

*A Mother's Journey,
My Story of Healing After
Post Partum Psychosis
By
Jenny Marie Hatch PhD MH*



What would make me go from this happy excited pregnant woman to this depressed, crazy, suicidal, blob in two short years? Come find out, this is my story...

A Mothers Journey

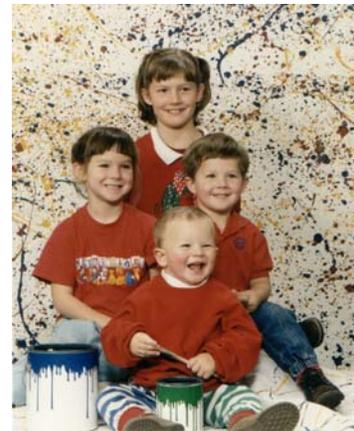
My story of healing after Post Partum Psychosis

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PREFACE

I have written this book quietly in the pages of my journal the past 11 years. My intention in sharing it with you is to provide some practical information that could be of help in your mothering or healing journey. I have truly bared my soul in allowing the pages of my journal to be thrown out to whomever feels inclined to grasp them and bring the message they contain into their own heart. Please know that in sharing, I have really struggled to know if I should include certain embarrassing topics and stories. I have attempted to be true to the record as I recorded it, and so most of the memories that still make me blush were included. Please read this with care, my heart is still very tender.



DISCLAIMER – I have written this book while raising four children, with no professional domestic help, working a four-hour a week part time job, and serving at my church. If it does not have the spit and polish you'd expect from a professional job, just realize that I am not a professional publisher. I'm just a Mom, with a story that I wanted to share. In future editions I would like to have an index and a bibliography and footnotes for all you scholarly women out there. But for this simple first edition, what I have presented here is the best I have to offer. In the book I reference many books that have helped me along my way. All of these can be purchased from Amazon.com

Dedication

This book is dedicated to the Pioneers in Unassisted family birthing. To the late Marilyn Moran who wrote the book Birth and the Dialog of Love, thank-you. To Laura Shanley who wrote Unassisted Childbirth and has been a true friend, confidante, and sister these past five years. To Lynn Griesiemer, who wrote Unassisted Homebirth, an act of love, who included Andrews Birth Story in her book in an attempt to show that things don't always go as planned. To David and Lee Stewart, founders of NAPSAC, whose birth on the Bradley video Children at Birth I must have watched one hundred times while teaching my childbirth class. That simple birth always amazed and stunned the couples who watched it, but it has introduced many, many people to the idea of Family Birthing, including me.

There have been many names given to this type of birthing. Included are Unassisted Childbirth, Free-birth, Sovereign Family Birthing, Zion Birthing, etc. I have come up with my own definition. I believe this type of birth is The Spirit of Elijah Birthing. At the end of the Old Testament in Malachi chapter 4 verses 5 and 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 the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

To my darling children: Michelle, Allison, Jeffrey, and Andrew. Thanks for being so patient with me as I have healed and thanks for the use of your pictures in this book and for your willingness to open our home and our lives to the scrutiny of anyone who passes by. We didn't set out in our marriage to be the poster children for Post Partum Depression, but that seems to be what has happened. I am so thankful for all four of you. The love and the laughter, the tears and the sorrow. You are my life and my eternal JOY!

To my dearly departed brother: T. David Tripp. Thank you Dave for giving me the courage and the strength to write this book. Your unceasing brotherly nagging was exactly what I needed to take the time and energy to put this all down on paper. I will see you when my life's work is finished. Until then, "Love Ya Darlin".

To my dearest friends Julia, Lily, and especially Susanna “Olivia”. You are my inspiration and joy and it has been an honor to know you and be a part of your lives! Susanna, I could not have made it without you!



Finally I dedicate this book to my Husband Paul. He has honestly desired to do what is best for our children in all areas of family life. Delivering Andrew did something to his heart. I have rarely observed a man more in love with a baby as Paul has been with Andrew these last five years. He has always been an unusually good father and husband, but quietly delivering his own son made a difference in both his and Andrew's hearts. I believe their hearts were turned to each other, thus my calling this type of birthing The Spirit of Elijah Birthing.

We are closer now than ever to the great and dreadful day of the Lord. It is time for the families of the world to fully prepare in all aspects of life, to take personal responsibility and practice self-sufficiency.

Finally I dedicate this book to my best Friend and Savior, Jesus Christ, without whom I would be nothing.

Jenny Hatch August 2001 Louisville, Colorado.

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A MOTHERS JOURNEY

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Chapter 1

Michelle age 7

Michelle

A Trip to the Land of Fruits and Nuts



For me the craziest thing about being locked up in a mental hospital (no pun intended), was, I could not tell the difference between the staff and the patients. I kept getting them mixed up. It seemed like the staff was nuttier than the patients. I quickly learned to identify them however by their keys. Jingle, jingle, jingle...”want to get locked up in seclusion? Do what I say or you are in the can”. I suppose anyone who works in a mental hospital full time for years on end and has absolute power over a bunch of crazies for the majority of the day would tend to let that power go to his head, (Power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely). The amazing thing to me is that my family even considered these imbeciles as being competent enough to help me with my emotional problems. But they didn’t know.

This is my story of healing after the trauma of post partum psychosis.

As A wife and mother I sometimes feel completely overwhelmed. It wasn’t always this way. When I married in 1988, I was the most confident, happy, optimistic twenty year old on the planet. Little did I know that my life would crash into insanity, depression, obesity, and rage.

I grew up in the suburbs of Detroit, Michigan during the 70’s and 80’s. I was the oldest daughter in a family with eight children. My mother was a reader and thinker who introduced me to yoga, and empowered living through nutrition and self-learning. Being raised strict Mormon, I never smoked, drank alcohol, or took any illegal drugs and my husband and I had remained morally clean during our teens and we were virgins on our honeymoon.

I had grown up as a tomboy who loved the outdoors, sports, and was always tagging along after my brothers. During my teens I enjoyed participating in a variety of musical

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theatre productions that were offered through my church, my schools, and the community.

Detroit is an allergy wasteland and I had always suffered horribly with candida, excema, food allergies, and was plagued with other toxic conditions. However, I enjoyed a superb childhood, and during my youth, although often ill, I was able to develop my talents and enjoy a strong spiritual life.

When I arrived at BYU in the summer of 86 I immediately became a strict vegetarian and immersed myself in the musical theatre department. As I continued to increase my knowledge, talents, and strengthen my testimony of Jesus Christ, I began to develop deep feelings about the importance of the physical, emotional, and spiritual body's interconnectedness.

I spent a glorious summer in 1987. I auditioned for and landed A job as A member of the cast at a Summer Stock Theatre in West Yellowstone, Montana.

The physical demands of summer stock combined with two part time jobs as a seamstress and maid were met with whole food vegetarianism and yoga. I experienced the busiest season of my life during those four months in Montana. Being a part of the cast and performing eight times a week was the pinnacle of my efforts to develop my theatre talents. I felt extremely honored to be one of the 16 who performed the shows and that summer was one of the happiest times in my life.

I returned home to Detroit in the fall of 1987. I had been away at BYU for eleven months and in Montana for four months and I felt homesick and ready to spend some time with my family. I worked as a waitress in a Birmingham restaurant and spent long hours talking with my parents about my future.

I met Paul Hatch at a Family Home Evening for singles from our church. He was the "Daddy" and held it at his home. I was impressed with his leadership and quiet service to the group. We dated for a month and then Paul asked me to marry him. I said, "yes!" Then our big decision was whether I should return to BYU for one more semester and then get married, or just jump into family life. We decided on the latter and on March 5, 1988 we were married for eternity in the ST. George LDS Temple. We spent a glorious honeymoon at the Grand Canyon and returned home to Detroit to begin domestic life.

Paul is still the kindest man I have ever known and I have never regretted marrying him, or getting married young.

We conceived our beloved Michelle on our honeymoon. The excitement and joy of our first year together is one of my happiest memories. We spent hours talking and dreaming of family life with children. We read and studied the Book of Mormon together chapter by chapter and were faithful in our prayers. We prayed to Father that he would guide our paths and give us wisdom as parents.

Our blissful first year is a constant reminder to us of how joyful marriage can be.

A FEW NOTEWORTHY EXPERIENCES FROM THAT FIRST YEAR...

(CONDENSED FROM MY JOURNAL)

I was attending a local Community college, taking a government class and college algebra. On a lunch break one day during my 3rd trimester I walked to a little grocery store run by a Chinese couple where I liked to purchase my rice. The little old woman that I had grown to know over the weeks finally realized I was pregnant. She knew I was a student at the college across the street. She marched right up to me and said, “What you doing in school? You should be home sleeping, rest, rest, rest.” And then she put her little finger in my face and said, “You sleep when the baby sleeps!” I nodded and walked out of the store slightly amused. Sleep? When the baby was sleeping I was going to attend theatre classes, do homework, be in a play, maybe work a part time job, socialize, go on dates with my husband – you know – LIVE! Sleep? Who needed sleep? I could accomplish more on less sleep than anyone I knew.

Little did I know that her advice was the secret to success as a new mother. In my typical American arrogance I thought I knew it all and my oriental friend, while quaint with her recommendation, was just a paranoid old woman who didn’t understand the younger generation.

I have had friends confide in me that they have pulled butcher knives on their husbands while screaming, “LET ME SLEEP!!” while in the throes of new mother exhaustion. I little knew or understood the importance of sleep for the new Mom. I had always been a morning person and had scorned those who “slept in”. I had learned the

fine art of power napping in high school and thus was able to power nap my way through years of busy, busy schedules. At BYU I had various couches around campus that I would crash on for fifteen minutes between class, rehearsal, etc... and this enabled me to arise at 6AM every morning and work hard all day, and then go dancing at night.

THE BIRTH

A few weeks before Michelle's birth we discovered the Bradley Method of Husband Coached Natural childbirth. In a matter of days we mastered the relaxation techniques and aided by my yoga background and by the grace of Heavenly Father were able to achieve a spontaneous, drug, and episiotomy-free birth.

I nursed her right away on the delivery table and then she was held and loved by my parents, husband, sister and her husband. They had all attended the birth. Michelle was then taken to the nursery while I showered and ate and we were reunited a few hours later. I had a really good chance to nurse her and we just bonded. It was such a beautiful, empowering experience to give birth naturally and painlessly. I had a first-degree tear that was uncomfortable for a few days, but the birth itself was a painless experience. We left the next day and went to my parent's home to recuperate and heal. The next nine days were a gift from my family. They showered Paul, Michelle, and I with love, massage, meals cooked with tender care and much emotional support. I had my hormone surge at day three postpartum and cried a little and remember having the conscious thought, "well, I guess that's the baby blues, no big deal".

We returned home on day nine postpartum and I felt so fabulous that I sang in a Christmas concert when she was ten days old. Paul and I had joined our church's elite Concert Choir and rehearsed all summer for this concert and I really wanted to sing in it. The next day I attended church. I was starting to feel run down and so I cut back my activity a little and tried to focus on the baby. A few days later we left to travel to Ohio to look for an apartment. Paul's work was transferring us to Ohio, and we needed to be settled in town by Feb. 1st. That trip was horribly cold and stressful. I look back and think it was the beginning of my problems. We all returned home to Michigan sick with

bronchitis and spent ten days trying to get healthy and pack our stuff. Our doctor put all three of us on antibiotics and we were soon well.

A few weeks after our arrival in Ohio I began to have symptoms of mania. Sleeplessness, I stopped eating and continued to nurse 100%. In a manic state I auditioned for a play (and got a lead!), became over-involved with church responsibilities, and began investigating the local colleges theatre programs. I became obsessed with perfection. I wanted to be perfect in body, mind, and soul. I started eating a vegan diet and felt that my body was so strong I had no need to sleep or eat more than a handful of sprouts, it would just go, go, go.

My husband responded to a call from the police on March 21, 1989. They had found me in my underwear on Main Street in our little town, sitting in the lotus position staring at the sun. (In my mind, I had just cast Satan and his Legions of angels out of the town). Paul thought I was possessed and even though the police suggested he take me to the hospital, he took me home and called our Bishop who came over that night and helped Paul give me a blessing. The bishop helped give me a priesthood blessing and my parents arrived the next day. When they walked in the door I thought they were Heavenly Father and Heavenly Mother and that they were going to take me to the temple to meet Jesus Christ. I had spent the month before purifying my body/mind/heart, and now it was time to meet the Savior face to face, which is the promised blessing in the scriptures to those who have a pure heart. We drove back to Michigan and they took me to an old family friend who was a doctor at the hospital where I had birthed Michelle. When our doctor arrived I thought he was Jesus and the hospital was the temple. I started singing at the top of my lungs, “The Spirit of God like A Fire Is Burning” Everyone was staring at us, but to me it was such a sacred and holy moment. I was pure in heart and I was going to talk to my Savior face to face.

I refused to sign myself into the private hospital and they had no choice but to send me to a state mental hospital on a medical certificate because I was so loony my family was afraid to take me home.



Jenny in mania a few days before I was hospitalized



Jenny on Lithium and Stelazine a few days after I was released from the Hospital

I spent the next six weeks in the hospital. My breast-milk dried up while I was in seclusion, and I only saw Michelle a few times. I was shuffled between two facilities (a private and state hospital) because I would not let them medicate me and they weren't quite sure what to do with me. I kept saying "I am nursing a baby, I cannot take your
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drugs. Let me out now or I will sue you all.” I was terrified that I might be raped and experienced moments of black out during the initial check in and seclusion time. I have wondered if something evil happened to me during this time, as the blackout of my memories is so complete, and the hospital I was in had a horrible patients rights record.

I spent a lot of time trying to contact the press to try to have them help me get out. I also contacted many friends and family members to try to have them help me. After the initial week or so of complete psychosis, I was in varying states of mania, depression and most of the time was myself, just very confused as to how this all happened, and why, if I did not commit a crime, they were keeping me locked up. One time a mental health worker looked at me and said, “Jenny, what are you doing here, you seem fine.” I said, “You tell me”.

I was extremely angry at being locked up and had a hard time controlling my emotions. I missed Michelle and Paul. The initial three days in seclusion had been the most traumatic event of my life to that point and no one seemed to understand why I was so angry. They had stripped me of my clothes, my family, and my daughter and literally threw me naked into a seclusion room where I stayed for three days. The nurses injected me with an overdose of Haldol and I began convulsing in a dystonic reaction. When they finally realized I was having an allergic reaction to the drug, they gave me a shot of 50mg of Benadryl. (I have my medical records from the State Mental hospital) then I was put in four point restraints and sent to a medical ward where they kept me for two more days while I was given an IV and a Foley catheter. I kept kicking the staff and the doctors and so I was kept there tied to the table until my family came to visit. My husband and father gave me another blessing and I began to feel better.

I hadn't eaten anything but some oranges in four days and my mother brought me some muffins and fruit and after I ate those I felt much better. I pulled out the IV and Foley while I was in the bathroom, and they were going to restrain me again and put them back in but I said, “I'll eat if you let me have the food my Mom brings from home.” They agreed to that and I began my fight not to take the medications.

After twenty-eight days of hospitalization and fighting them on not being medicated I was finally brought before a judge where I pled my case. Funny, but one of the reporters

whom I had contacted came to the courthouse for my hearing. She later did a story on Post Partum Depression for her paper, the Birmingham Eccentric in the spring of 1989.

I truly believed if I could just talk to the judge and prove to him that I was fine I would be let out of the hospital and sent home. He just casually looked at me and said, "Ninety days, forced medication if necessary". I was stunned. This was America. How could anyone have enough power to drug me against my will? How could they force me to take a toxic, mind altering substance into my sacred body? Me? Who never even drank coffee? Or soda Pop? Or anything that was full of chemicals and sugar. How could they do this? As I rode back to the hospital from the courthouse I thought, "I'll appeal right to the Supreme Court. I'll demand a jury trial. I'll get witnesses. I sue the whole state of Michigan if they try to make me take those drugs. When I arrived at the hospital a nurse handed me a little paper cup with some pills in it and said, "down the hatch". I just looked at her and said, "you are going to have to tie me down and inject me with that stuff and if you do I will sue you." When my parents heard I was still refusing the meds and that the hospital was not forcing me to take the drugs, my Mom came over and yelled at me for three hours. She said, "Jen, you have to take the medicine. You have to come home and take care of your baby." Etc etc etc. As she pled with me and yelled at me, I thought, "I can't fight this anymore. It's too hard." I said, "OK. I'll take it"

Two weeks later I was home – CURED! (HA!) I was taking Lithium and Stelazine and had residues of Haldol in my system. My chemical lobotomy left me in a toxic, emotionless state that continued for fourteen months. Those months are a blur of stepford wife living. I lay on my couch watching TV or reading and every day at 4:00PM I would put Michelle in her seat on my bike and ride to the store to buy some chocolate. With every menstrual cycle I gained five pounds and I felt my soul sinking further and further into my body as layers of unexpressed emotion covered my essence.

During the summer I told Paul I needed something for me. And since my birth had been such a positive experience I told him I wanted to pursue becoming a Bradley Childbirth teacher. I spent \$1000.00 on the training and the basic supplies and threw myself into this effort. I know having this project helped me get out of myself and despite many doubts and another hospitalization for suicidal depression in December of 1989 that lasted a week, by January of 1990 I had my first two pregnant couples.

During the summer my psychiatrist in Ohio (a female I had found by contacting Depression after Delivery), had put me on progesterone and Prozac. I came off lithium in August, but continued with the stelazine. My doctor had attended a workshop where she learned about the need for natural progesterone in women who had severe PMS, depression, and mania. Even though my insurance didn't pay for it we spent \$50.00 a month buying the progesterone suppositories from a Wisconsin clinic and I know it helped me heal on some level, despite the toxicity of the drugs. During the summer I also had a severe herpes breakout on my lips, throat and tongue that took weeks to heal. A dermatologist put me on yet another drug, Zovirex. The final drug I took during my year of chemicals was a synthetic thyroid medication that my family doctor put me on. I took it for a few days but it really made my heart race and so I stopped.

On Prozac I experienced the common side effects of sexual dysfunction and I'm convinced my suicidal mania in December was caused by Prozac, and unresolved emotional distress. At the hospital to "cure" my suicidal feelings they doubled my dose of Prozac and took me off stelazine. That hospitalization was fine emotionally because I checked myself in and was in complete control of my own decisions. (The admitting nurse did confiscate a bottle of vitamin C I had brought with me).

I spent the months of January through April teaching childbirth, working with my female psychiatrist on lowering my Prozac levels and just living. Both of my first couples had empowering natural births and that made me feel like my teaching might be somewhat effective, despite many doubts and fears that I could make a difference.

In April of 1990 I went to my parents home in Michigan to watch my siblings while my parents took a trip. My Mother had told my osteopathic doctor what had happened to me after Shelly's birth. He was the physician I had used all throughout my teens for the multiple infections I was plagued with. When I was seventeen he introduced me to Applied Kinesiology, muscle testing, Homeopathy and Clinical Ecology. I had even bought the book Dr. Mandell's five-day allergy relief system in 1985 and tried the five-day spring water fast and proper food combining, with a four-day rotation. I know it helped me then to get a little more control over the yeast and funguses that were all throughout my body, but I was immature and still wanted to eat pizza, so I let it go. I made an appointment for an office visit with the Doctor and I believe this was the first

true step in getting better. During my office visit he tested me with an Electro Meridian Imaging Machine and diagnosed me with extreme hormonal imbalance and colon toxicity. He prescribed me two homeopathic treatments. I brought them home to Ohio and started using them with some Chinese Herbs that A friend from church had told me about.

The first night of using Calli tea, Prime Again and the homeopathics I didn't sleep a wink. Instead I was on the toilet literally all night long, dumping, dumping, dumping. When I started my day early that morning I felt ALIVE for the first time in months!!! I went for a walk and actually ran! I felt sooo good.

I decided if a little Sunrider was good a lot must be better, so, I purchased a Sunpack and ate all of it in three weeks! I felt like I could tackle the world. I purchased one more Sunpack and again started chowing on it. We had spent about \$500.00 on these herbal foods and Paul was very concerned because to him I looked manic again in my behavior. He also didn't want to keep spending so much money. I was detoxing so fast from the herbs and homeopathics that I was thrown into a manic state. I could tell that it was similar in nature to the time before psychosis hit, but it was just so good to FEEL again that I didn't care. I immediately threw myself into teaching my class, telling everyone I saw about Sunrider Herbs and I started a support group for Post partum depression. I wanted to tell all of the women who came to me about Sunrider. One weekend I rented booth space at a street fair to talk about my class and the herbs. My parents came down to spend the weekend. Paul explained to them how little I had been sleeping, the abrupt change in my behavior and the extreme emotions I had exhibited. The three of them panicked and purchased some more lithium and stelazine with an old prescription we kept on hand. When I came home from the fair for lunch, they barred me in the house and forced me to take some drugs. I wanted to bolt out of there and never return but on some level I understood their fear and consented to take the meds, once.

I know now that the extreme emotion I exhibited was from all of the suppressing of my feelings with the medications. Like a warm can of pop being shaken and then opened, the herbs had uncorked my emotional body and out spilled months worth of pent up emotion. I understand my parents fear and have forgiven them for once again forcing me to take the drugs, but after they left I flushed them all down the toilet and told Paul

that if he ever wanted me to take drugs again he would have to commit me to the hospital.

He asked me to stop taking the herbs because they frightened him, and he also felt that we could not afford them. So for the next seven months I only used Calli tea and just let my body do what it needed too. This was a happy time for me. I started to feel again, and my body was sexually functioning normally. I continued with the progesterone therapy and occasionally saw my psychiatrist. I told her about the herbs. She didn't completely blow me off, but she was not interested in learning about them. She supported my desire to get completely off the drugs and I really appreciate the support and help she gave me during a tough year. The male psychiatrists really messed with my brain. (I had contact with over ten of them between the three hospitals I was in. They all had a different diagnosis for me ranging from manic/depressive to "you've been mentally ill all of your life and only now are you manifesting symptoms to "you were married way too young and had a baby too fast". None of them acknowledged that my birth or any other factors had anything to do with the mental symptoms, and they all tended to be extremely arrogant and paternalistic towards me. Those men really were the most awful part of my illness).

It was great for me to connect with a smart woman doctor who was taking the time to keep current by attending workshops. It also helped that she was married with three children and I felt a lot of empathy from her. As she weaned me off the Prozac, I made it down to one pill a week and did that for a month, then I stopped all of the drugs and have never, ever taken another mental drug in the past eleven years. I have often thought the most difficult thing I have ever done was come off Prozac. Please, if you take on this task of weaning off your medications, do it very slowly and gradually and work with your doctor. You could become very toxic if you come off of them too quickly.

Journal Entries from Michelle's Post Partum

October 2, 1990

“Conference is this weekend. I’m hoping it will fill up my spiritual reserves. I sure am blue. Didn’t get a part in the play. Quit community chorus. I feel depleted, depressed, and completely bored. I read all the time – to Shelly and to myself. I’m sick of feeling this way, but I can’t see things changing anytime soon. Mom thinks I’m still healing. I talked to Judy (a gal I met through Depression After Delivery) – had a similar psychosis. She’s still struggling and her daughter’s three!!! I don’t feel like teaching childbirth class even though I am certified and affiliated. I don’t feel like doing anything but reading and eating and sleeping. Paul was mad at me this morning and said, "Jen, get out of bed, I have to go to work”. It was 8:00 AM. I felt so bad but I know he’s frustrated. Sometimes I just think I’m not suited to be a wife and mother – I’m so selfish. I don’t even do my visiting teaching and have lost just about all contact with friends – old and new – gonna go watch Geraldo – Jenny blah blah blah

October 6,1990

I can’t believe how selfish I am. I spent ½ hour last night trying to think of unmessy ways to commit suicide. I went to bed early, we all did. I lay awake watching Paul and Shelly fall asleep, thinking I didn’t deserve them and that they would be better off without me. I am very discouraged. Last Tuesday night I became very upset and suicidal. Paul talked me down. I don’t know why I am such a boob. I don’t want to go back in the hospital, go stay with my Mom, or separate our family. Yet I can’t seem to get on top of this thing. When I get in this mode it seems like this is the way it’s always been and the way it will always be.

