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# reflections of an amazing experience

By Janice Hayward

I am anchored in Tenedos Bay, Desolation Sound, B.C. The shore around me is moist with fresh rain; I can hear the babbling brook that connects Tenedos Bay to Unwin Lake; I am listening to numerous bird sounds but mostly I hear the raven's call. The jellyfish, ten times the size of the ones in Comox Bay, silently undulate past my boat, *Ta Daa*. It is as calm as it is quiet. It is peaceful.

Today is a good day for reflection. Today is a good day for writing.

I am not obsessed but I cannot help but think about the birth of my fourth grand-daughter, Aibhlin (pronounced Av-lin) Willow Eddy. For some, it may not have been out of the ordinary, but for me it was — my daughter, Meghan and her husband, Blair chose the home birth option for their first child.

As the mother of a young woman who shared the news of being with child and soon after proclaimed she was having a home birth, I had to bite my tongue.

Of course she will change her mind, I thought. She lives so far from the hospital (not really but I now thought so). What if, what if, what if... All mothers can imagine the possibility of what could go wrong during childbirth. I chose to keep my thoughts to myself. After all, this chapter in their life is their journey.

It was Meghan's idea and Blair had no hesitation to agree. For Meghan, two choices went hand-in-hand: first, using a midwife instead of a doctor and, second choosing home delivery.

Meghan is extremely dispassionate about hospitals. She did not want to be "poked and prodded" and have hospital staff "doing procedures that were not necessary." Blair added that the concern of "concentrated sick people" at the hospital and doctor's office did not sit well with him.

Meghan did her research (to the 'nth degree, I might add) and Blair did his.

The decision was made—let the planning begin.

Since Blair worked in camp and knowing that babies arrive when they choose, Meghan also chose to hire a doula, a labour coach. Her team was now complete: husband, doula and midwife.

Birthing is not new to me; I have two children. This team, apart from Meghan's husband, was. What checks and balances are in place, what happens if there is an emergency or complications, do they know when to call the ambulance, are they professional and so on — a multitude of questions rallied in my mind. Still, I kept my concerns to myself.

Through our many conversations and without voicing my apprehension, Meghan assured me of the care, the compassion, the professionalism, the preparation, and the communication she was receiving from her team. She confirmed a list of criteria that she had to meet before moving on to the next phase of midwifery care. Based on my experience thirty years ago, I believe she was better cared for than I.

It took time, energy and money to prepare for a home birth. There was a comprehensive list of required items needed before baby's arrival. I was amazed at the process that has been fine tuned over the years.



For instance, prior to her due date, Meghan was to prepare their bed. It was layered with a set of sheets, a plastic sheet and another set of sheets. This allowed for birthing on the bed. Once baby is born, the top layer of sheets and plastic are removed and Mom is comfortably lying in a clean fresh bed. Mothers-to-be also have the option of birthing into a pool or their bathtub.

Through the months I began to relax about the whole idea of home birthing. I learned so much from Meghan and Blair that I even thought I would like to do it again so I could have my own home birth and the attention that Meghan received. OK, it was just a fleeting thought.

They live in Courtenay; I live in Victoria. My grab-n-go bag was packed and ready for me to high tail it at first indication of labour. Meghan's due date was May 11. On the night of May 14, approximately 11:30 p.m., Meghan texted saying her water broke. As I was fast asleep when the text arrived, I did not see it until 3 a.m. when I awoke from a dream that someone was poking me to wake up! You can imagine how fast I awoke. When I replied to her text I was relieved to read her response that nothing was happening and they were sleeping.

Still I departed Victoria immediately and arrived on their doorstep at 6:30 a.m.

I had extremely quick deliveries—four hours for my son and two hours for Meghan. As I parked the car I did not know if I would be saying hello to my new grandchild or assisting as a labour coach. Neither! Still nothing so I crawled into the spare bed for there was no telling what the next hours were going to bring or for how long.

Meghan's labour kicked in around 10 a.m. One midwife had arrived. The other midwife and the doula arrived shortly after. I felt helpless, totally helpless. I truly wanted to relieve her of the pain and discomfort as she focused, breathed, panted, and moaned through each contraction. I soon realized I could only lend a hand and follow the lead of her husband and doula.

Two very dedicated women were giving all their attention to the delivery. Blair, the doula and myself were giving Meghan our support and encouragement one contraction at a time with each contraction bringing them closer to the birth of their daughter.

After a very short labour and a half dozen exhausting pushes, Aibhlin entered our world at 1:11 p.m. weighing in at seven pounds.

Aibhlin was born into the ambient light of the early afternoon and the quietness of her mommy and daddy's home. It was a moment of tears and love and serenity as she was placed on Meghan's bare chest and found her way to suckle her mother's breast.

What I witnessed during this home birth was amazing — calm, comfort, support and encouragement — I keep playing that day over and over in my mind wishing perhaps that I had the same resources and the same options thirty years ago.

I will cherish the experience of the birth of my fourth grand-daughter for years to come.



Well done, Meghan and Blair and welcome to little Aibhlin.



Ulla Jacobs has been a researcher for more than 35 years. Favourite topics include healthy eating, baking, theosophy, universal law, mind/body connection, quantum mechanics and energy healing. For more information and schedule of upcoming classes on Universal Law, visit: [www.ullajacobs.com](http://www.ullajacobs.com)



## the law of transition

by Ulla Jacobs

What is the soul? Does it really exist? For what reason?

These are some of the questions I have been asked.

### Soul~Noun.

The divine source of all identity and individuality.

The essential part or fundamental nature of anything.

Via the Law of Transition, the soul enters a physical body of it's choice, in order to learn, dissolve previous karma, and experience life. We play a role we have chosen for ourselves that supports the lessons to be learned. When the play ends the soul returns home. It is immortal. It can then decide the further lessons and experiences needed to best facilitate it's growth.

### So what exactly is the soul?

It is the energy spark that gives life to the body and all other living things.

Without the soul, the body would be like a light bulb without the electricity.

It also gives individuality to each of us. Some know it as the "I AM". It is the spirit, the mind that allows us to be who we are.

### Does it exist?

I think that question was just answered. Where there is life there is soul.

Animals, plants, minerals, everything on the planet and in the universe has soul.

It is the resonance, the energy spark that exists in all living things. Quantum mechanics has pointed to the existence of this energy.

The reason for soul is to give spirit life to otherwise inanimate objects in order to support evolution. It allows for the lifecycle to begin and by withdrawing for it to end.

Here is a test. Think back to a previous time. It can be a childhood memory or a special occasion. Connect with that moment. Remember how you felt at the point in time.

Do you still feel like the same person now as you did then? That is the core essence of who we are - that is the soul.

### THE WAYS

To every man there openeth

A Way, and ways and a way,

And the high soul  
climbs the high way

And the low soul gropes the low,

And in between;  
on the misty flats,

The rest drift to and fro.

But to every man  
there openeth,

A high way and a low.

And every man decideth  
The way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham 1852-1941  
For a more in depth study about the soul ~Destiny of Souls by Michael Newton PH.D

