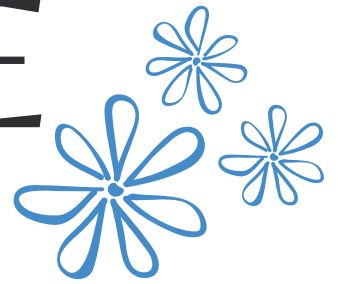


INDIA'S VERY OWN FAMILY PERSONAL JOURNEYS

NOURISH & NURTURE

WE HEAR YOUR HEART



DEEPIKA
SHARES HER HEART



HEALING JOURNIES
HEART SPEAKS

ISSUE 10

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Nourish & Nurture



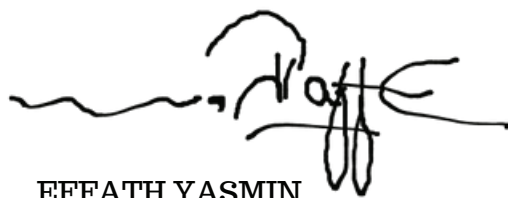
editor's note

Stories carry the power to touch our hearts in ways no other force can and these amazing journeys are born out the force of lives of many women, men, children and families.

You are made by The Almighty for a purpose in life and it is our duty to find it. The purpose is always hidden in our Exhilarating Joy or Deep in Pain either Spiritually, Physically or Emotionally.

The purpose will give solace to self and to humanity. Find yours. Every soul has one gift of purpose. This is a promise of the Universe!

And STORIES carry the power to Catalyze the shared PURPOSE of Our LIVES.



EFFATH YASMIN

STORIES

STORIES SPEAK TO THE HEART DIRECTLY AND POWERFULLY

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A silent support





DEEPIKA: FROM PAIN TO POWER

My name is Deepika. I live in the quiet town of Pollachi with my husband, Deepan my pillar of strength, and our love of life, our one-year-old son, Deerav Isayon. I've been a newborn and baby photographer for over five years, capturing those tender, early moments for so many families. But nothing could have prepared me for the intensity and depth of emotion I experienced in my own journey with motherhood—especially through the path of mother feeding.

Pregnancy was, surprisingly, a breeze. Even the 21-hour active labour was manageable, something I could grit through. But nothing came close to the pain and overwhelm of the early days of feeding my newborn. Right from day one, I had severe pain, cracked and bleeding nipples, and a soreness that made me scream and cry every time I fed. By the end of the first week, I simply couldn't cope. I began expressing and feeding, hoping that the break would allow my body to heal.

It got better after about ten days, and I tried resuming direct feeding—only for the pain and bleeding to return almost immediately. It became a torturous cycle. Despite reading and preparing during pregnancy, nothing had truly prepared me for how hard this would be. Finding the right breast pump was just the beginning. The friction, the oversupply, the blocked ducts, and the tenderness that followed—all of it was relentless. Hand expression helped a little, especially when combined with hot baths.

At this point, we saw a lactation consultant (LC), who suggested a nipple shield and an ointment. Still, nothing seemed to offer lasting relief. I faced judgement constantly. People dismissed the pain, saying things like, “So what if it hurts? He’s getting milk, isn’t he?” or “We all went through this, why are you making a fuss?” Some even criticised me for pumping, calling it a “modern shortcut” instead of “real” feeding. They didn’t see the pain I was in, or how desperately I was trying to give my baby what he needed.



I didn’t want to try formula—I had a great supply, and I wanted him to have what was natural, available, and meant for him. But the oversupply brought its own complications—milk blebs, blocked ducts, stabbing pain with every suck. I couldn’t believe this was what people meant by “natural.” Despite being around babies all the time in my profession, I found myself unable to even lift my own son without wincing in pain. The touch of my own clothes hurt. I dreaded every cry because it meant I’d have to feed again. It broke me inside—I couldn’t bond with my baby when every moment together was filled with fear and agony.