Sometimes I think I’m possessed or so out of tune with the spirit that I can’t even feel my Fathers love. I just ache thinking of all that he has given me and how much Christ suffered for me and how ungrateful I am. I got a letter from Lisa (*my sister) yesterday. She seems so happy. I was quite jealous. Paul came home from the 1st session just glowing. He kissed me – I felt so blah, he really doesn’t deserve this negative bitch for a wife.

This suicidal depression hits when I'm least expecting it. I just will get these terrible urgings, it's awful. Where can I turn for Peace? Be still my soul... A soul so rebellious and proud as mine. Because I have been given much, I too must give.

Many times during my life people have commented on my countenance, "A child of light", "bright eyes", or "you're just glowing". I feel that light is far away and I feel fat and dull. I just ache to feel the love that others have for me including my Father in Heaven. I wish I could just love myself and let go of this pain, anger, hurt, and frustration. Mom said it is A sick society that where extended family used to take care of certain problems, we now depend on doctors, psychiatrists, government etc. to solve the problems of life. I truly feel that the psychiatric profession has their place, but I really don't want to be involved with them any more. "God, turn me not away, receive me though unworthy"

Two more minutes and conference will start –

Please Father help me break this pride and selfishness – I love Thee – Jenn

*Note – the former entry was recorded while I was listening to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir before general conference. As they would sing certain hymns I would record the first line of the hymn. I finished up this entry with a short prayer, which was occasionally how I ended my entries.

October 10, 1990

I can't stop the suicidal fantasizing. It just pops into my head and I think for a few minutes and realize what is happening and try to change my thoughts. Its been going on all day now. I tried to talk to Paul last night. He was to intent on baseball.

November 16,1990

I'm glad to write that the suicidal feelings went the way of all the world. I've had a good month. My period was 8 days late but I had no PMS, and no depression. It's the 3rd day of my period and I feel pretty good. I hit 235 last week. That in itself is pretty

depressing. Almost 100 lbs. more than my Mom. My clothes don't fit very good and I feel pretty fat and unhealthy.

We celebrated Paul's 31st birthday on Nov. 7th. I've known him for exactly 3 years. It's weird, that seems like such a short time, yet I feel like I've always known him and he's always been nearby. I guess he was in spirit. He sure is my rock right now. I have a hard time feeling my Savior's love, but I can feel Paul's. He is so patient and kind. I don't know why he stays with me. I'm so insecure. I really have a hard time feeling loved. He is so nice, just kind and long suffering. I sure didn't think our marriage was going to be like this. So full of suffering. But at least it's not because we're divided or sinning against each other. I feel united and bonded in heart, spirit and body with him, but we sure have had to weather a few storms."

Commentary on Journal Entries

These entries allowed me to share my feelings with a non-judgmental source. I dumped the true feelings of my heart onto the pages of that book and I know expressing that emotion was key to my healing, even though I am now somewhat embarrassed to admit how depressed I really was. (Mormon mother's are NOT supposed to get suicidal!)

Happily, a few short weeks after that last entry Paul told me he would feel good about having another baby if I lost thirty pounds. I purchased a Sunrider Vitalite weightloss pack of herbs and went on the product for six weeks. I quickly lost thirty pounds with the herbs and bike riding, and we conceived Allison with my next cycle.

Lessons learned from nurturing Shelly

Sleep is essential. The family, including extended family, should rally around the new mother for months to make sure her "4th trimester" goes well. A friend of mine who does Auryveda mother/Baby post partum care during the first six weeks after birth taught me that the six weeks after birth is a window for healing the mother on all three levels, emotionally, spiritually, and especially physically. A new mother's heart is open and the

loving energy that should be going into her baby, could be sent in all the wrong directions, to all the wrong people if the mother is distracted from her baby. Many indigenous cultures recognize a six-week seclusion time as being ideal, and many modern mothers have a self-imposed time of forty days with which to fully bond with the baby. (In India some communities care for the new mother for three months. Massage and nurture of the mother is the focus so she in turn can care for the baby. Historically, a three-month time is necessary to establish a good milk supply and get breastfeeding off to a good start. Oiliness in food, warmth and a vegetarian high water content diet that contains enough protein is ideal. For example: cook brown rice with an extra cup of water and add some ghee (clarified butter) to help get mother's milk flowing. Indian women who live in the country have a wonderful tradition of gathering around the mother for three months with food and massage and making it so all she has to do is eat, sleep and nurse.)

Isn't it ironic that the mothers in America all tend to wean their babies at three months... "My milk dried up" is the most common reason. My parent's gift of nine days of this type of care was especially unusual in our society, and I'm grateful to them for it, my mother breastfed all eight of us and was tuned in enough to know that I needed some good care. I believe if I hadn't had the stress of the move we would have used that extra nurture our family provided and moved into parenthood with ease. Americans have a pioneer spirit that has passed down to us a pattern of behavior that tends to be extremely harmful to the new Mother. Mormon mother's have such a strong pioneer heritage, it is difficult for some to take this time to nurture themselves. Older mothers in the church tend to be a little rough on the new Moms, expecting them to bounce right back into full activity. Lately there has been more speaking from the pulpit from the Brethren in Salt Lake City about this issue of new parents needing to focus on their little ones, but it has yet to trickle down to the members. There is still a tremendous amount of pressure to be fully active (which some have joked, is a full time job in itself). I have a friend who told me she loved the sisters in our church and even considered getting baptized, but she wanted to practice attachment parenting and she just didn't feel like she could be an active Latter Day Saint and nurture her two children the way she desired. She became a practicing Buddhist and has a wonderful spiritual group of friends to worship with.

As I've studied American history I was surprised to discover that it was tradition about the time of the revolutionary war, that a mother stayed home from church for three years after the birth of a baby. If that same mother had multiple babies it could mean thirty-five years of not attending church. Lest you think this meant the end of her developing her mind or talents here is a quote from Democracy in America by Alexis De Tocqueville. This book was published the same year that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was being restored in America. This Frenchman toured the US and when he arrived home published this wonderful book. Here was his take on American women during the 1820's. P.499-501 "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 woman 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 the singular prosperity and growing strength of (the American) people ought mainly be attributed, I should reply, to the superiority of their woman."

A mothers work is most effectively accomplished with the protecting hand of a loving spouse who presides over the family in love and righteousness. Who provides the necessities of life and takes the protection of their family seriously. As young women who are trying to forge a new path for the 21st century, it is beneficial to study what works and what doesn't work when it comes to nurturing our little ones. Auryveda post partum care is the only treatment for new mothers that I am aware of that has as one of its goals the PREVENTION of post partum psychosis. The traditional post partum care in India would be a wonderful model for us to adopt as Americans.

As I have learned about and participated in spiritual warfare these past years I would like to suggest the idea that Satan will stop at nothing to undermine A mother working in the home. Women are the heartbeat of every home and if mothers are sick, depressed, suicidal, angry, negative, or just plain mean, the effect ripples out into society like a tidal wave. Satan knows that new Moms and Young couples are especially vulnerable and breaking up and destroying a new marriage is something he delights in. Again from

Ayurveda studies, Most men perceive the breakup of their marriage as beginning in the early post partum time. My own feeling is that the western way of birth contributes greatly to this fissure in a couple's love for each other. I believe divorce does not begin in the bedroom, but rather the seeds of divorce are planted, nurtured, and sometimes come to fruition in the hospital delivery room. If during the early post partum period Satan is able to capitalize on these "fruits" of western parenting, and permanently damage a young couples family life, another divorce is in the making and society is weakened as the fabric of family life is torn to shreds.

A pattern I have learned to recognize in my own emotional life through writing in my journals and much prayer is; whenever something significant is about to transpire in my life like the conception of a new baby or a new level of repentance achieved, Satan is right in their hurling his fiery darts to distract me from what is important. If our family implements a new effort to read scriptures or pray at a certain time or we decide to attend the temple or have a family reunion, I feel besieged by negative thoughts, people, feelings, or just dread.

In my spiritual immaturity as a new Mom I looked on these attacks as signs of my own weakness and selfishness. My journal illustrates how I perceived the suicidal feelings as punishment for my pride and selfishness. As I have matured spiritually I have learned to recognize these attacks for what they are and instead of beating myself up for even having them in the first place, I start looking more deeply into my life and the lives of my husband and children to see WHY Satan is trying to get me down. Now when it happens I assume another spiritual milestone is about to be achieved and I simply raise my right arm to the square and cast him and his legions of angels out of my life in the name of Jesus and try to figure out WHAT the milestone is. I have learned that it was not my spiritual weakness that was being identified by these signs of spiritual warfare, but rather just the opposite. If I were being ineffective in my marriage and family life, he wouldn't have bothered going to so much effort to get me down. But because we were actively living our religion and making great strides in our spiritual lives he "let us have it both barrels" so to speak, during a time of vulnerability and weakness.

I heard a story once of a new guardian angel being trained for duty. As he was being shown how evil spirits work on those in mortality, two men walked by. One had a tiny

evil spirit on his shoulder, and the other had a legion of big fat noisy evil spirits all around his body, constantly attacking him. The new guardian angel said, “that man with the little spirit must be a good person, see how the little devil just sits quietly next to him, and that other man must be evil, for look at the legions he has for his constant companions” The more wise guardian angel replied, “You have it backwards my friend, that little devil is just quietly whispering to that evil man, and he obeys, the other man is a righteous man who is constantly being barraged in negativity and all those legions of devils cannot get him to sin.”

I believe new mothers should understand that the more effective they are in training their children spiritually, the more warfare they will experience. It is also crucial that those of us who have been sexually abused understand the deleterious effects this abuse has on our minds and bodies. When A young child is abused a hole opens up in the soul and the evil forces around us have a much easier time “roughing us up”. If you are like me and did not remember your abuse until much later in your life, or if you clearly remember your abuse and feel that you are under unusual forms of spiritual warfare that are deeply affecting your spirit and your body, just remember that God will not leave us powerless to fight our spiritual battles. He understand’s the tremendous responsibility we have assumed to care for and teach and train one of his beloved sons or daughters. He is only waiting for us to ask for his help.

Some of my most effective weapons to battle depression and insanity in my day to day life are; Casting Satan and his legions away from me in the name of Jesus Christ (remember that a huge portion of the savior’s ministry was dealing with evil spirit’s) prayer, hymn singing, a priesthood comfort blessing from my husband, a Fathers blessing from my Dad, progesterone cream rubbed into my skin, the Young Living Essential Oil blends of White Angelica and Joy rubbed into my ears, venting in my journal, talking to a friend, abstaining from chocolate, and laughing.

During that first depression which seemed to go on and on I would feel like I was getting better and then I would be slammed down again harder than ever. I would feel like my prayers were bouncing off the ceiling and felt little emotion of any kind. During that time it helped me to focus on my physical body and let the spiritual and emotional sides of my soul just be. I tried to exercise every day in fresh air (even if it was only me

riding my bike to the grocery store to buy more chocolate) and as I implemented the nutritional principles into my life, I felt my emotional and spiritual bodies respond and lift as well. I am always cautious of healing treatments, which do not recognize the emotional, spiritual and physical interconnectedness of our beings. Chocolate and Prozac were a deadly combination for me and as I overcame those addictions, the depression lifted (Sunriders vitataste helped me with the addictions). As I lost the weight, conceived Allison, and focused on eating well it felt as though I was reborn.

I struggled with feelings of suicide when I was fifteen and again during the year after my daughter was born. This is a common symptom for those of us who have been sexually abused. Sexual abuse seems to be the common thread that is shared connecting many women with Post Partum Depression, whether they remember the abuse or not.

Tips learned from nurturing Shelly

Make sure Momma sleeps

Recognize the six-week window of healing after the birth

Think of the first three months post partum as a 4th trimester that should be treated with respect by all – DON'T move mom from her nest during that time

Recognize that addiction to anything with caffeine is going to depress the emotional body

Honor the interconnectedness of the body, spirit, and emotion

If psychosis does occur, it will usually play itself out in six weeks. The family should gather around the mother to keep her from harming herself or the baby and nurture her as best they can. This will help Mom far better than being locked up with a bunch of crazy people for six weeks in a mental hospital and given a chemical lobotomy. Mom will probably experience confusion and some depression during the year after the psychosis, but with nurture and time for recovery, she will feel joy and purpose again in living.

*A note about psychiatric care – Once a family has made the decision to commit a family member to the hospital they become very defensive about this act. My family simply had no idea what to do with me and so they handed me over to the professionals who did the best they could. All that our society understands in health care is emergency

care. Overall we do very little preventive work, and the current childbirth scene is a wasteland of inefficient use of resources, (for example – the dollars spent on newborn ICU care rather than resources spent on teaching young women how to nourish their bodies and PREVENT prematurity with adequate nutrition and liquids to prevent dehydration). In the case of mental illness extended family support and protection of the new mother is far superior to strangers, hospital isolation, drug therapy and manipulation of the chemicals in the brain to achieve another zombie who quietly goes through the motions of life, never complaining or making waves.*

Overall I am grateful for the lessons learned from this experience and I hope sharing this part of my journey has been beneficial for those who read it.

Chapter 2

Allison

Under The Knife

Allison, My sparkly green-eyed daughter has been the peacemaker in our home. She was sent to us during a happy, healing time, which was also marked by fear. I was afraid that five minutes after giving birth I would fall into mania or depression.

Allison kindergarten photo - age five

We were given the option from Paul's work to move to Boulder Colorado in April of 1991. While Paul was out interviewing for the job, I did a pregnancy test and found I was expecting. We made the decision to accept the job even though it included a temporary assignment in Nebraska for six weeks. This turned into six months and was truly a blessing because the company put us in a corporate apartment and paid for a maid and our groceries. So we had no rent, food or cleaning expenses during the bulk of my pregnancy. I spent the money I would have used for groceries on supplements (Sunrider herbs and Shaklee vitamins - about \$200.00 worth every month) and did all my grocery shopping at the local health food store. Having the



maid allowed me to relax and nap and I truly believe Heavenly Father blessed us with these luxuries during this vulnerable time.

*Just a quick note on Sunrider Herb Foods. I will always be indebted to Dr. Chen for his products. I believe the Sunrider foods, especially Top, Joi, Ese, and The Beauty Pearl gave me my life back. In the last ten years I have never been without some product in my home. I always have a pot of Calli on the stove or some Nuplus in my pantry.

If you would like to join my Sunrider group just go to <http://www.sunrider.com> or call 1-888-278-6743 and use my member number 001-021-547 to get your own member number and order products.

I know Heavenly Father placed that company into my life during Allison's pregnancy to give me extra nutritional support and help. (I would like to mention here for those who are balking at the amount of money we spent on supplements that it cost me \$25.00 a DAY to take the medical professions drugs – Prozac was \$3.00 a pill at the time and I took three a day along with the Lithium, Stelazine, and various over the counter and other prescriptions drugs. 80% of that was paid for by my insurance, which ultimately still means me. I also had a three-dollar a day chocolate addiction going before I started to heal. So it was easy for me to mentally adjust my thinking and say these foods are my “medicine”). I often tell people who say they can't afford to be well, “Add up how much money you are spending on junk food and drugs, cut the amount of junk purchased in half and spend what is left on supplements and you can afford to be well.”

When we arrived in Boulder in November of 91, I spent a few weeks getting my nest ready and only recorded two entries in my journal before the birth. I will share excerpts from each.

Journal entries during Allison's Pregnancy

December 20, 1991

“I want this entry to be a letter to my second baby, because I have so neglected my writing during this busy time and by so doing may give the impression that I am not in

tune with what is about to transpire. Actually the opposite is true. I just haven't had the focus to get it down on paper.

To my most loved and cherished baby, I want you to know how much I have longed and anticipated for you to be with us.

About a year ago I was in the depths of despair. My body was out of control. I weighed 250 pounds. My skin was so painful from excema I could hardly function and emotionally I had given up hope that I could ever lose the weight.

I began by trying to clear up my skin. I used fortune delight and calli to try to ease the pain and took golden seal orally and put it on my hands to help heal the excema. It was about this time that four couples called to take my childbirth class. That did tremendous things for my ego and also made me want to try harder.

I began the weight loss herbs with the Vitalite pack from Sunrider and very quickly lost twenty-five pounds. I then began on a Sunpack, the Beauty pearl and during this time my mind and body did a miraculous transformation. Spiritually I set the goal to bear my testimony every month for a year, to strengthen my own testimony of the Savior. (This goal I accomplished). I also tried to read uplifting books, and prayed a little better than previously, and, of course, read some scripture, every day, as I have done for the past nine years.

Teaching my class was my greatest joy during this time.

Shortly before you were conceived I even felt well enough to teach two of my friends the twilight zone dance, shortened to 1 ½ minutes, and performed at the ward talent night. Again my ego was bolstered as I felt the thrill of performance. Hope was reestablished that I could get back those facets of my life that I felt had left. For so long my identity was that of a mentally ill woman that I lost the perfect brightness of hope that Nephi speaks of.

While living in Nebraska, Shelly and I did a lot of sewing, some swimming, we went to the toddler story time once a week at the library and we took bus rides to the Mall and slept a lot. I also taught her the alphabet, and we enjoyed many good books and videos together. We shopped a lot at the whole foods market and I re-read Fit for Life and tried more proper food combining. I attest my strength and stamina of the past months mostly

to Sunrider and vitamins and whole foods. And also trying to tune in to my body and sleep when I needed to.

I volunteered to be the Colorado contact for Depression after Delivery and have been working on my reaffiliation for Bradley. I attended a La Leche League meeting last Monday and was excited to see a home schooling group meets at the parenting center once a month. I will start a support group for PPD sometime in the spring and hopefully begin childbirth classes in the summer.

I'm really not afraid of becoming psychotic with you, but if I do, know that I love you and will do everything I can to be well, wise, and A good Mommy. I cherish and adore you and I've longed for us to be together for many years. Know that every single book I've read, food I've eaten, or not eaten, and exercise I've done has been for you and your health. This I have done because I feel it is my responsibility and also because I feel happy trying so hard. I also feel Heavenly Father smiling on me when I try so hard, sometimes I do get into over-kill with nutritional questions, but it's only because I know my body is a temple, and I want it to be sacred and pure and A vessel to bring more spirits like you into the world, whole and beautiful and ready to grow and serve.

The speedy recovery from PPP that many have commented on came about largely because I was so focused on you and my desire to become whole again, physically, mentally and spiritually so that I could provide a safe and nourishing environment to grow your little body in.

Oh Baby, I love you and everything you stand for, everything that who you are and what you mean to us and our Heavenly Father is great and good. I'm so proud to be able to provide you with life and even if you are taken from me early or if something happens, I know we will be together forever. This is my comfort and my everlasting hope, that I will be worthy to be your mother in the eternities.”

January 13, 1992

“Well its that time again – New Years Resolutions. It's an exciting year in the world and I am completely optimistic about this year. Here are my goals...

Spiritual

Pray – twice daily personal, family and teach Shelly

Re-read the Book of Mormon (already started)

Bear testimony once a month to someone

Attend all meetings

Temple once a week after baby is three months old

Excel in callings – whatever they will be

Physical

give birth

recuperate from birth

nourish baby with 100% mothers milk

continue with nutrition – to avoid psychosis

prepare body for possibility of another baby, eat as though pregnant

no drugs

yoga, aerobics, dance, bike several times a week

Emotional

tune in to own needs first

plan of action for psychosis

If mania starts, ask?

Am I sleeping?

Am I eating?

Did I have a stressful day?

if mania persists start on prime again, ese and pearl

if that doesn't work go see psychologist at local mental hospital to talk about possibility of progesterone

if that doesn't help maybe drugs for a short time

NO hospitalization”

THE BIRTH



Nursing after surgery

I began earnest labor with Ally on Jan 22nd. We stayed home for the first twenty hours and arrived at the hospital on the 23rd at 5:00PM. A quick ultrasound revealed her to be breech and I was only dilated to one centimeter. We spent the next three hours trying to decide what to do and fighting with the staff over what I wanted and didn't want. I trusted them to do a decent cesarean, but was nervous about a version or a vaginal breech. I didn't want a fourth degree episiotomy and was afraid of forceps or vacuuming if she was stuck. We decided to have an epidural so I could be awake for the surgery and went into the operating room for the birth.

I read Nancy Cohen's book, Silent Knife when Ally was three weeks old and it helped me to identify some emotions and feelings that were bubbling under the surface, after the surgery, and I cried and mourned my desired natural birth. But I did not have the violent rage so many c-section mothers experience. I believe this was because the surgery was my decision and I had some time to get used to the idea before they started cutting. However, it is not an experience I would like to repeat and I feel blessed that my next births were both drug free vaginal births. Ironically, of all my babies, Allison was the one I had with me the most the first hours post partum. When they wheeled me into the recovery room I latched her on to my breast and there she stayed for the next four days.

We had excellent care from the staff and I returned home to three weeks of loving care from my Mother and Paul. The day he left to go back to work I cried, but we were able to make it through her post partum without any depression or mania.



Allison 10 days old

Lessons learned from Allison's pregnancy, birth and postpartum.

I was a strict vegetarian and did not focus on protein during her pregnancy. I know now I was protein deficient during the pregnancy and early days of nursing. One of the signs of protein deficiency in the mother is a baby who nurses every twenty minutes and never seems satisfied. Ally was a 24-hour a day nurser and only had a three-hour chunk of deep sleep every twenty-four hours. This type of baby is the exact type, which can cause the mother to become depressed or manic simply from sleep deprivation. Paul and I were extremely aware of my need for three good hours of deep REM sleep during her early days and in the middle of the night when I would sense she was sleeping soundly, I would hand her over to him and go sleep in the other room. His partnering and support were the key to not becoming too sleep deprived. Psychosis can manifest in ANYONE within thirty-six hours of not dreaming. In fact, Psychosis has been described as being in a dream state while awake. If I had been better clued in to the protein issue, I would have had better sleep and nursing would not have been such a challenge. Even so I was able to nurse her for four years and she is a beautiful, kind soul.

A word on my weight. I fully expected when I conceived to gain weight and consciously told myself "Well I won't be able to detox anymore because I'm pregnant". What I didn't understand then is that all of pregnancy is one big detox. Every symptom of pregnancy, especially the common pregnancy disease called Toxemia, is the bodies

attempt to release toxins out of and get nutrition into the body. Read What every Pregnant woman should know, by Gail Brewer for more information on Toxemia.

Toxemia is largely caused by protein deficiency, inadequate sodium, and dehydration. All three are a deadly combination for mother and baby. I continued to lose weight during my pregnancy and even dropped down to 190 and then went back up to 210 by the time she was born. I have a large frame and a normal weight for me is between 160 and 180 (I weighed 170 on my wedding day). I weighed 197 the day Shelly was born and to only be a few pounds more the day Allison was born was a miracle to me. After being so very fat just a year before, her pregnancy taught me that when you put the right fuel into the body (protein deficiency acknowledged) the body will do amazing things. After the birth I dropped down to 190 (She was 8lbs at birth) and found myself becoming obsessive about my food and weight. When she was about three months old I made the conscious decision to forget about my weight and just listen to my body. I slowly gained 30 pounds while nursing, and while that was not fun – I kept reminding myself “Its better to be fat than crazy”. Fat Storage is also a sign of feeling a need for protection – a common feeling in those who have been sexually abused.

Postpartum Journal Entries

April 5, 1992

“I love Boulder.

Although the fear of losing my mind is pretty constant I’m learning to communicate with my Heavenly Father. I feel the same sorts of pressures I described in my journal when I was crazy in the hospital, to be the “best” at everything but I just remind myself where that got me before. I found myself limiting food so I could lose weight, went down to 189, but that was affecting my nursing, so I eat like a pig and my weight has stabilized at 195-200. It makes me feel good to watch Allison grow. She is such a sweet girl. So smiley and happy – she’s nursing right now.

