

WFWP USA: From One Mother - The Quiet Wisdom I Didn't Realize I Carried

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I left the familiar hum of my home, hopped into my car, and drove a short distance to visit a friend who had just welcomed her first baby. She was in those delicate, precious days of new motherhood - the ones where love and exhaustion often sit side by side. Her birth experience hadn't gone as she'd hoped, and as I drove, memories flooded back. I remembered my own journey: the unexpected emergency C-section with my first child, the intense process of becoming a mother, and the whirlwind of transferring off-island for my second child, holding out hope for a VBAC. It's been only three years, but motherhood has been rich with lessons, immense joy, unexpected heartache, and a love deeper than I'd ever thought possible.

As I entered her home, I was enveloped by the quiet, golden calm that settles in a house after birth - a sacred silence where time slows, and the whole

world centers around one beautiful, new life. Her eyes filled with tears as I walked in - a mix of joy, relief, and even sadness, emotions she was still processing. She didn't need words; I knew, and she knew I knew. There's a bond that mothers share, even in unspoken moments, and I felt honored to be there with her in that space. In that moment, I was reminded of Mother Moon's words:

"A mother's hand soothes a stomach ache... her hands may be gnarled and rough, but in a few moments the child feels better. This is a practice based on love."

Her words capture the magic mothers carry in their hands, hands that soothe and heal, hands that carry quiet wisdom even when we don't realize it. I thought of all the moments my own hands had calmed, comforted, and cradled my children, even in my most exhausted and uncertain moments.

I remembered a similar moment after my son's birth, leaving the hospital. As my husband wheeled me down the hall, we passed a woman with a pregnant belly, waiting on the cusp of her own journey. Our eyes met in a silent exchange of recognition - a whispered blessing for what was to come.

This visit with my friend was simple, filled with quiet reassurances and gentle advice. She asked a few questions, and to my surprise, I found myself at ease sharing bits of what I'd learned - wisdom gained not from books or Google but from living these moments, day by day. I hadn't been able to have the home births I'd dreamed of, and it took time to make peace with that. But this journey has taught me to let go of what I can't control, to embrace the imperfect, and to surrender to the gifts motherhood brings, however they come.

As I held her baby boy, I realized how far I'd come. I felt the confidence that comes from hours of holding, soothing, and trusting my own intuition. I thought of all that lay ahead for her - the joys, the worries, the endless firsts. She had been there for me after my son's birth, training as a doula, bringing warmth and strength to our small, remote island community. Back then, I wondered how I could ever repay her kindness. Today, I realized: motherhood itself had given me that answer. This is what we do. We walk this path together, sharing, giving, and passing down the quiet, unspoken wisdom that only comes from living it.

As I stepped out of her house and closed the door behind me, I felt the circle complete itself. This is the beauty of the journey: the cycle of mothers nurturing and passing down what only a mother knows, one pair of hands to another, all grounded in love.