Through it all, Deepan never left my side. He took on full-time care of our son. He shielded me from the comments, reassured me when I was crumbling, and stood up for me when no one else did. His support meant everything. By the end of the first month, we saw another LC—Karpagam in Coimbatore—who, for the first time, looked at my baby as a whole. She diagnosed body stiffness and a tongue tie. For the first time, someone acknowledged my pain. She told me something I hadn’t dared to believe: breastfeeding doesn’t have to hurt. There was hope.

We began gentle massage techniques to relieve the stiffness. Over time, Deerav began to uncurl, to open up, to enjoy the touch. There were still setbacks—more blebs, blocked ducts, and sleepless nights. I tried feeding during a fever and ended up with another milk bleb.

We had nights where we tried everything—warm compresses, massage, oil, crying, praying—only to have Deerav finally break the bleb with his suction in the morning. He swallowed the blood and vomited, and I was left inflamed and helpless.

At 2.5 months, we released the tongue and lip ties. That brought some relief, but not enough. I continued direct feeding for 25 days, hoping things would improve, but the pain persisted. We noticed the nipple was still compressed after each feed—something wasn't right. Again, I felt hopeless. I went back to pumping. That's when my LC suggested Biodynamic Craniosacral Therapy (BCST) with Effath Yasmin ma'am. I had no expectations. But from the very first session, something shifted. One day, when I picked Deerav up, his head gently fell back—something I'd never seen before. His stiff neck had softened. It was like magic. Soon after, a persistent bleb in my left breast returned. Nothing helped—not compresses, not massage. Latching brought unbearable pain. When I finally unlatched him, the bleb had burst, and blood trickled down. Deerav had swallowed it and vomited again. I couldn't feed or pump. I had to hand express, and even that was agony. I was advised to rest one breast and reduce supply in the other. It was a nightmare.

This time, I tried BCST for myself. I followed Effath ma'am's guidance—warm vinegar washes, turmeric tablets, homeopathy—and continued hand expression. The wound started healing. I don't know whether it was the BCST, the medicines, or the sheer will to keep going, but within a week, the nipple was back to normal. I dared to try direct feeding again.

The pain was still there, but less. After three BCST sessions for Deerav, the compression eased. The pain, finally, began to go.

After six sessions, everything changed. No more compression. No more pain. His neck was flexible. For the first time, I was feeding my son without fear, without tears. It truly felt like magic. This journey has transformed me in ways I can't describe. I'm filled with gratitude—for Deepan, who carried me through every dark moment; for Deerav, who endured so much and kept adapting with quiet strength; for Karpagam and Effath ma'am, who turned trauma into healing; and for our family doctor and paediatrician, who were open and supportive throughout. To every mother out there—please know this: you don't have to suffer. If something doesn't feel right, trust your instincts. Keep seeking help. If one method doesn't work, try another.

Your pain is real. Your voice matters. And healing is possible. After all the struggle, life is beautiful again. And I wish the same beauty and strength for you too.



MOTHER'S JOURNEY: FEAR TO FOCUS

By Anusha

I'm Anusha Meyappan, a boy mom - has been my introduction for 4 years now. A housewife whose agenda was learning and growth. Now it's also peace, thus healing. A Tamilian in Mumbai, dependent yet independent in my way, I craft, read and dance whenever I get the time and space. I watch Netflix and scroll even when I do not get the time or space. I either procrastinate or multitask and speed up like the sky is falling, but there is no in between.

As far as I remember, I was always scared of becoming a parent, thanks to the birthing process explained by my friends at school. Luckily, a little older friend, whom I met right before my marriage and after her birthing, told me you will eventually be ready, and when you are ready, this fear won't be as big. That's what happened! The joy of meeting a baby that I bear inside me and the pregnancy itself kept me occupied, not leaving any room for too many fearful thoughts.

I didn't know what kind of parent I wanted to be. I had not even known there could be different kinds.



I just knew a few things I would want to do as a parent. Like limiting phones, teach the baby to eat well, outdoor play and how the rules that I set for my baby would work for us, adults as well. I knew this much. I wanted to parent in a way that the child would truly love me and not fear me in the name of respect.