The joy I feel is overwhelming. She was blessed last Sunday. Paul's parents came. I cried for joy and continued to cry for happiness because I was able to cry. I didn't cry the whole year I was medicated and it feels good to cry."

June 8, 1992

"I still feel the pressure to be the picture of perfection. My struggle is not just of reflecting the image but letting me be rock solid to my core. Personal prayer is still a problem and I don't read scriptures on my own lately. I don't exercise too often and I feel fat and my hair is falling out in clumps (*more sign of protein deficiency). I hit 203 lbs. today. But Allison is doing well and Shelly is healthy and I guess that is what matters."

October 22, 1992

"I feel happy being a Mom and a Wife, it's more the conflict of the subcategories to Mom/Wife. The how's and why's of Mothering/Wifing. A lot of women have conflict with the feminist junk. I don't with that at all. I am a strong anti-feminist. For me its more the how's and why's of parenting. So many opinions and strong feelings. Let me get more concrete...

In the last few months I've had five women ask me to do daycare for their kids (two were complete strangers). Two different friends wanted to start preschools/Joy-schools and one friend even offered to drive Shelly to preschool. I said No to all. Yet I feel guilty occasionally for these choices. Mostly I vacillate between relief, anger, frustration, guilt, and feelings of inadequacy. Did I say no because I'm lazy? Am I selfish? Or do I really feel these are wise choices? All my reading does is fine tune what I feel is important.

Teach the Children by Flinders has been especially helpful in all of this, as well as the scriptures, Mothering magazine, LLL news, and all of my Bradley stuff – Dr. Mendelsohn, and yes, my own basic instincts, and mothers intuition. Every time I pray for specific answers to specific problems all I feel from my Heavenly Father is that I

need, have to, must make Shelly know, feel and understand that I LOVE HER, period. And I mean that's happened several times when I prayed. I didn't get from Heavenly Father – "well Mendelsohn is right about immunizations and LLL is correct on nursing – but ignore the Spock junk" – it was just love her, Love Her, LOVE HER. Very good advice for one who tends to often look beyond the mark. In the eternal scheme of things its much more important that I acted on teaching moments and show her my love than that I fed her all organic foods and insulated her from the world to the best of my ability.

And yet, (there is always a but,) I feel so strongly that her body is so connected to her spirit as to be almost inseparable, that these issues are important. At least enough not to be ignored, as so many do.

We (society) incarcerate our little ones in day care and preschools and they have no time or energy for fantasy play or play in general because they are just surviving in the jungle of day to day existence.

I feel that until my children are eight it's my job to insulate them from the evils and complexities of the world so they can play – PERIOD!

I don't have that aching depression. I feel that Sunrider is directly related to this, but it's also our lifestyle, which is really minimal stress. The constant stress of self-imposed excellence is ever present. The stress to be perfect in every way, to be all things to all people. I am getting more realistic in my "old age" also more tolerant of my own and others imperfections. I still have the gut wrenching pain of knowing I could do better, be better, act and behave more Christlike. I am doing a better job of loving myself though. Weigh 218 and it's OK. I've just decided while I'm in my Mother years of preparing these babies bodies and breastmilk for them to eat, I cannot expect my body to be in great condition all of the time. I want to hang on to my sanity and give these little ones the best start on earth.

Tips learned from nurturing Allie...

If you are going to be a vegetarian, you need to eat 80 to 100 grams of protein during pregnancy and 100 to 120 grams of protein during nursing, EVERY DAY, especially if you are an O blood type. (Even being a Bradley teacher I thought I knew more than Tom

Brewer because of the Hygienist nutrition books I had studied. Dr. and Mrs. Brewer know what they are talking about, and all would be well served to follow their well researched advice).

A cesarean is not necessarily a precursor to depression and psychosis, and can be healed just as well as a vaginal birth with good nutrition and sleep.

Every time you feel overwhelmed by life, LOWER your standards.

Relax on nutrition if you are getting too extreme. If you are the typical American you were probably not breastfed and were most likely raised on dead foods, and you turned out OK, right? There are many ways to nourish our little ones, and LOVE is the most important food we can give our children.

Guard your time, schedule, and privacy when you decide to nurse your baby. If someone wants to be a part of your life, do it on your terms and say "NO" more than yes. Be selfish with your time and carefully push back your sphere of friends, family and community to make space for this once in a lifetime event of nourishing you baby. Some may feel that is unchristian of me, but if every parent on the planet would adopt this responsibility of nurturing their own children, 99% of the agencies that supposedly help children would be unnecessary. C. S. Lewis had it right when he said the home is the reason for the existence of all other professions. The better run each individual home is, the less need for government, church and community to take over the job of “mothering” the little ones.

The greatest Joy for a Mother comes from nurturing her child. In the physical act of breastfeeding is embodied the spiritual and emotional “food” all babies need. The loss I felt from being forced to wean Shelly during my hospitalization was somewhat healed while I nursed Allison. As the hormones started flowing again while nursing, a healing took place between Michelle and I that I believe would not have happened if I had bottle-fed and immediately started on Lithium as so many manic/depressive women do upon the births of their children. Nurture of Allison spilled over in better care for Michelle and healed some damaged parts of my motherly soul. It helped heal our family and thus the community and thus the world.

CHAPTER 3

Jeffrey Paul

“You’re Fired!”

Jeff’s pregnancy was the first one I had where we didn’t experience major stress. We were settled into our little two bedroom apartment, had a wonderful, simple schedule which revolved around the girls, I was happily teaching childbirth in my home with Allison nursing in my lap. I walked every morning and was very involved with church service.

Jeff Kindergarten photo age five



My always increasing network of friends, made up mostly of stay at home Moms that I met at La Leche League, Church, the community home school support group and fellow childbirth teachers were my strength and joy. I had successfully nurtured Allison on 100% breast milk without losing my mind (she was not interested in solid foods until I became pregnant with Jeff when she was 17 months old). I didn’t really intend to nurse her through the pregnancy. I tried to wean her many times, but she would always become very sad and then get a fever soon after these attempts. A few months into the pregnancy I finally just relaxed and let her nurse three or four times a day.

Pregnancy Journal Entries

August 7, 1993

“Now I understand why I was so whacked out. I’m PREGNANT! Six and a half weeks along. I’m also feeling much better since my Nuplus arrived. It was tough there for a few weeks. I just felt terrible. I hope I haven’t hurt the new baby at all. I know I wasn’t getting enough protein. These past few days I’ve been trying to get back in the habit of lying down for 2 hours a day and have started eating meat again to make it easier to get my protein. If I’m going to nurse through this pregnancy I have to eat extremely well. Shaklee and Sunrider will help volumes.”

*A note on Shaklee products

When I was six my mother was expecting her seventh child. She struggled with varicose veins and the stress of so many children, as well as poor nutrition. Her mother (my maternal grandmother) had just been told she had six months to live. Grandma's twenty-five year battle with arthritis was coming to an end. Grandma went to a health food store and bought the book, There is a cure for arthritis. Next thing I knew she had thrown out her wheelchair was juicing every vegetable in sight and every time we children would visit she would whip up protein shakes and pop vitamin c in our mouths. About this time my Mother discovered Shaklee and the two of them started a network marketing business together. Mom morphed into the local health food nut (this was the 70's!) and as a family we entered into the happiest season of my childhood. Shaklee products have been a part of my life ever since. I have used these great products all throughout my life. From the environmentally safe cleaners, Water purifiers, Air Purifiers, to my favorite supplements, Shaklee products are the best!

Jeff was built on Shaklee Protein, Fitness, Physique, Vita Lea, and Performance. I would make a shake every day in soymilk that contained a whole cup of one or more of these foods.

It is interesting to note that after the birth of her 7th child my Mom regenerated herself with Shaklee Foods and Dance aerobics for five years and then conceived her 8th baby at age 39. She went on to have her best pregnancy, a quick natural delivery and nursed Emily with no problems until she was six months old, as well as run the household, take care of seven children and serve as a Bishops wife. Emily is the healthiest of her eight children and a living testimony to nutrition and exercise.

Although my wonderful Grandma Drake is no longer with us, her legacy of health goes on in her Shaklee business. Run by my Uncle Bill Drake and his wife Robin for the past few years, I have been an active member of their group and we are always looking for new people to share these wonderful products with. Just go to <http://www.shaklee.net/drake> to join our group and order products. My member number is #YA91734. You can also call 1-800-250-3495 to order products and join our wonderful group of nutritionists and healers.

More Pregnancy Journal Entries

December 31, 1993

“Happy New Year! Both of the girls are asleep. Paul is flipping channels and I thought I’d take a minute to write down my goals.

My goals for the year...

Don’t get psychotic

Stay sane

Do not use drugs for mania

Focus on health

Don’t get depressed

That about sums it up. I’m excited about the baby coming in April and have no real plans for the year except having the baby, staying emotionally well, staying out of debt and being a good mommy.

March 22, 1994 A letter to my Baby,

“Dear beloved baby,

It’s been a wonderful time baby, and I just know you were prepared in Heaven to come to the earth at this time to help prepare the world for the savior’s 2nd coming. I am so curious to see your face, to learn your personality and hold you in my arms. Please know how happy I am at this special time to be a righteous woman in the Lord Jesus Christ’s Kingdom. I feel so blessed, so nurtured, so many ministering angels have been my constant companions during this time. Mortal and immortal. Not that I’ve had any visitations from angels or seen any spirits, but I do feel Heavenly Spirits in our home ministering to our family as we grow and develop. Protecting us from harm and encouraging us when afraid. I have also felt the dark side, around the edges of our life. Looking for a foot in the door, trying to tear us down and pull us apart, but we just continue on, fortifying our home, ourselves, and our girls, testifying, teaching, and trying

to get strong and stay strong. How hopeless Mothers and Fathers who don't have the gospel must feel at times. I know this feeling occasionally comes knocking at my door, but I just beat it back trying to keep the perfect brightness of hope and stay focused on keeping us physically, spiritually and emotionally whole. I love the Savior, I love Heavenly Father and I testify that Jesus is the Savior of the world. I know they love you and are concerned for your well being. I know that if you will be righteous and faithful they will protect you and give you all that you ever desire out of life. I hope you can learn to live after the manner of happiness and if Heavenly Father will allow me to stay here to help you learn that manner of living, how happy I will be. I love you little one!
Love,
Jenny Marie Hatch, your Mommy”

THE BIRTH

Sometimes in life we have experiences that teach us what we are made of. Jeff's birth did that for me. I was very concerned about Post Partum emotional issues, but my #1 concern was accomplishing a VBAC (vaginal birth after cesarean). I used the same Medical practice that I had for Allison's birth and all of the doctors were very supportive of my choice to birth vaginally and I know they did the best job possible to help me. The problem was they have certain assumptions about due dates and post maturity that conflicted with my teachings in the Bradley Method. Dr. Bradley states that it is completely normal for a woman to produce a baby from seven months to twelve months gestation. Yes, a 52-week pregnancy is normal! Especially if that is a pattern in the genes of the ancestors of either the mother or the father. My grandmother had a 44-week pregnancy with my Dad and my Mom was notoriously “late” with her births. I believe the postmaturity issue is one of the most fumbled parts of our current birthing scene. Granted, there is a small percentage of women who have trouble if the baby stays in too long. (These woman should focus on nutrition and exercise in future pregnancies.) I believe it is damaging to interrupt nature and induction's of any kind are usually unnecessary, and damaging on the emotional, spiritual and especially physical level for Mom and Baby.

Research I have conducted the past few years has led me to believe that Pitocin is a huge cause of postmaturity. Evidence suggests that with each pregnancy mother's are more and more likely to need to be induced if pitocin has been used in former pregnancies. The receptor sites in the brain which take up the hormones to start labor have a tendency to be damaged by this artificial stimulation of labor. More research should be done on this nasty drug that is given in one form or another to women during childbirth, either to start labor, or clamp down the uterus after.

Jeffrey age 2

Another problem with inductions is the need for an Episiotomy. During a natural birth that is not augmented (hurried along with drugs or rupture of the membranes), shortly before birth the mother's body is flooded with a hormone that allows her cervix and tissues to stretch. (This stretching is aided by good nutrition and careful treatment by the doctor of the perineum as the baby is emerging). If Mom is induced, this stretching does not happen. Almost all women agree an Episiotomy is the worst part of any birth. The cutting of the vaginal muscles and the ripping that can extend all the way down to the rectum is one of the most feared outcomes of hospital birth. And yet with the induction rates reaching an all time high in the recent past, the doctors perceive the Episiotomy is necessary because that tissue just won't stretch. It probably would have stretched if they had just waited patiently for Mother Nature to kick in.

Jeff's birth and the emotion around the postmaturity issue was the event that finally made me turn my back on medicine for my births and prenatal care. I felt this way...If I was going to the doctors for prenatal care and all they were checking for was signs of Toxemia, Gestational Diabetes, and High Blood Pressure and I was eating well enough that these signs of nutritional deficiency were not a problem, why bother going??? Even if they diagnosed me with toxemia, for example, they wouldn't treat it correctly with nutritional changes, they would just freak out and put me on bed rest and a low salt diet. And if I happened to go over due a month or so and spent the last weeks fighting them on how to proceed, why bother using them for the birth? Wouldn't my time be better spent napping or eating or playing with my children in the fresh air? If I was only going to them because of FEAR that I would all of a sudden become nutritionally deficient wasn't

that dumb? And if I could feel confident giving birth at home wouldn't that serve me better than feeling frightened they were going to do some procedure during the birth or after that would permanently harm me or the baby? These were the thoughts I was having all during Jeff's pregnancy and postpartum.

I tried to communicate well with my doctor, but as my due date came and went and she started talking induction's I had a feeling that things might just get out of control and I would end up with another c-section. We called a local midwife and started entertaining the idea of a homebirth. The midwife said to have lots of sex. Three times in twelve hours, to get labor going. I had let the doc perform a non-stress test and ultrasound just to buy myself a few more days. She had given me a deadline of Monday the 19th of April, which would be forty-two weeks from my last period. On Friday we tried our own induction with the sex. By evening I was having steady, rhythmic contractions every four to five minutes. They were strong enough that I couldn't sleep, but I was not serious yet and so we stayed home...for the next forty-eight hours. This marathon of labor was one of the most challenging experiences Paul and I have ever had. We were constantly praying to know when to go to the hospital. We knew that the minute we checked into the hospital the clock would start ticking and I would have about twenty-four hours to produce the baby.

I had a secret hope that we would just deliver at home and so we sent the girls to a friend's home and we stayed home and labored together. I walked, bathed, danced, stretched and just tried to let my uterus do its thing. I was able to catnap a little, but never slept/dreamed until a few hours before Jeffy was born. We checked into the hospital on Sunday night. I was dilated to four and completely effaced. I prayed that we would have a good nurse. One hour after we checked in the shifts changed at 7:00 PM and my angel arrived. Sent to me straight from God. Our nurse had been a practicing midwife doing homebirths in her native country. She was a sweet Filipino lady who had recently been hired by the hospital, and she was the buffer between the hospital and us. My doctor arrived at 11PM and told me that if I didn't let her break my water she would send me home. She said I had been in labor too long and it was time to get things going. She had no idea how long I had been in labor because when I arrived they asked how long I had been contracting and I just said "A While". I just wanted to get in the hot tub

and relax, but she wouldn't let me until she broke my water. My Bradley teacher training had taught me that breaking the waters before 7cm dilation could allow the cord to prolapse and breaking the water and then getting into a hot tub could maybe cause infection. I was curious why my doctor didn't understand these issues. Or if she did, why she didn't seem to care that harm might result. I also knew that keeping the water in tact would give me a much more comfortable labor.

Something snapped inside of me when she started pulling her little power trip. I stormed down the hall shaking with rage and anger. I walked right up to her and said (in front of all the nurses); "I have tried to work with you. I let you do a non-stress test and an ultrasound even though I did not want to, because YOU were afraid I wouldn't go into labor. You KNOW I want to have a natural birth, with no procedures. All I want is to get in the hot tub and relax. You are FIRED! I do not want you to come near me while I am in labor. I do not want to see you. I want you to call your partner, Dr. H to come and deliver this baby. She said, "he is on call" and I said "I know", and raced back to my room.

When I had checked into the hospital earlier that night, the male doctor was the one who checked me in. I had asked him if he was on call that night and he said he was. I honestly don't think I would have entered the birth center if he hadn't been able to be backup to my doctor. I probably would have just gone home. My doctor had just had a baby six weeks before and although I felt connected to her and liked her, I was very uncomfortable with her medical interventions and power tripping the last few weeks of the pregnancy. I really think she should have taken a few months off to nurture her baby. I think she wanted my baby to be born quickly so she could get home to her baby.

It was funny but I felt from some of the nurses, "you GO girl!!!" as I was relieving her of her duties. Doctors sometimes forget we are consumers and they are working for us.

I had a very hard time calming down after that confrontation and do not recommend firing anyone while in labor. But taking control of my own birth was very empowering and I was grateful to my nurse that even though she witnessed the conversation she did not mention it again, but had an attitude of "Lets get this baby born". She called my new doctor, told him what had happened, and he said to let me do what I wanted, so I jumped

into the huge hot tub with my sweetie and we got all cozy and relaxed and let my body do what it was designed to do, give birth without drugs or interventions.

At about 1:00 in the morning Paul just about collapsed from exhaustion and my wonderful labor support persons, a married couple who were friends from church, took over massaging my back and coaching me. Sometime after I went in to take another shower and when I came out, all three of them were asleep. I chuckled to myself “so much for husband coached childbirth”. This was my favorite memory of the birth though. My friend had brought two dozen roses with her and as I danced and swayed and sang lullabies to calm the baby and I, I would walk over and sniff the roses and pray. It was Heavenly Father, the baby, and the beautiful scent of roses, and that was enough, actually it was perfect. I quickly entered transition. This is when my birth team and my beloved nurse made it possible for me to have a natural spontaneous birth. I had no idea a transition of three hours was possible and when it started I was excited because I knew the baby was coming soon. Shelly was born about an hour after transition, so that is what I was expecting, but Jeff wanted to take his time. I have had a few women take my childbirth class who also had long hard transitions, a few of these were VBAC mommas and I have wondered if the birth after a c-section is made more challenging because of so much negative memory in the tissues of the body. Also women who have had abortions sometimes have difficult transitions, and I have again wondered if during the hormone rage that is transition, when so much is happening in the body, these images and memories of past trauma to the womb make it more difficult to give birth.

I had fabulous coaching during this three hour span and they all massaged, nurtured and helped me along as if we were this machine, smoothly functioning, doing a great work. Paul would leave to eat or use the restroom and my friends would take over. That time is a blur to me as I was crying, upset, facing all my demons of fear and pain (the biggest fear of course was fear of another c-section), but I know it was three hours long because we timed it.

The sweetest memory of my lover during this time was one point when I was in the shower and I felt really scared. I asked Paul to sing to me. He started in with I am a child of God. He put his mouth right next to my ear and softly sang to me “lead me, guide me, walk beside me, Help me find the way”. Then he followed with some more

primary songs and hymns. It kept me so filled with the spirit to have this wonderful music during the most difficult time of the birth. I would strongly recommend music over drugs to help with the emotional turmoil of birth. At 5:00 in the morning I came out of it in a clear emotional state. My friend looked at me and said, “Are you back Jen?” I laughed and then said, “I’m tired, I think I need a nap.” So our friends left to go home to check on the children, (they had left our daughters and their two sons with a friend) and I fell asleep.

Paul was my protector during this time and wouldn’t let anyone disturb me. My nurse came in to check me. When she found out I was asleep, she quietly closed the door and left. This illustrates her understanding of natural childbirth and her honoring of my instincts. I believe the time between transition and pushing is another fumbled part of hospital deliveries. As soon as a woman hits 10 cm she is usually forced to push, whether she feels like it or not. In Bradley we are taught to listen to the body and if the mother isn’t ready to push or feeling the urge to push we believe there are still important things happening that are not visible to the eye or that are able to be gauged with a machine. For some women it is important to have some food at this time. In my case, I needed to sleep, dream, and rest before I could do the important work of pushing my son into the world, and I believe my nurse honoring that need was a gift because not too many nurses would have allowed or encouraged me to sleep. If you haven’t figured it out by now, nurses have a great deal of control over what happens in birthing rooms. I think during many births they are even more influential than the doctor, who usually doesn’t show up until after transition. So, instead of giving your doctor the third degree in his labor management style, go on a search for a hospital that has a few nurses educated in natural, spontaneous birth, and then request one of them to be with you. You can also request a change in nurses if you feel uncomfortable with the one that has been assigned to you.

When I awoke an hour later I took a shower and as I was squatting down in the stall I felt the urge to push. I didn’t tell anyone because I knew that once I did I would have two hours to produce a baby before they pulled out the forceps or the vacuum extractor. As my whole labor had been an exercise in endurance I just quietly started pushing and working on my perineum with the olive oil I had brought. I would get a wash cloth hot in the shower water and then gently place it all around my bottom. I did this about thirty

times during the next four hours. This is one of the huge benefits of not having an epidural during transition. Mom is able to stand, walk, squat, get in the shower, and do those preventive things that will protect her perineum from tearing during pushing. At 7AM I said goodbye to my nurse and another took her place.

The new nurse was a good reminder of how fortunate I had been to have my little midwife nurse with me all night. She was all no nonsense, by the book, over managed, control freak, “let's get that baby out” fear based, typical. She immediately hooked me up to the monitor (the other nurse had just been using a Doppler every fifteen minutes). She declared she couldn't get the heart beat and said she wanted to break my water and put in an internal monitor. I asked her to call my doctor first. For some reason she would not call him. We sort of butted heads for a few minutes and then she called my doc. When he checked me I was 8cm and Jeff's head was fully engaged. It was about 7AM. The next three hours were the most emotionally draining part of the birth as we struggled to keep this nurse with her little bag of drugs away from my body. At one point she looked at me and said, “I just don't think you can do this.” We videotaped the birth and one of the funniest parts is that we caught her on tape reading my birth plan. The look on her face was really memorable – complete skepticism of all my plans. She was also the childbirth teacher on staff and taught all those worthless hospital “obedience” classes. I don't know that she was threatened with me being a natural childbirth teacher, I just know that the energy in the room was very negative when she came in. Why didn't I fire her? I was tired of firing people and I just knew if I could keep her little crochet hook away from my amniotic sac, we would have a wonderful natural birth.

Paul was great and he just kept praying and coaching as I contracted. I would take off the monitor every time she left the room and go take another shower and work on stretching my perineum. When I contracted I would dance and moan and Paul would rub my back. We got most of the last hour of the birth on video and its fun to watch. Between contractions I was talking and joking. As the time neared for true pushing I started feeling the urge to push at the peak of each contraction. I had Paul call my friend to tell her to bring the girls over. We had spent hours preparing our daughters to be at the birth and it looked like they were going to make it! One of my favorite parts of being a Bradley teacher was teaching the sibling preparation classes for all the older children.

Shelly wanted to be around the birth, but she had informed me that she didn't want to watch the baby be born, because she didn't want to see "all that fluid" coming out. I had really missed the girls during our three days of labor and was excited to see them.

The final half-hour of the birth was just fun. I was pushing in a full squat with the squat bar. The girls arrived and they brought love into the room. They decided to take a walk with my friend Kinde, who was six weeks away from having her first baby, when they realized the baby wasn't born yet. My doc showed up and was great. He kept joking. The nurse finally accepted this birth was going to go the way I planned and stopped her fear based comments and negativity. My water broke on the 3rd to last contraction, but he was crowning so not too much water came out. Then his head came out and with a final push, out slipped his body. I was able to immediately nurse and he latched right on. Allison (age 2) had come in and watched the birth. Shelly wanted to stay in the hall until he was out. After I nursed him for a while I handed him over to the pediatric nurse. He weighed 8lb 14 oz. Then she casually called out his gestational age, "37 ½ weeks". "whaaaaat???" Immediately the full reality of her comment came into my mind. All of that fighting and stress and worry and fear and EMOTION was for nothing??? He was actually early??? Not postmature??? I was slightly peeved.

