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Debbie’s Motherhood Myths

Introduction

I’m Debbie Rosas, a woman, mother, artist, seeker, and teacher. I’m a dancer and a Sacred Athlete who lives on the field of life. I teach movement, the good kind that feels good, and that you a better person from the inside out. I teach people how to get in their body and to love their body. My life has been blessed with two beautiful girls, and two amazing stepchildren. I have a successful business that allows me to help people, mostly women, love their bodies. I grew up in Missouri as part of a rather normal family. I have one older sister, a father born in St. Louis, and a mother who was born in London, England. By normal I mean, we had the kind of general dysfunctions you usually find within the family unit.

When I was pregnant with my first child Jenny, I was given a book called “Mother’s Day is Over” by Shirley Rogers Radl. This book became the one source I could turn to and count on. It mirrored the reality I was about to live. It was the only book I read that didn’t sugar coat motherhood. It was the one source that helped me authentically prepare for the good, bad, and ugly of motherhood. I believe the truth of this book on one level was shocking, but it also made me feel connected to other mothers-to-be like me. The ones’ I perceived were afraid, confused, and wanting the whole truth and nothing but the truth. We didn’t want the fantasy that many of the other books shared. These books often left me feeling inadequate. They said I was going to have a wonderful and joyous experience as a mother. Really?

I was feeling devastated, scared, panicked, imprisoned and so alone. While I loved being pregnant, carry life, birthing, what came after scared me to death.

I have since learned one of the most important credos a woman carrying a child and a mother can follow: mother the mother within. This mothering begins by being honest with your self, by getting to know yourself, and by developing
skills to mother. I believe if you don’t know what you’re mothering you can’t
nurture it. I had to learn to mother myself to become a good mother. I had to
learn to love who I was by forgiving myself, by being patient, and by teaching
myself to grow up to be a good mother. Healer, heal thyself. Mother, mother
thyself!

In January of 1993 I began to rewrite some pregnancy material I had written a
few years earlier. I used this information as educational material for pregnant
women in my movement classes. During the process of rewriting I began to get
messages from my inner voices telling me I should write about mothering and
motherhood, and about my experiences with abortions, births and relationships,
and to what I regard as daily deaths. It seemed odd to me to be writing about
motherhood. My girls were grown up. Jennifer was twenty-two, living in Japan
and Jessica, twenty, lived on her own in Portland, working and finishing her
GED. It was a time in my life when motherhood was the last thing on my mind.

In March of that year, I became very ill with pneumonia and was in bed for
several weeks. Over my nine-week period of healing, I thought a lot about
my work, my relationship, dancing, writing, and painting – all aspects of my
life. The voices inside my head didn’t stop. Over and over again, messages
came, pushing me to write about motherhood. Besides the voices in my head
it became clear to me in my dreams and meditations that my personal life and
relationship with husband number two was over. My voices continued to tell
me, “Debbie, your philosophy and approach to life will be of great value to
mothers”. Value? I’m getting divorced for the second time. What do I have to
offer?

I thought about it for days and decided being a woman and a mother, and a
leader who teaches people how to get in the body and he healthy might be
enough. I could integrate my knowledge of the body, the universe, Chi, energy
and the communication I know exists between the mind, body, emotions and
spirit. It worked for me, so maybe it could work for others, for mothers looking
for answers.
I began to explore my dreams and visions of motherhood and childbirth as it could have been for me, and as it could be for all women. Along the way I was taken on a journey where I developed new ways of thinking about abortion, motherhood, birth and death. I now have a new reality, a new paradigm for mothering and birth, and a new archetype of motherhood. I didn’t come to this knowledge and place overnight. It happened slowly as I allowed what I believed to be true and real to slowly unfold within and through me. I took the time to assimilate my feelings and thoughts, arriving to the motherhood truth I could stand for and confidently share.

While there were other, logical and emotionally rewarding and personal healing reasons for me to write about motherhood, one thing was clear: the inner voice inside me, in you, in us all, is something to listen to.

I trust in my inner voice. It has guided me on an extraordinary journey of learning to mother my mother within, and to mother my children.

The process of writing, of recounting so many memories has allowed me to relive the joys, laughter, fears and also some very deep painful experiences as a mother. These memories gave rise to the past and illuminated many details of my experiences, that now looking back, if I had the right guidance, some other tools, another model, maybe I could have changed their outcome. I like this think so.
Myth 1:  
Motherhood is Natural

Mothering was not natural to me. Mothering was a learned behavior.

