

Shannon Kay Abbs

# *Consciously Natural Momma*

Natural Parenting Methods from Conception  
Through the Terrific Twos



**Free Chapter!**



SHANNON ABBS

FREE Chapter

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*First edition*

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# 1

## My Journey To Conception

My journey of conceiving took about 2 years & 4 months. With one miscarriage. W. is a “Rainbow Baby”. It was a wild roller coaster of emotions for me. I was completely obsessed after the first few months.

All our lives we’re told that if we have unprotected sex we’ll get pregnant young, immediately, in High School then our lives will be ruined!

Guess what?

They left out A LOT of information about being human.

Whoever decided to teach kids abstinence, rather than actually teach us how our bodies work and how to be human wasn’t helping anyone in my opinion. I had no idea how my body worked until I started trying to conceive to do what my body is supposed to do. The whole sex education in America needs to be revised. Just sayin’.

Okay, with that rant over let me tell you what happened.

It was the summer of 2016. About a year into J. and my relationship. I was sure he was the one for me. When BAM! I was suddenly struck with “Baby Fever” at the young age of 24. I knew I wanted babies eventually but when people would ask my answer would be,

“Nooo... I have a little sister, so I’m good!”

This “Baby Fever” hit me like a ton of bricks. I was almost ashamed because I still felt like I was too young to have babies.

I was looking at all the cute little baby things, using Pinterest to plan out this

fantasy baby life that I didn't even know I was ready for. A few weeks went by like this. I finally told J. "I wanna have a baby!" except I was nervous. I couldn't even tell him sober or in the daytime with lights on! I was embarrassed for some reason. That night I guess was the first time we had ever actively tried. I don't even think he said "Okay". I think we just went for it.

I was surely pregnant! Woohoo here comes my baby! That was easy!

Except, no. I wasn't.

I had no idea how a woman's Moon cycle (a lot of women sync with the moon, fun fact) even worked. If you didn't know, you have to wait until you're ovulating, you have about a 12-hour window and it's not always the same.

I tried really hard to act like that wasn't the case because I didn't want to overthink it all. I wanted this to be fun and a surprise when we finally fell pregnant. So, we kept trying and trying and trying. Still nothing.

Months went by, with me pseudo-obsessing over baby-making. Women seemed to accidentally fall pregnant or they just tried and there you go. I guess that's how it seemed.

I was healthy on paper.

Though... I did a lot of traveling, drank, smoked cigarettes, and ate a lot of bar food. Even though, weirdly, I was kind of a health nut at home. I did, however, work in strip clubs as an entertainer. My home club and other states. (If you know me, don't act surprised.)

I was working about two weeks out of the month partying my ass off, up all night, traveling from town to town, and dancing for almost 6 hours straight, 4 nights a week. That all just came with the job. None of this was helping my chances of becoming pregnant. It was hindering it all.

*(If you're thinking of passing judgment on my working in a club. It was a great experience. We're actually business owners. I wouldn't be who I am or have written this book without that part of my life.)*

I was determined to not let that deter me from making our baby dreams come true. Eventually, I became obsessed, with the fertility apps, ovulation sticks, timing things out, making sure I was home on ovulation day, and of course drunkenly crying to anyone who would listen.

Cringe.



Over about a year, I was trying too damn hard because I always thought that if I worked hard enough that something would happen. That's not the case with making a baby though. I think that was the most difficult part for me. Spare yourself the mental turmoil and do what you can to relax. I know, easier said than done! Relaxing really does make a huge difference.

There's so much that goes into trying to conceive and it made sex feel like work. Even so, there was always the goal of a baby for me. I peed on so many sticks!

## The Miscarriage:

I really learned a lot once this happened. I know it's pretty triggering to some people. If you'd like to you can skip past it. I just feel it's important to talk about these things. Being that I needed to also know this information and a real story rather than the cut-and-dry textbook style.

So, here goes.

It wasn't until the miscarriage on May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2018 that I eventually kinda got my act together. That really woke me up.

I was in Portland Oregon working. Trying to focus on yoga on the porch when I just started balling out of nowhere because I couldn't stop thinking "I'm not pregnant again and it's never going to happen to me!"

About 4 days later I took the usual test expecting to see another disappointing one-liner. This time it was different. This time it was TWO lines! I was shocked and kind of freaking out. I took another test to make sure. Both had TWO lines! Whooooooooaaaaa! It was really happening. I then hid the tests in my suitcase.