The whole postmaturity racket is not science, it is all fear and control. Doctors know that if they induce four women, one or maybe two of them will need a c-section. Which means more money and more control for the doctor. It would have been difficult for my doctor to stay close by all night long, yet that is what my body needed in order to have the baby naturally. I hope parents who read this will think about that when told they must induce or the baby will die. The baby won't die, but the doctor may miss a night of sleep or a golf game. Doctor's get paid lots and lots of money for the work they do, if they haven't realized yet that babies tend to come late at night, maybe they should find a new line of work. Actually I believe about 90% of the world's Obstetricians could leave the profession and mother's and babies the world over would be much better off.

While it was empowering to have a VBAC, Jeff's birth was the final straw for me. Three days of labor was very difficult and I think had we allowed him to come when he was ready and not done our "natural" induction, I would have had him a few weeks later, no big deal.

I felt that I had used the Medical profession for three births. While I was grateful for the miracles I had experienced during all of my births and the three healthy children in our home, I was ready to leave the fear-based world of medicine and forge my own path.

Postpartum Journal Entries

May 29, 1994

“I’ve been thinking much about how I want to remember Jeff’s birth. And I have decided that rather than focus on the perceived injustices of things and the few negative things that came up I will instead share the spiritual highlights and miracles.

(Unfortunately I never finished this entry)

June 24, 1994

“The more children I have, the more demands I have on my time – sorry for the sparseness of my record keeping. I really do want to get Jeff’s birth in here but I am very busy taking care of the babies. Two in diapers and tandem nursing makes for one busy Mom.

I attended a party for a friend who just had a baby. The 3-week-old looked great! In contrast another woman had a babe a little younger than Jeff. He still has not regained his birthweight of 6 lbs. I almost felt guilty as we sat there. Jeff has doubled his birthweight, was all smiles and coos and nursed contentedly during the party.

I’ve been feeling somewhat depressed. I weighed myself at King Soopers. I weigh 240 lbs. I have mouth sores, dark circles under my eyes, so tired I can hardly think. The girls have been nutty these past weeks, disobedient and mouthy with all of the company and stress – so I have felt like my efforts have been in vain. Yesterday was sobering for me. As I watched this intelligent young woman talk about four hour breast feeding schedules and getting back into her old clothes, her little son lay half dead in her lap, skin and bones, in her arms. It jolted me. Suddenly I felt the varying feelings of pride and guilt, happiness and justification and also intense sorrow for this little boy to have such a

rough start. I know its wrong to compare and I shouldn't use my children to up my own ego, but it was definitely mind expanding to have had this experience in the midst of my quiet crisis of feeling fat and dumpy and overwhelmed.

July 3, 1994

I have the opportunity to teach a class this summer but I don't think I will. Still too busy with baby and it's not getting any easier, harder in fact. Paul's been very busy with work and being the Young Men's President at church. Jeff pretty much sleeps when he wants to and I only sleep when I get to. So it's hard. Some days I feel like the worst mother in the world. I wish I had some good friend to talk to, they keep moving away every time we get close.

July 31, 1994

I've had a different perspective on my psychosis lately. I read a talk by Patricia Holland. She said, "almost invariably after we are tried, revelation follows". That hit me like few things this year in my studies. I've thought about the visions and dreams I've experienced how they came moment upon moment in the hospital during those long weeks and how so many of them have come true.

The most important dream was of health. I was promised in a priesthood blessing that I would have a complete and full recovery, I have and lately have achieved a level of health I thought would be impossible.

*Note – I was not talking about being trim and thin in this entry, rather I meant overall health especially in regards to allergies which had plagued me for so many years, as well as the way I treated those maladies that were chronic in my body/mind. Right before we conceived Jeff I read Carol Truman's book Feelings Buried Alive Never Die. It came into my life at the right moment and as I began utilizing the script in my daily life, A huge shift occurred in my health. I felt that I had reached a plateau with my focus of mostly physical healing with nutrition and herbs and it was time to start working on my emotional body more intently. The first weekend I had Carol's book in my life I did the script about 200 times for every malady I could remember ever having. The next week

we conceived Jeff and I feel clearing out my subconscious like that contributed to his personality which is marked by serenity and calm, and unbridled joy in living. I have continued to use Carols “tool” in my day to day life for the past six years and would highly encourage all to buy and use her book. I will not take the time to describe her methods, as they are freely available, but I will say that the script gives you the opportunity to heal your subconscious thoughts (without paying a professional \$100.00 an hour to help you.

*Another Note: Clarifying what I meant by visions and dreams in the July 31 entry...

When the mind is in a psychotic/manic state thoughts get racing. The mind becomes like a thousand television screens and it feels like it is going one hundred miles an hour. During my hospital stay I had little to occupy me except talking with the other patients, reading my scriptures, and reading a copy of Les Miserables my Mom had given me. Many, many times in this manic state I had flashes of my future life. At the time of my release from the hospital and in the year of being medicated against my will, I believed the lie that all of my thoughts, feelings, and “visions” were the result of a frenzied mind. In the ten years that have elapsed I have learned that many of the pictures that I saw so vividly on the stage of my mind were in fact reality, just not current reality, but instead future reality.

A few themes that kept popping up...Nuclear War (for some unexplained reason, this is a common theme of psychotic women) I saw Famine all over the world, and the complete collapse of the government in America. I also saw my total restoration of health and well being. I saw Satan loving every minute of his time to rule and reign on earth – I actually felt his joy in the fact that I was locked up and suffering.

Just before the police found me on the street, the day before I was hospitalized, I saw Satan walking towards me with thousands of his angels behind him. I confronted him, overcame my fears, raised my right arm to the square and in the name of Jesus I cast him out of the town and HE LEFT!

I take the risk of sharing these things because I know it will be important and validating to those women who have experienced what I have. I’m not saying that all thoughts and feelings during psychosis are pure inspiration and 100% reality. But I think the psychiatric profession, which does not acknowledge the supernatural world, has

drugged many people into forgetting their spiritual lives, their spiritual realities and denying the fact that our world is just one dimension of a multidimensional universe. During psychosis, I believe I was on a different frequency than I had been before. I think certain parts of my brain opened up and others shut down. I noticed in the hospital that my singing and piano playing abilities were greatly increased and I could remember songs I hadn't played for years. When I started on the meds I lost the ability to remember things well and was very tired and confused.

Confronting Satan was the most frightening thing I have ever done. From it I learned that he cannot stay when we command him to leave in the name of Jesus. (He and his Legions not only left, they RAN....whoosh, gone.) Many times I have wondered if that experience was real or not. As I have pondered it, I believe that it was real. The fasting I had done before this experience and the month of very little sleep combined to open up my mind to things beyond current reality. Even if the experience was caused by "pure psychosis", it was as real to me as anything I have ever felt.

The unfortunate side to all of this was the way the psychiatric profession chalked my spiritual battles up as complete mental illness. As an illustration of how my psychiatrists felt about my spirituality, when I began taking the Lithium and Stelazine, I had two additional weeks in the hospital before they let me go home. During that time I felt evil all around me, in my thoughts, my dreams, and little voices in my mind telling me to kill myself. I mentioned this to my doctor during a psychotherapy session and he immediately upped my dose of Stelazine. Instead of any acknowledgement that what I was feeling might be real and remedied through spiritual efforts, he just took my experience and used it as an excuse to drug me more. Sad, so sad to think about the untold millions who have also had their spirituality drugged away by the psychiatrists' pills. The supernatural world is REAL and until the psychiatrists acknowledge that, and recognize that spiritual warfare is frightening, can terrify individuals into insanity, and can be fought off with the weapons of spiritual warfare – prayer, hymns, repentance, calling on the powers of heaven and most especially simply casting the evil away in Jesus name, they will simply be treating symptoms of those who are under attack. Jesus spent a huge portion of his ministry casting out evil spirits. The modern world has embraced the tools of the psychiatrists; drugs and hospitalization. Even going so far as to force

families to commit to psychiatric wards children and teens who are struggling emotionally. After I came off the meds I started doing research on the history of the psychiatric profession. This quote from W. Cleon Skousens Book, *The Naked Communist* was illuminating...

“In the chapter titled “The Future Task” under the section “Importance of the psychological war”, he writes (on pages 258 – 262):

“The biggest mistake of the West has been allowing itself to drift into a state of mental stagnation, apathy and inaction. In some circles, motivations of patriotism, loyalty and the traditional dream of “freedom for all men” have been lying dormant or have been paralyzed by a new kind of strange thinking. Authorities say there is an urgent need for a revolutionary change in our state of mind. What is wrong with our state of mind?

First and foremost we have been thinking the way the communists want us to think. Our founding fathers would be alarmed to learn how confused many of our people have become over such fundamental problems as coexistence, disarmament, free trade, the United Nations, recognition of Red China, and a host of related problems. Instead of maintaining a state of intellectual vigilance, we have taken Communist slogans as the major premises for too many of our conclusions. Let us go down a list of current strategy goals which the communists and their fellow travelers are seeking to achieve. These are all part of the campaign to soften America for the final takeover. It should be kept in mind that many loyal Americans are working for these same objectives because they are not aware that these objectives are designed to destroy us.

Current Communist Goals

1. U.S. acceptance of coexistence as the only alternative to atomic war.
2. U.S. willingness to capitulate in preference to engaging in Atomic war.
3. Develop the illusion that total disarmament by the United States would be a demonstration of moral strength.
4. Permit free trade between all nations regardless of Communist affiliation and regardless of whether or not items could be used for war.
5. Extensions of long-term loans to Russia and Soviet Satellites.
6. Provide American aid to all nations regardless of Communist domination.

7. Grant recognition of Red China. Admission of red China to the UN.
8. Set up East and West Germany as separate states in spite of Khrushchev's promise in 1955 to settle the Germany question by free elections under supervision of the UN.
9. Prolong the conference to ban atomic tests because the U.S. has agreed to suspend tests as long as negotiations are in progress.
10. Allow all Soviet satellites individual representation in the UN
11. Promote the UN as the only hope for mankind. If its charter is rewritten, demand that it be set up as a one-world government with its own independent armed forces.
(Some communist leaders believe the world can be taken over as easily by the UN as by Moscow)
12. Resist any attempt to outlaw the Communist party.
13. Do away with the loyalty oaths .
14. Continue giving Russia access to the U.S. patent office.
15. Capture one or both of the political parties in the U.S.
16. Use technical decisions of the courts to weaken basic American institutions by claiming their activities violate civil rights.
17. Get control of the schools. Use them as transmission belts for socialism and current Communist propaganda. Soften the curriculum. Get control of teacher's associations. Put the party line in textbooks.
18. Gain control of all student newspapers.
19. Use student riots to foment public protests against programs or organizations which are under communist attack.
20. Infiltrate the press. Get control of book-review assignments, editorial writing, policy making positions.
21. Gain control of key positions in radio, TV, and motion pictures.
22. Continue discrediting American culture by degrading all forms of artistic expression.
(An American communist cell was told to "eliminate all good sculpture from parks and buildings, substitute shapeless, awkward and meaningless forms.)
23. Control art critics and directors of art museums. "Our plan is to promote ugliness, repulsive, meaningless art.

24. Eliminate all laws governing obscenity by calling them “censorship” and a violation of free speech and free press.
25. Break down cultural standards of morality by promoting pornography and obscenity in books, magazines, motion pictures, radio and TV.
26. Present Homo-sexuality, degeneracy, and promiscuity as “normal, natural, healthy”
27. Infiltrate the churches and replace revealed religion with “social” religion. Discredit the Bible and emphasize the need for intellectual maturity, which does not need a “religious crutch.”
28. Eliminate prayer or any phase of religious expression in the schools on the ground that it violates the principle of “the separation of church and state.”
29. Discredit the American Constitution by calling it inadequate, old-fashioned, out of step with modern needs, a hindrance to cooperation between nations on a world-wide basis.
30. Discredit the American Founding Fathers. Present them as selfish aristocrats who had no concern for the “common man.”
31. Belittle all forms of American culture and discourage the teaching of American History on the ground that it was only a minor part of “the big picture.” Give more emphasis to Russian history since the communists took over.
32. Support any socialist movement to give centralized control over any part of the culture-education, social agencies, welfare programs, mental health clinics, etc.
33. Eliminate all laws or procedures which interfere with the operation of the Communist Apparatus.
34. Eliminate the House Committee on Un-American Activities.
35. Discredit and eventually dismantle the FBI.
36. Infiltrate and gain control of more unions.
37. Infiltrate and gain control of big business.
38. Transfer some of the powers of arrest from the police to social agencies. Treat all behavioral problems as psychiatric disorders which no one but psychiatrists can understand or treat.
39. Dominate the Psychiatric profession and use mental health laws as a means of gaining coercive control over those who oppose communist goals.

40. Discredit the family as an institution. Encourage promiscuity and easy divorce.
41. Emphasize then need to raise children away from the negative influence of parents. Attribute prejudices, mental blocks and retarding of children to suppressive influence of parents.
42. Create the impression that violence and insurrection are legitimate aspects of the American tradition; that students and special-interest groups should rise up and use “united force” to solve economic, political or social problems.
43. Overthrow all colonial governments before native populations are ready for self-government.
44. Internationalize the Panama Canal.
45. Repeal the Connally Resevation so the U.S. cannot prevent the World Court from seizing jurisdiction over domestic problems. Give the World Court jurisdiction over nations and individual states.

I was only going to write the points relevant to the psychiatric profession, but I thought it might be helpful for you the reader to see all of the goals together, to get the big picture of what has been going on. Cleon Skousen wrote his book in 1962. It is interesting to me how many of these goals have been accomplished and how many are still completely relevant to our world today.

I know it is likely that my use of the words communist and plot in the same sentence will most likely have the effect of other’s perceiving me as a nut case, but it is important to understand that these ideas and beliefs have been carefully and systematically pushed into our brains by our interaction with society. As I have painstakingly de-programmed my brain it has been interesting how my vision has cleared and I have been able to spot elements of these communist goals in my own life. For this reason it has been easy for me to embrace the principles of Family Sovereignty and Freedom. I can’t think of any more effective way to control and ruin society than to torture mother’s during birth, drug them afterwards, and then convince them the children will be better off in institutionalized care for the rest of their lives. * By institutions I mean day care centers and schools.

When I first started to cleanse with Sunrider foods in June of 90, I started a support group for women with post partum depression, mostly so I could connect with others who had been through what I had. We met in my home for a few months and then I held it at a local library. As I talked with these women I quickly realized that they were mostly using me as a pseudo psychologist, and that we were all sitting around saying, "I'm depressed. You depressed? Yeah, I'm depressed too. I guess we're all depressed". It was a downer for me and I stopped the group because I was realizing more and more how much of what ailed me was physical and emotional and my message of nutrition and exercise just didn't resonate with those who were already in a depressed place. They had mostly already been drugged and just weren't in a proactive place to change eating habits and work on their physical bodies. I taught a childbirth class around this time with four very proactive couples who were carefully educating themselves on birth, parenting and preparing for the work that is motherhood/fatherhood.

I realized that sharing my story with these types of couples was probably the best way to help PREVENT post partum emotional illness. And so I started on a campaign to educate other childbirth teachers and those who worked with pregnant women my message of preventing emotional illness through nutrition. I learned that not all groups were open to my message and was actually fired from several VOLUNTEER positions because of my not being willing to change my message.

More Postpartum Journal Entries

July 31, 1994 continued

The most important dream was of health. I was promised in a priesthood blessing that I would have a complete and full recovery, I have, and lately have achieved a level of health I thought would be impossible. For example – no antihistamines in years, no problems nursing, two healthy children since the psychosis, an energy level that amazes my friends, no sore throats, swollen glands, etc... increased singing ability, mental clarity and sharpness, and on and on and only brightness and health for the future. Surely he

answered my long ago prayer, “Father, help me to serve by helping me to be healthy” He has opened up treasures of knowledge and I feel greatly blessed.”

Lessons learned from Jeff’s pregnancy, birth, and postpartum



Jeffrey Hatch age 2

Nursing through a pregnancy is possible but extra attention should be given to nutrition and rest. By the time Jeff was born I was consuming 4,000 calories, a gallon of water and 150 grams of protein each day. It helped to think like I was having twins and I read the Having Twins book by Elizabeth Nobel to help me get the calorie amounts and protein levels for a twin pregnancy.

Tandem nursing is possible and can help the older baby transition to being the big sister/brother. Allison was greatly affected by seeing Jeff emerge from my body and after the birth she jumped up on the table and nursed for a few minutes while Jeff was weighed etc... Some of my happiest moments these past years have been nursing both babies while they held each other's hands.

It’s OK to fire your caregiver before or during the birth, I recommend before as that negative energy really affected my labor and slowed it down.

Lactation specialists will tell you to always nurse the newborn first and then nurse the toddler if you are going to tandem nurse. I disagree with this advice as the richer milk is in the hind-milk and if you follow that advice you may be giving all of the skim milk to the newborn and all of the rich creamy milk to the toddler. I just let Allison nurse when she needed too and most often I nursed them together and figured if I just kept eating (especially foods high in Essential fatty acids) it would all work out in the end. The first time Allison nursed after my milk came in, she jumped up, clasped her hands together and yelled, "The milk is BACK!!!" Then she ran down the hall yelling in a singsong voice, "The milk is back, the milk is back!" Joy, Joy, JOY!!!

The first year with three children is that hardest year in family life. Especially if all three are under five. For the parents this year is a marathon of cooking, shopping, dishes, laundry, napping, and deep sleep whenever it can be achieved. We had the added stress of purchasing our first home, a beautiful new townhouse in Louisville Colorado that we watched be built from the ground up. Our stress of becoming homebuyers was multiplied when Paul started experiencing symptoms of panic and anxiety a few days after we signed the mortgage.

There are some women who can successfully tandem nurse without gaining a boatload of weight. I am not one of them. Many, many times I would wake in the middle of the night ravenously hungry and go eat a huge plate of food. My favorite snack was a cold plate of sweet potatoes and brown rice. This was the year that I finally threw out my scale and just settled into a routine of shopping, cooking, eating, nursing, napping, reading, and home-schooling Shelly. I walked and did yoga and enjoyed a very satisfying intimate life with my husband, but I continued to gain the weight and soon ballooned up to 265 lbs. I looked like a Buddha.

I was rejected on many levels for this obesity by friends, family, and strangers. But as I said, this fatness was very different than weighing 250 lbs. when I was depressed. I experienced normal depression in my day to day life during that year and since. I really believed my fat was serving a purpose and perhaps was my subconscious' way of rejecting societies values and distancing myself from the perfectionism that was so much a part of my mental illness.

I also had a picture in my mind of a Taiwanese lady who I had known as a child. She was a very confident young mother and would breastfeed her sons in church and had a beautiful singing voice. A strong, deep, alto that resonated throughout the chapel. Her sons never had runny noses and they were the sweetest babies. AND, she was also extremely fat. I remembered reading somewhere that the oriental countries considered fat a sign of beauty and health. This mother was to me the picture of strength and vibrant health, compared to the anemic, skinny American women I knew who were dropping babies every year.

I give a lot of credit to my sweet husband that he never put me down for being so large. He has always encouraged me and loved me and just patiently waited for me to heal. I doubt I could have healed without his loving support.

I conceived Andrew while tandem nursing Allison and Jeff. The fact that I remained pregnant was a testimony to me of the way that I had been eating. Many women cannot even support one baby and I was supporting two through breast-milk and one in the womb! I believe my regeneration story is valuable for the reason that I was in that place of terrible physical and emotional illness and in a relatively short time was able to get the place of abundant reproductive health. All women can achieve this if it is the desire of their heart and they have some good information.

Tips learned from nurturing Jeff

Keep your day to day life simple when your little ones are babies

LISTEN to your body

If you feel overwhelmed when someone asks you to commit to something, such as a church committee or an act of service outside your home or anything that could undermine your calm home life, SAY NO! It is a common fact in the farming world that when cows become frightened or stressed the milk stops flowing. Or chickens stop laying their eggs, or on and on... Right now we have the luxury that if our milk stops flowing we can head to the local grocery store and buy some milk for our babies that they can live on. In the future while we are going through the time of sorrows that the savior so eloquently describes in Matthew 24 and 25 as being particularly hard on mothers we

may not have the backup of grocery store shelves lined with bottles and cows milk. We may not even have what our great grandmothers used when the milk dried up. Most communities had women who would hire out as wet nurses and could take over the task of feeding the baby. Mormon Relief Society presidents who have never breastfed are notorious for making young mommy's feel guilty that they are not serving more. The smartest thing I did after Jeff was born was get released from all my church callings, volunteer work, and STAY HOME. It was also great to home-school because that kept our home life very simple and I was free from the temptation of volunteering in the school.

DON'T feel guilty for saying no. If anyone tries to guilt trip you into doing something you don't feel good about say, "I am doing the most important work on the planet and I don't have the time or the energy to get involved in something that will distract me from that work so BUG OFF!" You don't have to say the bug off part, but you get the idea.

Have Fun! I tried every day to get all three of my children laughing these really big belly laughs, for an extended period of time. I knew this would strengthen all of our immune systems and blow the cobwebs of depression out of our home.

Sing, Dance and PLAY! The final year in our little apartment is just memories of all of us singing while Dad played the guitar, lullabies late at night, dancing to the Hokey Pokey and hours and hours at the park. We also took long walks around the twin lakes that were near our home in Boulder and occasionally we drove to downtown Boulder to try out new parks.

Hang out with others who are attempting true attachment parenting. It is helpful to have friends who understand a more child centered lifestyle. Many parents are brainwashed into neglecting their children's true needs. (Let them "cry it out" parenting etc...I am not a believer in censorship, but I think that Baby Wise book should be banned and ceremonial burnings should be held in every community, and the idiot who wrote it should be placed in a stockade for a few months as punishment for the pain and suffering he has caused in certain families who have adopted his insane advice). It is helpful to have friends who understand why all of the beds in the home are in the same room, you

run around in your underwear half the day, and some days you don't even bother to get dressed.

If you decide to attachment parent be cautious whom you share your goofy ideas with. A few parents have had social services show up when they mention not immunizing, home school, or breastfeed a four-year-old in public. As A mother, the last thing you need is to have your neighbors and friends watching for any abnormality from main stream society. This type of stress will affect your breast-milk supply, cause stress in your marriage, and keep you from developing close friendships with people who may reject you if they understand every single view you have on parenting. I have many friends who I spend time with who have no idea I am a birth activist, had a home birth, nursed my babies for three and four years etc...

Find the things you have in common with others and just be a good friend. You don't have to convince every person you know that you are right on something in order for you to implement it in your life. You also don't have to poll your family and friends to ask them what they think about certain things like homebirth, etc. before you do it. Just quietly live and love and serve and plant seeds of truth as you feel guided to share, or IF they ask. So many young couples have been fed the pap of the mainstream for so long, they really think they are doing a great job when they bottle feed, let the baby cry at night, and put the newborn into the care of others. This is all they hear, so why not implement these practices? You can have a great influence on these friends by not judging the choices made and just quietly nurturing your babies and setting a good example of loving, gentle parenting.

Chapter four

Looking for the truth

I am going to use this chapter of the book to explain why I decided to get into Unassisted Childbirth.

Hopefully the first three chapters of the book illustrated some of my frustrations with the medical profession well enough that you are not asking, "WHY would she do such a silly thing?" One of the most misunderstood aspects of "Why" for my friends and family

is the absolute belief I have that at some point before the return of Jesus Christ to this Earth, we are going to have a period of time when all current governmental and societal infrastructures are going to fail us.

“But behold, in the last days, or in the days of the Gentiles—yea, behold all the nations of the Gentiles and also the Jews, both those who shall come upon this land and those who shall be upon other lands, yea even upon all the lands of the earth, behold, they will be drunken with iniquity and all manner of abominations” 2 Nephi 27:1

“My servants, go ye forth as your circumstances shall permit, in your several callings, unto the great and notable cities and villages, reprovng the world in righteousness of all their unrighteous and ungodly deeds, setting forth clearly and understandingly the DESOLATION OF ABOMINATION in the last days. For, with you saith the Lord Almighty, I will rend their Kingdoms; I will not only shake the earth, but the starry heavens shall tremble. For I, the Lord, have put forth my hand to exert the powers of heaven; ye cannot see it now, yet a little while and ye shall see it, and know that I am, and that I will come and reign with my people. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Amen.”