There are the mothers like me who have loved well, and to the best of their abilities attempted to fit the saintly maternal archetype of mom. I call them the Leave It to Beaver moms! Then there are the mothers who learned about parenting and motherhood growing up in unhealthy, narcissistic families, distorting what it means be a mother. I so admire when these women turn it around and break the code they grew up to become loving, functional mothers.

Like me, every woman has her own experience of motherhood. Some good, and some bad, but no matter what, in every story you’ll hear universal truths, things all mothers seem to share. Some of these truths are what I call motherhood myths. These are the stories and legends women believe and tell. How these myths came to be is part mystery and part logic. The logic reflects the truth hidden in the myths, and the mystery, that’s where the fun begins. This is where the misinterpretation of language creates stories carried from one generation to another. These are the stories that create the ongoing social and gender beliefs I still at large and part of motherhood. At sixty-two years old I’m still breaking out of the chains of some of these motherhood myths. Not a day goes by that I don’t ask myself, “Are you mothering or bullying yourself and others?”

In many ways I have my parents and grandparents to thank for the woman and mother I am. They instilled in me a profound desire to love and express love to
the fullest. They taught me to live my life, and at the same time, be the mother I am. They inspired me to think beyond the family of origin and to believe in something bigger: the universal spiritual family. They reminded me how important it is to stand in your truth. The kind of truth where sometimes life and the choices you make might not make everyone happy, and may even cause separation. Maybe they said, “This would be OK” because women in my family did things for themselves that created heart break in others. Grandma got divorced, and my mother at nineteen had left her home and country to marry this American soldier.

I have followed their lead and these words, “It’s okay honey, do what you need to do.” Their life, their choices and love taught me well. Who they were, what they stood for and what they created guided me and offered me hope in times of great doubt as a woman and a mother. Their lives constantly remind me how passion, love, forgiveness, sacred intent, and compassion for self, is important.

As a married couple, my parents always offered me truth. Painful at times, I always knew what was. It was clear to me their relationship came first. It was key and important in our family unit. Watching them parent and at the same time be a couple created a belief inside me that I could do anything if I set my mind to do it. I could have children, be a daughter, mother, wife, run a business, and have time for me. I believe many women are a part of the young woman and mother I was, and in some way I feel hearing each other’s stories is something that can help keep all mothers sane and alive, or least for a moment make us feel this way.

As mothers, learning to mother the mother within us is how we will keep the great myth of the human soul alive: Love is the only answer. This is one of the reasons I feel telling stories and myths, my story and yours is so valuable. Myths, stories, they remind us, teach us, and give us the opportunity to rewrite the story. They reveal to us parts of ourselves and reawaken in us a connection to things we deeply understand and feel at a deep spiritual level. Like children, we hunger for stories, as they remind us we can dream, create, and live the life our heart and soul desire.
Myth 2:

All Women Make Good Mothers

I wasn’t a very good mother when I started out. To be a good mother takes education, patience, and desire.

I don’t believe everyone is meant to have children. Not everyone is made for motherhood, and certainly not everyone wants a child. This I know.

I have had two abortions, two children, and have assisted many people in birthing parts of themselves through the work I do. It is my own experience this journey has opened me to the creative voice that speaks to me about mothering my mother within. It is never my intention to advocate motherhood for all women. It is not my intention to say abortion or birth is right or wrong. I offer my story to help guide women and mothers in creating deeper connections to themselves and to their life choices. I have made my choices regarding birth, life and death. Have I doubted many of my choices? Yes. Have I questioned many of my choices? Yes. Questioning is important. It keeps us truthful and soulful.

Many times I’ve even dreamt of having another child, but from a different perspective, one far less fearful, from a place of trust, love, and joyful anticipation to share life with another being, with a child. It’s a place I recognize where life is not only about me sharing life with a child, but about opening up to something in my self and in the child. It’s about receiving the unique gifts of the child, and the magical one created together.
I have two children, two girls, Jennifer 40 and Jessica 38. Although I love them dearly, there was a time in my life when I couldn’t feel love for them. I was disconnected. Disconnected from myself, from my world, my husband, and from my children. It was painful, lonely, and a deeply sad time in my life. One filled with “doing,” and building a “business.” I filled my life with activities to avoid my reality. They helped me avoid feeling and connecting to people, to being human.

