

The birth canal out of the matrix

Description

I notice that every few days, sometimes every day, there is a new thought. Fresh. Thought I had not thought before. I always gotta think, lots of words, lots of emotions, but since we are in this process, **this birth canal out of the matrix** â€“ it is different. It is more. More intense, more deep and more frequent. Labor overcomes.

Two days ago I caught a baby. We did not even manage to leave the house and go to the hospital, and he was born at home on his parentsâ€™ bed. Unbelievable. He was born in the amniotic sac and he just glowed. There is no other word to describe it. He just emerged like a small sun, wrapped in his amniotic sac (rare and amazing! Usually amniotic sac pops at some stage during the birth. Rarely a baby comes out while still in the sack, with the blessed water that wrapped him for the entire pregnancy).

Birth is a matter of love, especially hormones of love. This is not a clichÃ©, it really is. Hormones of love are the primary cause for the labor and for pushing the baby out of the womb to the world.

In this birth, you could almost touch the hormones that filled the air. The air was thick with love hormone of four humans â€“ mother, father, baby, doula.

For me it was primal experience â€“ after a decade in childbirth. Iâ€™m in love.

Iâ€™m always a little bit in love with couples worked with as a doula. Sometimes they remain my friends, sometimes we just meet in the next birth feeling as if we separated only one minute ago, but this time itâ€™s different. Since we were together in a hot dense soup of birth hormones with no outside interruption so they could be at their (im)possible peak. It echoes within us still.

Yesterday, the day after the birth, I was just like a woman in love â€“ I waited all day long for a telephone from them, thought about them all day â€“ what they are doing and if everything is fine.

Every time they texted or called me my heart missed a beat like a crazy love crushed teenager. I could not wait any longer to see them, and when we met I totally forgot the time and stayed until The One gave me an angry call because I promised to return and he scheduled a jam and he is going to be late because of me and â€œcome on , youâ€™re pissing me offâ€œ. So I had to leave, and when I did they told me â€“ Go, go, because if you donâ€™t â€“ how will you come back! And it made me laugh, because itâ€™s a sentence of mine I once told The One , when he wanted to say goodbye.

So this morning I thought, what is this!? Itâ€™s like a girl in love, whatâ€™s going on with you!? And I said to myself (in general, my conversations with myself lately are really something special) â€“ It is because your heart is open. I think I will produce a sticker â€“ WHEN THE RELATIONSHIP IS OPEN â€“ EVERYTHING IS OPEN.

I always loved to accompany births, but now itâ€™s like I went up a level in my heart. Itâ€™s more. Itâ€™s intense. Itâ€™s deep. Everything is open. No fear.

And a new thought comes â€“ I can take births here in Israel now, as if I am there. As if I am already out of the Matrix, living comfortably, not suffering from being on call, going for the birth when I am being called, no fear, no worries. I can. Iâ€™ll try.

Category

1. The Red Pill

Date Created

October 3, 2013

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