D & C 84:117-120

Our church has always preached self-sufficiency. Yet when it comes to the Medical Profession everyone seems to have a hard time carrying certain prophecies to their logical conclusion. If it has been prophesied that “we will see a day when we will live on what we produce” – Marion G. Romney Conference report 1975, I take that prophecy at face value. And I have also believed that if we were not going to have grocery stores, commerce as we now know it, and the current “systems” that we all depend on for food, medicine, education and entertainment, there was no possible way we were going to have epidural anesthetic machines, baby formula, plastic diapers, immunizations, antibiotics, and all of the myriad “tools” we all supposedly “have to have” in order to raise our families.

I had an interesting experience while I was pregnant with Michelle. I was listening to our Prophet President Benson speak at October General Conference just a few weeks before I gave birth. He said that it would be “not many years” and the Savior would return to rule and reign on the earth. This was so powerful to me. I began thinking about

what I knew about end times events shortly after that talk. It wasn't until Michelle was a few weeks old that I began to understand the full implications of what the Prophet had said.

During my first birth we were in late first stage labor and I was still at home in our apartment laboring. As my contractions were getting longer and closer together I looked at my Mom and Paul and said, "Can't we just do it here?"

It was December, cold outside, and I was so relaxed I didn't want to bounce around in the car on the way to the hospital. The fear that leapt into the eyes of my husband and mother told me the answer to my question was NO! So I went. But the whole time I was there I wanted to leave the hospital and we did, as soon as possible. As I birthed my daughter I kept having the feeling that all of these strangers were unnecessary and we would have been just fine at home.

Right before I became manic, after we moved to Ohio, I was nursing Shelly one day and reading my scriptures. I came to the 24th chapter of Matthew where the Savior is describing our day. One of his disciples asked him what would be the signs of his Second Coming and he spent many verses describing the conditions on the world. As I read verse 19 "And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days", my heart jumped. He was talking about ME! I prayed and I asked Father what was meant by woe. Into my heart came a feeling, a feeling of sadness from Father. He was sorry that so many mothers had sold their birthright of beautiful gentle birthing, breastfeeding and natural mothering for the chemical mess of pottage that conspiring men had sold to us through advertising and the media.

He let me know through my feelings that the woe was two fold. The 1st woe was our 200-year-old growing dependence on the medical profession, which peaked in the 40's and 50's in America and has had other peaks in other countries in the years since them. For example, in Mexico Father's are not allowed in the delivery room – this is one of the unhappy results of countries patterning their medical profession over what has taken place in America in the past. My grandmothers' generation had been the true bottle-feeding generation. They were completely anesthetized during their births and breastfeeding wasn't even an option for many mothers. "Better living through

chemistry” was the mantra of the age and it was a rare free thinker who believed otherwise. Woe came because of the fruits of this type of parenting. It is no accident that the drugs use of the 60’s came one generation after widespread anesthesia during childbirth was adopted by the majority of mothers in the western world. I believe much of the angst expressed by the young women/mothers who started the feminist movement was partly in response to this type of birthing. Woe also came because of the ripping of the fabric of the extended family. As doctors took over rolls that traditionally mothers and grandmothers had played as midwife/healers, something precious was lost in extended family stability.

The 2nd woe would be in the future when all over the world natural and man made disasters and wars would make survival living reality. Because of the extreme dependence of families on the medical profession that has gradually taken place all over the world in the last two hundred years, mothers especially, would not have the womanly arts and skills of birth, breastfeeding, healing and teaching that is our birthright. Because of this lack of practical knowledge, many, many families would suffer disease, death, and injury because of the lack of skills. Picture in your mind a modern woman facing childbirth/childcare alone when all she knows is epidurals, bottles, and running to the doctor every time the baby gets the sniffles.

I prayed to know which of the “woes” was the worst. I felt that the 2nd was to be much more terrible for the family. Even though in our ignorance (not stupidity, just simple lack of knowledge) we have allowed the allopathic model of drugs and surgery to be our first choice in birthing and health care, the system does tend to work well in emergencies. What they don’t realize is that most of the “emergency situations” that they deal with on a daily basis have iatrogenic (doctor caused) reasons behind them. One intervention leads to three more and so on until the poor mother’s are wheeled into surgery to have the baby sliced out. Most doctor’s understand that if they induce four women with an intervention, one or two will go on to need a c-section. Many books have been written detailing these issues. I will not take the time to outline all of the why’s for the amazingly high c-section rate. Silent Knife and Open Season by Nancy Cohen are great reads if you want to educate yourself.

I believe based on current cultural indicators the quality of life has decreased since the takeover of birth by the doctors. America is still in last place (BETWEEN 23RD AND 26TH PLACE!) in infant mortality rates compared to all other industrialized countries, and it has been that way for years. Yet even this type of “Woe” will be nothing compared to the absolute terror that will come into the face of unprepared families who have no knowledge of natural pregnancy, birth, breastfeeding or healing. Most young parents I know don’t even know how to cook with basic foodstuffs (and seem to be quite proud of the fact), nor do they care to learn any of these basic skills.

I then had the feeling, and it was as real to me as anything I have ever felt, that Father wanted me to not only learn these practical skills myself, but he also wanted me to be in a position to teach them to others. Imagine my confusion when a few weeks later I fell into the abyss of Psychosis and went through two years of depression. When I was on the meds I consciously forgot about this prompting to become self-sufficient, but I must have remembered sub-consciously, because I became a Bradley teacher during the worst of the depression.

As the years have passed this desire for practical skills has always been my #1 motivator. In my criticisms of the medical profession and the way they have complete control over women’s bodies and minds, backed up by the court systems and the fact that the masses have bought their propaganda hook, line and sinker, I don’t want it forgotten that survival has always been MY main motivator. I also claim that Heavenly Father has led my path and given me answers to my specific questions, (usually in the form of a book borrowed from the Library). He has led me line upon line and today I feel emotionally, spiritually and physically prepared for whatever the future may bring. This preparation has given me a peace that is felt deep in my core. This peace is the antithesis of the depressed, fearful, negative, and suicidal place I was in for so long.

Getting to this place has been the most difficult part of the past five years since Jeff’s birth. I have been surprised and amazed at the reactions of those around me, especially my Faithful Mormon friends and family members who have read the scriptures and know what is coming in the future.

I have described my husband Paul as the most wonderful man, and he is. This desire of mine to become self sufficient and live as if we were completely independent of the

medical and education professions has taxed our marriage, almost to the point of crumbling it. I have been guilty of ignoring the advice and council of my husband. I have suffered horribly for it. It is always important for any person who decides to embark down a different path to consider the consequences to their marriage and to their family. In my case, even talking about home schooling in the early 90's was cause for some in my sphere to start thinking I was crazy. (Having just BEEN crazy this was not the way to convince my friends and family that I was mentally well). Home school was one thing, but when I started ranting and raving to Paul, my friends and my family about unassisted childbirth in 1994, there were some who thought I was certifiably nutso.

Soon after Jeff's birth in April of 94 I picked up Laura Shanleys book, Unassisted Childbirth in the Library. I read it that same night and then feeling she was close by, (because she had signed the book) I looked her up in the Boulder Yellow Pages and called her that same night.

We talked for a while and exchanged phone numbers. I told Paul all about her book and he just blew it off. I had very rebellious feelings come into my heart and had the sense that if I did not draw a line in the sand about childbirth, this fight of ours of where to birth the babies would never be resolved. I told him that I had thought it over and that I was unwilling to ever give birth in a hospital again. I said, "If you want to have any more children with me, we are doing it at home, ALONE." He was stunned. A few weeks later he started having panic attacks. I was sorry for the chasm in our relationship but I wanted to have this issue discussed, resolved and decided before we even thought about another baby. We had decided to wait a few years before conceiving and since I was up to my ears in tandem nursing Allison and Jeff, I thought waiting was a good idea. But I wanted to get things out in the open right away so we would have a while to hash it out.

Thus started the most challenging time to date, in our marriage. Paul lost himself in television and obsessing about his heart (his panic attacks were all about him having a heart attack and not getting proper medical attention quickly enough to save him). This caused him to feel like he could never be alone, go out and exercise alone or be more than a few minutes away from a phone.

I lost myself in the children and my childbirth class. We were also getting ready to move and were very busy with church activities. I went home to Michigan alone with Jeff Christmas of 94. I didn't want to be with Paul so I left to visit my family and he traveled with the girls to visit his family in Utah. It was a dark, bleak time for us. Somehow my parents found out about my birth ultimatum. They took this as a sign that I was going crazy again. I had also ballooned up to 270 lbs. I was fat, dumpy, scared that I had ruined my marriage, and when I went home I thought I would be nurtured and validated by my loved ones, but ended up getting verbally thrashed by several family members. My parents told me they thought I should get A tubal ligation, "because I was obviously obsessed with birth to the point of insanity and I needed to focus on the children I already had". And "I was too fat" and "I didn't keep my house clean enough" and "I have my priorities all mixed up" and on and on. I came home from that trip beat up so bad it took me years to recover and forgive my parents and some siblings.

Paul and I came home after the holidays determined to make our marriage work and decided that we would never travel to visit family without each other. When he heard how bad it had been, this thrashing from my parents, something in him clicked and he told me that we would somehow work through our problems and everything would be all right.

We continued to have problems when we discussed certain topics, still do, but what he eventually came to in regards to birthing the babies was that it was my body. I was the one who had to give birth. He had watched me do it in three different situations (natural birth in a high-risk environment, c-section in a private hospital, and VBAC in a birthing center) and he knew that I had tried to make it work in my negotiations with the doctors and staff. If he was birthing the babies it might be different, but since I was the one going through it he felt he didn't have any right to tell me what to do and how to do it.

For some reason, my soul would not let this unassisted birthing issue go. It was all-important to me. I had never really felt guided to midwives. Since I had read the first home birth book in 1989 that talked about The League of Liberated Women who birthed their babies all alone, I had felt drawn to this type of birth. Laura's book articulated so much of what I was feeling anyway, it really was the catalyst that allowed me to shoot for the stars. I felt a sense of urgency to learn as quickly as I could, everything I could, on

home birth. It was something I had to experience for myself. Something needed to be satisfied in my body and my mind and I had a sense that an unassisted childbirth would fix the ache. (It did). So Paul agreed that if we had another child he would back off and let me do what I wanted.

We moved to Louisville in March of 1995. It felt so good to finally be homeowners. I relished the little window above my kitchen sink and the roominess of the bedrooms and closets and basement. We had lived in tiny apartments during the bulk of our marriage, and I loved being in a brand new home with all new appliances and carpet.

Shortly before the move we started seeing a new chiropractor in Boulder. This doctor has been a true friend and confidant in our struggles to become self-sufficient. As Paul's panic continued to increase in scope and nature, our chiropractor walked us through the physical sides of his illness while Paul worked with a variety of healers, mentors, and our Mormon Bishop to fix the problems in his spirit. He has made so much progress it would take another book to detail "his" healing journey. Since this is my book, I won't do that, but I will mention some of the things that have helped him. Peace and Calming Essential Oil blend from Young Living has been his best friend many a time when Panic came to visit. He would be almost hyperventilating and we would massage five or six drops of that oil on his chest and feet and immediately he would start to calm down.

Our chiropractor also diagnosed him with extreme chemical toxicity, (his building at work has sick building syndrome), parasites, candida, electromagnetic field poisoning from over-exposure to EMF's – Electromagnetic fields - (He is a computer programmer) and under exposure to sunlight. We have purchased water, air and EMF purifiers and are always tuned in to the effect of bad air, water and electromagnetic fields on our health.

To help with the emotional sides to his illness we met with an herbalist once a week (still do) who uses Kinesiology to diagnose sub-conscious factors which hinder growth and who has been a great resource to us, freely sharing her knowledge and books as we have tried to learn what she knows. She shared Nature's Sunshine herbs with us and they are excellent. (She regenerated herself from liver cancer fifteen years ago using herbs) She has been a part of our life for three years and has helped our whole family to quickly and efficiently overcome many chronic patterns of physical and emotional illness.

To help with his spiritual body Paul has sought out council from his Father and Mother, our Bishop, and a psychologist. He has had numerous priesthood blessings and he really tries to fill up his mind with uplifting and sacred books, music and television.

I am getting close to the time in this story when we conceived Andy. So I will soon start another chapter. I would like to finish up this chapter by saying that although our journey has not been ideal in some places, and we were always surprised and shocked at the level of rejection we felt from those who were friends and family for our choices, this effort to heal has not been in vain. We feel so blessed by Father for the gift of good health that our children enjoy. And as the years fly by and our health continues to improve we just feel gratefulness in our hearts that we have had the time, resources, and desire to learn more about how our bodies function. To learn to trust in the Savior for protection and help when we had a question come up. To understand that these difficult experiences of life are why we are here on the planet. Paul's philosophies on health and mine have been continually merging, and even though we may never see eye to eye on every issue, we have stopped thinking that we need to agree on everything with the same amount of passion. No matter what happens in life I will never be excited if the Utah Jazz win the NBA, and no matter what happens in life, Paul will never feel the thrill of mastering yet another "tool" to be used in labor, because he will never experience labor as I do.

I have many people ask me if I have regrets about the way things have gone in my life. I have often replied, "If I had to go through it all again to get my husband and these four children into my life I would happily suffer any disease, disability, depression, mutilation, or defilement." But the amazing thing is that I do not have to be a victim, a martyr, or a motherhood casualty. Our family does not have to go through these experiences again, because we already have gone through them. We may yet have things happen that will bring growth, challenge, and experience, but in regards to birth, I feel as though I can honestly say, "I have overcome the fear". Bring on the plagues, the wars and the disasters. Here is one mother who is not afraid of the future! I am going to be dancing for joy when the time of sorrows comes because that will mean the savior is coming very soon.

I was just thinking last week of the Saviors comparing the signs of the times to a “woman in travail”. I was pondering the many layers of meaning to me of that particular analogy. Jesus’ analogy is perfect.

In a true natural childbirth, where no drugs or tools are used to start labor, the first stage of early labor can last for days of putsy putsy pre labor. As the mother progresses through the middle of first stage and enters into transition the contractions come closer and closer together. They sometimes are right on top of each other. Many women experience a self-doubt signpost of “I just can’t do this”. That is the cue that transition is just about over and the fun, productive 2nd stage of pushing can begin. As I compare labor to our current world, I think we are just about to transition. Birth is the perfect analogy. There are those who would like to just have a c-section and birth this new world with no effort, no transitional shakeup – just cut and pull and the millennium is here. But I believe this transition to millennial Zion is going to be an intense natural birth, with all of the stages of labor accounted for. There will be a time for many when the transition phase will cause some fear and panic and we will feel like we cannot do it, feeling like we have been abandoned by our Heavenly Father. But like a true birth, these steps lead to the amazing achievement of the birthing moment. As we go through the time of sorrows, let those of us who understand natural birth have the vision and the courage to stand strong with no fear. Transition during birth is generally the most intense and shortest time of labor and that should comfort all of us.

From the book *Inspired Prophetic Warnings, A compilation of Ancient and Modern Prophecies* comes this quote Titled, *Only the Faithful Will Stand...*p.59
“Therefore, as the time draws near when the sun is to be darkened, the moon turned to blood, and the stars fall from heaven, the Lord will bring to the knowledge of his people his commandments and statutes, that they may be prepared to stand when the earth shall reel to and fro as a drunken man, earthquakes cause the nations to tremble, and the destroying angel goes forth to waste the inhabitants at noonday; for so great are to be the calamities which are to come upon the inhabitants of the earth before the coming of the Son of Man the second time, that whoso is not prepared cannot abide; but such as are found FAITHFUL, and remain, shall be gathered with his people and caught up to meet the Lord in the cloud, and so shall they inherit eternal life.

Chapter Five

Andrew

Putting our Faith on the Line



Andrew Kindergarten Photo

A few months before we conceived Andrew I took a trip alone to the Denver Temple. I was alone in the Celestial room praying when I had the sacred experience of someone from the other side of the veil communicate with me through my feelings. This person explained that he needed to come to the Earth soon and that he wanted to be a part of our family. As I drove home a flood of emotion came over me. I also drove home in a flood, as a torrential rainstorm was in progress. As I made my way home, my mind was in a jumble.

Paul and I had recently discussed waiting five years to conceive another baby, and I knew if I broached the subject again, he was going to be angry. About a month after the temple experience I was in my room praying when I had the feeling come to me that I needed to stop being so afraid and go talk to him. I said, “Father, can’t you send him an

angel or a vision or something? Why does it have to be me?” Then I stopped being rebellious and went down to the Kitchen to talk to him.

“What? Every time we decide something YOU change your mind... we need to get out of consumer debt...I’m going to pieces and can hardly hold myself together and you want to bring a child into our home under these circumstances?”

We didn’t talk about it again for a few weeks. Then my periods came back after being gone for fifteen months post partum and I knew now I could conceive at any time. We weren’t using birth control, but he didn’t even want to look at me much less touch me. A side effect to the panic was that he didn’t like being intimate with me. This was one of the most difficult parts of him panicking. I felt that him rejecting sex meant he was rejecting me. Emotionally I felt like all I had to comfort me was the Savior and I just kept turning to him for refills on my emotional bank account. He filled me up again and again and I learned that when no one else is there to help us stay strong, he will supply our every want and need.

The Savior also sent me a new friend. Susanna had come into my life a few months before this experience. I was looking for a pregnant woman whose birth I could attend so I could re-affiliate with the Bradley Academy. (We are required to attend one birth a year). She was a new friend I had met at church. When I asked if I could come to her birth, she said her husband probably wouldn’t like it, so, no. A few weeks later she went into labor and I got a call about 11:00 at night. Her mother explained that Susanna’s husband was sick with the flu and she wondered if I could come help coach during the birth. I went right over and spent three hours happily massaging her back. Her son was in a posterior position and I just did the counter pressure necessary to alleviate the back labor. (I was a real, live, walking, talking, epidural to her). Her husband showed up later and I showed him how to do the massage/counter pressure, then I left. She went on to give birth to her son, without drugs. She was very grateful to me for coming and helping her when she was in so much pain. That birth bonded us as sisters and our friendship has continued to this day.

We moved to Louisville and after I was settled in I advertised for a childbirth class. I had three couples call and was looking for one more when I happened to meet a new pregnant friend Julia, at The Children’s Museum in Boulder. I invited her to attend my

class. She was also a Mormon and very into nutrition and I felt she would be a great addition to our class. She was a little nervous about taking the class until Susanna told her I was “really great”. (It must be understood that Mormons as well as other mainstream Americans tend to think “fringe, witchcraft, weird, apostasy when they hear the word’s herbs and childbirth together.) Many Mormons I have talked to think this way, “If the Lord gave us the medical profession as a gift, then to reject that gift is to reject the Lord. If he wants to help us with our births by giving us epidurals why won’t we use them? Doesn’t that mean we reject him and his gift?” I have felt from some friends and family members that our family’s gradual apostasy from the Church or Modern Medicine (Dr. Robert Mendelsohn’s term) has been seen and felt as being a type of apostasy from The Church of Jesus Christ.

This has been the greatest injustice of all, as our little band of faithful mothers has been about the business of becoming self-sufficient. There are those who would love to chase us right out of the church, but our testimonies of Jesus Christ did not come from them, nor are our testimonies dependant on being popular with the church members. All through this journey we have felt the Savior giving us strength and courage in the face of much rejection and opposition from family and friends.

Julia and her husband were planning to attempt a VBAC (Vaginal birth after cesarean), and weren’t quite sure what to do. They were very concerned about money issues. I’ll never forget the day I suggested Unassisted Birth to Julia. She said, ”Can you do that?!?” It took her and her husband a few weeks to finalize their plans and make some choices. Monte is very into preparations for survival and he saw the simple beauty in Freebirth, breastfeeding, and natural parenting, as being answers to many prayers on how to be self-sufficient in regards to family life.

We began our new childbirth class in the fall of 1995. It was the most fun class we have ever taught. (Paul taught two of the classes and I taught the other ten). All three of the other couples were planning hospital births, but they were all supportive of Monte and Julia’s choices. I didn’t know it at the time but this was the last Bradley class I would teach. In the years that have elapsed I have simply spent my time teaching and supporting families who were planning to birth alone at home.

We finished up the class and waited for Julia to go into Labor. Time dragged on. One of her visiting teachers told her that the baby was not going to come until she went to go see a doctor. The church even called me to see if they needed some money to pay for a doctor. I assured them that Monte and Julia really wanted to have a home birth and did not need the money for doctors. Susanna and I had a few women call us in panic about the whole situation. They were very frightened that Julia was going to attempt a VBAC at home without any supervision. I must admit that every time I thought about the situation I felt some fear. She never had experienced a contraction, (her twins had been taken by c-section before she went into labor). Untried pelvis, VBAC at home which was against the law for Midwives to attempt in Colorado, and the whole postmaturity issue. She ended up being a few weeks “overdue”. As each day passed, I had my own battles with the demons of fear and doubt, but Julia, faithful woman that she is, just held fast to the iron rod and never lost hope. It helped that Her daughter was born a few days after Christmas. Friends from church who knew of her plans and who had expressed the most fear were mostly traveling and distracted by the holidays to be overly concerned with their birthing choices.

Julia ended up with a 9-hour labor, 1-hour transition and about four pushes before her ten pound daughter was gently birthed into the hands of her Daddy. I was privileged to be at the birth to help with her four-year-old twin boys. I cooked a meal and then helped a little with cleanup. I also had called quite a few friends and family for prayer support and had spent most of Julia's labor praying. I went over about two hours before the baby was born. After the birth the placenta didn't come out for a while and so I prayed for it to release. Right as I said “Amen” Julia called from the bathroom, “its out!” That experience really increased my faith in the Savior.

Overall the whole experience increased my faith and confidence. I was eight weeks pregnant with Andy when Julia accomplished her first unassisted birth (she has since given birth to two additional babies at home alone) and I just knew that was how my baby was going to be born. I had conceived Andrew in the fall of 1995, despite our many marital problems. When I showed Paul the positive pregnancy test he said, “I don't think we are ready for this, but I guess it really doesn't matter what I think”. I wanted to slug him. We then entered into a very weird time in our marriage. He was panicking the most

all through that pregnancy. I had some pretty specific ideas of how I wanted to proceed. The biggest issue was money. We were broke. I decided to get a loan from my Visa card and came up with a wonderful game plan for doing my own prenatal care. It was, GET WHATEVER I WANT, when I want it, and in whatever amount I think is needful. And, it also was: Stay AWAY from the doctors and midwives and the prenatal “scare” care!!!

I went to the chiropractor for adjustments and mineral wraps (The amazing Victoria Morton wrap!) I went to a massage therapist for prenatal massage. I attended many Transformational Breathwork classes (These classes had the interesting effect of opening a new chakra/energy center each time I practiced) I bought the finest food, at the finest health food stores in Boulder. I bought a twenty-five pound bag of organic carrots every week and juiced and juiced and juiced, with kale, spinach, beet tops, parsley, and chard to get lots of folic acid. I spent hundreds on Shaklee foods and Sunrider foods and minerals to put in my bath, and special salts to gently cleanse my skin. I bought the best Aryurveda Sesame Oil and rubbed it into my skin every morning. Covering my scalp with cup after cup of that oil, every day. We bought an exercise ball for prenatal exercise and a blow up kiddie pool from a Toy store for me to lounge in when I became hugely pregnant. We had a gal come in to work for me during the summer, tending the older children while I napped.