From my choices I lost a lot. I missed precious moments and opportunities, moments of joy and pleasure I will never be able to replace. Moments, where if I had been able to allow myself to feel, to connect, I would have fallen in love with everything, with every moment, especially with being a mother. I would have continuously nurtured and filled my children with joy and love. There is no love on the face of the earth like love of a child. It’s unconditional, pure, and enlightened love. Angel love. Spirit love. Gods love in flesh. Children!

I believe love is the rhythm of motherhood. It is the heartbeat of life created from man and woman. It is the magical exchange that occurs between a mother and child. A sacred rhythm, the love and voice of a mother define the most sacred relationship: mother and child. Created by birth and ignorant of human interpretation, this voice is one all people can hear and share. It is kept alive by telling stories about mothering, sharing our role as a mother, and the stories of our mothers.
Myth 3:

Being a Mother is the Most Wonderful Experience

When I started out as a mother it was not a wonderful experience.

Mothers are not famous women, but each one is remarkable in the way they touch lives. Every mother leaves a message born out of the role of motherhood. Their voice and message are kept alive by those of us willing to listen, speak, and tell their story.

Mothers are the daughters who give voice to mothering wisdom. They tell the stories of sacrifices they made, of their courage, and of the love that broke open their hearts and tore them apart. Their stories, a reminder, show women a path. They provide us with hope and motivation. They teach and guide us, and give us the freedom to change the story.

Some women have birthed children, while others have raised children. Still others have mothered life in unique and extraordinary ways. Out of love we are born, and out of love we shall die. In the mean time we can mother the mother within, illuminate and raise the value and pleasure we experience as mothers in motherhood. We can become magnificent ancestors of the feminine spirit.

Birth is supposed to be joyful, but for me it was one of the most painful experiences of my life. Giving birth to my daughter Jennifer, having her gently placed in my arms I felt nothing! How could this be? I had waited nine months for this magical moment. Yes, I had doubts, lots of them. I had even made the painful choice to have an abortion only thirteen months prior to her birth. I was
sure she was the same little being who demanded I let her come. I was horrified I didn’t feel something. Love, joy, anger, fear, something, but I didn’t feel.

That moment I knew something was wrong with me and I would not share it with anyone. It would be years later, when Jennifer was thirteen years old, that she, in all her love and beauty, would allow me to hold her, look into her eyes, rock her in my arms, and for the first time in my life, experience the mother-child bonding and deep love I had expected to feel at that moment she was placed in my arms. It was the same love and bonding she had ached for as well. Over and over again I have relived my process of birth and motherhood. I know how important the first connection a child has is. This is a sacred and honored relationship that comes from the bond made between the child and women whose body is their home. No matter what the age, this child will always want to know a mother loves them. They will always want to feel and be touched by mother love. They will always want to know the mother is there for them.

Even at 40, I am keenly aware of my continuous need to let my Jenny know how much I love her. At 62, I am also keenly aware of my need to forgive myself, love myself and love her, and love the mother I am. I see it clear now. There is a more meaningful and rewarding way to enter into the sacred and honored relationship of mother and child co-creation.
Myth 4:

Being a Mother Gets Easier

In my world as a mother some things have gotten easier while other things have become more frightening.

My first experience with motherhood was when I was twenty years old. Recently married, only five months, I became pregnant. I had an abortion and with IUD in tact, a few months later I was pregnant again. It was clear to me this sacred being wanted to come through. I could not say no again.

My approach to motherhood, to birth and to life, has continuously been fueled and nurtured by watching the mothers and fathers around me. Watching, I have been able to decide for myself what to do and what not do. My second and third husbands, not my children’s biological father, taught me a lot about being a mother. If it had not been for them, I believe I would have brought my children up based on what I thought I should do, the good girl syndrome. Never daring to think for myself, never daring to take risks, following along with the crowd, believing in a method of motherhood and parenthood where stiff rules and regulations are gold.

I don’t believe being a mother gets easier. What does get easier is letting go, taking greater risks, not worrying as much and allowing my kids to live their lives. The possibility of losing them is the hard part. The reality is kids die.

To me the wisdom and gifts associated with being both a woman and a mother is a process of constant trial, error, and forgiveness. I had to learn to embrace my life as a mother and a woman, and not just as someone who did things like...
other women and mothers of the past, but as my own woman and mother. Along the way I often felt alone, as if no one else could possibly understand what I was going through. It never dawned on me to talk to my mother about what I was experiencing. In my day, as a young mother at twenty-one, most women who were mothers were working. This was the thing to do. Staying home was the worst job ever. My early days of motherhood were filled with few friends and lots of lonely days. If I only knew then what I know now: being a woman and a mother is a sensory, always changing, sensuous life where moment-to-moment we’re on the verge of insanity and greatness.