I casually started reading when I was pregnant. One led to another. I consciously put in efforts because I understood these things don't come easily. I listened to songs -different ones for different occasions, I ate fruits daily - I am not into fruits at all, I smiled so much even at strangers, I used to talk to the baby and even tell stories about our lives and the world. He was a part of me, so I treated him just that way. I also made it a point to enjoy. And the universe helped me do the same. I got a lot of love from people in the form of food, reassurances, just a happy chat, drives, etc.

Thanks to Instagram, I came across a lot of parenting pages, starting from pre-pregnancy classes to Baby-led weaning to gentle parenting. And I took them. I attended some good, bad, and average workshops and took what worked for me.

What I didn't learn was breastfeeding! Oh man, I struggled so bad there. It felt like a big failure. I wasn't sure if the baby didn't latch well or if my supply was low. To seek help, I couldn't do much research as the newborn stage came with a lot of mental and physical load. I have had days when I cried and squeezed people's hands to feed my kid in pain. I knew it wasn't normal. I just didn't know or have the bandwidth to know how to make it right. I wish I had attended just one extra workshop before the child arrived, when I actually had all the time on earth.

As we grew together. I came across Montessori ways of play. Until then my child predominantly played with the toys that were gifted. Which were mostly over stimulating battery toys, soft toys and more random stuff piled in a cloth basket. He would empty it down and would play with each toy for a minute and throw them away. I had to clean up the mess so frequently. I hated it more because it meant tidying up 100 small pieces. I then learnt about montessori shelf and started handpicking toys myself to fit my baby's interest and saw the difference. The once clingy baby, slowly started focusing on the toy and letting me a little free. That was a win!

Montessori way meant I go with the child in his world/way. It was beautiful. It had a lot of love and curiosity, which also meant I had to be gentle around him. The more I tried to be a better parent, I realised I was becoming a better person. Keeping promises, using words to communicate feelings, accepting and saying a no, accepting flaws, eating healthy and so much more.

One more thing I learnt was – to let go off my mom's guilt. Is it learnt or inherent? We don't know. Every mother goes through it throughout their life, majorly when the baby is a new-born. That's also when the mother is trying to navigate in her new role, which comes with no guide book nor experience.

I had it too. I have had sleepless nights. It's that calmness of the night and cute sleeping face of the baby that lets one's emotions out. It's when you finally have the time. You either doom scroll or feel deep. It happens even for quite small aspects like I didn't take him to the park today or he was so cold and how could I have forgotten his head cap or maybe a little bigger thing like how I couldn't nurse him better or how I didn't notice his fever coming in.

When we look back everything would either seem trivial or manageable, small or big. At that moment, it's huge. Most people don't understand. Sadly, even the ones who have been through it don't understand. The immediate reply would either be on further guilt tripping or about how the baby is fine now. Neither helps.

Guilt, tears, loss of sleep, shame, all these heaviness drown one either when they are alone or amidst a huge crowd where they feel alone. Unfortunately, it's all very common. The only hope is that you'll get better! I did, eventually. I don't know exactly when or how much better I got. I surely know I neither sob over small mistakes nor do I beat myself so often. Intensity and frequency reduced.

Over years or rather months, perspectives changed. Once, when my 8-month-old had to take a ventilator at home for heavy congestion during his cold, my heart was so disappointed and I felt the burden of carrying a huge stone.



I was criticizing myself in my mind saying, Ideally, I should have taken precautions to suppress the cold, I should have visited the doctor earlier, I should have been more careful, what kind of a mother am I because of whom a tiny little baby has to breathe through a ventilator.

For a few days, I learnt about almost every second household in Mumbai with a kid who not just used a kids' ventilator but also owned one. It was not as much in Chennai. Here it could be the pollution levels or the over cautious doctors, it seemed way too common. It was then clear. The weight lifted.

Once at someone else's house, while I was talking to the host, the kid wanting to be around me was playing with the sliding door next to me. I didn't pay much attention. At a point he rolled the door over his legs and lost a big toe nail and some blood. I didn't see it coming. I froze. I was drowned with guilt for having my time there and was not watching the kid. I was scared of seeing blood on my child that I couldn't tend to him. Too lost.

