

Raw Mothering

sjkleone@yahoo.com
www.rawmom.com
www.rawmomsummit.com
www.wishsummit.com

Mothering is a labor of love, a privilege and an art. Every facet seems heightened and intensified for us Raw Moms.



At first, it's ALL about the food! That by itself is daunting. Then while we are still working on integrating our food choices and preparation, we begin to become aware of how this affects so many other areas—our communications, intentions and healing, our kids' potential, planetary well-being, and the list goes on. All parents and guardians consider these issues and countless others. It's truly endless. When we go "raw" we are going against the majority; we become pioneers in many ways—and that doesn't even cover the social aspect.

Moms wonder and worry about their children; we stress over trying to do everything right by them, but, truthfully, if we just keep ourselves clear and nurtured, they will reflect that for the most part. Especially before the age of 9, our emotional fields and those of our children are inextricably connected by what I envision as a silver thread.

Thinking in dichotomies like right/wrong, good/bad and yes, even raw/cooked creates tension, not only within us, but also for our children who are unable to filter out our negativity. Rigid, polarized thinking is passé, and serves no one. Instead, perhaps we could lovingly ask ourselves in any given moment: "Is this the right thing for me, for my life, my family, and my situation right now?" Find your center, and step outside of the worry and strain. Magically, your children will, too!

"Raw Mothering" is the term I have coined for this shift into the holy flow. It's less about rules and form and more about feeling and connection. As Thoreau said: "It doesn't matter what you look at. It matters what you see." So, I don't fret

about what my children are experiencing; rather, I tune into their feelings and their process. This subtle distinction directs me, laser-like, to the heart of the matter.

Another facet of Raw Mothering is what I playfully refer to as "Un-Learning the Teacher." Parents need to "real-eyes" that childhood is not merely a preparation for living; it is living. Children are often seen as apprentices of adulthood, rather than as sovereign beings. This is a huge mistake! When we focus exclusively on their development, progress and other comparatives, we reduce these magical years to a heavy burden, filled with unnecessary stress and pain. This valid and complete period of life turns into a second-class affair, all about correcting and teaching based on a desired outcome in the future.



Like little Buddhas, children are completely present, and living from their hearts. Instead of acting as teachers, let's learn from their freshness, joy and vitality. And allow Mother Nature, the greatest teacher of all, into their lives.

No matter where you live, go outside with your children every day, rain or shine, and just be with them, in happiness and quietude. If you can stroll together in a little wood, meadow or park, do so with the feeling of sheer wonder at the beauty of it all. On this nature walk, refrain from pointing out such things as the changing leaves or the little slug on the dewy leaf; rather,

just stop, bend and simply appreciate it. Take it in and allow it to infuse you with joy and aliveness. Your child may come over, curious about what has your attention, or be off in her own wonderment—all the better! Read *Dream of The Earth* by Thomas Berry and you will organically pass on to your children your love affair with Nature!

Since my boys were born we have taken daily walks out-

side together. We always look forward to this special time; it feels sacred. We have always chosen to live by a forest because we've learned it is impossible to be bored or depressed on our walks there. Now that they are 11 and 9, we go foraging for wild edibles; we've found berries, apples, cherries, grapes, herbs, mushrooms, and even asparagus. With each find, we feel that we are smiled upon and dearly cared for in this Universe of abundance and hidden treasures. And their childhood is enriched by the rare and special presence of wildlife, as we catch glimpses of turtles, frogs, fox, deer, rabbits, snakes, birds, hedgehogs, skunks, raccoons, butterflies and fish...a classroom without walls

The end of the day cycles back to our food. Being "raw" is the very foundation of my Raw Mothering. The simple pleasures in life may not be so richly appreciated on a SAD (standard American diet). Being closely connected to our food—our little backyard garden that the boys wake up early to tend; our little baby



apple trees we excitedly planted which actually bear small amounts of luscious fruit; our regular hikes gathering wild edibles—all these things help keep us attuned to ourselves, each other and the Natural rhythms of life, and all this fun and passion seems to have effortlessly led to our swims in the cold lake year-round, our barefoot races in the snow, our nights sleeping under the summer stars, and a number of other pleasures that for some might sound like healthy "disciplines."

Feeding our children is an act of love. Feeding them delicious, simple, wholesome, ripe, organic and wild food creates a continuous spiral of love between you, your child and your food. If I had a dollar for every time a friend or stranger commented on how calm, loving and intelligent

my children are... Well, the truth is, I am already rich, because I am a Raw Mom! Blessings on your Raw Mothering journey.

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Forest Walk by Shea Darian

Oh Journey with me child
Into the forest wild
Seeking earthly treasures we dare not steal
away.

Oh Journey with me child
Into the forest wild
And where we walk
We dare not
Disturb the forest's wild way.