

## **Purposeful Contact: The Mysterious Power of Our Children-to-be**

© by Elisabeth Hallett

<http://www.light-hearts.com/article5.htm>

**It was midwinter and pitch-dark when the Volkswagen skidded off the road into an icy river. Unable to fight her way to shore, C. was exhausted, ready to give up and surrender to the freezing water -- when suddenly a voice protested. . .**

**C. is a down-to-earth, level-headed woman, and an old friend. The adventure she related to me happened three years before the birth of her first child, when she and her husband were driving home to Montana after a Christmas trip. In her own words:**

***"We were anxious to get to our cabin in the Swan Valley so we drove night and day. We stopped in Great Falls for gas and were warned not to cross Rogers Pass because there was wind and extreme cold. Being young, we went along anyway. After crossing the pass we stopped for a cheeseburger and fries -- it was about 9:00 P.M. As we started up the Swan Highway we encountered a snow packed highway. As we came around the corner, a large amount of snow blew off the bank above us causing a glare of snow and lights. I thought a car was coming toward us so I swerved, over-corrected, went into a spin and flipped over, and landed in the Stillwater River.***

***"J. tried to paddle the car with the snow shovel but we were in a small whirlpool and just went around in circles. He climbed out the window into the river and got the spare tire out of the trunk for me to float on. He swam for shore and I tried to push off from the car on the tire. Unfortunately the tire was attached, so that I couldn't use it for flotation as it was going down with the car. By this time I was ready to give up, death seemed a treat (I thought I would see my mother again). J. hollered at me from shore and then seemed to disappear under the ice. I resigned myself to an easy death.***

***"Then I heard, 'But I haven't even been born yet!' This didn't seem relevant at that time, but a hand or force or whatever***

*seemed to grab me by the collar of my jacket and much as a cat carries a kitten, propelled me to shore. Later, when we had broken into a cabin and were running out of energy, I woke up and seemed to hear the same admonition -- 'I'm not born yet.' We were rescued in the morning. Three years later my son was born. The first night I was home with him he woke in the night to be fed. As I nursed him I had a vision back into the past of my mother, grandmother and so on nursing their children, and I felt connected to this pattern or plan. Then I knew it was my son who had spoken the night of the accident."*

**This wonderful story illustrates one of the intriguing patterns in communications before conception: they often seem to have a definite purpose. In this experience, as in many others, the apparent purpose is to overcome an obstacle to conception. The untimely death of your intended mother would surely be a serious problem!**

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**But there are other roadblocks on the way to birth, and other stories that suggest the same amazing possibility -- that children-to-be are somehow able to intervene and deal with obstacles to their own arrival.**

**When people have lost a child, their grief and fear can become barriers to risking a new pregnancy. Patricia and her husband were devastated when their first pregnancy ended with a stillborn baby girl. They were inclined to shut the door on parenthood forever -- and then, as Patricia says, "I met another child in my dreams. His name was Luka, and he said he would wait for us to welcome him into our lives." But Patricia was not ready. She still had months of anger and sorrow to endure, and most of all, the fear of another loss. Yet the dream-child was persistent. He appeared again the following year, with the same message that he was waiting to be welcomed. "Why was this happening?" says Patricia. "How could I get this out of my mind?" She continues:**

*"That autumn, I started to realize how depressed I really was. I was functioning in the outside world, but it was apparent in therapy that this sadness had a grip on me. I even thought about whether life was worth continuing. I had had so many losses in my life, and this was about all I could endure. Then, the vision to end all visions happened. I'll never forget it. I was*

*taking a shower, alone, on a sunny Saturday afternoon. I heard this. . . voice. (There was no visual.) I can't say the voice was loud, or startled me, or anything like that. But it spoke in no uncertain terms to me, and then vanished. He said that I was perfectly ripe to accept him into our lives, and that this was our last chance because he had to move on.*

*"I opened up like a lotus to the notion of having this child come into our lives. I felt a cloud lift. But I stood in the shower in slight disbelief. I didn't know what to do, but I felt lightness, love, hope, and happiness. I told my husband, and asked him if he would be interested in reconsidering our baby decision. When Peter said he wanted this baby, too, I can't tell you how elated I felt. Maybe I've never felt such joy. We made love once, and the rest, they say, is history. Luka was conceived that day."*

**Where does the parent-and-child bond begin? The editorial of the APPPAH Newsletter of Spring 1997 makes an important point. "Considering what we now know about the realities of life before birth," it proposes, "shouldn't we be setting the clock of parenting back from 'early' (birth to three) to 'very early' (conception to birth)?" Now, these stories of a presence even before conception have me wondering. . . Isn't it time to look even further back for the beginning of the connection with our children -- and the beginning of their power in our lives?**