The host was rather calm. She immediately took him inside, washed his legs and told him he was okay and covered the wound with a cotton and wrapped it up. The kid was back to playing post dinner. I later asked her how she didn't react much. She apparently has seen a lot with her kid who's now a teen. I was impressed by the way she handled the whole situation.

I learnt the most important thing is to tend the child in distress. Everything else can wait!

It made sense to just do the needful to fix it right now instead of worrying why you let it happen earlier or to fight or to cry or to be lost. I am the mother. The child needs me. He is looking up to me to help him out of the unease. I need to be present. I need to act spontaneously and not go blank myself. Ever since, be it a tantrum or an illness or the time he mistakenly fell into the baby pool, focus was on doing everything and anything to bring the situation back to normal. Once the situation is handled, the guilt reduces. In this way I have a calm child and not the one who cried to sleep.

There are days when a comment or random remark or a sudden reflection/realisation happens about how you don't spend as much time with your child, give healthy food to the little one like your friend or how he or she doesn't know something which most kids his age does, or how an Instagram mom has it all and you don't. These peep in mostly uninvited. A few pass, a few linger, a few daunt when we let it. I mean, we do, right?

We all know action is better than worrying yet nothing comes to mind at that time other than worry. However, the next day, we need to try and do something about it. If it's spending time, take 15 minutes consciously and do something fun. If it's meals, try a different approach. If it's kid's social skills, take them out to the park. Doing something, has helped me over planning things out, trying to learn what's the bestest way to go about it. Do it again, do it whenever you remember has been my mantra.

If something's not doable in your family setup/values, it isn't as important, just let go. Accept now is not the time. There is a lot to worry about as a parent to a child - health, diet, education, social skills, survival skills, language, sleep, skills, potty training, routine etc etc. The list wouldn't end. How many can we practically handle? I let it go. I accepted I couldn't focus on early potty training, I couldn't establish routines, I let him sleep until late and that his sleep routine wasn't anything close to ideal, I have fed him bread or dosa podi or upma multiple days.

When I started seeing progress in the chosen battles, the feeling of in other areas, subsided. Guilt reduced as well, when I saw my kid doing better in certain areas, probably because of my involvement in them. These small wins made me feel good. It reduced the fear of not becoming a good enough mom. Because on the inside, I knew I got a few things right. I knew I was taking efforts. I knew I was trying my best. If not, I know I will learn.

You are a mother. A human. You cannot prevent your child from every fall, every hurt, every fight, every sickness. A few things happen beyond your control. So, let it be. Be there for the child. Help him or her rather than blaming something or someone. Prepare him or her for the situation that may arise later.

There aren't many who are going to understand what you are going through. Many won't even try to understand. No one's coming to save you or the child. It's only YOU. Either accept the goof ups or do something about it. Just live your life and make memories with the child. They are not going to be this small or need us as much for long.





SAJITHA:

TRANSFORMING BELIEFS, EMBRACING PURPOSE

I'm Sajitha, the oldest of three siblings, I grew up together with my family till higher secondary and separated from my family for college education. This is the norm for all of us. The transition was not very hard, I got placed in an IT MNC in Chennai and worked for 7.5yrs. During this time I got married and had my child 5yrs later after

which I had to quit. This decision was quite difficult for me. Pregnancy and labor/birth was smooth, but postpartum was the most painful and difficult part of my pregnancy. I was totally clueless with a tongue tied child, not feeding and losing a lot of weight. I wanted to join after my maternity leave, but due to my situation I decided to let go of my office job. Thanks to the support from multiple sources, we could correct her ties, try different methods to encourage her to motherfeed and continue for five years.

When my kid was 2.5yrs, the corona lockdown happened and we had a choice to move back to native place or stay in Chennai. We chose the former and moved our family to our native where we were planning to transition our farmland to sustainable agriculture and also live on the land. If I was on a roller coaster, this part is where we go upside down, and go down side up and come to a relative stability again. This was the longest transition and is still ongoing, and the one where I have unlearned and learnt the most. In hindsight, few of the transitions are seeming not that tough now, but in reality every transition appears to be the toughest one until we meet with the next transition. When I joined the Living Your Truth (LYT) program, I was not expecting this much shift in my beliefs systems and mental organization.

