

## Birth Trauma - Remembering the Child Within

"How can I possibly remember this trauma that comes solely through family stories?"



As an Aquarian Septuagenarian, I tell my story in the event that you find it worthy of your interest and as an example of the many faceted layers of our psyches and the uniqueness of every human being. A key to happiness is acceptance of our innate nature.

*The womb at best is a peaceful preparation for entrance into this often-chaotic world. Yet even in the gentle rocking of the amniotic fluid, our mother's concerns, nutrition, possible trauma or other less than optimal conditions play a subtle role in the developing DNA structures of the budding being.*

Our parasympathetic nervous system responds to alerts triggering the fight or flight production of neuro-chemicals that drive self-preservation. The growing body of research ties early developmental stressors to impairment in bonding and difficulties in

sustaining states of felt safety and trust. Our brain, with its one hundred billion neurons along with massive neurons in the solar plexus, carries patterns of readiness for self-defense - a fight to survive.

*Dad was waiting for his notice from the draft board to enter service in World War II. His rationale being that his stint would be a shorter time of service - should he survive, to return home more quickly to his wife and children. My birth would serve as an additional point added to his record to move him up the list for release after the war. The more points a soldier had, the sooner he would leave. Mom, twenty-four, was understandably fearful for dad's safety and the great unknown that war brings.*

*Days prior to my birth, mother became very ill, and hospitalized with concerns that she might have typhus. That she was placed in isolation meant that as I was born, I was immediately removed from her, being placed in an isolette that became my home for those first two weeks of my life. We first met after two weeks when we returned to my maternal grandparent's home and greeted by my 2-year-old brother. It was eventually determined that mom did not have typhus.*

On day eight of my hospital stay, dad was on the front lines of combat in Luzon, the Philippines. As a grenade fell into their area, he and two buddies jumped into a fox hole. He was closer or faster and ended in the bottom of the pile, surviving with shrapnel wounds that healed. His two buddies, regretfully did not survive. Thankfully, he returned home when I was nine months.

*In working with the Gene Keys, I happened upon exploration of physical memories of that era. In deep meditation came the sensory awareness of my being completely alone. The phrase that came into my mind was "I have no parents." While they are my biological parents and they blessed me with their supportive, loving environment in which to grow, there was a pervasive sense of not belonging - of non-attachment.*

This aha moment is life enhancing and I am grateful: Grateful to understand an inner tension I held on a physical level, and deeply thankful for the gifts of this new awareness. I experienced a new level of peace. Perhaps it is the bold typeface on my already Aquarian independent nature. I observe my nature in the chain of past actions, choices and responses, some of which carry into the present.

*As each of us moves toward self-knowing and self-actualization, the subtle aspects of our true self unfolds and we may appreciate the gift of these experiences. We are humans having human experiences. We are beings, being.*

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