

A Second Chance

One would think that true parenting would have more to do with the child than it would with the parent, but I've found just the opposite. When I gave birth to my first child, I was deep in the midst of a full blown case of obsessive compulsive disorder. So much so, that I ended up going to a hospital several states away and leaving my newborn baby for 6 weeks, while I went to try and heal. The true healing didn't begin until I started doing my own inner work. I began to gather the pieces that comprised the puzzle of my dysfunction, things from past life memories to "abuse" that occurred in this lifetime.

A key piece I retrieved at some point in that journey was that I had identically repeated the pattern that my mother had played out after she had me and my sister. I found out from my sister, that after my mother had me, she overdosed on prescription drugs and ended up in a psychiatric facility for over a month after I was born. It was stunningly clear to me that the memory and energy of that abandonment was held right in my cells, in my DNA. I repeated it unconsciously, as if I were her.

Much of what I played out with my first born son was due to the influence of my past in the present moment, whether from a few years back or eons ago. My life was about me. My focus was on me, but from a personal, egoic place. I was completely self-absorbed and honestly couldn't see far enough past my own wants, needs and desires to support those of another. My son was the biggest gift of all in helping me to see how I had been living my life, and the biggest reason that I wanted to change.

Fourteen years after the birth of my first child, came blessing #2. A chance to do it differently from the start. For five years prior to his birth, I worked tirelessly every day, every moment of my life, watching my actions, looking at the patterns and stories that were influencing my life and my decisions, and putting more and more pieces of the puzzle together. From the moment that he entered this world, it has been a process of letting go. Letting go of my ideas of how I had to do it differently. Letting go of my attachment to him. Letting go of needing him for anything. And ironically, as I let him go, I was more and more fully present to connect with him in each moment and could sense right where he was at and what he needed to be truly supported.

Another irony, my ability to truly support either of my children in a genuine way is dependent upon me focusing on myself. Not the self-absorbed ego focus of the past, but watching myself every moment. Am I clear? Am I in tune with my sons, or do I have some agenda or self-serving idea that I am acting on? Sometimes my child might need a time out, but I have to be aware when I need a time out too. And a key part of that awareness has been taking care of myself. Being the mother that I never had, to myself. Truly, supporting myself. I have nothing to give my children if I am not supporting and nurturing myself. It was excruciating

to stop the search outside of myself for someone to care for me like I needed when I was a child, but I knew that I had to take the responsibility of caring for and supporting myself.

I once had someone say to me, "You have to do with your children what no one ever did for you." This is what I call intuitive parenting. My children are both huge gifts in my life and they have supported my path of awareness to a large degree. I choose to live my life as a gift now, every moment, and I hope that is what my children carry in their cells. The awareness that life is a gift and a miracle