I was inspired by my sister's journey in LYT and I could see the clarity in her whole demeanor. I remember, in the first class we were all asked to write down what is the always permanent thing in our lives. I wrote down nature, universe. I had many conflicting beliefs about it. I had resigned from my job after my baby was born, when she was two years old we decided to move from Chennai to our native village and take care of our farm. We learnt sustainable farming practices from a few people and planned to implement it. We had to observe our land and the ecosystem it supports. That is when I formed the belief that nature is so perfect it has to be the permanent thing and a permanent anchor for me. I did not know what my role was in this place. We stopped all the synthetic inputs, we stopped the tilling, production reduced and we were just observing. According to me, nature will continue to thrive and care for itself. There is nothing to be done on this land other than harvesting. We were planning to diversify the trees in our farm, so we planted many native species which are sourced from nearby forests. We planted them during monsoon and supported them very minimally during summer with water.

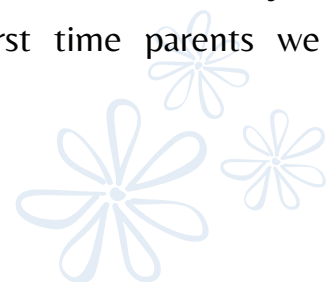
Limiting beliefs and its limitations.

There was a lot of apprehension, waiting, observing, thinking if we needed to do something on our land. It seemed like there was no way we could support this already self-sufficient system, whatever we do is just going to hinder its functioning.



There was a fear and distance in our minds when we tried to approach this god-like entity

We didn't bring any heavy machines into our farm as it would compact our soil, we ourselves would park our car outside the farm and come by walking inside our farm, the farm help who did harvesting would tell us it's difficult to lift the fruits and walk a long distance to reach the loading vehicle, but we also didn't know what else could be done, we would just pay them extra. Like first time parents we were too cautious.



The trees that were already on the land were at least 100 yrs old and very tall. Standing next to it is very scary, its canopy by itself covered a huge area and I felt so insignificant under it. The farm help would have no fear to climb and harvest but we would be very scared for their safety and ask them to harvest only the lower branches and leave the taller ones. There was flooding on one side of our land and it was scary to even plan/approach this idea of managing a flood.

As nature is all powerful, we have no authority to control its waters, correct its course etc. The trees, the flood everything seems very unapproachable, magnanimous and this belief of nature is permanent made it godlike in my mind. This went on for 1.5yrs.

When we observed the land, we could see many different species form an ecosystem and every species interacted within themselves and with surroundings in very unique ways. The principles of operation in one species were totally different from the other. The elephants, ants, bees, termites all were communal beings with hierarchies and roles, the dogs, leopards, tigers were very independent and individualistic. Insects, birds also were together when needed but without much hierarchy.

Fungi seemed like a vast interconnected individual being. Every species had very unique designs and very specific roles to play. Since nature had it all figured out and perfectly synchronized, I felt it must be the permanent anchor for me.

I didn't know what were the principles under which we humans need to function. Due to free will, these principles are a choice in us and not fixed as in other species of the ecosystem. Nature only showed what principles every species functions under and it didn't guide as to what principles must we operate in.

Re-evaluating the beliefs

In the very first session itself this belief system was going for a re-evaluation. That nature is not permanent, it evolves, degrades, flourishes, grows, changes and so on. It is a variable and not a constant. Another take away from this very first session itself was - By design we are all perfect, but we might not be living as the best embodiment of this design. Identifying the places where we deviate and keep refining ourselves to come close to this design is our purpose in life. This opened up a huge area of capability and opportunity for me. The perfect design is my capacity and the places where I deviate are the opportunities to work on myself. This belief energized me, it gave hope as to there is a better version of me already present as per design, this current version is not the end point.

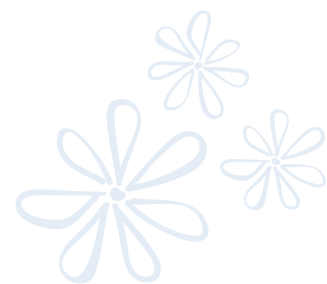
The integration

My equation with my farm land changed. My land felt more approachable and workable. Nature is no longer in that godlike position. That belief was restricting me from caring for the land. It was restricting me to see the opportunities where I can better this land and better myself.



