

BREASTFEEDING AND FREEDOM

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Being breastfeeding week I feel I should write something from a different perspective from someone who has come out on the other side.

While the battle scars and wounds of being a breastfeeding mama have healed and have been replaced by the battles of parenting growing children one of them making me eat my words daily and challenging the status quo so much so that I have almost quit writing this blog worrying about being too preachy in the past, I wanted to write this from the perspective of someone who has been there done that with regards to breastfeeding and I'm now experiencing the freedom and after effects.

I stopped breastfeeding for good in December all of 8 months ago. my younger son was 2 years and 8 months when he self weaned. I spent 6 whole years (Jan 2012 to Jan 2018) sharing my body with someone else whether it was through pregnancy or breastfeeding. For those moms who are in the midst of constant night wakings and endless feeds and diaper changes it's not something you'd want to hear - 6 years!

Another thing parents of older kids say is enjoy this phase, which seems like good advise but on bad days almost impossible advise to follow. Well though I do feel the baby years are just too adorably adorable to put into more coherent terms, I also quite enjoy these years where the challenges multiply but so does the fun.

But the point is pregnancy, breastfeeding, babywearing the pillars of my blog is all past tense for me. Though it was 6 whole years it wasn't too long in the long run. I am pretty sure the bonding, the love, the security all of it may have got enhanced because of all that work. i can safely say that today for them mamma is the last word in anything they do (so far and yes i know that too shall pass) and maybe it was because of giving them my all for those years when they needed me most.

Though from 30 to 36 I was quite stuck to the kids I feel that now there are so many things that i feel physically that's different. I am now following the keto diet and have loads more energy than I did in the past. I don't feel sluggish in the afternoon and feel the drive to loose weight and dress better. On that note I have had an almost 100% wardrobe change post stepping out of my role of being the nurturer and physical nutrition provider to the kiddos. (That I am the now their chief problem solver, therapist and psychoanalyst always reading between the lines and translating the words behind the punches is another matter altogether). To add to that I have had a massive boost in sex drive since the beginning of the year which is surely related to no more pregnancy and breastfeeding hormones (YEAHH!)

So in a nutshell while you're in the midst of all of this it may seem like there is no light to the end of the tunnel, take it from someone who has dedicated a lot of years to being physically attached to her kids - it passes.

Do I miss it? Not at all because I feel I have spent enough time giving it my all.

Do I have regrets? Well only that I did not feed my first son on demand as much and I didn't wear him, hold him or dote on him as much as I did the second time around.

Do I recommend going all out? For me there has never been any other way and it was pure love!

Thanks for reading and happy breastfeeding week!