I guess you could say I began my journey as a woman and a mother by watching my mother, the woman who gave me life. A robust, Botticelli woman, my mother exuded and still does at ninety, the essence of what it means to be feminine, to be a woman, a mother, a friend, and a lover of life. To this day I am in awe of her wisdom, grace and beauty.

My mother taught me a lot about what it means to live in a woman’s body, taking on the responsibility of caring, nurturing, and creating beauty for others and the world around me. Everything she did seemed to leave behind its mark of mothering, of love, woman and beauty. Consequently she left me, and those in her presence breathless and in awe. She said, “Creation, this is power of a mother and a woman, and it is one of your greatest strengths Debbie”.

Having a fulfilling life is a choice, and it is available to all feeling and thinking, human beings that choose this path. It’s not always easy, but it is rewarding. It is an honor to be a mother, to be a woman. It is an honor to serve another human being in their birth, in their creation into flesh and bones, into spirit and into the development and fulfillment of their entire being and personhood. It is an honor that I have come to embrace fully, to respect and to cherish.
Myth 5:

Being A Mother Is Rewarding

I have experienced motherhood as both rewarding and unrewarding.

My mother taught me about the rewards of being a woman and a mother. Unconventional, she taught me about love, to love and adorn my body with clothes and ornaments, visually honoring the sacred vessel it is. Dressing for fun, joy, pleasure, and not only me, but for others. Always, and most importantly, to dress for my enjoyment, pleasure and satisfaction, for it is I who looks in the mirror and is touched by what I see. If I love what I see I will reflect this joy inward to my spirit and outward for others to see and feel.

I learned that to give life goes beyond birthing and mothering children. Mothering and giving life means to tenderly hold your husband, to hold space for him when he sobs in remorse and fear for not having enough money to feed his family or buy children Christmas presents.

I learned that true mothering strength is having the ability to embrace what is, with feminine softness and tenderness, with understanding and compassion, and with power folded into the flesh and wrinkles of woman. I learned that what is important is—being there, in the moment, connected, available to meet a need of the other and at the same time meet the needs of self.

I learned that being self-sufficient, autonomous, and self-reliant are qualities that attract others of like mind, of like strengths. I learned that being a mother and a woman is a choice. It is one I made at conception that reflects my spiritual agreement. The one that asked and required I make a commitment to
give my body over to life, for life, for the life of others. It meant recognizing the
sacrifice and choice of giving of one’s life-force energy for nine months to create
life, and protecting, and providing a sacred space for a soul to be born.

I learned what “opening” and “to be open” means. To monthly feel the ebb
and flow of the universe as part of my body, and daily, even moment to moment
witness my body changing shape, size, texture, volume, taste, smell, and
feelings.
Myth 6: Mother Knows Best

I haven’t always known what’s best for me, or my children.

What’s best when to be a woman means being out of control and in control. Living in natural time, going with the flow, and living in mechanical time, being on time. It means surrendering at the highest level to “yes,” where from yes, we have the freedom to say, “no.”

I learned to physically say “yes,” and to be vulnerable to what first appeared as an intrusion into my female body from the male form, only to discover that, through this union, the physical and spiritual sensation of the divine is reveled and experienced, unveiling to me a part of what it means to truly be a feminine spirit.

I learned from being held, being touched, kissed and caressed, how to be a woman, available for women and men. I learned that the greatest gift to be shared in a body is the love of a woman. It is the only choice. It is what, as women, we are made for.

Most of all being a woman has taught me to say, “Good Bye” and “Hello.” That every day I live in this body, it is dying and being reborn. Whether I experience birth, death, or menopause, it’s all in a days work for the feminine body, and the best that I can do is celebrate who I and remember to see and express the beauty and love within.
As mothers we are space holders for birth. We birth children and new ideas that have the power to break paradigms such as war. I believe every life and story of a mother has this power and potential to stop war and make love. I recognize the choices mothers have made and honor what they each bring to changing the identity of the inner and outer landscape of motherhood.
Myth 7:

Love Never Dies

Love doesn’t die, but it sure does fade. In my experience it takes work to keep it alive and flourishing, and when you’re exhausted, with three mouths to feed, it’s hard to feed it.

