



1076: My Birth Story with Baby #7- My Physically
Easiest Pregnancy at Almost 40 (Solo)

Child: Welcome to my mommy's podcast!

Katie: This podcast is brought to you by BIOptimizers and their Magnesium breakthrough product. Our bodies need seven different types of magnesium. Each one has its own unique purpose. One form helps muscles recover, another supports heart rhythm. A third supports the nervous system and so on.

Most supplements, even the high quality, expensive ones only contain one to two forms at best, and that's like trying to build a house with just a hammer and a screwdriver. You need the complete toolkit, and that's why I started taking Magnesium Breakthrough from BIOptimizers, which contains all seven forms.

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Plus, when you subscribe, you'll enjoy exclusive discounts, free gifts, and a guaranteed monthly supply. All natural ingredients, no synthetic additives or preservatives and always vegan, gluten-free, soy-free, and lactose-free.

Today's episode is brought to you by LMNT, which is my go-to electrolyte drink for staying hydrated and feeling my best every day. I have used this for years, and unlike many sports drinks which are loaded with sugar, LMNT delivers a science-backed blend of electrolytes with the sodium your body actually needs, especially if, like me, you live in a hot climate, sauna regularly, or work out regularly. Whether you are working out, walking the dog, traveling, or simply trying to keep your minerals and your energy levels up, LMNT makes this simple and delicious. I keep their canned ones in my fridge all the time now, and their convenient salt packets are perfect for tossing in your purse, your gym bag, or your carry-on, so you are never without electrolytes when you need them.

My kids are also a huge fan, especially of their new pink lemonade. What I especially love about LMNT that they have so many flavors now, so it's easier to drink throughout the day. If mixing isn't your thing, they also now have what I love, their new sparkling canned beverages that give you the same electrolyte benefits but in a ready-to-drink format. And those are a favorite among people who visit my wellness center as well. Adding LMNT to your daily routine is one of the easiest ways to support hydration and help your body perform at its best. I also find very helpful if you're a breastfeeding mom.

So if you're looking for a simple upgrade to your wellness routine, give LMNT a try and experience it for yourself. They have some delicious new flavors like lemonade iced tea and pink lemonade, and they always have their happiness guarantee. Go to drinklmnt.com/wellnessmama for a special offer.

Katie: Hello, and welcome to the Wellness Mama podcast. I'm Katie from wellnessmama.com, and this episode is about my most recent birth story with my seventh, my easiest pregnancy and birth, my hardest emotional year getting there, which was another episode. If you want to listen to that one, I've linked it in the show notes.

If you had told me a year and a half ago that I would be nearly 40, intentionally and very happily single, have seven kids including a baby, and somehow feel more peaceful than I had really ever, I would not have believed you. But here we are, and I explained the whole journey leading up to this before.

That'll be linked below. But this is just the birth story itself the birth story of my number seven, my first non-breech home birth. I had had two home births before, but they-- both of those girls were breech. One was frank breech, one was complete breech. It was wild. In hindsight, I might have done a free birth.

I did have a midwife for this birth. I'll explain the whole story of that later. And I also wanna say before we jump in, I'm not sharing the perspective of anybody else who was at the birth or even mentioning really who was there other than the midwife. And there were some people there who were holding space, and I'm grateful for that.

But really, this birth was such an inner journey, and I didn't really want or need help the whole time. It felt totally different than any of my previous labors. I'm guessing some of the emotional work I had done leading up to this helped a ton with that. Listen to the other episode if you wanna hear the details of what came before this labor.

This one is just about the birth itself. It's kind of fun. It w- this was kind of fun because as I explained in this oth- the other episode, I... It took me so long to make peace with being pregnant. I wasn't even fully at peace. But I was for sure third trimester, about six weeks from my due date before I got excited about having a baby.

And in the past, before I would find out I was pregnant early on and then be excited for months, and it would feel like it took forever. So this time it was kind of fun because once I actually felt a little bit of excitement, I only had about six weeks left. I also had the feeling that he would come early, though I was trying to ignore that because I didn't wanna be disappointed if he was late.

My last pregnancy had been a couple weeks past my due date. So really only about around 37 weeks did I actually start getting stuff ready for the home birth. And I didn't even really have anything organized. Until that point, I had been rebellious about doing anything pregnancy-related 'cause I was still in so much rage and grief and didn't wanna deal with it.