I ended up spending \$5,000.00. Now before you get all uptight about the money I spent, just think about a few things. I felt good about spending this money. When I thought about the millions and millions that are borrowed every day to pay for schooling, furniture, and even health care to pay for preemies in the NICU or children with disabilities, I had absolutely no guilt going into debt for this blessed child. I do believe about half of what I did was unnecessary, but I didn't know that then and I'm still glad I had the confidence to spend the money.

It always unnerves me the way we Americans spend, spend, spend for charity's for those with disabilities, yet we don't bother to teach how to prevent those problems. Most have bought the lie that all disabilities are caused by genetics and its just luck if you get a healthy baby. I was amazed and gratified at the recent stories in the news about Down syndrome. The researchers were actually linking it to a folic acid deficiency. Finally, 50

years after Adele Davis wrote her groundbreaking book Let's have healthy children; the news stories are finally telling what the research has shown for decades.

In this country we spend thousands and thousands of dollars “educating” our young people, and yet when our young women are pregnant we think its OK to build a precious baby on pizza, popcorn and soda because the “Advanced Degree” is the most important thing. How many young couples have starved their way through higher education, birthing one or two or three babes and then had to live with a few “developmentally disabled” children for the rest of their lives because Mom was malnourished during pregnancy? I think we have it all backwards. I believe the children come first, always. What good is all of our education if we miss the most important lesson of building better bodies and brains for our babies? And I am not talking about the government feeding these Moms. I am talking about educating them on nutrition and teaching them to feed themselves. And if the babies are too disabled to grow and contribute to the world, or even get married and have grandchildren what good is OUR education then? These are the thoughts I had on my mind as I spent and spent and spent.

What did I buy? I spent \$150.00 a month on Shaklee. I took 12 Vita Lea a day with a shake that had Instant Protein, Physique, Fitness and Performance in soymilk (50 grams of protein). I ate another 50-gram Protein shake before I went to bed. I spent \$150.00 a month on Sunrider foods, and ate Calli Tea, Fortune Delight and Nuplus whenever I felt like it. I bought only organic fruits and vegetables and ate them raw throughout the day. I juiced a 25 LB bag of carrots every week and added fresh greens to the juice (chard, kale, spinach, and beet tops). Even though I was getting a huge amount of folic acid from my supplements, I felt these natural sources were good as well. I ate 80% raw foods and occasionally would eat a big bowl of cracked oats, or rye or wheat. We used a hand crank wheat grinder to crush the whole grains every morning and slowly cooked the grains with flax seeds and sea salt for a completely satisfying meal. I tried to rotate my grains and drank quite a bit of wheat grass and barley juice. I realize now I ate too much soy during this pregnancy, some every day, but it was so easy to assimilate my protein from a drink, and get the majority of my nutrients from liquids. (I have since learned that it is somewhat dangerous to eat so much soy as a source of protein – do a search on Weston Price on the internet for more information)

I was into colloidal minerals at the time and would put a tablespoon of minerals and a half teaspoon of sea salt into a ½ gallon water bottle and drink that throughout the night. (I have since learned that Ionic minerals are better than Colloidal minerals as they get into the cells easier – Young Living Essential Oils Mineral Essence product is the finest mineral preparation on the market in my opinion) In fact I would not get out of bed in the morning until I had finished the water bottle containing the minerals and salt.

I had read and studied Bernard Jensen's book The Chemistry of Man, an advanced text for the serious student of nutrition, shortly before I conceived and had learned about the importance of body brushing, skin health to aid kidney health, mineral baths, and sun baths and daily massage with sesame oil. I had also learned about balancing the hormones using sesame oil all over the skin every morning from Deepok Chopra in his classic, Quantum Healing. As I nurtured my “other kidneys”, my skin, my real Kidneys were freed to perform the important work of detoxifying both the babies body and mine. I tried to make my main source of sodium celery juice and stayed away from iodized, bleached “fake” salt. I did eat some Hain Iodized sea salt during my last trimester to help with the expansion of my blood volume.

We had already focused for a year on indoor air quality, water purification, and the electromagnetic fields in our home, so I had very little in the way of toxins coming into my body.

Journal entries during Andrews pregnancy



Pregnant with Andrew in 1996

Wednesday November 29, 1995

I'm trying to figure out how late my period is. I can't tell. I had my fertile time while Paul was out of town – so I don't think I'm preggo – but ever since we made love the night he came home I have been wheezing like crazy – despite my ozone machines (This wheezing is a sign of dehydration.) I did the same thing during my pregnancy with Jeff.

Julia still hasn't had the baby. She is very, very anxious for it to come. What can I say? I want her to come too.

December 21, 1995

I did the pregnancy test today. I'm Pregnant! I am so excited! All month I've been feeling more and more sure. As Paul was leaving for work I said, "aren't you going to say anything? He said "I don't think we're ready for this, but I guess it really doesn't matter what I think." I wanted to slug him, but I just said "It really hurts me here (pointed to my heart) to have you so unexcited." I just want to shake him and hit him and wake him up as to what a privilege it is for us to be able to add another child to our

family. I just want him to wake up and stop being such a downer all of the time. It is really getting on my nerves.

I am very excited, as are the girls. This baby is going to get seven years of accumulated wisdom to draw off of and I am going to do my utmost to build a healthy beautiful body! Love, Jenny PS Conception likely Nov. 17th

Thursday December 28th, 1995

Yesterday at 2:25 PM Julia gave birth to an ten pound girl at home. The impact of this birth on me is yet to be felt. I am feeling floaty and just high.

January 11, 1996

I don't know how I feel – mostly tired and overwhelmed. The joys in my life are very intense – overwhelming – but so are the sorrows and heartaches – Mostly I feel content.

But sometimes I experience these highs and lows of happy/sad, excited/bored, confused/clear – etc. etc. I think this is normal, but I do wish I could be more consistent in my parenting.

Monday January 22, 1996

Last night during Family Prayer Paul acknowledged the baby for the first time. He thanked Heavenly Father for the New Baby. I almost started crying.

After the prayer we were talking, and he said if the baby was a boy, he would like to name him Andrew, after his grandfather. Andrew Conrad or Andrew Richard to honor the grandfathers.

I can assure you reader, this type of conversation has not happened since I was pregnant with Shelly. During her pregnancy, Paul sang to her and treated her like a real person, massaged her, talked to her. Her intense relationship with him was definitely begun during that time.

But during Ally and Jeff's pregnancy he would hardly acknowledge their presence and was very hands off. Almost like he was afraid of them and what their birth would do to me. As he's worked through his fear and I've worked through mine, we have come close to that family harmony we had during Shelly's pregnancy. I am so overjoyed to have this love return to our home and replace the fear and tension which has been with us for so long.

March 7th, 1996

Last night I had preparedness dreams one right after the other. It's hard for me to know if my dreams are from the Lord. The dreams were survival type things. I was looking for ways to help my children survive, all night long.

I awoke feeling determined to finish some preparations I've been thinking about for a long time. This is as good a place as any to put my plans.

get two week supply of water in basement – order 55 gal drums

put together new 72hr kits

buy solar radio

order seeds from grain master company”

I am very excited to feel the babies' kick. I still believe there are two in there. I will be very surprised if there is one. We have decided on Andrew for a boy and Carolyn for a girl.

March 15, 1996

I had a confrontation with my chiropractor today because he told me that he felt I was pregnant too soon after tandem nursing. Well, What am I supposed to say about that? I said, “it happens”. He said, “I call it as I see it. I deal with facts.” I just felt defensive and spent the afternoon coming up with one liner retorts I wish I had said. “If we all waited until we were 100% healthy none of us would have children.” “If you understood faith and obedience to God's commandments to multiply you wouldn't question us” etc... I shouldn't feel so defensive but I've taken a lot of his crap this past year about

breastfeeding and as far as I'm concerned another chiropractor has bit the proverbial dust. It's why I left my old chiropractor. Snide comments about our parenting style, I wish I could find someone philosophically on the same wavelength, impossible, anyway, I don't plan to go back to him for a while. He always says something that makes me feel defensive, as do most male doctors.

Whatever, it felt good to get the wrap – feel very floaty right now. (I purchased a five wrap package to get the Victoria Morton mineral wraps from my chiropractors office – they were so nurturing to my pregnant body!)

April 6, 1996

I am so excited for general conference! I have been looking forward to it for months! Last night we had the sweetest experience!

All four couples who took my class last year came for a reunion party. I almost cried as I watched these mothers and fathers tenderly caring for their little ones. As I observed them all breastfeeding like pros, I thought, “this is a miracle!” In our day and times to have four for four in the class nursing their little ones is really amazing. I was just so proud of all of them.

I felt sick and tired all day, fearing that I would have to cancel. But when those babies came through my door in their slings, carried by their mommies, it was just joyful and happy to know that they have all been launched, with the best start possible. I am very happy right now! Love, Jenny

April 26, 1996

I feel so weird today. I had a professional massage and it stirred up a lot of emotional stuff. I've been mostly angry all day. I feel sorry for the kids. They've been great though to just let me veg out. Tomorrow from three to five Paul and I are going to a group breathwork session, for couples expecting babies. On Sunday I have to conduct primary, do sharing time and then have a presidency meeting at 2:00PM.

After the birth I am going to spend eight weeks in seclusion. Not go out at all. Paul is just going to have to buck up and do the shopping etc... He's been wonderful the past few weeks – very supportive and allowing me to do my “stuff”. I exercise on Monday and Wednesday nights at the Therapy clinic. I do Reiki with Karen, my visiting teacher, I go to my birth group with Laura Shanley etc... I go to see the chiropractor, as needed. I've had three mineral wraps, I do breathwork and yesterday was my first professional massage by a woman who specializes in pregnancy. I have spent bocu bucks on Sunrider, Shaklee etc.. and have bought all organics to eat. I take sunbaths, and naps as needed and have just let the house go. I plan to hire a girl for the summer to help clean, tend the children. (He almost put his foot down on that one but I said, “You aren't going to do the housework, so what am I supposed to do?” He said OK. So that's what I'm going to do. Then we are buying a new car, and I have spent hundreds on preparedness stuff. I don't think I should have the use of a credit card right now, just blowing money right and left. Pregnancy is always the time when I whack out and we get in debt. I feel out of sorts – Jenny”

In June of that year the Monte and Julia blessed their baby. After the blessing they all bore their testimonies and Susanna did also. They all said some things that made some of the members angry. I had left after testimony meeting so I didn't hear any of the fallout, but when I heard it later, I became frightened. Many members of my ward knew I was planning an unassisted birth and I entered into a fearful time. This journal entry was me trying to sort out my feelings.

“June 9th, 1996

I suppose what was most offensive to these who were upset was the claim that Julia especially made regarding Heavenly Father prompting her to have a home birth. Monte and Susanna also talked of spiritual things and I guess its out of the realm of possibility to these who've so much faith in doctors, that one could reject modern medicine and still be a good member of the church.

I am curious to see what happens in the future. Especially since I have told several people about my plans for an unassisted birth.

It's one thing to say "You can't have an unassisted birth without your doctors permission – it's quite another to say you can't serve in the church if you do this or you can't go to the temple if you do this. I'm not saying that this is what the president (member of the stake presidency) was saying, but one does wonder what the consequences of ignoring this ultimatum will be.

When one says "you cannot have a homebirth without your doctors approval" the logical questions that come in my mind are...

What if you don't have a doctor?

What if you don't have any intention of following the ultimatum?

What if the Lord (being the master physician) gives you "permission" to have your baby at home, regardless of what a doctor, or your doctor says?

If anything bad were to happen during a home birth ie death, etc... would the church discipline that because of lack of obedience, or would the church discipline just because of the homebirth itself, even if everything went perfectly?

What would the discipline be?

Does the church have the authority to interfere in this area of our lives?

Even though I was not given the ultimatum in the Boulder ward, and thus do not feel accountable to any priesthood person to obey, will such an ultimatum be given to the stake at large at some future date and what will be my response?

Lots of questions floating through my mind at this vulnerable time.

I have been imagining myself being quizzed by someone before this baby comes and what my response will be. Some of my answers to those unasked questions...

1. I wasn't aware that membership in the church of modern medicine was prerequisite to membership in the church of Jesus Christ.
2. Where does free agency fit into this controversy?
3. In Julia's case, she and Monte had an 80% chance of having another cesarean because of her previous one and an "untried" pelvis. She was unwilling to take the chance and they could scant afford to pay for such a travesty. Midwives are not allowed to do

VBAC's at home legally and they charge \$2,000.00 per birth. Through study, prayer, and nutrition and exercise, they responsibly decided to do the birth themselves recognizing a 5% chance that something may go wrong. These were acceptable odds and they carefully and prayerfully prepared for their daughter's entrance into the world. I encouraged this.

In another case a couple who took my class had a good job, insurance, and also a little girl on the way did absolutely nothing to insure the health of their child, except hire an obstetrician who didn't make the Mom feel guilty about her pack a day smoking habit and her five year valium habit, which continued throughout the pregnancy and continues today. I entered into an intimate relationship with them as I did with the Monte and Julia. The difference between the two couples was striking. This mother refused to eat, subsisting on candy and drugs, Julia was eating every time I saw her – a pint of strawberries here, a bowl of rye, walnuts and cinnamon there. The other mother never exercised, to my knowledge. Julia faithfully did aerobics every day, always stretching, preparing her birth muscles. After I watched the OB slice into the other mothers body and pull her little three pound girl from her womb, I was the one who carried her dead little body in to her mother. I was the one who cringed every time I heard someone say it was Gods will the baby died. Since when is it Gods will a little person doesn't have the chance to experience life? I love this mother but she and her husband were the extreme case of not taking personal responsibility. Julia on the other hand, dutifully prepared by reading, eating, sleeping, exercising, visualizing, going to the temple for Heavens confirmation, attending childbirth class, and having extreme faith that all would be well. Two times I specifically petitioned Heaven to know if I was being responsible in my support of their decision. Both times I felt peace, comfort, joy, even ecstatic joy that Heavenly Father approved this choice. During some dark days when I knew some in the stake disapproved of my choice to support and their choice of homebirth, I leaned Heavily on these confirmations. When Julia pushed her ten pound daughter into her Daddies hands; alive, pink, beautiful, blinking her eyes looking around, I felt only joy, peace, happiness, and yes, "THIS was right for them". The contrast between the two births was and is startling. These situations are only for the Lord to judge as to who was in tune with the Holy Ghost, who exercised their free agency in a responsible manner, as

to whom had the best outcome. I only know what I see. Loving these two families as intensely as I do it's difficult for me to harshly judge one or the other, or to go to the other extreme and say one was more righteous than the other. Both couples desired to be parents, a righteous desire, and both made choices during their pregnancies that influenced the outcomes. I am sure that in the eternities all will be well with these families, and I am grateful for the privilege of having been an important part of their lives during this special time of pregnancy and birth. Not only as a professional childbirth teacher/labor assistant, but also as friend, confidant, sister in the gospel and as daughters of God, joyfully raising our children.

The question must be asked, "Do I believe homebirth is for everyone?" And the answer is a most emphatic "NO!" I never would have encouraged this second couple to have a homebirth and it was only with much soul searching, faithful prayer that I was able to do it with the Julia. Most of the people who have taken my class happily birth their children in the hospital. A few brave souls have birthed at home with a midwife and Julia is the first who has taken my class who has done it unassisted. I believe this action was God ordained and supported and no person has the right to question Julias and Montes spirituality in regards to the choices they make regarding their children or to question my answers to my prayers.

My experience has been that it is the most informed, prepared, responsible parents who choose homebirth. But I want to make it clear that I support any parents choice regarding their place of birth, whether it be at home or in the hospital. No doctor would have given Julia "permission" to birth at home because of her "high risk" condition. She and Monte were aware of this and so they avoided doctors and even midwives altogether. This does not constitute a lack of spirituality, worthiness, or even irresponsibility, what they did, quite simply, was take all factors into consideration, and made what they, and I, feel, was the most responsible/wise choice.

These are complex, difficult issues and it is unfair and rude to judge a family harshly because of their choices. We all make mistakes in our lives, experience "if onlys" and regret the choices we have made. I would like to think that members of the church would support A homebirth family even if a tragedy occurred, ie a death, or a hemorrhage, or a birth trauma, like that other family whose baby died were supported by their ward. The

outpouring of love, concern, support, meals, friendship, which continues on today was and is the appropriate response to any tragedy. U.S. society has already decided in many cases across the country to penalize homebirth families and midwives when things go wrong. As they sometimes do, no matter where the birth takes place. But it would be my hope that all Disciples of Christ no matter what the circumstances, choices made, or perceived faults of, would show the same empathy, love, and support all involved. The only reason I can imagine why some Saints have been offended by the actions of the Magills has been because they did it, did it well, they have a beautiful, sweet child to be a part of their eternal family and they have the audacity to claim that Father in Heaven encouraged them in this matter. I love and support them for their faith, courage and willingness to bring a child into this troubled world, and I plan to birth my next child in much the same manner. Jenny Marie Hatch”

A member of our Stake presidency had been in the testimony meeting when the Magills blessed their baby. After church he and the Bishop went around to the classrooms and said that no more would children be allowed to be coached during a testimony (Julia's sons had bore their testimonies with Montes help), and no one was allowed to have a home birth without their doctors permission. I had visions of Paul and I being hauled before the high council and asked some of the above questions. I was nervous about this happening, but finally let my fear go. Mormons are good honest people, and on some level I had to trust that if given the opportunity to speak, I would be listened to with open ears. I also knew that we were not breaking any laws by having our son at home and that if we were questioned that would be the biggest issue. Venting in my journal gave me the chance to articulate my many emotions and I felt better after writing it and then reading it to Susanna.

She went to talk to our Stake President and as she poured out her heart to him, (she was pregnant with her third child and also planning an unassisted birth), she really felt that he respected her opinion and listened to her. He gave her some good advice and encouraged her not to lose heart or let her feelings of isolation make her leave the church. The true principle in all of this was the righteous desire to be parents, and the Lord left

the details up to the parents. After she told me about this conversation I felt better and was able to relax more.

The final eight weeks of my pregnancy was more of the same. An occasional massage, a breathwork session and good eating. Every five weeks or so I would go to the store by myself and purchase a pint of Ben and Jerry's Peanut butter cup ice cream, I would sit in my car and eat the whole pint. This was my one indulgence during the pregnancy and it was wonderful! I also hired a neighbor girl as a mother's helper ten hours a week. Paul and I went to an art therapist who specialized in birthing issues. Our four sessions with her were extremely helpful as we used art supplies to create a birth plan and communicate better. She will always have a place in my heart for her compassion and kindness. Thanks Nora!

MORE JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM ANDYS PREGNANCY

“July 21, 1996

I've been contracting on and off for a week now – different contractions than during the whole pregnancy – more pulling and stretching in my cervix. I called Laura Shanley to come over, She really wanted to be at the birth. She took the kids to the park and let me be. I took three baths, stretched, massaged, napped, drank raspberry tea and kept inviting the babies to come. But nothing. When Paul and Shelly came home I came out of my spacey place and spent the evening visiting with them, still having an occasional contraction and lots of ligament pain.

August 9th, 1996

I feel so spacey. Very tired, hot moody and READY! I've had people calling all week to bug me. I've pretty much stopped answering the phone. I keep having hard contractions – steady, rhythmic. I feel bored, tired and am fighting depression. I don't want to be around other people, and yet I would love to go dancing or something.

Yesterday I had hot/cold flashes, nausea, one crying spell; I was alternately happy/nice, sad/rude to the children. I cleaned like crazy all day on Wednesday then I got another burst of energy and cleaned the basement. This morning I awoke again at 3:00AM, again, hungry. I made a protein shake in soy milk with physique, fitness, performance, lecithin, goats milk, powdered milk, buttermilk, fiber, top, joi, ese, and prime again and I made a fortune delight salt, acidophilus drink, some raspberry tea with calli and electroport. I came up, took 1 hydrochloric acid tab, 2-vita lea, drank protein and tea and promptly threw up. Then I went outside to breathe and look at the moon and the stars.

August 23, 1996

Today I went to my chiropractor and had an acupuncture treatment, which is supposed to bring on labor within 24 hours, IF the baby is ready to come. I don't feel anything happening.

Paul took the children to the library. I'm alone eating grapes and listening to the radio. Shelly starts school in three days. (Our local school was starting a new charter that fall based on the Core Knowledge curriculum and we quickly made the decision to send Shelly to school because the curriculum included true phonics– The Open Court curriculum and Saxon Math, the best Math curriculum on the market) I have such mixed feelings about this. I really hope she just thrives, but who knows? There are so many things about institutionalized learning that I'm not happy with, and yet she wants to go. Allison has been very sad since we made the decision to send Shelly. She's cried several times. Last night I prayed for her out loud in front of her – so that she would know Heavenly Father and her Mother are aware of her feelings and want to help her through this crisis. I'm hoping that her helping with the baby will ease the pain of losing Shelly. I need to go eat now. Jenny

September 1, 1996

Last Wednesday Shelly started school with a bang. I cried like a baby. I missed her and basically felt like my child was kidnapped. But she has enjoyed this past week. Highlights for her were recess, buying the hot lunch twice, friends from church in her class, gym class, and just being part of a group.

Rich and Stephanie (my brother and his wife) came by to purchase our old car and visit. We had a nice chat and Rich helped Paul give me my birthing blessing. It was nice to have Rich do this. I usually have my home teacher come over when I'm in labor, but he hasn't come for many months, so I liked having Rich do it. I've thought I was in labor one hundred times now. Contractions will kick in for four or five hours and keep on no matter what I do, then they stop. Some observations...

When I crave protein foods I know its time to make a protein shake. I start dreaming about meat, eggs, etc... but my 50-gram protein drink will satisfy for twelve hours. When I start craving sugar, which usually happens within several hours of craving the protein, if I don't eat the protein, I start to dream of donuts, ice cream etc...I know then I need the protein pronto. Lately I've been craving sugar like crazy. Can't seem to get enough protein, despite at least 100 grams in a 24-hour period. Just something I've noticed. I keep making shakes, juices, eat tons of fresh fruit, and take at least six-vita lea a day, sometimes twelve. I also have been taking hydrochloric acid with all cooked foods and try to get live foods at every meal – usually in the form of a vegetable juice. I LOVE my juicer! (Thanks Jay K!)

My body continues to tone, shape up, thin out and put all into the babies. I feel filled up to the brim with baby, but also feel I could go another month if they need to.

I'm 44 weeks today from October 30th – the first day of my last period. I feel healthy, good, strong, slightly bored and somewhat impatient – but determined to let the babies come when they want to. I am so glad we haven't gone the medical route with this pregnancy. I would have untold stress right now – with them thinking I was 44 weeks and with twins to boot – they would be absolutely freaking out. I just ignore everyone who's freaking around me – neighbors, relatives, friends, etc... I almost never answer the phone and only go out when no one is around. I feel like a mother cat hiding herself from prying eyes. Always conscious of danger, but trusting and having faith that all is and will be well. I feel that we're close. I've had two acupuncture treatments. After the first

treatment I lost my mucous plug and have passed lots of mucous all week. After the second treatment I didn't feel much and have just spent the last few days cleaning, eating, napping, reading, watching TV and playing with the children. Karen (a friend) has come over to help clean and play with the kids, and help with my psyche. She is my gift from God right now, playing a role that I don't think anyone else could play. Her emotional support the last few weeks and cheerfulness and fierce protectiveness for helping me accomplish the desire of my heart have meant the world to me. I don't know how to ever repay her for her kindness and friendship. I'm crying just thinking about it. She is midwife, friend, visiting teacher (Karen was not A member of my church, but this was a way for me to define her), confidante, sister, housecleaner, cook, psychologist, etc... all rolled into one and I know Heavenly Father put us together during this Mommy time so we could help each other.

I feel happy, floaty, and so excited to give birth and nurture these little people. I feel Heavenly Father is protecting us from harm, and keeping us happy and well. In Paul's blessing he said I should trust that the baby will come in the Lord's own due time and in the baby's due time. Wouldn't it be funny if it came tomorrow? Labor Day? We'll see.
Love, Jenny

Monday September 2, 1996 – Labor Day

We went to the rec center today. It felt awesome to get in the water! I watched TV all afternoon and cleaned and baked cookies. It was a relaxing day. I called Julia and Monte for moral support. I just wanted to hear from her where her head was at when she was where I'm at. She said when she finally stopped trying to force her daughter out by eating certain foods, taking certain herbs, and just relaxed – That's when she was in a much healthier place to give birth.

