

THERE AND BACK AGAIN – BY NO NO BAGGINS

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I've been away as you can see, far far away from this blog. Not in principle, but though I've been away physically, I never stopped thinking about you lot. More important than writing was my little experiment. Could I achieve what the naysayers warned me against? Could I be pregnant and fit and eat real food and have a healthy baby?



Mine was a slightly unconventional pregnancy in any context specially the Indian one. I did a lot of things that a lot of women in these parts don't do. Ate stuff I was not 'supposed' to, didn't eat stuff I was 'supposed' to, did a lot of activity (how does 7 days a week of exercise sound), didn't gain a single kg, maintained my muscle tone, and popped out a healthy little chubby (my exclusively breast fed 3.5 month old weighs 15 pounds).

There are a few key words here.

- 1) Belief and a [keen understanding of my body](#) due to the **connect** I've felt with it over the 2 years prior to becoming pregnant.
- 2) An **attitude** that compelled me to feel that I can do anything.
- 3) A **confidence** in myself that the hard pre work I've done priming my body and mind would result in something wonderful.

I have a lot of stories to tell about the things I've read about, the helpful advise I've received (and promptly albeit politely thrown out), and my experiences.

I've had the best year of my life, a blissful pregnancy and an amazing 16 weeks of motherhood. (Ok I'll say it, 16 minus the first 6 weeks or so of drama but you know, we all come through it). I know I'll do it all again in an instant because it was every bit as fulfilling as it should be. It should not be an ordeal as it is for some. Yes there were times when the thought of food would make me throw up and hating food was not fun for someone who has worshipped food her whole life. In spite of that it was a great few months for me.

When the little one did show up, I wasn't too bothered whether people used sanitizer before handling him or not, I took him for walks when he was a couple of weeks old and I refused to lay in bed for more than a couple of hours after his birth.

I'm also back to boot camp (10.5 months after I stopped) and yoga and back to exercising with and without baby. On days when I have my evenings free he walks down marine drive with me in his front facing carrier and nods off while I finish my walk.

A lot of advise you will receive from doctors and well meaning folk specially in India is don't do this and don't do that and don't sit like this and don't stand like that. Well guess what? You can get away with most things and can still come out shining. Just like I did.

With no no 'nasty baggages' from the past nine months, except one little joyful bundle.

So the primal girl has now morphed into the 31 year old primal mother. I've stayed true to real food

and my journey has been primal in more ways than one. In paleo times I am sure, real women never said I can't do this and can't do that else our species would have come to an end if 50 % of the population put their feet up every time they got pregnant. Let's think about that for a second before we go bananas on modern ways of doing things shall we?

Stay tuned as I elaborate. Nice to see you too :)

