt that you will feel a warmth permeate your body as you pray to know if this is right for you and your family. I plead with you to take

personal responsibility to its zenith and become educated on natural family principles. I hope that in the future all of our children will be taught truth in regards to their own health and well being.

I am living for the day when Isaiah's prophecy has been fulfilled...

“And I will rejoice in Jerusalem and joy in my people; and the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed. And they shall build houses, and inhabit them and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them. And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock; and the dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.

Isaiah 65:20-25

Until the day when children no longer die, hurt, are destroyed, cry, or weep...

Love, Jenny