I won’t have another child in this lifetime. Yet, in my meditations I energetically give birth to children, feeding a personal longing to have another chance. I go through the magical creation process of thought, inception, creation, birth, and death, and this time, fully feeling, loving and opening to the wonder, to the magic, to the entire experience of the process of co-creation. Nothing is greater than the love that shared between two that results in giving and nurturing life.

My personal insights and feelings are what I share, my process of going inward to feel fully, to listen to the voices of my body, my mother, and child. These feelings and voices are something over the past twenty years I have learned to honor and cherish. They have helped me deal with motherhood, and with life, and they come from the voice of the body that speaks to me via sensation.

There is a moment in life when mother and child come together. It is beyond the moment of inception, as it is consciousness, a consciousness that revels the sensation of oneness, and of the communion of spirit and flesh—life.

Step through doorway into a reality of motherhood, choices, birth and death. Whether or not your birthing process will be carried out into physical form, know your choices and experiences will connect you to your highest good. In love and in light, explore the depths of your motherhood and your choices regarding birth and death.
Myth 8:

Don’t Worry You’ll Get Your Body Back

It took me a long time to get my body back.

I remember comparing myself to a friend of mine after the birth of my first child. I had gained 40 pounds! Normally I was a size 2, and all of sudden I was a size 13. My ass was wide.

I had expected to walk out of the hospital as a size 2. I naively thought that after giving birth and getting the baby out my body, my thighs and my ass would go with it. Not!

The difficult thing was that I felt controlled by my thoughts and feelings, feeling bad about my body. I was the only mother on my block. No one else in my circle had children, so I got most of my information about getting my body back from magazines and television. In my day there was no postpartum discussion. The only way to deal with depression after a baby was medication. I felt no one could understand, or explain, what was happening to me. It was my father-in-law who got me moving. He leaned over to my husband one day and said, “I think you’d better help Debbie. She needs to start exercising.” At that moment I realized he saw what I was - fat! He saw what I was feeling.

It wasn’t until I started a business in fitness and health that I understood what was happening. I had given up my body to create a life. When I got pregnant I needed to make room for a new life. My body needed to soften, become more liquid, and in the process would have to change shape. It took nine months
for it to expand, so what made me think it would take anything less than nine months to return back to something close to it’s original shape.

I tell women who are looking to get rid of the baby weight, “think about reclaiming your body. Thank your body for it’s incredible ability to create the most perfect environment for a life to grow inside you. Put your hand on your belly and tell your organs “it’s okay you can go back to where you belong now.”

Childbearing and childbirth is like taking a long vacation. When you come home, nothing is ever the same. Something has changed. Hopefully you’re a little more relaxed, a little more softer and you go back to living your life, not out of habit, and not getting caught up in the hard push to change, but to allow yourself to become something more, something new. The body is adaptable, it’s designed to change and evolve. Yes you can do sit-ups and leg-lifts and push-ups, and your body will perform and adjust shape, but it’s the stuff inside that really makes the outside look better. If you draw the energy from the inside of you, you will not only look beautiful but it will have lasting and sustainable effects. The idea is to first love your body as it already is. Then keep moving it. Just do five minutes of moving a day, laugh for 60 seconds, get up and down from the floor for one minute a day, and you’ll get your body back.

Oh and don’t forget you need water, sleep, good food and great sex!
Meditation:

The Meeting: Human Child to Unborn Child

Little Girl/Boy

The Conscious Thought. That split second in time, that moment as a woman when we desire to become part of the creation of a new life in this world.

It’s sunny today. I’m in my most favorite place. The sand box. I like the sand. I like the way it feels as it rests between my toes, hiding, as if I didn’t know it was there. Hiding, waiting to go home with me, only to be left on the bathroom floor, to be swept out into the unknown, the garage. Or, to end up in between someone else’s toes!

I like to make pies. Mud pies. Sometimes I even eat them. They taste o.k. I don’t like ones with grass though. My mud pies are thin. I like them thin. I think my children will like my pies. I’ll make them cherry pie. I love cherry pie. I don’t like the pits though. I’m always afraid I’ll break a tooth. I hate the dentist. I’ll be careful when I make pies for my children. I don’t want them to have to go to the dentist. Maybe they won’t like cherry. I could make apple. The seeds are softer. They won’t have to go to the dentist if I miss a seed. That’s good. I don’t want them to hurt.