So I wouldn't get any pregnancy stuff. I completely refused to buy any maternity clothes. That actually lasted the whole time. And I even had to get over my resistance to, like, eating protein some of the time in pregnancy. Like, I was resist- resistant the whole time. So pregnancy sort of only felt like it started at the very end, 'cause that's really when I first acknowledged or, like, fully accepted that I was actually pregnant.

And that was after about eight months of not nesting or prepping at all. And it was crazy because I felt like all those months that I had not been nesting hit all at once. And the amount of... It was insane. I did an insane amount of house projects, yard projects, organizing, painting, et cetera. I even remodeled two whole bathrooms in those last couple of months.

I'm so grateful. This was my least... This was my most, my physically easiest pregnancy. Emotionally toughest, as I explained before. But physically easiest, despite not doing any of the things I should have been doing while I was pregnant. And I credit that, not to my diet or anything at the time.

Like I said, I frankly was not great at that for most of the pregnancy. I think it was all the years I had of sort of building that bank account of resilience physically and taking vitamins, getting my fat-soluble vitamins up, getting my minerals in the right ranges, having good circadian habits and health habits, and the best vitamin D levels I'd ever had straight from sunshine.

I don't take vitamin D supplements anymore. Having more muscle than I'd ever had in my life, consuming more protein leading up to that than I had in previous pregnancies. So I thought-- I think I was starting at a pretty good place and my mitochondria were probably in much better place than they had been before, which probably helped that to be an easy pregnancy, even though I, like I said, did nothing right for most of it. Like most of my more recent pregnancies, I did skip almost all of the prenatal stuff.

I kept that very minimal, so I did not personally do the GBS screening, the glucose test, or pretty much other things. That is not advice. I'm not recommending that. I'm just saying that's what felt right for me. I have written about my reasons for that in the past if you have any interest of reading it.

I did walk a ton out of sheer rage while I was pregnant, and I'm sure that all that time outside was probably at least somewhat helpful. And I did have one friend who sort of

force-fed me protein a decent amount, and that probably helped. But all that to say, I got to technically full term at 37 weeks.

There was a day I was hoping for that was a couple weeks after that for him to be born. He didn't end up coming that day anyway. He actually came before that. But I'd also made peace that he might come a couple weeks late, which would actually have been the whole next calendar year. So I did not have any expectations, and I was definitely actually not in a rush for him to come out because after having six others, I realized babies are much easier to take care of on the inside, and I was in no hurry for him to come out, which is ironically, of course, probably why he decided to come early.

Though the pregnancy had been so easy, I did have a few days at the very end that-- Before I say this, I realize how ridiculous this sounds, but I did have, like, four days where I didn't sleep well, and I had to get up to pee in the middle of the night. So no complaints obviously. That's absurd how physically easy the pregnancy was, and I'm grateful for that.

When I was exactly 38 weeks pregnant to the day, I finished all the house projects and yard projects, like I said, including remodeling two bathrooms, changing everything in my entire room, organizing every closet, et cetera. I woke up and decided I needed to completely clean the pantry again, and then I needed to go to all the stores and restock all the things just in case, you know, I don't know, a blizzard happened in Florida or whatever.

Pregnancy hormones are not logical. And so that's what I was gonna do that day. In hindsight, I should know this by now. When I get that angsty energy and also have that thought of like, "Oh, the baby's definitely not coming. I'm gonna be pregnant forever," it means that I'm about to go into labor. But I did not catch on to that this time.

So instead, I packed up some of the younger kids, and we went all the grocery shopping. We got home with so much stuff to put away. I put away some of it. I had just started making food for dinner. There was a whole comedy of errors. So at the time we had a super finicky smoke alarm that I have since gotten rid of or at least I would say relocated.

But it was in a really bad place, so anytime anything in the oven got remotely too hot, it would set off the smoke alarm, and this happened all the time. And then the dogs would be barking, and we'd have to open the doors and try to vent the things, and it was a whole fiasco. And because all the smoke alarms are connected, that meant all the smoke alarms were going off in the house every single time.

So I'm cooking some food for dinner. I had just put it in the oven, and the smoke alarm starts going off because there had been some too much heat, you know, in the oven. And I really, at this point, needed to pee 'cause we'd been running all day, and I hadn't peed. So

even though I heard the smoke alarm going off, I figured it was just the oven, and I sat down to pee, and I felt a trickle, and I thought, "Ooh, I think my water might have broken."

And then I stood up, and I was absolutely sure my water had broken. And it was just dripping everywhere. It took multiple pads to even get to a point where I could move around at all. It was really comical in hindsight because I was leaking amniotic fluid everywhere. The smoke alarms were all going off.

