

Freedom and Flexibility

by Elisabeth Hallett

<http://www.light-hearts.com/article10.htm>

Do our children really exist before conception? And if they do, what are the patterns that bring us together as parent and child? I would love to believe that my children were destined for me and nobody else. . . that I was chosen as the ideal mother for this pair of wonder-kids. And indeed many stories of pre-birth communication do support the view that our children are predestined to be with us.

An Australian woman recently sent me her story. She had two daughters, and didn't plan to bear any more children; her husband had undergone a vasectomy following the second girl's arrival. But six years later, the mother had a vision at the edge of sleep. Three beings in luminous robes presented her with a beautiful baby boy and told her that she was ready to have her "next child," and that this child awaited her. The message and vision were compelling enough to lead to a vasectomy reversal - and the birth of a baby boy the following year.

Some pre-birth communications seem to be from souls who are determined to join their destined parents. But are these arrangements hard and fast? Some experiences point to a certain creative flexibility at play in the pre-conception world. For example, a four-year-old girl told her mother that before she was born, she and Jesus used to sit together while she decided whether to be a boy in one family or a girl in another. "She said she decided at the last minute to come to us as a girl," the mother reports, "and then she and Jesus laughed and went off to play till it was time to go." It may not be hard evidence, but it's thought-provoking!

When parents-to-be experience a persistent "visitor," there is often the suggestion of a time limit - a window of opportunity. Patricia was fearful of becoming pregnant, although she had powerful dreams of a little boy for over a year. While wide awake one day, she finally heard a clear message that this was her last chance to bear this child, as he had to "move on." Move on to where? Perhaps to another prospective family.

Sharon was the mother of two small boys when she wrote, "As Daniel is getting older, we think often about whether or not we will give birth to another child. I still feel the presence of a little one 'waiting in the wings,' a little blond boy." After a year of uncertainty, Sharon decided against having another child. But she mused, "I have a question as to what happens to these little guys who seem to have such a strong spirit, when you say 'no' to their birth?"

In researching my book, *Soul Trek*, I occasionally encountered a situation where a woman felt uncomfortably pressured by the sense of "someone wanting to be born." In one such case, a mother already had three children but was reluctantly preparing to conceive another boy whose presence she felt around her. "I'm pretty resigned that I will do it," she wrote, "because I don't want to get to the other side and meet this person who will tell me that I just didn't want him to come."

Must we be "resigned" to having a child because we feel this sort of pressure? True, there are stories of pre-birth experiences that seem to suggest we're duty-bound to bear the children appointed to us by destiny or a higher power. But other stories imply more of a give and take, a process of mutual choosing with freedom on both sides - potential parent and possible child. Such accounts can provide creative ideas for entering into conversation with someone asking to be born.

Mary Knight, author of *Love Letters Before Birth and Beyond* (reviewed in the *Treasury of Resources*), shares her own experience. "For years, I've felt a little girl presence waiting patiently 'in the ethers.' She appears in my mind's eye as having dark, black curly hair and brown eyes. When I mentioned her to some writer friends many years ago, one of them suggested that perhaps I was imagining a character in a future novel. In the last few years, her presence has been seen by two psychics on two different occasions - unsolicited. The last one said that if I didn't bring her in through my body that she'd probably find another way to me - which is what I've told her she needs to do.

"Still, there's a pull. . . and a little guilt that I'm not complying. However, I know that she wants it to be a free choice for all of us, and I just can't bring myself to it. There is a sense of loss with this choice. I know that I am missing a precious gift. I

think I should probably create and perform a ritual in which we acknowledge letting go of each other. I will promise to be 'looking for her' in other places throughout my life."

A mother of two found that the persistent visits of a potential child helped her to clarify her life's direction. "About six months after my second child was born, I became aware of another female being who wanted to be born to us. She would always appear off to my upper right consciousness and even though I love babies and nurturing, I knew having another baby would be very hard for me. I sent those messages to her with love whenever she appeared.

"I can't remember when she stopped visiting me; perhaps four to six months later. I wanted to get back into my music and I have been able to do that now. I feel so vitalized, so excited about what I am doing now that a baby would be quite an adjustment for me. I feel that she hung around a respectable amount of time, giving me time to really think about my priorities, yet not pressuring me in any way; I believe she stopped appearing when I made a firm commitment to pursue my music again."

Some accounts even offer glimpses of the alternate routes a child may take, when the answer turns out to be "no." Anne lives in a community of families with shared values. Early in their marriage, she and her husband decided to remain childless. "Around the time that the whole question got settled," she recalls, "I became aware that someone was hovering around me quite often, hoping that she could be born to us. One day, as I was walking through the woods, the presence became much stronger than usual and it was almost as if I could see her - for it was clearly now a she. It would be an exaggeration to say that it was a vision of any kind. It was more like a clear picture in my mind. She wasn't pretty, or even cute in the usual sense. But she was very interesting looking. She had lots of character in her face, and dynamic greenish eyes, a largish nose, dark curly hair. Very mischievous and looking very strong willed.

"I spoke to her definitely, telling her that I could see she would be great fun to be with and it would no doubt be a joy to be her mother. But it really wasn't in the plan for us to have any children at all. So I suggested to her that there were many

other fine families around the community that she could join. And if there was any particular reason she wanted to know us, we could still be part of her life. Shortly after this, I didn't feel her around any more. Recently, it occurred to me that a certain girl in our community may be the same soul. Not because I have any particular affinity with her, but because she resembles the girl I saw in my mind and also because the personality she is apparently exhibiting - which is quite forceful and unusual - reminds me of the child that I met in my mind."

A prominent psychologist has questioned the value of sharing personal stories that suggest pre-birth communication. He asks, "How much of this is wishful thinking or fantasy, combined with a modicum of intuition, and a certain level of inner processing that provides images and inner dialogue?" His point is well taken and sounds a valid note of caution; yet I'm persuaded the subject is worth pursuing in spite of such factors. Our colleague goes on to say, "The main question is what can be meaningfully learned from all of this?"

Perhaps to say "we learn" is not quite right. These stories can change us. They free the imagination to explore what was once an absolute void before the beginning of life. They allow us to guess at possible patterns in the mystery of relationships. On this frontier, our vision of reality may shape-shift.

More intimately, they've changed the way I see my children, bringing a certain grace of gratefulness. From time to time I find myself thinking (or even saying aloud) "Thank you for coming to our family." The possibility that they might as easily have joined some other set of parents is a humbling one. Consider the surprising conversation with her little boy that one mother recalls:

"When Brett was between three and four years old, he was very angry with me one day. He said, 'I hate you, Mommy. You weren't even my first choice for a Mommy.' I somehow managed to stay centered and asked, 'Who was your first choice?'

'It was a woman from the Philippines but she was already taken!'"