

Humble Pie

Washed away in pools of sunshine
Dried out silken strands of pain
Wondrous willingness cracking open
eyes wide open Spirit Reigns

Even when it feels like hunger
drinks up all the Will I have
Longing for that sacred sanctum
lifts and Lightens, I am safe

Softly waking to the Wholeness
within All, completely free

Holiness, I encounter,
Holiness encounters me.

On Call: Journey of a Midwife Birthing Herself

The humility I found in becoming a parent is growing to a point where I now see that resistance is futile anymore. Before 'conception' I imagined myself quite "with it" spirituality. Although I wasn't quite 'there', I felt quite together and knew who I was, what I wanted and where I was going. I felt like a "good" little 'lightworker', living "in service", following the call of my Heart to attend births of babies.

I worked like this, answering the "call" to assist in the preparation, birthing and postpartum care, sometimes living with babies and their families from before the birth to a few months post partum. I experienced many sacred moments, friendships and learning in those years of spiritually conscious, empowered birthing and new-being support.

I walked into midwifery somewhat blindly. Life drew me in that direction without me even admitting or understanding it was my calling. I felt the babies would somehow simply see me on the inner planes and the Universe (I jokingly call it the Yoniverse) would draw me into the path of a pregnant, or hoping to be, mother. I attended amazing births, from inner-city home births with 8 kids lined up, watching on in their little chairs, to a candle-lit teepee in the woods of an Indian Reservation, to unassisted home births where parents just did it themselves with friends holding the space. I learned so much from these babies and their parents and friends. I learned so much from the wise and courageous midwives, many who are selfless pioneers in the movement to return birth practices into a culture of love.

For years people would ask me when I would have my own child. I asked myself this too. I watched the changes that people went through when they became parents. The answer felt simple. For me, having a child is not just something to do because it is what people do. I feel it is an important decision and a tremendous responsibility to bring a child into the world and be there to care for it with integrity. I feel the care, guidance, education and nurturing of infants and children into adulthood is one of the top jobs on Earth.

I determined that as a midwife, I already had 6 billion children-- as all people are children of Earth and need care and nurture. All people came through a birth process. All people have a mother and a father in some form. I simply felt like it was my calling to be in support of the birthing of humanity into a more gentle, loving and peaceful time. I felt a strong calling to assist in the awakening of the importance of conscious conception and birthing and that to have a child of my own, when not having the same kind of calling, would be irresponsible. So I told myself and my friends and family who had asked, "Unless I have the same strength or level of calling to have a child, as I do to work as a midwife, I will not be having a child in this life."

Well, a couple of years later, like a lightening storm, a strong current of life force became fiercely insistent inside of me. I was walking in a canyon in Moab, Utah with a very pregnant friend and her two children. I had been in attendance at both of the other kid's arrivals and we were awaiting this next birth. On that warm day, walking through the painted stone walls, valleys and expansive, echoing ancientness something shifted in me. I had an overwhelming feeling of being pregnant! I hadn't been physically intimate with anyone since well before my last moon cycle and so I was very confused. I felt a bit silly and dismissed it. But, at the same time, my current cycle was late and I was exhibiting symptoms of being pregnant.

Now I can see that I had weak boundaries and I was empathically picking up on my friend's symptoms. Even so there was a shift. A great light switched on and I suddenly felt the call button. In my mind's eye, a flight attendant in uniform, ever ready to serve, (actually a Master dressed up in this human form) communicated to me. On the inner planes the conversation was succinct. "You have been called," she said with enthusiasm and frank cheerfulness. Then the voice was gone, along with my fear of being pregnant and concern about possible carelessness, with no explanation.

I began bleeding later that day. I was shaken to the core because that is when I knew, sometime, I was going to have a child. I couldn't figure it out; I just admitted I felt that same heart fire, that same driving hope and joy. I had often teased folks about baby angels. This was no joke; I felt those beings around me.

It took a couple of years to let go of all the blocks I had to having babies. I always had my hand up in STOP position. A close friend and I knelt in my fairie circle on

the dried leaves one night, out in the woods of Maine, under a rising full moon. She took that STOP hand and turned it over. I then held it palm up, receiving the flowing, and glowing, fluorescent silver pool of light and felt a new vulnerability. I knew that everything I felt to be true about myself, everything I had understood as my "identity" was about to dissolve, like the shadows in the forest as that moon drank them all up.



It is now four years post partum and I have a four year old boy. I feel I am just beginning to emerge from a cocoon that was the chrysalis that rendered me back into a liquid. In this journey I experienced major ego dissolution and disillusionment. I am only now just poking my head out, stretching out my wings, drying in the warmth of new light. I am learning to be authentic. I was told by a friend, "BE WISE and drop all facades."

Well, this story is part of the walking of that authentic talk. I hope to continue to support the Earth and humanity to gently and consciously birth in service to the highest good. I also hope to be a parent worthy of assisting others in opening to their highest potential in humility and worthiness and parenting new generations in the Culture of Love.

All Grace and Joy,

©Marguerite Link Carney

Marguerite is a midwife and a student of the Insight Foundation and she lives and works in Perth, West Australia.

e-mail: birthdream@gmail.com