There was still tons of stuff to put away. The house was not as clean as it had been kept for the past, you know, few weeks. And whether I liked it or not, I was about to have a baby. So it took about three tries of putting on those ridiculous diaper-sized hospital-type pads before the fluid leaking slowed enough that I could walk.

And I walked in the kitchen and told my kids, "My water's broken. Apparently, this baby is coming." And that was at about 2:30 PM I text my midwife just to give her a heads-up, but told her, "No contractions yet. We probably have a lot of time. Don't worry, I'll keep you posted." And while my last labor had been pretty quick, all my ones leading up to that were, like, 24 hours.

So I was not in any way confident that I was gonna have a fast labor again. And the midwife was out seeing other patients that day. So she said she'd come by on her way back if I hadn't called just to check, check the heart rate, all that kind of stuff. And at this point, even by... Like, for the next couple hours, I was only feeling a little bit of pressure occasionally.

I wouldn't... There was no discomfort at all. I was just a little bit unsettled from the adrenaline of my water breaking, 'cause usually that happened when I was pushing. So I was walking around, finishing some cleaning, putting on some music that felt calming, making sure there were sheets in my room, that kind of stuff.

So when the midwife got there around... I think it was around 5:00. Time's a little hazy. I still wasn't uncomfortable at all. I thought I was maybe having some light contractions every few minutes, though they weren't... It, I really couldn't even time them 'cause they weren't uncomfortable enough. But I was belching occasionally, which I didn't pay any attention to.

I just figured 'cause I was drinking so much LMNT. I don't know. But she started paying attention to that. And I was just moving intuitively. I actually felt great. I felt like my body felt, like, loose, and that I was moving and was not in any discomfort at all. And so I was like, "Oh, you can probably go."

Like, this is not even labor yet." And she's like, "You know, I'm just gonna stay for a while and see what happens." And so at the time, I thought we still had a lot of time, and I felt a little nervous that she was staying because I was thinking, like, "I'm not even really... I'm not feeling anything yet. She's gonna be just, like, sitting around and bored."

And I had this thing in the past where I always felt in labor like I was inconveniencing everyone by them, like, having to wait on me to have a baby, which is hilarious. I did get to let that go, I think, later on, but I wasn't even aware of people there by the end. But even though my belly was definitely getting tight every few minutes, I still didn't even feel like I was really having contractions.

And other people arrived at various times, came in and out. My kids came in and out at various times. And I wasn't even really realizing it happened. I just actually felt really good and was kind of in this, like, labor zone. And there's parts that are hard to explain, but I felt like I was actually getting to, like, feel and process and let go of so many emotions in those early parts of labor.

And so there were tears, but not 'cause there was pain. And I would feel things like grief, and then it would go away. So it was just a very cool emotional experience, actually. And sometime around 6:00 p.m. was the last time I really remember being aware of time or what time it was, and just asking kind of what time it was.

And at this point, I think I had music on. The diffuser had essential oils. It felt very peaceful. The room was dark. I already have circadian lighting in there. And so I just felt like I got to go really internal. I stopped worrying at that point about... That other people were waiting on me to have this baby.

Still didn't really even feel discomfort, just felt a lot of intensity, which I know, as I say that, I used to hear people say that about labor and be like, "Okay, whatever." Like, labor, yes, is intense, and it, it freaking hurts. But I had a different experience with that this time. So apologies to all the women that I misjudged in the past.

But the funny part was that at this point, I realized that I had done perhaps too good of a job of not slouching when you're pregnant. 'Cause I-- if you've been pregnant, you're probably aware they tell you not to, like, lean back because the baby can, like, settle in into an uncomfortable position or be born posterior, which is a lot less comfortable.

So I had been standing, walking, doing crazy projects, and adamant that I never leaned back. So even if I was sitting, I made sure my pelvis was tilted the right way. And I think I did too good of a job because I was having like, a lot of intensity in the front, like, kinda near my pubic bone, where I'd never had that in labor.

I had often had back labor before or, just kind of all over, but this was very isolated to my pubic bone. And I realized the baby was having trouble, I think, getting underneath that bone to, like, begin descending because of how much I had been in good posture, which was hilarious. And so I realized at that point that this was what was slowing things down.

And logically, I realized that. I didn't even tell anyone that because I didn't mind. I was enjoying really actually the journey of it and getting to be internal and feeling like I was on this journey myself. And once I finally made peace with being pregnant or sort of made peace with being pregnant, I really had hoped to have kind of the idea of a sovereign birth, which I know for a lot of people, that would actually mean entirely on their own or with a partner.