I've drunk so much raspberry tea, done the acupuncture, sex, the full moon, breathwork, invited, sang, relaxed to encourage the babies to come out. I think I just need to sit back, relax and accept that they will come when "they" are ready and not one minute before.

THE BIRTH

The day before Andrews's birth on September 7th Paul and I went to our chiropractors office. He gave me a good adjustment and massaged my back for a while, then used his electromeridian machine to find out what was up with my body. My hormones were off so he gave me a tincture that contained blue and black cohosh. I took it all day Friday every half-hour. Then I went to sleep and slept a good nights sleep. When I awoke I wasn't having any contractions but I knew in my heart this was the day. It was a Saturday morning about 5:00AM. Paul and I had been making love all the time, to try to get labor going. We made love twice that morning. (Natural semen is the absolute best substance on the planet to soften the cervix and stimulate labor) Within the hour I had a good steady labor going. I was very thirsty and kept asking Paul to bring me water. In the next three hours he brought me about a gallon of water which I drank.

As I began to get into that spacey place of labor, I had the feeling that the birth was going to be quick. I moved from the shower to the bedroom to the other bathroom and around again. I turned on my CD player and listened to my Return to Pooh Corner CD by Kenny Loggins. It contained a wonderful variety of lullabies that my sister had sent to me. I had listened to it all summer and it was nice labor music. I kept hitting replay and listened to completely through three times. (Thanks Kenny!)

I heard the children wake up and Paul getting them breakfast and the sound of Saturday morning cartoons. I had worried family noise would be bothersome and had hoped for a quiet night time labor when they were still sleeping, but I wasn't bothered at all by the noise. Once Jeff (two years old) came up to the bathroom with the tub and vocalized through a few contractions with me. It was really cute. I used the loud AHHHHHHHHHHHHH I had learned from breathwork and vocalized as if my very life depended on it. I would begin loud ahhs with the start of each contraction and then continue until it was finished.

As I danced and sang and swayed to the music I had this sense of all of the women in the universe dancing and singing with me. The heavens opened and I felt angels in my room circling around me. It felt foggy outside and I remember looking out my window and seeing the dark fog and wishing it could be a beautiful clear sunny day for my babies

birth. I had the sense that Andrew was receiving his final instructions for earth life and was finally ready to be born. I still believed I was having twins, but was confused by this sense that there was only one.

I have thought many times “why did I believe I was having twins?” I think Andrew knew that I would eat much better if I believed that and I did and he wanted the nutrition intended for two for his own body. I also have discussed this issue of Mom’s feeling like there were two and ending up with only one baby. We have all wondered if we simply feel the baby’s guardian angel around us while we are pregnant and that is why we feel this sense of two spirits. I discussed this once with some of my friends and interestingly enough all of us had experienced this phenomenon with our boy pregnancies. Not all of our sons though. Maybe certain spirit’s need extra help with the passage to life, or maybe we mother’s simply needed extra nurture during a vulnerable time.

During the labor, I completely dumped the contents of my colon in huge amounts. Once I inadvertently flushed a diaper down the toilet. I rubbed Sesame Oil all over my head, hair, body, and perineum. I took multiple showers and kept vocalizing. At one point I was in the tub and I had the thought “I’m not sure if I can do this”. Immediately I thought “Self doubt sign post! I could be pushing soon!” And I was! I went into my bedroom and squatted down against this large rubber ball we had bought for prenatal exercise. As I leaned against it and moaned and vocalized, I could feel Andrew wiggling and moving inside of me. I had the thought, “Soon you will be in my arms little one”. Then I stood up and leaned against the bed. As the next contraction started I dropped down into a full squat and he rushed down the birth canal and crowned. I saw a few drops of blood drip out, but I wasn’t too concerned because I had bled like that with Shelly. I called down to Paul “could you come up her Paul?” Then I soon felt another contraction. This time I felt like standing up with my hands leaning against the bed. I could feel Andrews head right against my thighs and bulging my perineum. As the contraction began I pushed hard and his head slowly emerged.

Paul walked into the bedroom and saw the head outside of my body. I was standing with my back to him. He said, “That’s a head.” Duh! “It looks funny. Oh I know, the water hasn’t broken yet.” I asked him to wash his hands. He did and came into the bedroom. (I had about four to five minutes between these last four contractions –

pushing contractions tend to space out to give the mother time to rest during this most physical of events). As I felt the final contraction begin I dropped down onto all fours, and Paul kneeled down on the floor. He gently delivered our son as I pushed him into his Father's hands. Andrew was born completely encased in the amniotic sac (the caul). As I turned around and sat on my bottom I marveled as the sac broke and it splashed amniotic fluid all over, then I noticed that the cord had broken right by Andrews navel. It was lying limp and purple on the ground. I had heard that if cords broke, they had to immediately be clamped because the mother could bleed out through the cord but no blood was coming out of the end of the cord. However, the blood was gushing out of me like a faucet. I wasn't really connecting that this was going on. I was just watching Andrew. He was perfectly formed, pink, and so beautiful, but he wasn't breathing and his eyes were closed. Paul was trying to blow a little air into his mouth and I said "why don't you give him a blessing". Paul said, "Andrew Conrad Hatch, in the name of Jesus Christ and by the power of the Holy Melchezedik priesthood which I hold, and as your father I command you to breath." Nothing happened. I was starting to panic as Andy turned blue.

Paul looked at me and said, "don't be mad at me Jen, but I'm in over my head" As he dialed 911 and explained the situation, I just worked on Andrew. I tried to give him a little Heimlich maneuver and a quick finger swipe to see if there was anything in his mouth. I tried blowing some air into his mouth, but it wouldn't go in. I will never forget the feeling of my lips on Andrews that first time. I had three bulb syringes lying around my bedroom, but didn't think to use them. A few minutes after Paul made the call we heard a banging on the door. The girls who were downstairs watching cartoons (Paul had asked them to come up to see the baby be born, and they said, "no, they wanted to watch cartoons"). Jeff came in though and saw the birth. The girls let in our "Hero" Shawn Clemenson, a volunteer firefighter. He lived a few blocks away from us and decided to come straight to our home instead of checking in to the firestation as the rules dictated. His wife had just given birth to a baby and he had been at home playing with his two children when the call came in. His wife shooed him out the door as quickly as possible. He raced upstairs to our bedroom. He told me later that if he had seen needles lying around or felt that I had any major diseases he wouldn't have done what he did, because

firemen are not supposed to come in contact with bodily fluids, but he took one look at Andrew and he just “knew” what needed to be done. I call this little maneuver Shawn did, “Shawn’s Suck and Spit baby survival system”. He told me he never heard of doing this but he felt guided to do it. I later talked to a pediatrician who told me this is a superior way to suck out newborns because it creates a vacuum on the babies mouth and nose and effectively sucks out the baby, which doesn’t always happen with the bulb syringe or even the electric baby suckers they use in the hospital. The doctor told me that she has used this technique when nothing seemed to be getting the mucous out.



Shawn with Andrew 1996

Shawn gently took Andrew from me and put his mouth over his and sucked out the mucous and then spit it out. Then he gave him three puffs of air and Andrew opened his eyes. Shawn said it wasn’t a lot of mucous just a little lodged in his throat and it was clear white. I believe because Andy was born in the caul he wasn’t able to benefit from the baby heimlich maneuver we teach about in Bradley Childbirth classes because as he emerged from my body he was still surrounded by fluid. Anyway, Shawn was guided by Heavenly Father to know what to do and I know he was meant to be the one to give Andrew the “breath of Life.”

Right as Shawn resuscitated Andrew about half the Louisville fire and police departments showed up at our house. We live in a row of townhouses and it was 9:00 AM on a quiet Saturday morning. Our curious neighbors all came out to see what was going on. So much for my quiet private birth.

I still have tears come to my eyes when I think about all of those men rushing to come help our family. They all wanted to help and hurried to our home to be of assistance. I have this recurring fantasy of Shawn giving Andrew his first breath, handing him back to me, tipping his baseball cap and saying, "Have a nice day ma'am." And LEAVING. But that is not what happened. In the fear and panic of the situation Shawn handed off Andrew to the EMT who rushed him out to an ambulance. They bagged him and took him to the hospital. Another great miracle happened when a young man named Joe who was a member of our church just happened to get stuck in the ambulance with Andy. He had been getting supplies when the ambulance took off for the hospital. Joe told me later that Andy's vital signs weren't too good and so he "Said the biggest prayer of my life" and immediately Andrew's vital's went to normal. (Thanks Joe!)

As they drove to the hospital I was sitting in my bedroom in a pool of blood, naked. My bedroom looked like a crime scene and I was staring at seven local firemen. When the EMT came into my room he asked me to come out in the hallway and lay down on a stretcher they had brought up. I did and he tried to insert an IV. I was going into shock and my veins kept collapsing. I was very cold and thirsty. I asked for water but he said, "No." They decided there wasn't enough room to take me out on the stretcher and so they brought in this chair that could be used to roll me down the stairs. As they rolled me down I felt bump/gush of blood, bump/gush of blood, bump/ gush of blood, all the way down the stairs. I saw my little girls looking frightened sitting on the couch, I think the TV was still on and they said, "Mom where are you going?"

I told the children that I was going to the hospital and would come home as soon as possible. My dear friend Tanya showed up then to take care of the children and Paul followed the two ambulances in our van. When we arrived at the hospital my three-day ordeal in the hands of the medical "professionals" began.

I did not record any journal entries from this time, too distracted. Here are my memories of the days after the birth...

Andrew and I were separated for twenty-eight hours after the birth. He was flown to a Denver Hospital and I was kept in the local hospital for the first night. I had a hematocrit of 4.7 (I'm not kidding it was really 4.7, I dropped 95% of my blood volume). I asked one of the nurses if my baby was alive, for some reason she lied to me and said "we're not sure yet". As I pondered the reality of dead home birth baby, all I wanted to do was go be with my baby and not face the reality of the scorn that would be heaped on me for killing my baby, in this state of mind I had a near death experience. As I was leaving my body I heard a distinct voice say "You wimp, get back in your body!" (It was probably my little Scots-Irish grandmother) After I felt my body and spirit come together again My doctor, the same man who had delivered Jeff, came in and said, "Jenny? Did you have any prenatal care? No? A home grown kid, hu? So, How come you aren't dead yet?"

He ordered me two bags of blood and helped out with my uterus and getting it to clamp down. The first emergency room doctor who had examined me was much more concerned about proving to me that my cervix had ripped during the birth than he was about checking to see if I needed some pitocin or some blood. (by the way, I did not tear either my cervix or my perineum and Andrew was 11LB 12OZ and 23 inches long- Let's hear it for natural childbirth!!! If I had given birth to that large baby in a hospital they probably would have cut me to pieces getting him out.) The emergency room doctor really felt like he had to take the opportunity to set me straight as to how much I had screwed up. "Mrs. Hatch, you just gave birth to an extremely large baby!" Duh. I later thought about suing this moron for his negligence and causing me untold emotional distress, but I felt from Father in Heaven as I pondered doing this "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord", so I let the legal stuff go, knowing that the laws of justice and mercy would satisfy the Karmic certainty that the pain this man and some of the nurses caused in me would be returned measure for measure by a just and wise Father in Heaven.

One sweet experience was that I was reunited with my dear nurse who had helped me during Jeff's birth. She came into my room and spoon-fed me a big bowl of chicken soup. I couldn't hold the spoon for all my IVs and I will always be indebted to my Angel for her thoughtfulness. I believe every nurse on the unit came in to harass me for what I had done. "You have insurance, WHY didn't you get prenatal care? If only you had

given birth here at the hospital none of this would have happened. If only you had taken a glucose test none of this would have happened” (they assumed that I had gestational diabetes because Andy was so big.) But he was the antithesis of the water logged, flabby baby that is the diabetes babe. He was just a huge baby, who had been allowed to “cook” as long as he wanted.

Anyway, I had my friends bring me a bunch of wheat grass juice from the health food store and I mixed that with some protein and drank about a gallon of water and salt and by the next day my hematocrit was at a normal level for a post partum mother. (Survival note – If you are giving birth in a survival situation and the mother bleeds out, first pray, then PUT THE BABY TO HER BREAST!!! – Nursing helps the uterus to clamp down naturally. Juice her up a bunch of wheat grass and introduce it rectally with any blood that can be recovered from the birth, with a bulb syringe. It will be immediately put back into the blood stream through the rectum. She can also have wheat grass juice orally for the next few days until she is all better. Essential oils also have properties which help to naturally stop bleeding, unverified by modern research, and have traditionally been used during childbirth. Oils can be applied on the perineum and belly to help the mother. But, breastfeeding is the best way to stop a hemorrhage, which is why the EMTS separating me from Andrew was deadly for me. (Note to emergency professionals – only send ONE ambulance to a home birth situation and keep mom and baby together!!!)

I left the hospital Sunday morning, went home, and packed my bags and we drove to the hospital where Andy was in the NICU. I was ready to do battle. I wanted my son out and I was not going to leave until they put him in the sling I had brought and let me leave with him.

I credit Heavenly Father and good nutrition for having the strength to get through the next two days of our ordeal.

The nurses in Denver were a nicer breed than the nurses at my local hospital. My biggest challenge was with the Doctor who wouldn't let me breastfeed because she was afraid I would give my baby necrotising enterocolitis. We had words, and she threatened to throw me out of the hospital if I breastfed (this throwing out of the hospital seems to be a pattern in my life). I just told her he was my son and I was willing to live with the consequences of nursing him. My dear friend Capri, a fellow Bradley Teacher, came to

help by advocating for us and I doubt I would have had the gumption to fight for the right to nurse him without her by my side. The doctor had heard that I was nursing a two year old and she assumed that I had milk in my breasts. I had colostrum for my son, just like any new Mom. The milk dries up during the fifth month of pregnancy, moms are usually dry for a month and then the colostrum starts flowing. Jeff just drank down the colostrum like Milk during the pregnancy. This newborn doctor was obviously ignorant about breastfeeding and she was afraid that me nursing Andrew would kill him. She kept saying to me, talking slowly and very gently as if I was a three year old, “You have a very, VERY sick child.” I thought to myself, “I have a very drugged child.” They had given him three antibiotics, a muscle relaxant because he wouldn’t stop crying and finally sleeping meds to put him out. When I finally had him in my arms, his eyes were rolling around in his head, he was all floppy, and he just seemed drunk.

When Capri arrived, I pulled out my breast and started nursing. The nurse reacted as if I had pulled out a knife and started stabbing him. She ran for the doctor and they both got right in my face and told me I couldn’t nurse. Capri stood up to her full height, she is an extremely tall, imposing figure and said “do you have any research to prove that nursing this baby will harm him?” The doctor said, “shelves full in our library”. “Well, then...let US see it”. The doctor turned purple and raged out of the room. She returned with a release form, which I signed. It was so ridiculous. Then something happened which really opened my eyes.

The nurse came into the room and started fiddling with a knob. All of a sudden Andrew startled in my arms. He was being affected by whatever that nurse was doing. When she left, I said to Capri, “she just did something that hurt Andrew.” She didn’t say anything, but then the doctor came back to talk to us again. When the doctor was about to start speaking, Capri interrupted her and said, “What does this knob do?” and she pointed to the knob the nurse had fiddled with. The doctor said “that knob is not connected to your son”. I said loudly “that nurse just did something that hurt my son, I could feel it...WHAT did she do?!?” The doctor had this look of absolute fear come over her face, she ran out of the room, grabbed some papers and ran back and said, “I am releasing you right now, here is the paperwork.” I said “fine with me” and stood up. A few minutes later Paul came rushing into the room and said “Jen, if you leave this

hospital with our son, it is going to seriously damage our relationship!” I burst into tears. I felt so thrashed, so tired, so stressed, I just didn’t know what to do. Then Paul suggested we call our doctor to see if he would take on the case. This man explained to Paul that he didn’t feel qualified to take on a high need infant like Andrew, but then he asked to speak to the doctor. She talked to him for quite a while. I have no idea what he said to her. When she returned it was like someone had flipped a switch. She was so friendly and gentle. “We are going to get you a private room, you can nurse, just not too much, you can sleep here, right next to your baby and everything will be just fine”. I told her I would stay but I wanted her off the case. She stayed away from me for the rest of our time in the hospital.

After I returned home I called Capri and asked her if I had dreamed that whole incident up. She said “no, it really happened.” I asked her if she thought those types of things happened alot in NICU’s. Maybe the staff was making sure those beds were filled by doing certain things and not doing certain things. Then I thought, “this is crazy, I cannot believe someone would intentionally hurt a child to make it appear they needed to stay in the hospital.” When I received the bill a few weeks later and saw that my little run in with this female doctor, a NICU specialist had cost us \$2,000.00, I decided that Yes, perhaps for the sake of keeping those little cribs full and the money coming in to the hospital, the temptation to hold on to babies whose parents had great insurance was just a little too much for some unethical people to resist. I know that is a serious charge to make, but I am only sharing what I personally experienced and what I deduced from that experience.

The next day I gave Andy a three-hour massage with Lavender oil, colostrum, and olive oil. He had been all bottled up with his little wrists all bruised from the IV’s and he just looked so sad. As I worked on him he went more and more limp and eventually fell into a deep sleep. I thought I was going to pass out so I lay down on the floor and fell asleep. The new doctor came in to check on him and could not wake him up. He was in such a deep sleep from the massage she thought he was brain dead. Then I woke up and told her what I had done with the massage. Fortunately she was a mother whose baby had been given a deep massage like that soon after birth and had also slept very soundly for hours and hours. So instead of thinking he was brain damaged, she knew he was just

asleep. When he woke up they started giving him all these tests, a brain ultrasound, a hearing test, etc, etc.

After a few hours and every single test they could think of to see if he was brain damaged, my Hero, Shawn, stopped by to see how we were doing. Up to that point I hadn't heard the story of how He had resuscitated Andy. When he explained to me that he had given Andy that breath in the first five minutes after the birth and Andy had been breathing *on his own* while we were all still at my house, well, that was our ticket home. We were working under the assumption that he had not breathed until twenty or so minutes after the birth. Andy continued to improve hour by hour and as I nursed him and massaged him and sang to him he just perked right up. By the 3rd day the Doctor gave me permission to take him home and even though they wanted him to remain on oxygen for a few days, he was sent home with a clean bill of health and on no medications. Miracle!!!

The next few days were really rough. I had hardly slept since the birth three days before, I could feel the mania from sleep deprivation building and our fear was that I would fall into psychosis. My sweet Father in Law offered to pay for a weeks worth of Auryveda post partum care and my dear friend Martha, who had hosted Laura Shanleys birth group at her home, was at my home the next day ready to nurture me. She brought healing foods, massage and she introduced me to Young Living Essential Oils. As she massaged the blends of Valor, Joy, Harmony, and White Angelica into my skin and then put Gentle baby and White Angelica on Andrew, A shift occurred in our healing.

I had been so bottled up with rage and anger and frustration that I could not sleep the night before. Andy was just traumatized and he could not seem to relax. As she massaged us both and applied the oils over the next five days, we released the trauma and started to relax and rest. I couldn't believe how good I felt. And even though the rage and emotion of his birth came back a few times (mostly in the form of gall bladder attacks in the middle of the night), at that moment of the first application, I knew this was something special. I kept asking her for information and she would say, "not yet Jenny, you need to heal first." By the time Andy was one month old I had purchased my first Essential seven kit and the last four years have simply been about Paul and I getting educated about the Oils.

*If you would like to join my Young Living group go to <http://www.youngliving.com> and use my member number #29526 to join my group. Or call 1-800-763-9963 and join and/or order on the phone.

A little note on breastfeeding. Even with the hemorrhage and the difficulty we had recovering, I was able to nurse both Andrew and Jeff on demand for seven months, then I cut Jeff down to twice a day, and we continued until Jeff's third birthday when I weaned him once and for all. (He asked me if he could nurse every day for two months, it was not easy to wean him.) I once again became an eating machine and ballooned up to 265 LBS. One day at church a friend noticed my "snack" I had brought with me to church (we have three hours of meetings every Sunday). There was a group of us in the Mothers Nursing Room and as I was nursing Andy I was eating my food. I had brought a protein shake, an apple, some cheese, some organic blue corn chips, with lots of salt, and a banana. She said, "Jenny, How much do you eat? I said, "About 5000 calories a day and 150 grams of protein". She balked. I explained that I wanted my babies to feel that there would always be an abundance of milk, and that I intentionally overate, so that they would not be frustrated. I had already come to the belief that a poverty mentality begins in the early days after birth. If a baby is continually frustrated because it is always hungry, this creates a survival mentality in the child that could later translate into obsessing about "things". Never having enough. Maybe the roots of our materialistic society begin at birth when babies are not being nourished properly.

If Mother is obsessed with her weight and starving herself so much that the baby doesn't get what it needs to "thrive", it reverts to a "survival" mode that is marked by overeating, always wanting more and selfishness. I wanted the milk to flow like thick cream, and it did! I recently finished up eight years of nonstop breastfeeding in September of 99, and while it has been a challenge I would do it all over again in a heartbeat.

Here are some more Journal entries. I went through some challenging times that are detailed in the journal entries from my post partum, but by the time Andy turned six months old all of the "fear based thoughts" had left and I was into my mothering.

POSTPARTUM JOURNAL ENTRIES

October 6, 1996

In less than twelve hours a man from social services will come to talk to us. The feelings of angst that Paul and I have felt since we found his business card on our door on Friday have been incredible.

We have felt so many mixed feelings, but are firm in our minds that he will not enter our house. We plan to meet him outside and try to reason with him. I plan to let Paul do all of the talking.

We feel hurt and concerned. Just don't know what will happen, Who reported us (whomever called said that our home is so disorderly and chaotic our children's lives are in danger). It's nerve wracking wondering who and why. I will be relieved if it was an anonymous call. But we'll see. I have a sinking feeling that it was my Mom.

When I prayed yesterday, I felt distinctly that Father would fight our battles for us. That felt good.

*Note on social services visit:

My mother and I had a huge fight the day she left after caring for me for a week. She repeated her charge that I get my tubes tied and stop this insanity of home birth. I just told her to mind her own business. The day after she left, the business card from the social worker was on our door. I thought maybe in her anger she had called. I was wrong. It was simply a case that whenever the police are in your home under unusual circumstances, social services is required to make a call. I have heard of stories of social workers learning that the baby was born unassisted and the child has been taken away. I believe this social police force should mind it's own business. If we are going to have partial birth abortion in this country, parents who go on to have their babies in the sanctity of their own bedrooms should be supported, not condemned. The government

needs to get its little tentacles out of the bedrooms of the people. Birth is a private, sacred, experience. Despite traumas, Andrew and I were both alive and healthy and the last thing we needed was more stress. The man who came to our home was a kind person and I learned later from a friend who had worked in his office that of all the folks who could have come out to visit, he was the one most willing to give the parents the benefit of the doubt. We had a horrible weekend though and this added stress was almost more than we could bear. We had wonderful advice from a dear friend from church. He said that if we decided to let the social worker in and talk to him, to make the problem go away because we didn't feel like a court fight, that he would support us. Lewis told us that if they took our children he would have 100 people down at the social services office doing a sit in, calling the press and making as big a ruckus as they could until the children were returned home. His solidarity with us gave us courage.

