

“Midwifing the Midwife”: A Reflection

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Happy National Midwifery Week to all my siblings on this path. For me, midwifery at its root, as love, is teaching people to undo the ego in preparation to guide an old soul into a fresh body. Sometimes I find it challenging to articulate the essence of what we do as midwives because as much of it is clinical and evidence based and tangible, just as much is ethereal, spiritual and visceral. This week and actually for the foreseeable future, I am focusing on the deep self love, spiritual attunement and community care that is required in order to be sustainable in this work.

I’m observing how the pace of midwifery is really exhausting. Especially for an introvert. Over the weekend, I didn’t go to a birth, but I did a prenatal/postpartum clinic day, two home visits, a few client calls and two labor checks. I haven’t done that much midwifery in months, as I’ve been on sabbatical, but those visits had me really tired, and I was like—wow—I didn’t even attend a birth. It’s a tremendous output of energy to be immersed in a client’s world at the most important and sacred time of their lives. To hold space for them, educate them, care for them and their families and then deal with cleaning, charting, inventory, teaching students, etc...without full access to my breath because we are still wearing masks in clinical settings. It’s a lot; and births obviously require exponentially more. Normally this is something I wouldn’t even notice or pay attention to because I wouldn’t have the time. I would just be on to the next thing.

I took a good portion of yesterday in bed without even planning to. During this sabbatical, I’m grateful to be able to be in a flow to honor the need for rest AS NEEDED. I want that all the time for all of us Black midwives. I’ve been learning so much about myself through this when I haven’t had the space to before.

And then last night I attended [Midwife KaTina Poe](#)’s workshop on “Midwifing the Midwife,” which was hosted by the National Black Midwives Alliance. Just check out her slide on Redefining Life as a Midwife. Good stuff.



A slide from "Midwifing the Midwife: the Beauty of Balance" by KaTina Poe.

The story-sharing last night was cathartic because we all go through it but there aren't a lot of spaces for us to talk about it. I shared about the time I was working at a birth center and I knew I was burned out and overextending when I got a birth call (#7 in 9 days) and I burst into tears. The joy of birth was gone for me. I had to make some radical changes which included setting boundaries and therapy.

During the workshop I wrote some new affirmations:

- ✨ I am
- ✨ Prosperity is my birthright
- ✨ I am holy
- ✨ My ancestors are guiding me to the light
- ✨ I am peace regardless of the chaos around me
- ✨ I am grateful for exactly who I am
- ✨ I trust that I am exactly where I need to be
- ✨ I honor myself by finding joy in and out of midwifery

Hug a midwife or midwifery student this week. Bring them a meal or some flowers, offer to hang out with their kids, treat them to a massage, or call to express your appreciation for their sacrifices. Trust me; they have earned it and then some.

What Katina reminded us during last night's workshop, is that as Black midwives we have to pour into ourselves like we pour into others. Ask yourself what you need to refill your cup and do these things consistently, unapologetically, and lovingly.

I'm a Gemini so for me AND myself, I plan to spend more time at my altar, eat well, dance daily, phone a friend who affirms me at least once a week, stay in touch with nature, and focus on

creating beauty and sensuality in everything I do. When I tell y'all, I'm excited as the coastal autumn winds blow cool breezes through my window. We are moving into cuffing season and I plan to snatch myself up with all the love I can handle. Cuff it baby.