That wasn't what happened for me. But it felt like a sovereign birth because I went so internal, and I wasn't relying on anybody else for encouragement or comfort measures or to hold my hand or push on my hips or any of those things. I got to have that sovereign inner experience that I had hoped for, and I was really enjoying this part, which sounds so crazy to say.

I would not have said that about my past labors. I felt like my body was moving instinctually, and even if there was, like, discomfort, which there really wasn't much of, it moved through my body. And I was making sounds, but not because of pain, and that was another change this time. Like, I felt like I was not throttling myself.

Like, I was letting my body make the noises it wanted to make and not caring what other people thought. If you listen to the other part of this, you know that was one of the gifts of last year is there's freedom on the other side of not caring at all what other people think. And I certainly didn't care what people thought in my own bedroom while I was having a baby about if I was making noises or not.

So I was just, like, instinctively moving and making sounds, and I felt, like, primally connected with my body and with, like, birthing women throughout all of history. And so I wasn't even really trying to get him to get in the right position, 'cause I did also kinda feel like if he got in the right position, he was gonna come really quickly.

So for a long time, I was kind of like eyes closed and just swaying, sort of moving without really being even aware that anybody else was there. For the, what ended up being a couple of hours, I don't think I really even remembered that people were around, but I did feel very connected to other women throughout history, and I don't know how to fully describe that experience, but it was so beautiful.

And I also felt, like, somehow connected to all the women who I had felt a connection to in the experience of grief and rage and despair, and all the things I'd felt in the year before. And

I realized that while those emotions felt shared, that so did the strength and the beauty of labor, and of babies entering the world.

And so, while it sounds strange to say, I really enjoyed this quiet inner experience part of labor, and I was kinda trying to savor it and not rush it. And I was glad to get to forget that other people were even waiting on me for a baby to come out. But I did do a pretty good job of staying hydrated, and so I, unfortunately, got annoyed 'cause I would have to occasionally get up to break the trance and go to the bathroom.

And on one trip to the bathroom, the midwife encouraged me, just like, "Lean back on the toilet and see if that helps him move down." And I tried it and immediately did not enjoy that experience, 'cause it did in fact help him move down. So she asked if I thought... if I felt like water would feel good at that point.

And I will say, I had not planned on having a water birth. I had pictured being in my bed or even being maybe outside or right next to my bed. But in that moment, warm water sounded awesome. And so she turned on the bath. I got in long before it was actually filled. It was, like, not over much of my body at all.

I did all the things that were not recommended. Like, I am, as a doula, not typically encouraging people to push on their back or to lay on their back while in labor, but that was what my body was requesting at that moment. It was what felt comfortable. So I leaned all the way back, reclined, and I felt him moving down.

I was not squatting. I was not on my side. Not any of the good positions that I thought I was gonna be in. Not with one knee up, none of that stuff. But I start... felt him just start moving down. And another cool thing that happened around this time. So historically, in labor, in transition, I hit a point where I say, "I can't do this," and I kind of freak out.

And the logical part of my brain is still there, and so internally, I'm hearing myself tell myself, like, "That means you're in transition. You're almost done. You got this." But I always ended up saying, "I can't do this." So I was so determined that I did not wanna say, "I can't do this," this time, that I was, like adamant that I was gonna keep those words from coming out of my mouth.

And then as I laid on my back and I felt him start to move down, it was like transition happened all in an instant, like all at once. And I felt those words, "I can't do this," come out of my mouth. 'Cause before then, like, my body was vocalizing, but it wasn't because I actually felt like I couldn't do it.

And in that moment, I also didn't feel like I couldn't do that. And so I was like... I had a second of annoyance that that came out of my mouth 'cause I'm like, "That's not even true.

I don't even feel like I can't do this." And then I started laughing. I don't know if I laugh, laughed externally, but I was laughing internally because I realized that I can't do it anymore.

I had said that every single time, but I had never understood it until then. I understood it for the first time in that moment. The "I can't do it anymore," the important part of that for me was the I. I can't do it anymore. I had to get out of the way. The ego had to get out of the way. My body knew what it was doing.

It was me trying to be in control that couldn't do it anymore. And that letting go of control, every other labor felt terrifying. And this was the moment in every other labor I started screaming and cussing and went from my normal, pretty quiet, demure self to like, you could ask people who've been in my past labors, like cussing like a sailor, screaming, roaring, terrified.