When the social worker showed up, we met him outside and kept asking him to leave. Finally he started walking away and said he was going to get a warrant to see our home. So, Paul opened the door and said, "OK you can see the house." It had been reported that one of our toilets wasn't working. I had flushed a cloth diaper down it during the birth. We also had a mysterious brown stain on our tub. I had pooped in the tub during the birth. And the dishes weren't done. Paul had been doing them when I called him up. Danger to our children? Hardly. As the worker was leaving he asked if Paul had ever delivered a baby? I just looked at this man with a very intense look, Like "Get OUT of my home!!!" He soon left. And never returned. I can say right now that this issue of parental rights is going to have to be decided soon. So many families are getting into unassisted birth, one of these years someone in a high court is going to have to settle this. It is simply outrageous the way families are being harassed. You can't have it both ways Powers that be, either women have complete reproductive rights or we don't. You can't say "OH yes, you can use any method of birth control or abortion, up until the baby is ready to be born, but once that baby comes out you had better birth it the way WE feel you should, or you are big bad parents and will be treated like criminals. Insane!

October 18th, 1996

Susanna had a little boy yesterday. He is Elijah, caught at home by his daddy. I keep thinking about her. It's hard not to be jealous of her. To think of the two of them at home in their own bed. She was complaining of afterbirth contractions on the phone. I thought, "my uterus was twice as big and I did all of my afterbirth contractions sitting in a stupid rocking chair, or standing at the hospital. Mixed emotions – Tomorrow Andrew will be six weeks old. My dream for this six week healing time of wanting to get totally into my baby and bug out from the world was/is gone, over. It was not to be. I don't know why. I wanted this post partum time more than I wanted a home birth. But despite all of my plans, intentions, and trying to set things up for six weeks of seclusion, I have been out more, done more, had more stress, chaos, and hellish emotions during this six weeks than probably any of my other post partums. I don't understand why Heavenly Father didn't allow me to have the desire of my heart in letting me bond with little Andrew right away. I begged, pleaded in my prayers, for this to be the case. I kept asking if I should go to the hospital, if I should birth at home. For a while there I felt nothing from above. Then it was – "Do what you want." He KNEW what I wanted. I wanted an unassisted birth, with a quiet post partum time. Period. Instead I got three days in hell as both Andrew and I were beat up by the medical profession. Every time I think about him screaming so hard that first night that they gave him a muscle relaxant and then a sleeping med, I start to cry. I couldn't sleep at all that night wondering and worrying about him. Why God WHY? WHY must my life be one big series of traumatic events? Why must I be denied the righteous desires of my heart and not be allowed to have my baby quietly and peacefully as I desired? Why couldn't I just give birth and have my little one snuggle up to me, quietly and peacefully nursing and bonding.

I haven't told anyone, because I was afraid and I recognize these feelings for what they are, but many times, probably fifty or sixty times in the last six weeks I have felt like killing Andrew. I have felt like drowning him, suffocating him, and bashing him against the wall. Every time a thought like this would come into my head I would thrust it out for the evil it was and say out loud, "I love you Andrew I would never hurt you." Finally last week I began begging Heavenly Father to take the thoughts away and help me to bond with my son and just love him. Thankfully these thoughts have lessened and the

Mother love has started to flow. It has helped tremendously that he's started to smile and grin in the last two weeks and today gave his first sort of giggle.

It's so easy to understand abuse, and animals killing and rejecting baby animals that they haven't bonded with. I believe we humans have the same instincts. I have certainly experienced that this time in a major way. But I am not planning on telling a soul! Terrible things happen when Mothers and Babies are separated. It helps to have the knowledge I do about how normal these reactions are. I know most new moms would be freaking at having these thoughts. I just keep telling myself, Look at what you've been through these past six weeks, etc... but other Moms, all they get is guilt and not understanding that bonding is still possible and although it may take some effort, those mother love feelings are possible. I believe smell is so tied in to this. When I first smelled Andrew in the hospital, he smelled like the hospital. His breath was moldy from the antibiotics and even at the hospital I felt rejection feelings. He wasn't the sweet smelling newborn anymore. He had been "violated" and although my mother-love instinct made me fight incredibly to quickly get him home, I struggled to love him.

I'm also angry at Paul tonight. He just says things that infuriate me. "I just don't think we can have any more babies, it's too stressful for me" "I just love the children but this it too hard" "this birthing stuff is just too much work" What I want to scream at him is, "I'M the one who was pregnant for ten months! I'M the one who labored by myself to birth this eleven-pound child! I'M the one who didn't ask one thing of you during my pregnancy, labor and birth. Except to just let me do it MY WAY. I didn't have to call you up to catch him. I could have caught him myself and breathed for him, but because you were afraid YOU called 911 and I (and Andrew) was the one who almost died. I was the one who was beat up by the nurses for having a home birth. I was the one who wasn't able to nurse my son right away. I was the one who had a fight to get them to let me give him a little colostrum.

I was the one who had to recover physically, emotionally and spiritually from all of the traumas experienced. He is so focused on me me, me, He can't see how selfish he is and how his words cut me to the quick. Not once has he said, "thanks Jenny for eating so well and trying so hard, to make a healthy baby. Thankyou for your sacrifice."

Sometimes I think because I make it look so easy, he just doesn't realize how much I hurt when he bemoans how stressful it is to be parents these days.

And then my frustration, anger, and pain melts away into the deepest love for the best husband on the planet. He is so great with the children, so loving and tender. I love him. I ache for him. I feel sad for causing him stress and pain and making his life so uncomfortable.

But it's a constant back and forth, love, hate, peace, rage, calm, anger, etc.etc... I wish things were more stable. I just don't want to bug out of here, with stress, into psychosis land. I don't think I will, but I'm trying to do all of my prevention stuff anyway.

I need to sleep – Here is a quick run down of what we've been through the last six weeks.

sex twice

labor

birth

no breathing/blood

firemen

shock

separation

hemorrhage

almost dead

helicopter

Andrew had 4 drugs, several procedures, intubation, needle in lung, needle in belly button, IV, blood drawn, etc...

I had two bags of blood and pitocin

Check out of hospital

Breastfeeding chaos w/ that Dr.

Capri saved the day!

Tests, massage, six hours of sleep in three days, home, wheat grass juice

Martha!!!

Mineral wraps

Young living essential oils

Massage, breastfeed, sleep

People, meals, food, meat

Lisa, Sam, Josh, breast infection

Mom – stress, stress, fight, stress

Denea – Breathwork

Social services

General conference

Visit from social services – Hell

Two weeks of healing, park, indian summer, naps, peace, laundry, meals, peace, Jeffrey, Allison, Michelle, Andrew, Paul, sex, love peace, sunshine, fall colors, ducks, warm wind, sunshine, peace...

Tomorrow ends my six weeks “recovery.” I’m grateful for the positives I experienced. I’m grateful for the loving people in my life. I’m grateful to the Lord for four beautiful children. I’m grateful for the priesthood in my home and for giving birth not only to Andrew but in a way to myself. I am now embarking on my fifth set of seven years. I wonder what these next seven years will bring? I love the Lord. Love, Jenny

December 15th, 1996

I’m feeling so out of sorts. Very jumpy and a little out of control. I’m very overworked. These past two months have been a marathon that just never ends. I keep saying, “I choose to nurture my babe this way” to affirm my desire in my heart and mind. It’s so difficult.

I eat, I nurse, I sleep, I eat, I nurse, I sleep, I clean, I cook, I do Laundry, I read, I cry, I walk, I hug, I nurture nurture nurture and just keep going. “You rock a sobbing child without wondering if today's world is passing you by, because you know you hold tomorrow tightly in your arms” Neal A. Maxwell”

Lessons Learned from Andrews pregnancy, birth and postpartum

An unassisted birth is possible, even with a large, overdue baby

Remember, if the baby is not breathing to perform Shawns's SUCK AND SPIT baby survival system!

If the mother is hemorrhaging – pray – then LET HER NURSE! Then use her own blood to resuscitate her. A basin can be at the ready if she is pushing.

Young Living Essential Oils can enhance a birth, especially Gentle Baby which was designed to help the mother stretch and the birth to be gentle. Have you ever wondered why the wise men brought Frankincense and Myrrh to the Christ child? Those oils were traditionally used for childbirth. Three days before the anticipated birth the mother's perineum would be repeatedly massaged with myrrh. Upon the birth of the child he would be rubbed all over with Frankincense and the cord and the mothers perineum would be massaged with myrrh. This helped prevent infection, bleeding, and usually marked the child as a King. Obviously the Wise Men showed up after the birth, but they still wanted to anoint the king of the World.

Even with many traumas, bonding can take place. The mother who has homicidal feelings towards her child should recognize that even being separated for one hour could impact her bonding. All family members involved in the birth should honor this important time and once the mom and baby are deemed safe, everyone should back off. After Julia passed her placenta, Monte and I helped her dress; we dressed the baby and then left the room. Breastfeeding is the absolute best way to get the mothers uterus to clamp down and the bleeding to lessen (it is normal for the mother to bleed for six weeks after the birth, if it comes on in a heavier flow, she should slow down her activity), and nursing is best accomplished when Mom is not distracted by conversation and activity. The birthing team should prepare Mom a nice meal and have warm drink ready for her.

TIPS LEARNED FROM NURTURING ANDREW

Eat drink and be merry when pregnant!

Don't freak out about due dates. Even with our traumas after the birth I know Andrew was meant to be born at that exact moment. The way his cord broke off and didn't bleed was very similar to an animal birth, where the baby drops (think of a giraffe) and the cord breaks. No big deal. However, if the cord is pulsating with blood it can be clamped off with a shoelace or a cord clamp on both the babies and the mothers side. Never strip a cord to force all of the cord blood into the baby, this can cause heart damage in the baby.

When birthing the placenta, it is normal for it to take a couple hours. I've even read of births where it didn't release until the next day. Sometimes these retentions are related to an emotional issue. Pray to help it release. If the mother needs to deal with the emotional issue, pray to know what it is.

Some women benefit from eating a little piece of the placenta to help stop a hemorrhage. This is what animals do in the wild. Pray to know if this will help in your situation.

Be confident that Heavenly Father wants your baby and you to live an abundant life. He will supply your every want "The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want" and need. He will guide you, comfort you, fight your battles for you and DELIVER you when the time is right. You need to trust him in all of this and believe even if things don't go the way you want them to, he loves you and is just waiting for you to ask him for help and let him be a part of your life

CONCLUSION

I hope you who have read this story have felt empowered by it. I feel that using the word conclusion is the wrong way to describe the end of this book, because for me, I am just beginning my new life of conscious living. It has taken me years to break old thought patterns and to align my faith with my instincts. SO much of my past has been about fear and pain. As I have sought out new ways to heal and nurture myself, and my family, Heavenly Father has taken me by the hand and showed me the way. Most of the time he let me learn by experience, but sometimes I was allowed to learn a new lesson from someone else's writings. I hope that is the case for you.

I pray that in these pages you have found some comfort and strength, and are able to depend more on the Lord and less on the arm of Flesh (the natural world) when birthing and mothering your babies. Childbirth is truly a supernatural experience. It can be the most empowering, sacred, elevating and joyful moment in a mothers life and because of that fact the law of opposites dictates that it also has the potential to destroy, maim, break and crush a woman's psyche, body, and family.

When I was in the mental hospitals I had many hours to talk with the other patients. As I talked with these women many of them confided in me that their emotional problems began when they had their babies. Most had lost everything. Their children, homes, husbands, and were just sort of existing, in and out of mental hospitals and homes for the disabled. These are the women I refer to as Motherhood casualties. So many couples jump into parenthood without any information and come away from the experience broke, maimed, scarred, and determined never to go through it again. One thing that our little group of unassisted mothers has in common is that we all want to have many more children.

Let us understand the potential in natural birthing, honor the sacredness of it and always be moving in the direction of making it more holy, more pure, more focused on the positive and dedicated to the idea that these are God's children and he has blessed us with a sacred trust to raise and teach and train them in a way pleasing to HIM. I know that he has been Pleased with the efforts of the Mothers in our Unassisted group. While it has not been an easy task to be good wives and mothers, we are all striving to do the best we can and that is all that he asks. God be with you in all you do. Love, Jenny

Chapter six

Dave's Legacy



I am writing this chapter in August of 2001. For two years the previous chapter was the end of this book. I first typed the manuscript of the book in November of 1999. In the past month a series of events have occurred that have opened my eyes and I see my healing journey in a whole new light.

Beginning with the death of my dear older brother Dave four weeks ago, I have experienced a whirlwind of memories and emotions. Dave lived the life of an alcoholic and a drug abuser. He spent the last twenty-four years of his life living the lifestyle of the addict. During periods of sobriety he and I would spend hours conversing on ways that we could break free of the many snares that confined us and kept us from enjoying complete freedom from disease and addiction. I needed help with my physical and mental problems, and he, with his insane addiction to alcohol and drugs. He also suffered from a sexual addiction that I knew nothing about until a year ago. We have struggled with our physical and emotional health our whole lives. We suffered from allergies, many accidents, and suicidal feelings. Dave actually attempted suicide shortly after his first divorce. Over the years, he would often turn to me when he was in jail or prison, and I would attempt to support him through the mail, the phone or just by praying for him.

While I was a freshman at BYU he was sentenced to four years in the Colorado State Prison. Every time I connected with him that year, I was overcome with the pain of his lockup. We have always had a soul connection, and one evening the reality of his crimes and the resulting pain threw me into a little breakdown. I just could not stop crying and asked for and received A priesthood blessing from my home teachers. I hurt so badly, and ached for the pain of my parents and my extended family. My wise bishop introduced me to Stephen Coveys book, The Divine Center and he taught me to understand Dave a little better, and enabled me to forgive him for causing our family so much pain connected with his crimes and sins.

After we both married and started our adult lives, the soul connection continued. As the various peaks and valley's of our lives played out, we were always there for each other during the hard times. He was my defendant and confidant during the years I was detoxing from the mental drugs. As we studied various natural healing modalities and helped support each other through the varying symptoms that came up during our detoxifications, many times I was able to thank the Lord for my brother and his loving support of my efforts to heal naturally. I experienced much rejection and fear from many people as I experimented with different healing techniques, but Dave helped me through the hard times, generally by helping me to see the humor, and laugh through our pain. He challenged me to cleave to my good husband during moments of despair when I didn't think our marriage was going to survive, and he helped me have perspective and to think eternally when I was lost in the fog of my day to day life.

During the last four years of his life, Dave lived here in Colorado and we spent many happy hours talking and visiting. He was the one who convinced me my healing story would be of great value to families, and constantly encouraged me to write my story. He was also the member of my family who showed the most consistent support of me during the psychosis and my subsequent healing and weaning off the drugs. He has always been one of my best friends and was completely supportive of my desire to have an unassisted birth. He even told me that if Paul couldn't get the gumption up to deliver the baby, that he would come and help me with Andy's birth.

When Dave died four weeks ago, I was completely shocked. As I have experienced the varying emotions of grief, a new clarity has come into my mind. Two weeks ago I

started to remember the sexual abuse he and I both endured when we were babies. I have also had very fuzzy memories of being raped by four orderlies in the state mental hospital come back to torment my mind. I almost did not share these things in this book, but that inner knowing I have tells me I was indeed raped while in that situation. I think they might have drugged me, and that is why the memory is so fuzzy, but despite those memories not being truly clear, like the childhood memories are, I think it important that I mention them.

It is not important to me that I detail the events of childhood abuse that have returned to my mind with full clarity. I will simply say that the abuse was violent, extreme, and done to us while we were toddlers. I leave it to God to deal justly with our perpetrators. I will also add that when I was being abused as a nine-month-old, my older brother, who was four at the time, was watching. He kicked and fought to make the abusers stop hurting me, but someone restrained him. The absolute frustration in his four-year-old heart and this dynamic of someone hurting me and him feeling helpless to rescue, has played out in our lives over and over again.

One clear memory was when he was a senior in high school and I was a freshman. One day I was walking home from school and was hit in the back of my left knee by a car driven by a student who was high on pot and was driving home under the influence. I was OK, just suffered a terrible bruise, but Dave was enraged. Even though he was the biggest pot-head in the school, he was very mad at this boy. The next day at school this kid was bragging that he hit some girl on the way home from school while they were all out in the smoking area. Dave heard his bravado and ran over and screamed “that was my sister you hit!” Then he beat him up.

Dave had this thing about his sister’s, and his family in general. He was the most loyal defender of the right that I have ever known. He was always willing to fight to the death when someone he loved was being threatened. The fact that he was also a criminal and had it in him to hurt and make afraid was also part of his makeup and was the cause of more pain for me than I care to remember.

In remembering my brother’s life, I feel it important that he be remembered as more than someone who died choking on his own vomit while drinking. He is more than his actions, which included many incidents of criminal behavior that peaked during his teens

when he worked as a male prostitute and dealt cocaine in New York. He was much more than the many bouts of addiction and depravity would indicate. He was my best friend and ultimately, he was my soul mate. I miss him so much that I am completely overwhelmed by trying to type this chapter. I have been thrashed by the emotion I have experienced during these past weeks of memory and grief.

I have been dumbfounded that a few minutes with evil people while we were babies could have such a profound impact on his life and mine. I have always felt a deep protectiveness and defensiveness for him and he was my protector and apologist during my most difficult suicidal times.

In thinking about healing and recovery from any physical, emotional, or spiritual ailment it is always wise to remember that symptoms appear for a reason. My own distress manifest during my childhood as night terrors, obsessive/compulsive behavior and extreme agitation when it came to my own body. I was always sick and suffered from terrible skin problems, especially a rash all over my mouth.

One of the legends from my family of origin is the time I was in fourth grade and the class bully challenged me to a fight after school. He was much larger than I, but I agreed to fight him. My older brother Nate was driving home from school when he saw this huge group of kids off to the side of the road. When he jumped out of his car to see who was fighting he found me on top of this boy, holding down his shoulders with my knees and grasping some dirt in my hand asking him if he wanted to eat it or leave me alone.

This same fierceness is expressed in my passion to see mother's and babies protected from the knives and forceps of the doctors. I get really agitated when I see innocent people being bullied and hurt by those who are more powerful than they are. I suppose I have my perpetrators to thank for my passionate nature.

If you suspect you have been sexually abused read Laura Davis's book, [The courage to heal workbook](#). It came into my life on the exact day I needed it. Although my own healing journey as a survivor of sexual abuse has just begun, I am absolutely confident complete healing can and will take place. My life will be restored and complete happiness and JOY is my destiny! (I am also excited about losing the weight!!) It is too

late for my brother to find peace and healing in mortality. His life is over. But in thinking about his legacy, I would like to use the end of this book as a challenge.

I challenge you who are the parents of the new millennium to take personal responsibility for your lives. The choices you make will have eternal consequences for your children and grandchildren. I challenge you to stay married and fight for your marriages!!! I challenge you to nurture your minds and your bodies with the natural whole substances that Heavenly Father prepared from the foundation of the world to be our food and our medicine. No place in the scriptures have I ever seen the words “thou shalt go to a doctor when thee is sick”, or when “thee is pregnant”, or when “thee is crazy”, or when “thee has a sickly child”. Conversely the scriptures make it plain that: “Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat” Genesis 2:16, and the Doctrine and Covenants spell out clearly how herbs are to be used.... “And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man- Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving. D&C 89: 10-11.

In D&C 42:43-44 it says “And whosoever among you are sick, and have not faith to be healed, but believe, shall be nourished with all tenderness, with herbs and mild food, and that not by the hand of an enemy. And the elders of the church, two or more, shall be called, and shall pray for and lay their hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me.”

Nowhere in the scriptures does it say that we have to use “professionals” for anything at all, in fact Jesus had quite a bit to say about the wisdom of the world and the professionals who run the world. We do have to obey the laws of the land and while I do not make excuses for my brother’s criminal behavior, it is a relief to me to finally understand where some of his rage and acting out could have come from. It is also a relief to me to finally understand myself a little better, and I look forward to being able to leave my chronic health problems in the past.

I just spent a weekend with my family vacationing up at Estes Park in Colorado. While there I read Marie Osmond’s whole book on post partum depression. I really appreciated her words, insights, and stories and applaud her courage to share. I have been thinking about her book all week. It contains many important bits of information,

yet I truly believe the missing link in woman's health care is the absolute ignorance of everyone on natural principles. Marie and Her doctor articulated quite a few physical principles that will help mother's heal from depression, but even they don't seem to have a problem with the technocratic model of birth that I believe is so damaging to the mother/child relationship.

From the youngest, most ignorant teen mother, to the most advanced degreed Physician, our whole culture is based on ignorance, propaganda, fear, and money. When dealing with the health and well being of families, this ignorance is NOT bliss, it is downright deadly. Real soul pain is often the result.

Isaiah says in chapter 11:9 "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." What is the knowledge of the Lord? I believe we as God's children on earth are on the edge of a huge shift in consciousness. I believe truth is being poured out upon the planet. I believe those of us who are choosing to be the chainbreakers in our families who have made the choice to live a little more pure, a little more deliberate, and a little more carefully than our parents are fulfilling the scriptures found at the beginning of the Doctrine and Covenants which reads, "Hearken, O ye my people of my church, saith the voice of him who dwells on high; and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, verily I say; Hearken ye people from afar; and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together. For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape; and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated. *And the rebellious shall be pierced with much sorrow; for their iniquities shall be spoken upon the housetops, and their secret acts shall be revealed.* And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days. And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them." (1:1-5)

We who have had the courage to read and ponder and pray to know how to be well and have faced the ridicule and loneliness that comes with dancing to the beat of a different drummer are here to say that YOU don't have to be a victim!!! If you will have the courage to heal and honestly look at your own life, and then get down on your knees to ask your creator how to be well, HE will show you the way. I am certain that your

healing will be very different from my healing. I am certain that whatever elements have made you what you have become are different from those that have contributed to my life and my sickness of body and mind. And I promise you that as you are willing to honestly search, ponder and pray for the answers that will make you well, you will be led line upon line, precept upon precept to the truth that will set you FREE!

In closing I would like to address those professionals who may be fearing that the careers they have spent years and thousands of dollars preparing for may become obsolete if everyone on the planet heals completely from all that ails us. Think for a moment about a world where there was no need for a doctor, a dentist, a lawyer, or a lobbyist. No mental hospitals, no maternity wards, no Newborn ICU's. No police, no social workers, no jails, and no Fear. Babies grow up completely safe, completely nurtured, and completely whole. Our world would simply become about sharing the world's wisdom with our young and creating beautiful works of art.

Wouldn't YOU like to live in such a world? Or is your BMW or your sail boat or your child's Harvard degree so important to you that you would be willing to continue to prostitute yourself at the expense of other's pain to simply perpetuate the sick world we now live in???

As we transition from our sick, addicted, toxic world to the millennial Zion so eloquently described by Isaiah, please remember that as the world becomes more healthy, the need for your services will diminish. Rather than fighting for self preservation in the courts by silencing people like me who have big mouths, why don't you become a true healer and risk the scorn of your profession by teaching truth and encouraging freedom? Why don't you support those brave souls who take it upon themselves to gently birth and nurture their babies? Why don't you become part of the solution instead of part of the problem, by educating yourself with the information that was so easily left out of your medical or professional education because a big powerful lobby made sure that you as a healer didn't get the truth. Bernard Jensen had a great quote from his book Empty Harvest. It is "If they get you asking the wrong questions, they don't have to worry about the answers". I believe most of this century we parents have been asking the wrong questions.

As for what the right questions are....that is for YOU to discover!!!



Dave and Jenny as children – best pals!

I hope that my brother Dave's legacy is that in the future no child will ever have to carry the ugliness of sexual abuse within the cells of his or her body. No child will have the soul pain of the violation that comes when children's minds and bodies are treated as tools for the sexual gratification of other's. I pray that my brother's life will stand as a witness to the damage that occurs when babies and toddlers are tortured and maimed.

You professionals just remember that the best things happen when Mother Nature is honored and encouraged. When parents make sacred covenants and vows of love and fidelity to each other, and then consciously conceive a child, an amazing series of events start to unfold. When that child is gently nurtured in the womb, then lovingly birthed without drugs or surgery into the hands of its father a bond that lasts for eternity is forged. As the mother confidently nurtures the baby with her own mother's milk, and then sees to the child's every need, a great confidence wells up in the soul of that person. The world is a happy place! The loving tender nurture of Parents cannot be replaced with

anything else! It is my great hope that one family at a time, healing, real complete healing will take place, and a great peacefulness will settle on the world.