My friend (& roommate) had been working late so I took the bus to work. I remember walking to the stop and all of a sudden I was STARVING even though I had just eaten. I consulted the anonymous app ladies.

"Welcome to being pregnant! Congrats!"

I was so happy and excited I couldn't believe this was happening to me. Finally, all that obsession wasn't for nothing! That was a Friday night. I made great money because I was so high vibes.

But here's the Fucked up part...

I had a few vodka sodas over that weekend.

**MONSTER!**

I know... I really do... again, no judging. I'm human too. And I definitely learned my lesson.

I was barely pregnant, not sure if it was for real and I heard many women who didn't know they were pregnant and had drunk a little during the pregnancy. I thought it'd be fine. I was going home Monday anyway and I'd be able to tell J. the wonderful news! Everything was going to be okay!

*Again, there are serious repercussions for consuming alcohol while pregnant. Don't be like I was.*

Here's something strange though. I was on stage Sunday night and this man who had seen me earlier that week came up to my rack and said, "Wow, you've gotten really skinny this week!"

I asked him to repeat himself because I hadn't noticed & I also didn't remember him. Caught me off guard. He apologized for commenting on my weight. Then we had a few dances and eventually went home. Sundays were always pretty slow.

The next day, I was due for my eight-hour train ride back to Washington. I did notice my arms were a lot smaller than usual but my roommate didn't have a scale.

I was chilling on the couch in my sweatpants wondering how I should tell J. Then suddenly, I felt what feels like the beginning of a moon cycle.

There was blood. On my pants and on the couch. I did what I could to stay calm. I thought maybe it was just spotting. Consulted the app. Waited.

I had cramps pretty intense so I went in the bath. I bled only while peeing so I thought I was fine or maybe it was something else. I cried as I thought, "This isn't really happening! I get to keep my baby!"

After the bath, I looked at the app on my phone trying not to anticipate the worst. Someone told me to call the doctor immediately. I did.

The doctor was in Washington and told me to call the nearest hospital to me. I needed to go to the E.R. to get my blood taken to make sure it wasn't an RH-factor that could be an issue. This can be an issue if you're RH-negative and the baby is RH-Positive. It can cause severe bleeding because the mother's

and baby's blood don't mix properly. I did not know this either.

My roommate wasn't home and I couldn't get over to the hospital by myself.

Our other roommate whom I wasn't as close to was upstairs. I had to very shyly ask him to take me to the E.R. I didn't tell them what was happening because I wasn't sure what was even happening. He drove me, told me his kids were born right over in that building, and waited in the waiting room with me.

I told the nurses what was happening and that I had a few drinks. I lay in the hospital bed for a while and got up a few times to pee. Every time there was more blood. There was none while I was just idle. Only when I peed.

They took my blood, guess I have easy veins. Woo...

I lay there trying to convince myself that I was having a miscarriage. Then, that I wasn't because they weren't calling it one. I remember lying there cold, shivering, and just sad hoping I didn't miss my train too. I knew my HCG level was only at a 9 or so but I wanted someone to TELL me I was having a miscarriage. They never did. The woman just stared at me dead in the eyes expressionless.

Eventually, they came back and it was probably two hours since I'd arrived. I guess out of this visit I got to know my blood type. A- so that's cool. I was convinced I wasn't going to make my train on time because I needed to be there in less than an hour. They don't give you your money back if you miss it and I was definitely ready to be home.

I didn't say anything on the way back to the house. My roommate didn't pry just asked if everything was okay. I had obviously been crying you know? My other roommate entered the house not long after I got everything in my suitcase and tried to pull myself together. At this point, I was still going in and out of denial. He also asked but didn't pry. You can read every emotion all over my face. I do not hide them well.

"I just want to go home."

Was obviously not true. I don't think I told him until a month or so later. I think I was really just shocked.

That train ride was the most depressing one I think I have ever had. It's eight hours long or more and I usually really enjoy the train. I'd watch the scenery, maybe meet someone new, or watch some movies.

I just sat there, staring out the window, hood up, crying silently. Trying to convince myself it wasn't really happening. Everything would be okay. I felt so freaking lonely. I couldn't tell anyone. I couldn't even tell myself. I was so preoccupied with having a baby and then, I was so preoccupied with the loss.