My ex said at my last daughter's birth that it sounded like I was being tortured. Like I, in hindsight, did not handle letting go of control well. So funny if you listen to the other part of what led up to this birth. But as soon as I said those words, I understood them in a different light for the first time.

That I can't do this anymore. The ego just needed to get out of the way because the ego is not the part that gets to walk through the portal of birth, and that's a beautiful thing. And I had resisted that every time until then because death felt terrifying before. And post the, the year before that led up to this, it didn't anymore.

But in all my past labors, this was the moment of surrender that I resisted. In most cases, this is when I screamed or pushed like crazy to try to get the baby out fast. And I'm glad for those experiences too. I'm glad the warrior part of me I got to meet in some of those. But this time I laughed.

I don't know if it was an outward laugh. I have no idea actually of what was happening outside of me. I at least laughed internally And I was, and I was laughing at realizing that every time I had said before I couldn't do it, it was an opportunity to get out of the way, and I hadn't wanted to let go of the control.

And somehow surrender happened in a beautiful way in that moment. And immediately I felt him slide all the way under my pubic bone, and I felt the sensation, the familiar sensation of pushing, but I wasn't screaming. It didn't feel panicky that time. And in this time instead of screaming, I was totally silent from what I can remember.

Again, I'm only sharing my experience, but I don't remember making any sound. I believe from what I heard after that I was quiet because it actually surprised everyone when he was

out because I wasn't making any sound, and they didn't think I was pushing. I was letting my body push, and I think there were parts where I was maybe also contributing to that, but it was so quiet and peaceful.

And so I was, I was just there not forcing anything, and it was just, like, happening, and I was sort of observing. But at the same time, I had something happen that had not happened to me in previous labors where I feel like I entered a different realm. And I'd heard of women who talked about this, like women I had doula-ed for or read birth stories of that explained, like, they felt they went into a different realm and got their baby and then came back, and I experienced that this time myself.

I lost awareness of my body. There was no pain that I remember for this part. I don't think I made any sound. I don't remember actively pushing. I had a vague awareness at one point that he was, like, exiting my body 'cause I felt, like, this energetic, drastic difference. But it felt like an in-- super intense energy and a portal of some sort.

But it was, like, in the spiritual realm. It was like I was in a different realm, and in that place, I looked at him in the eyes for the first time before he was out of my body. And I took him in my arms, and in that moment, the energy felt like a complete vortex, and I came back into my body, and I was in my bathtub holding a baby.

And he was-- It was wild. He was born at exactly 8:00 PM, so five and a half hours after my water broke and only a couple of hours after I would even said I felt a contraction. He weighed exactly seven pounds, which I'm grateful for. Born at exactly 38 weeks, so he likes round numbers apparently. And all the silent fears I'd had until that point that something would be wrong with him because I was so stressed when I was pregnant, or that he would come out not breathing, or all the things that moms can catastrophize about, they all vanished when he made those first precious sounds.

A lot happened after that. Those parts are ones that I won't share 'cause they're not just mine to share. I won't even share my perspective on those parts right now, or how anyone else experienced the situation. The one thing I will share with permission is that one of my daughters was there holding my hand as he was born.

She will forever be my favorite doula. And when I came back to earth and was holding him, I became very aware of like, "Oh wow, that was the first time she's seen birth. I wonder what her experience was." So I asked her like, "What did you think?" And she said, "It's so beautiful." Which I'm so, so grateful that my daughter's first exposure to birth, she s- felt it was beautiful and not scary.

That honestly felt better than me having an easy birth, was her getting that as her first exposure to birth. So like I said, a lot's happened since that time that's not mine to share. It

was the easiest pregnancy and birth. My markers were awesome the whole time. I did have a unique experience of postpartum preeclampsia, which thankfully I was able to manage at home.

I didn't have to go to the hospital, though it was close when my blood pressure was hitting the 180s over the 120s for a little while. And the midwife thought that could partially be from some of the stress that happened immediately after he was born, and ironically not losing so much blood because my body went into fight or flight for a minute and, like, stopped bleeding.

But maybe that was beautiful too, because hemorrhage was my biggest risk factor with a seventh, and I didn't lose enough blood. So everything works out perfectly, I suppose. It just took a little longer for my blood levels to equalize since I didn't bleed as much. As far as baby goes, he has been so healthy.

We--, he waited until he was out to start being on the upper side of all the growth charts, which I'm also very grateful for. And because it took me so long to process this experience, I'm just now sharing his birth experience. But he's now over six months old. He's crawling, he's starting to stand up, and he's such a joyful, happy baby.