We started with tracking the path of the flood, followed its path all the way to its origin, which is actually a waterfall from a small mountain. Its course was shifted by the farm above us to deflect floods away from their built up spaces like houses and open well. Flood means erosion and we could lose a lot of land to erosion if we don't manage it. If nature was still held in the godlike position I would not have attempted to manage the flood at all, I would think if it was meant to erode, we can't work against nature. But, I understand this land has been assigned to me now, and what should I do to protect it and care for it? I had no answer to the question, what are my efforts in managing the floods?

We engaged with a design team who helped us identify the undulations on land, the water flows, pathways etc. We even walked through the flood waters during the heavy rainfall days to find its speed and overflows. The image of the swift engulfing flood waters is still scary, but also workable, approachable. So now, I swung to the other extreme, I was very fixated on managing all the flood waters on our land. But after seeing the volume and numbers we cannot hold all the water in just one piece of land, it must be a collective action by all the other farmland owners. So I was willing to start with earthworks for managing what portion of flood we could manage. We focussed on slowing down water by creating basins, overflow pathways, ponds etc and letting the excess water flow out at decreased speed limiting erosion of soil. Within the first semester of LYT completed, we built one pond and planned for 5 more ponds dispersed across the land. We laid a pathway across the land which will be used for vehicular access to carry the harvested produce, construction materials, and our access pathways inside the farm. We limited the vehicle access to one pathway, whereas initially we were very strict as to not allow any vehicle inside, we now have a dedicated pathway and the rest of the land is still not impacted by heavy vehicles.



Recognising the mistakes and realigning

The native saplings which we planted were purchased from a tribal population who collect the seeds from the forest. It is an activity of a few months, where they have to go by walking inside the forest, collect seeds from different species over a period of a few months, accumulate the seeds and plant them. We were buying saplings during monsoons and planting them, but did not water them much in summer. Most of them survived, few we lost and very few established well. Due to our limiting belief that nature is god-like and can take care of itself, we didn't water them regularly. We would go to the farm everyday, see the saplings regularly but we would be in a constant dilemma. Should we water or not, are we reducing its fighting capacity and so on.

When my purpose became clear and nature was removed from the god-like position, my role and responsibility was staring me in the face. I could see the efforts the people at nursery put in to secure the resilient seeds, the efforts they take for watering and nurturing them with very limited electricity connection at their land. This dilemma of whether to nurture or not is even putting their efforts to vain.

Those saplings that survived and thrived are by the grace of God, but if I had cared for them, those that survived could have thrived and those that died could have survived. My efforts to see the plantation drive to completion were very limited. Again I had no answer to the question of what is my effort in all of this.

We then started regular maintenance for these saplings and laying pipelines to make water accessible throughout the farm. After three years of being on the land we finally decided to lay the pipelines to make water available throughout. This step would be step zero for any landowner to arrange water and electricity, but we arrived at this step very late. The previous caretakers had already laid a central pipeline and we leveraged that and made additional waterways.

What I realized was even though all the resources were right under our nose, we can still be clueless and limited by our incorrect beliefs.

After all my efforts, the flood water could change course or saplings could not grow at the rate they should, the pathways could get blocked, but that will not negate my efforts, the result is anyway not with me, only my efforts are in my control. So I needed to work more/better in places where I had control and surrender in places where I had no control.

I recognise my pattern of not taking ownership over my efforts, leaving them to fate and being so anxious and scared about the consequences/future. I am shifting this pattern to take ownership over my efforts, make the processes of execution more streamlined, focus more on the process, focus more on the fine tuning of existing methods of execution, and not on the result.

Understanding Conflicts

I saw most of the world from my views of black and white. My ideas/thoughts as told above like, not watering the native trees as they must survive on their own, not allowing heavy vehicles on land, wanting all flood waters to be managed on the land and so many more, have very rigid boundaries not allowing for exchange and analysis of different/opposing opinions/ideas.