I got home around midnight. I don't remember if I told J. or not what happened then or the next day. I don't even remember his reaction. Anytime I told him things that were important like this or where I needed support was often met with dead silence. I now understand that's just how HE copes with things but that wasn't exactly helpful. Eventually, he did hold me as I cried but just didn't have words. I needed words.

I went to this grocery store that also has a loft where you can sit, eat or have a beer. My friend Slover was there with me. We were sitting and I just burst out crying! I heard a baby cry.

He said,

"I can't believe you're going through this all alone..." and gave me a side hug.

But I wasn't alone, I was with him. And he's been one of my best friends thus far.

There's a lot nobody tells you about miscarriage. Sure, they tell you it may be painful, you'll bleed, and the logistics of it all. 1 in 4 have them after all. There's more to it.

### **Here's what I learned:**

- *I was sad for months*
- *I completely blamed myself*
- *It didn't feel like a moon cycle*
- *Talking about it is still taboo to some*
- *The blood didn't flow like a moon cycle*
- *I went through the entire grieving process, involuntarily.*
- *The pain was so much greater than the usual monthly cramps*
- *I knew what was happening but couldn't control my emotions*
- *Once I got pregnant again my first thoughts were fear of miscarriage*

- *I had crying spells at random times where I couldn't get up off the floor*
- *If I heard a baby cry I'd burst into tears. I never noticed them cry much before*
- *A baby born after a loss is called a "Rainbow Baby" Because they're "The calm after the storm."*
- *1 in 4 women has miscarriages that we know of & 10-15% of known pregnancies end in miscarriage. (That number has risen since COVID days.)*
- *4.2 weeks IS still a miscarriage. I was asked plenty of times if I was sure I was even pregnant and why it even mattered because it wasn't a baby yet*

Lessons learned Universe.

If you or someone you know has had a miscarriage then I want to tell you that I understand the pain. Not just the physical pain. But the emotional pain I can't really explain. I know where I went wrong. I did write a letter to that future baby and even gave it a nickname that early on.

Even though it didn't seem like a baby yet because it wasn't. Everything still felt like someone died. The grieving process was very real. I was not prepared for that. I was confused. If that's happening or happened to you just know you're not alone in having emotions like this. I was there too. Really fucked with me.

## Moving Forward:

After all of that, it took me a good month or so to not hurt so badly. I worked as a Housekeeper with a woman for a month or so but I eventually didn't like the schedule and got myself fired. Went back into my old routines, partying with friends, and had some fun outings and traveled with our old pal Dustin (R.I.P) that summer.

Fall came around and I had decided at the beginning of that year that I'd quit smoking. I was down to one smoke with my coffee by then. Dustin would leave one on the counter for me and I'd clean his house while he was at work. That was cool. I also decided that I'd start a web development course and be much healthier.

The miscarriage really put everything into perspective for me. Maybe I needed to do something else with my life anyway. I was tired of focusing on having a baby. I told J. that I didn't want to try anymore and maybe the Universe wanted me to have a career and whatever first. It wasn't time for us and I was so tired of the mental toll it had on me. We did the deed ONCE at the end of September and I was mad because get this... You're not going to like it...

Astrology is all too real to me. I DID NOT want to have a Gemini Sun sign baby. No, nothing wrong with Gemini themselves. If you're a Gemini person, well, sorry. I know we have all sorts of signs in different placements. Some people say not to get too picky.

However, I could not handle being around most Gemini people. We never clicked. I'm a Capricorn... I'm Earth, they're Air. Dancing all around, can't ever pin them down. Yada Yada. If you know astrology then you get me. Obviously, if I had one I'd love them. Don't hate me.

I literally looked at him and said half-jokingly,

"You just got me pregnant, and it better not be a Gemini!" he never seemed bothered though.

I shrugged it off eventually. We even did a sexy photo shoot together with one of my old photographers. We had some drinks because I wasn't trying to conceive anymore and had some fun.



***First Family Photo!***

I eventually decided to do a pregnancy test WAY too early, probably around 2.5

weeks or so. It was obviously negative but you know calms the “DO A TEST!” jitters.

A week later I was walking to the park laughing at myself and thought, “Wouldn’t it be so funny if I found it in the trash and it was positive!? Ha! Nobody would believe it”.

So, I did. I walked home and went to the trash, pulled it out and it looked like there was a faint second line. I was like...

“Nooooo that’s old. Screw it let’s do another one”.