And he loves his siblings. It's been so beautiful, and I'm so grateful for a physically easy pregnancy and a wonderful birth experience after, especially after what it took to get there and to be there at all. I also feel like I'm doing things quite a bit differently this time around. I'm doing a lot of things the same.

Like I said, no to pretty much all the things. You can take that however you will. If y- I have written some of, some posts about some of those things that are kind of hidden in the archives if you want specifics. I did that with all of my kids. I said no to almost all the things. But this time I don't even have a crib because I learned from the others they don't want to sleep in those.

They're not gonna use them anyway, and I don't sleep train personally, so there's no point in having a crib. I have two baby carriers, and he has lived pretty much on my body the whole time since he was born. He sleeps on my chest, which has been so precious and sweet. And he's never in his life cried it out, so he's feels very seemingly secure and happy.

We have no traditional baby toys or stuff. Nothing electronic. Some books, but mostly I've been reading him what I'm reading at night while he's nursing to sleep. We... I'm not doing schedules, pumping. I don't track feeds, diapers, any of that stuff. He does have a swing outside near where I garden so he can be outside, and he also has some dirt he gets to play in, which he loves. I'm not doing sugar or screens until at least two or three, and then probably not screens for a very long time.

I didn't get an infant car seat this time, just a convertible one, so he's never carried around in a container. If he's in his car seat, he then goes straight onto my body or in a carrier. Basically no containers in general. I don't put him down ever. He's pretty much contact napped since he was born, and he's been a super easy baby.

My next youngest daughter was also a pretty easy baby, and she did those things too, so maybe there's a correlation. His first foods have been things like meat stock, ghee, sardines, meat, liver, egg yolks, and sauerkraut juice. I wish I had known all those things since my first one. I learned a lot of that with my third when we had to do the GAPS diet for his eczema and allergies.

So now I've kind of incorporated that, and it's like after years of saying, "I wish I had known all these things before I had kids," I finally got to do all the things I wish I had known before I had kids this time. We don't even have a changing table. He has one dresser in my room that I change him on top of sometimes.

And he's got some clothes and some blankets, and he seems super happy with that. Also since last time, turns out a lot's happened in 10 years. Things I do love this time, Hiro diapers, which I actually will link to. They are solving the plastic issue with fungi, which I love. This is like so-- two things that I'm very passionate about in one project.

And they basically have a fungi that breaks down plastic that goes along with their diapers, and the baby's poo ends up being the compost for that fungi to grow, and it's super fascinating. So, I'll link to something you can read about that. There's so many more organic clothes options than there were 10 years ago, even though I'm keeping those super minimal.

Blood test at six weeks to find out the gender of the baby. Also new since I last had a baby. That was a surprise. After so many girls, a boy was also a surprise. And then I got some supplements from Dr. Anne Shippy that were super helpful. I love her book, and I love her supplements, and she's helped a lot of women who were pregnant older.

I didn't even plan on being pregnant older, but I'll link to her stuff 'cause it-- I did feel like it was super helpful. Postpartum, what I'm doing still, doing lots of mineral tea. I'll link to my blog post about that. I did hair mineral analysis right after birth with Matt Kaufman. There's a blog post or a podcast about that coming out.

I don't know which one will come out first, but I'll link to his hair analysis. That has been super impactful. I'm doing lots of minerals in general, lots of BEAM minerals, taking MassZymes to help with nutrient absorption. Taking a bunch of glycine for sleep, and I'm wondering if that's helping baby's nervous system be so happy too

I don't know. We are sleeping actually really well, especially considering baby. Other than I'm getting over a cold. But other than that, we sleep about eight hours a night, even though we're waking up every couple hours to nurse. And then we're getting lots of time outside, but I'm keeping it so simple, and I'm enjoying this s- season being so simple, after so many seasons that have been so chaotic.

So that's the very easy, beautiful, incredible birth of my seventh baby. I would love to hear your birth stories if you had any similar experiences. So many parts of this one were new for me, which was really fun. I didn't think I would get to experience birth again. I didn't think I would enjoy experiencing birth.

So much happened in the time leading up to that, so I'm really grateful for the experience I got to have, and I truly would love to hear about yours. I've been a doula for years, and I always love hearing about birth. So message me, comment, whatever. I would love to hear your birth story as well. In fact, if you ever wanna come on and share yours, we can make that happen too, 'cause I love birth stories.

But for this one, thank you so much for listening.