My judgment is very limited in capacity and it has my own falsehood mixed with some truth. Being wrong about something felt very discrediting and canceling on myself. So coming to the reality that I do carry falsehood was not easy. I would have a number of reasons and arguments in my head saying why I'm not wrong in a situation. It is like some kind of protection for the limited beliefs I hold.

So conflict resolution will not happen from an angle of inclusion of both sides, it would be either total shutdown or total defense. There is a lot of fear of allowing opposing opinions to process in my mind.

I started to connect with the Ultimate Truth and through our LYT program we came to the understanding that everyone carries both Truth and Falsehood, including ourselves. Our approach should be eager to see the falsehood in ourselves, willing to stand for the Truth and also be willing to see the Truth in others and help them (non-threateningly) see the falsehood in them. The goal is that both sides arrive at the truth feeling included and heard. This approach dissolves the defence position I usually assume and goes into inquiry/curiosity.

As the Truth is defined already, our journey towards it will only make us better, the recognition of our mistakes will not discredit us but make us more skilled.

It could be possible that others are not willing to see the Truth now, but that doesn't mean they don't have the capacity to understand the Truth, which is part of our perfect design, no doubt about it. They may not be willing to accept it now, and I cannot cross that boundary or free will. If they decide to use their free will they could accept the Truth and it is their journey. I could show/explain that they can use their willingness to see their potential, but can't force them to use it. Also, the only means I have to bring us both to the Truth is the relationship between us. I can't lose it, I would invest in it and build this relationship better so that it becomes the means of inspiring change in us.

This understanding shifted the way I interact with my immediate family and relatives. I need to honor these relationships, I must be willing to have a permeable boundary and hold space for our interactions, without abandoning completely out of differences in opinions. For this I must not feel attacked, I need to feel safe in all interactions. If I feel attacked I will start to defend, and I lose my opportunity to understand, include and resolve.

I feel safe through connecting with the Creator, I could remember the choice I have to choose the better way, to choose the Truthful way of doing things. This choice will only make me better at what I do, so even though it is difficult at the moment, I could make an effort to see this choice and embody it.

Roles and Worthiness

The unappreciated, unpaid and unseen work at home of listening, nurturing and maintenance seemed very burdensome for me. It seemed like a task I just wanted to get done with. There would be so much avoidance, procrastination and finally a panicked rush to do the routines for the day/week.

When I was working at an office before my baby, I would be very meticulous and conscious about the work I put in, I would not treat it the way I treat work at home. Even if the load or pressure is more, I would not be procrastinating, I would adhere to timelines, I would be ready to take on challenges and communicate non violently. At home most of my work is unseen, at office my work is seen and appreciated, so based on the feedback from my environment my responses have also been adjusted. My relationship with my family would be limited and curt. Whereas, with my friends and colleagues it would be very polite and respectful. I was also dissatisfied with my office work and very whiny about it in private. It is a dishonest approach to myself and to the organization.

After understanding that my worth is intrinsic and is already assigned for everyone from birth, there is no concept of self worth, worth is not made by the self, just like how the nose is not made by the self, but made by the Creator. My worth is not determined by appreciation, or lack of appreciation, by family, friends, roles and so on. I can not decide the real worth of family, friends, roles and so on, and make some worthier than others.

All the roles, work, people, myself I'm interacting with are worthy when seen from the lens of God and my responsibility now shifts to approaching these roles and people mindfully, understanding their due worth in my life, and giving rightful preferences where needed.

The work and my role at home could be unseen, but I'm no way entitled to question it's worth. When I'm put in any role or situation, I have a responsibility now to honor this role/situation and strive to approach it mindfully from the lens of Truth. I have started to set routines for my work at home, and tried to titrate the process and start to see the inclusion of these routines in my mind, without friction. My interactions with my family are also more fulfilling, some could be difficult, but that's okay we can work on it.

I'm no longer working in an office, but I should have been more grateful for my work there and spent more time in building my skills, networking, understanding roles, organizational structure and limitations. I should have seen the potential of people instead of being whiny.

I would say I have started to identify the places where I deviate from the Truth and started to work towards the lifelong process of improvement.



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