



Let Mothering Carry You

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There is wisdom in your body and in your heart and mind that simply knows how to do exactly what is needed.

at Birthing Tuyling Sulfa

magine yourself sitting in a waiting room one morning, incredibly tired. L Your clothes might be a bit sloppy and have some spit-up on the front, and possibly on the shoulder. Maybe the pants you have on are fitting a bit too snugly or maybe your Lululemons are the best things for today. Your purse is somewhere in the diaper bag. Baby is napping in the wrap on your chest or maybe in the bucket seat by your feet. You pick up a magazine—all these glorious shining pages with pretty faces of new mommies gazing delightfully at the sweet little smiling newborns in pretty outfits. Sigh. This is what it was supposed to be like. And it is, just not in that static photo image way.

Last Sunday, for the family visit, you found your favourite dress shirt and a pair of slacks that had some room. Your feet weren't swollen anymore and you could wear your pre-baby dress shoes. You had a ten-minute shower and washed and even conditioned your hair. Your make-up looked good. Hubby carried sweet baby around the house, and baby looked so adorable in the new sleeper, and cooed and gurgled for almost an hour. Everyone was over the moon.

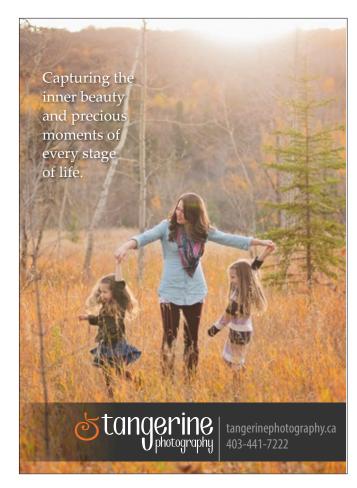
Monday wasn't as easy. Baby crying for no obvious reason, refusing to latch at night and you have no idea why. You read all the books, websites, listened to all the advice from loving friends, family, specialists. Why isn't it working? That discomfort of not knowing, that constant feeling of incompetence keeps sneaking up on you. Baby cries and it's your fault entirely, somehow. Baby doesn't latch, doesn't poop, doesn't sleep—no one else is to blame but you.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday blur together. Your mom dropped by and held baby so you could shower. You needed to cry for a bit. Hard to explain the reason. Better not to bring it up. The shower helped. The walk in the park helped. Co-workers dropped by with a baby gift and a card, and stayed for a little while. Everyone eventually

leaves, sooner than later. To give you time to enjoy your baby.

Another week of no sleep, no shower, coffee cold again on the counter. Girlfriend had a baby six months ago, always looks amazing and rested—maybe you should go back to work sooner, too, and get back to your normal life? Will life ever be normal? Why aren't you happy? Why aren't you enjoying every minute of this? Isn't this time with your baby precious? Why does the loneliness stick around?

You have coffee and Facebook and wine to get you through. You have a loving partner, or maybe you don't, maybe you have loving friends, or maybe you are alone, or maybe you have a therapist who cares about you, or a minister or a sister across the country. Everyone says baby is absolutely beautiful and how amazing that you get to stay home and how amazing that you are working on breastfeeding, whether it's hard or easy.





These loving words from loving people and the well-intentioned clichés seem to cheer you for a little while, but they fade. It is so damn hard: every 4am feeding, mornings that come too soon, and naps that end too soon, and evenings that don't bring the rest you need. Yes, you are tired and worn out, no time to look after your needs, your desperate need to be just you, just your own self, for just a little while.

You are different now, changed by this tiny creature and its endless need of you.

So there you are, brand new or somewhat new or well-experienced but spent and exhausted and you've given everything you can: mother. Sitting in a waiting room, or in the car. In your bathroom, crying quietly.

You see that you are different now, changed by this tiny creature and its endless need of you. You know you took the best care of your body and yourself during your pregnancy. Sometimes you look at your babe's perfect face or hand or tiny toes, and you know your body grew that baby. And yes, YOU worked hard to give birth. It is absolutely unbelievable that YOU gave birth to this little person.

That's when you know that you are so unbelievably gorgeous, no matter the tired body, frumpy clothing and worn out spirit. No matter what the crappy voices in you head proclaim, you know you are part of something big and amazing. You are a miracle and a gift to this baby's life. And your mothering carries you.

You see your very own self in ways you never imagined. You see your strength, your capacity to give when there is absolutely not a thing left to give, forgiving what you once imagined impossible to forgive, and growing, growing just as this tiny little creature you gave birth to is growing in front of your eyes. This incredibly precious little being, so soft and perfect and utterly precious, that sweet little face, fingers, belly, soft baby fuzz, tender skin – this baby you grew will now grow you.

Let it. Let it grow you. Let mothering your sweet child carry you into and through this part of your life. Let it guide you and whisper, reminding you that you do know how. There is wisdom in your body and in your heart and mind that simply knows how to do exactly what is needed.

And then, look at your own self and the mother next to you, and all the other mothers you meet with completely unconditional love—no matter how today goes, how many spills, messes, unkempt hairdos, and spit-upon shirts you notice. Mothering is an immense force in life. You are in the midst of its fierce and powerful current. Let it carry you. B

Because you're eating for two.

One day you will teach them how to cook your grandmothers famous recipe and you will pack snacks to go to a soccer game. But today you are working on nourishing your baby's rapidly dividing cells to build healthy tissues and organs. Your body is a busy and important place.

MegaFood's Baby & Me is a comprehensive prenatal supplement that provides vitamins, minerals and phytonutrients for fetal development from whole food sources such as carrots, blueberries, broccoli, and brown rice.

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