Unborn Child

I can hear you dear one because I’m listening. I see you, gentle, pure and loving woman child. I feel you, your heart full of dreams and imagination. Your
heart full of creation. I know we will be together, of flesh and bones, of your earth and of my world. Do not worry, I will wait for you. For at this precise moment in time, you have called out to me. I feel your desire and will remember from this time forward your desire, your dreams, and our commitment. Your dream to be mother, to have a child. My dream to be child. I will be that child. You will be my mother. In this time now it is written. I will remember, even if you do not.

**Woman**

I desire you, little spirited one. Love consciousness in the form of gentle flesh and light filled bones. As a child, I dreamt of you in my life. I felt myself holding you, cuddling you to my breast. Touching you. Loving you. And, as a girl, I dreamt of our union. The closeness we would share. The love and the trust. As a young woman I imagined your smile reflected in the love upon my face and within my eyes. My face, the mirror that would become your world for many months. I remember the smell of you, the touch of your skin against mine. I become lost in the dreams of the time when you and I would co-exist in this concrete world, upon this earth. A time when I would and could easily open up my entire being to you. A time when you would trust my love enough to come into my world. To be born out of light and love through my flesh, of my bones, of my thoughts and of our dreams.

**Child Spirit**

I have been searching for you mother. I too have dreamt of you. Of your world. I watched you grow, from a child, into a young girl, into a beautiful woman. I was with you when you dreamt of me. I felt your love, your desires. I waited. I waited patiently until you were ready. Until you were ready to open up to my abundance of love and joy. Until I was ready to blend into your being. You are ready. I am ready. Even if you have doubt, know we are ready. I am here to be one with you. You are here to be one with me. It is now, in this time that we will both experience the greatest gift of life. The gift of co-creation, nurtured
and supported by each others love and of trust. Trust of the unknown, the magic, and the unseen. It is now time for us both to open up to unconditional love. It is now time that as one, we will become two, you and I.

Mother to Be

I am afraid you know. You are so perfect in consciousness, untouched by fear and hate. I recognize the immense power that my voice, actions and intentions will have upon you. It is when I think this that I am most afraid. Afraid that I cannot protect you enough, love you enough, encourage you and guide you enough. Yet, when I get out of my human thoughts, into my spirit feelings, I know that I will be guided to search for answers, for ways to love and guide you that are of the heart.

Child Spirit

I know you are afraid. I hear your thoughts and I try to reach out to you with my strength, with my energy of light to empower you to create me within your womb of flesh. Be not afraid to offer me your flesh so that I too might experience life in human form. I am fully aware, enlightened to your world’s dangers, just as I am aware of your world’s joys! I can see the light and the dark. I am not afraid. Trust that I am choosing to be with you in this time. Fully conscious, I come to you out of choice. Out of desire. I know of your abilities and of your weaknesses. I will help you grow, as you will help me. We are not alone. We will guided. We need only to listen, look and respond with feeling from our hearts and with wisdom of our minds. Allow me to become. Allow us to create.

Mother to Be

I hear you at times. I feel you in my heart and in my dreams. I close my eyes, reducing impulses, the interference from my visual senses, and I hear you clearly. Communicating without words, a communication of silence
that translates so perfectly your words and thoughts without needing to put form or sound to linguistics. Speaking to each other in this higher realm of communication I know we are to become one to create you. My soul remembers this place of vibrational communication? My body remembers this place. Is this the meeting of our minds? Our souls? I wonder.

**Child**

For a moment suspend your thinking. Feel from your heart what it means to be with me. Quiet your mind and listen to your emotions of creation. If you listen to me, together you and I will begin to develop the powers of intuition. The power of awareness that will guide me into birth and the powers that help you watch over me. It is this communication, this subtle wave-intuition, and a higher frequency of communication that will guide me out into your world.

**Mother to Be**

It is in my dreams that I feel most safe with you. It is in my human thoughts that I feel most afraid for you, for us.

**Child**

It is not necessary all this worry. I am stronger than the children born before me are. Know that I have perceived all experience of wo-man kind. Time and space have not separated us, our consciousness. I am fully aware. It is you who must be aware of what I will now bring to you, to your world. That of love and life without so much fear and worry. I carry with me a new DNA to enlighten and heal your world.

**Mother to Be**

There will be that moment, the one whom I choose to blend with in your creation that will support our dreams, my feeling for you. Guide me to that
person. In the right time, at the precise moment, let me be fully aware of your integration into my body. I desire to feel and to be aware of every stage of your development and growth. I am committed to you. Fully conscious and in human form I offer my flesh so that you may be born of this world.

Child

My heart is full. My body is pure love and light to feed you. I will give to you in every way. Every day.