I did like 5 because they kept coming out positive. I did not believe it at all. There are some conception apps that you can take photos of the results on the stick and it will tell you how fertile you are on ovulation sticks and how high your HCG levels could be. I lined em’ up and snapped a photo. I was definitely pregnant.

I could not believe it. I sent the photos to my friend B. and was all...

“What? I’m only 3 weeks! Is this real life?”

She congratulated me. I was so shocked. There I was, in denial again but for the opposite reason! I didn’t even want to get pregnant this time. You know how much I wanted to prove everyone wrong when they said,

“When you give up trying, the baby will come.”

I guess I’ll believe it now, stop trying and the Universe will come through. And so, we were pregnant.

### **What Did I Learn About Conception?**

First of all, let me run you through how conception really works if you don’t know.

- *Women can sync together.*
- *Everyone’s cycle can be different lengths. Mine is around 32 days. Not 28.*
- *Discharge changes in color and consistency over the cycle*
- *Eggs are released about 2 weeks after Menstruation.*
- *Your basal temperature goes up slightly while ovulating.*
- *Eggs have 12-24 hours to get fertilized before it disintegrates*
- *Some women can feel this happen (it kind of feels like a dull pop)*



- *We ovulate usually on one side and then the other next time.*
- *Sperm can live up to 5 days but only in perfect conditions.*
- *Having sex too little can make sperm count lower.*
- *Having sex too often can also make sperm count lower.*
- *If an egg is fertilized you may feel it implant.*
- *If fertilized discharge will stay thick.*
- *If an egg isn't fertilized, blood builds up and releases 2 weeks later.*
- *If not fertilized discharge will dry up*
- *We're actually pregnant 10 months because it starts from your last moon day.*
- *The best birth control (or not) is actually the natural cycle-tracking method*
- *Tracking cycles lets you be way more aware of your body, I don't need the tools anymore. I can just feel it all.*
- *There are a lot of old wives' tales out there, I don't see them being entirely untrue. At least for me.*
- *Usually around the Full Moon is the release of blood & The New Moon is the ovulation period. It does change and switch over time though. (Hence: "Moon cycle" or "Moon Time")*
- *If trying to conceive is taking longer than a year you're considered to have infertility issues and can consult a doctor. Under 35. Over 35 you can seek help sooner.*

Whew! That was a lot I was misinformed about!

Tracking your cycles is very easy with the use of apps, ovulation sticks, and tracking your basal body temperature (before you move out of bed take your temperature while laying still. It should go up a few degrees on ovulation day.)

I enjoyed getting a pack of ovulation and pregnancy test strips online because they were the most inexpensive. The tests are all pretty much the same. Even in the doctor's office. The pregnancy tests that say they'll give you results sooner may be a little more sensitive but they all test just for HCG levels. HCG (Human chorionic gonadotropin) levels is a hormone that is produced by cells surrounding the embryo. This goes up quite a bit with each day of pregnancy.

It may work for some women who are out partying and maybe even

accidentally get pregnant but it's not like that for everyone. The lifestyle I was living was not helping me conceive. I wasn't healthy being hungover, dehydrated, and putting the stress of traveling and working out constantly on my body.

The stress of trying to conceive is REAL and it even made my menstruation cycle go away entirely for over two months at one point. The stress of constantly thinking about being pregnant or not was such an emotional mess for me. Which helped nothing. Stress releases cortisol which isn't an optimal condition for getting pregnant. My past self was completely obsessed.

The apps were nice and helpful at first, I learned a lot about my body. Eventually, I was obsessing over them and couldn't stop. Oh, and some women are just plain nasty. I left many apps and forums because of the comments.

Eating as healthy as possible (I recommend *mostly* raw fruits and vegetables vegan diet. I'll explain later), prenatal vitamins, drinking water, no alcohol, caffeine, and no sugar are all going to help your eggs be in the best environment for when the sperm comes along. That, and exercising regularly, making sure you're at a healthy weight, and easing stress. There are also fertility teas with rose hips as well that are said to help get women in shape for pregnancy.

Once I let go of control, started taking care of my body more, and focused on other things, I finally fell pregnant. I didn't want to believe letting go would help me. I had all those lessons to go through. Now that I have passed all of that I know why I needed to learn. Next time around I know I'll be a lot less stressed about everything and also just in an overall healthier mindset.

With all that being said, I wish you love and light on your conception journey. Make sure to do what you can to relax and trust that the Universe has your back in all of this.

## Eager to read more?

[Here's the link to the full book!](#)