A Dad’s Journey into Homebirth

A Book for Dads Considering Homebirth or for Mamas Who Want Them To - Get the Support You Need for the Homebirth You Desire

By Jason Leister
For the greatest teachers in the world… my children.
Introduction

The year was 2004… and I was very, very small. I’m not talking in terms of size, of course, I’m talking in terms of power over my own life.

The fact is, I was fearful, and I was living someone else’s life. I was living a life that was controlled by the “small” me.

The “small” me was the person who cared what other people thought, more than I cared what I thought.

The “small” me was the person who was so fearful about making my own choices, that I just listened to others.

The “small” me was the person who made decisions based on fear, instead of decisions based on something better.

Even being the fearful person I was, somehow my wife and I chose to have a homebirth.

I’d love to tell you the story about how we got over our fear and made a conscious choice to have a homebirth right from the getgo. But the fact was, that’s not how it happened.

We didn’t really set out to choose homebirth, it’s more like we exhausted every other possible option as unacceptable for giving us the opportunity we wanted.

Our first child was born in the hospital. Not because we thought that was the best place to
give birth, just because we were too unconscious to even know there were alternatives.

There was a lot about that experience that my wife didn’t want to repeat. So for our second child, we decided to do something a bit different.

We still wanted to be “safe,” (even though we had no true understanding that safety is largely a lie we tell ourselves), but we didn’t really want the hospital and doctor feeling.

So we chose a hospital near our home and signed up for the midwives to give prenatal care and to help with the delivery.

At the time, I don’t think I fully grasped the conflict that was obviously still happening in my wife about this decision.

But it became pretty clear during a visit with our doula, only about two weeks before her due date.

I was sitting in a chair in our living room and my wife was sitting on the couch… crying her eyes out.

The doula had been listening to my wife describe the way she wanted to her birth to go.

At some point during the visit, she turned to my wife and basically said something like, “I hear what you’re saying and I hear the type of birth you want to have… and I have to tell you, you are not going to find it in a hospital. So why not stop looking there?” At that point, everything changed.

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