

The Primal Mother

Megan Sims

August 28th 2015

7 minutes

I am at Barbara Bickel's beautiful home. It is my first time at her house and the creative aura here makes my spirit feel at home. We discuss "The Primal Mother and Ancestress Gives Birth" and review the reading material prior to our practice. We find our poses and places in the room, then take a moment to ground ourselves. I choose a squatting birthing position with my low back supported against a couch. After the practice we reflect in personal writing and share our experiences with one another. We discovered several similarities in our birthing experience. Our connection is uplifting and empowering.

Images:

Barbara took these images of me and I altered them in Photoshop to represent an energetic level of connection to the practice.



Image 1: In squatting pose with hands in prayer at heart center in practice of receiving. I am grounding to the earth and taking in the Great Spirit's love.



Image 2: Arms outward in giving, tapping in with the root chakra, the blood of birth, the act of giving life.

Reflection:

Focus on the root chakra – grounding to the earth

Energy flowing from crown to feet

Above the earth where the moon is full.

Below the earth where the soil is full

Images of my labors in my mind - healing from the bodily trauma

Tailbone – pain turns to heat

The Flow, the physical force releases – tensions relaxed

The smell of blood fills my psychic senses.

Cleansing my spirit, cleansing my body

Letting go, entering in, expelling out negativity

Breathing in love, breathing in light

Connecting with the Divine Mother- the Primal Mother

Fear released, heart is open

I am supported.

August 29th 2015

13 minutes, 7 seconds

Tonight I start in the seated throne, but the pain in my coccyx is too much for me to handle. It is difficult for me to sit here in this position long because my tailbone was damaged during the birth of Catori, my second daughter. I move to the floor in a squatting position in front of a lit red candle that I had placed in front of a prayer rug. My intention with the red candle is to connect to my root chakra, which starts at

the coccyx. The formation of the walls inside of the candle reminds me of my placenta. In my mind's eye, I am back to the moment after Catori's birth, watching my doctor hold out my placenta for me to see as Catori takes her first suckle at my breast. I am surprised by its size; it triples the length and width of my newborn baby.

A great feeling of joy overcomes me, after all the difficulty I now see how strong my body really is.

Words come to mind....

Red energy, blood, vitality, strength, courage, remove the blockage.

I press my all my fingertips together over the flame, and begin moving the pairs in a sort of dance, creating an opening for the light to shine through. The flame dances as well, flickering reflections of light in the wax. For a second it stands still and a full moon ring of light is reflected in the melting wax around the wick. As I watch this and move my fingers, I focus on my tailbone - feel it pressing into the left side of my body, pain shoots downward as it hits the nerves while it reaches towards the ground.

.....I press my hands in prayer at my heart chakra. The energy moves from my heart through my pelvis, a wave down my lumbar spine, intense heat, pressure from within.

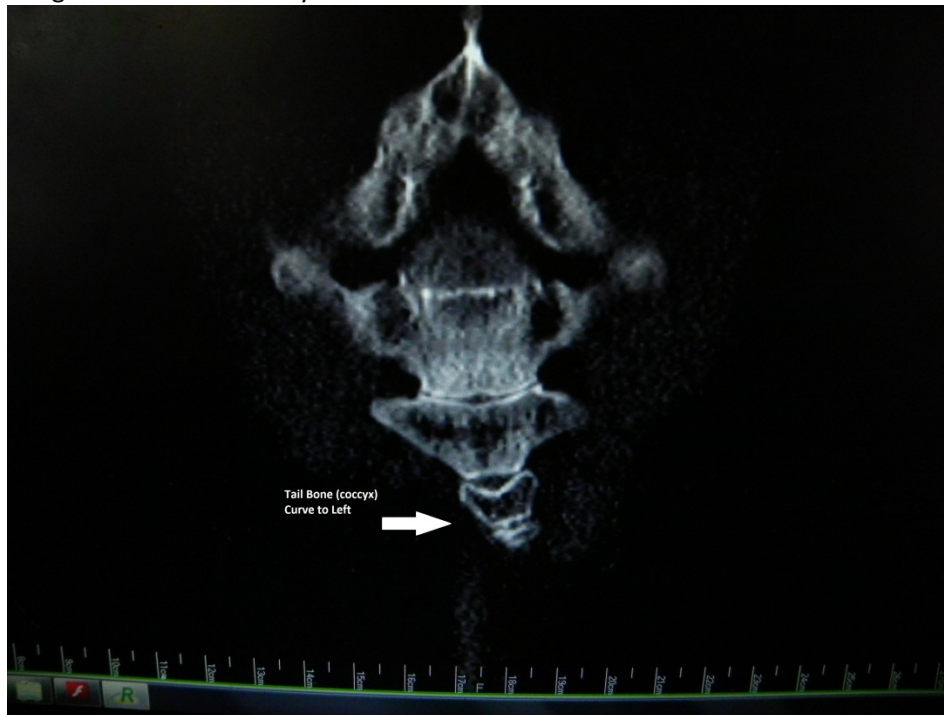
.....The force opens my cervix, I feel scar tissue loosening. I am reminded of my cervical scar tissue ripping during Catori's birth. The pain is released, time is healing.

.....I press my hand down onto the tops of my feet, sending energy through my meridian channels to the chakras in my palms and feet. My soles flatten to the floor. I think, "I am a frog."

.....My hands come back to prayer position, then back down to my feet. A rhythmic flow of movement is produced and I am allowing myself to go with it.

My feet tire from holding my body and I bow to the flame as I connect to my core and end my practice.

Image: The CT Scan of my tailbone.



August 30th 2015

Time Unknown

I am in bed on my back in the position I gave birth in. The room is dark, my body sinks in the softness of the bed, and I am wrapped in the comfort of my blanket. I focus on my tail bone. I focus on spiritual healing. I lie here until I fall asleep.

Image:

The next day I look at a CT scan photograph of my tailbone. I decide to alter the image in Photoshop. After this birthing practice I see more than a damaged bone within the image. A loving flame covers the entirety of the root. A primal mother appears within the scene holding her two children above her head. The strength is within her, the strength is within birth.

