

Jenny Birdsey's Personal Story Updated 2004.

To write my story was difficult as it challenged me to be honest about my beliefs, values and convictions. To share with the world who I am left me with a sense of vulnerability and exposure.

However, as I thought about it I realised that hundreds of women have done just that with me; opened their hearts and souls and entrusted me with their own feelings and experiences. For this reason I too feel compelled to reciprocate my truths to all those women that made this book possible, simply by telling them who I am.

My story is not much different from any other woman. My journey involves a lifetime of searching for answers for ill health, knowing there was something wrong but never being able to have a diagnosis to confirm what I felt in my body was in fact hormonal and not in my head.

I was approaching 35 when a naturopath gave me a diagnosis called Endometriosis. I felt such relief that day knowing that the pain and suffering I had experienced all those years actually had a name. That I was not psychotic and neurotic, and that this thing really did exist.

After that, gynecologists and doctors began to listen because I could tell them I had Endometriosis, and thus I started to get appropriate treatment such as Endometrial Ablation and all sorts of other pain management treatments, none of which were long lasting but certainly brought some form of relief.

Ever since my first period I can recall always having some form of pain and difficulty. My whole school life was spent walking around the schoolyard with a hot water bottle tucked in underneath my tunic. I can recall even throughout my pregnancy feeling fantastically well, and following the pregnancy the return of excruciating pain and problems with the return of Fibrocystic breasts, chronic pain, exhaustion and endless amounts of postoperative complications following my Caesarean – all very scary.

I tried to go back on the Pill without much success, so my husband at the time decided to have a Vasectomy. The doctors advised me that I would never be well enough or strong enough to have another baby but this was never a reality in my mind and the Vasectomy was only a temporary measure.

Ironically, within a year of that Vasectomy I still had to go back on the contraceptive pill, purely for pain management, which I stayed on for the next fifteen years uninterrupted until the diagnosis of Endometriosis.

By this point I was in a state of chronic fatigue, and suffered what I now believe was undiagnosed Fibromyalgia, and I was burnt out emotionally, physically and spiritually. My marriage had come to an end and I was incredibly unstable hormonally.

The implants that I had endured/undertaken along with synthetic hormone

replacement tablets and other hormonal cocktails and medications (compounds which I cannot recall) taken in desperation sent me quite crazy.

I contribute a lot of that to my marriage breakdown, however, all I knew in my heart was that I had to find a way out, a way to get well other than the way I was going. My marriage ended sadly but in my heart I knew that somewhere out there, there were answers and perhaps there was another child waiting to be born, another man.

My husband had actually refused to reverse his Vasectomy years ago. Never did I think that I was not going to have another baby. I believed when I was leaving my marriage perhaps the opportunity would arise somewhere, somehow, some other time although I was not physically looking for another relationship.

To my blessing, three years later a wonderful man appeared in my life, a man who had never had children, who came with no excess baggage (ex-wives, children, maintenance), with a stable job and career as a clinical pharmacist. All he had was one mangy but beautiful, then 15 year old cat. My dreams had come true. We both wanted a child.

I stopped taking the pill prior to getting married, going back to a naturopath to prepare the way for fertility. Everything went haywire and drastically wrong. I started bleeding dreadfully, the pain was excruciating and it was unbearable. I knew my time was running out fast and I knew I had to seek medical attention so we chose to undergo the fertility program quickly.

Prior to that I was administered a 'Goserilen' implant by my GP (designed to block pituitary gland activity) which actually put me into a state of menopause. The side effects were horrific. My doctor claimed this would enhance fertility, and ignorantly I took it. I was so ill on that implant with severe side effects I thought I was going to die, and it took months and months to get it out of my system (it was supposed to be a three monthly course).

At that point I was getting scared about putting anything more into my system. I was frightened to take naturopathy because I had had a bad experience with the naturopath I was under. I didn't have answers - there was still a missing link I hadn't yet discovered.

I was married in June and by December that year (age 40 and weighing 5 stone) I was suffering chronic diarrhoea every time I ate. I was malnourished, sick and undergoing a lot of bowel tests amongst other things. The pain was so bad that I begged the doctor to do an emergency Hysterectomy. I couldn't cope any longer, wasn't thinking straight - desperate. I felt that I was running out of options.

In January I had a Hysterectomy and unbeknown to me at the time I released my ovaries without permission, as I was offered a Total Hysterectomy I assumed that I had no choice in keeping my ovaries. Had I known differently I would have retained my ovaries and cervix, knowing what I know now. In the hospital, unfortunately the pain didn't let up and I was devastated.

I actually stated that I took this Hysterectomy as pain management as I was advised it would actually sort out the pain and control the endometriosis. The doctor politely

stood at the end of my bed (a young probably 25-26 year old) stating that "Sometimes these things don't work, its just the luck of the game". I said, "Do you mean to say I have gone through all this for nothing?". Her reply, "That's just the way it is". I said, "I don't think so, I don't think you have ever suffered period pain and that's just not the way it is".

I was furious, angry, crushed, mortified. My specialist visited and said he wanted to discuss HRT before I was released. I said "What for?". He said, "Now that you are in surgical menopause you will need to go on HRT to control the hot flushes". I replied, "I thought I couldn't go on estrogen because of the endometriosis", and he said, "No, you'll need to be on some form of estrogen". I said, "No, I didn't go through all this to go back on HRT, I went through this to get off HRT".

I honestly, even as a trained nurse, had not thought it through. No one had explained to me a Hysterectomy procedure, let alone what the consequences of a Hysterectomy were, and the extra health problems I was going to encounter following the hysterectomy.

With a medical background in nursing it was assumed that I understood the implications and I was too frightened to enlighten them, having never been exposed to hysterectomies or menopause in my training to any degree. I had always thought that once a woman had undergone Hysterectomy her periods stopped and it was the best treatment for Endometriosis. Because I was so desperate to get out of pain and not thinking straight, with pressures from the medical profession, family and peers, I went ahead oblivious of the consequences.

The type of pressure I was under included comments such as "You're being silly not to get rid of your uterus, it has no purpose for you any more, you won't be less of a woman because of it, you don't make love to a uterus" from my family GP, and "Who wants to put up with periods all their life". My family felt that I was being a martyr, and encouraged me to find a solution such as hysterectomy - get over it.

I had never even thought about the next step. I was just so desperate to eradicate pain out of my life. Clearly, I was not thinking straight. Submitting to peer and medical pressure, I agreed to the hysterectomy.

Four weeks after my Hysterectomy, the pain continued to increase. I went back to the specialist and she told me there was no possibility that the pain could be worse, it was all in my head. I lost it big time! I told her how dare she tell me it was in my head, it was in my body. I asked her to walk my shoes for a day. "It is my body, I know, I am not a hypochondriac, I am hurting" and I told her to "do something about it". She was a doctor, not to judge me and make innuendo and comments that I was psychotic (indicative because I was a nurse).

I was at that point getting angry and starting to fight back. I was taking HRT, getting hot flushes, experiencing estrogen dominance, palpitations, heartburn, agitation, weight gain, fluid retention, migraines, gastrointestinal upsets and other ghastly symptoms, which I'd never encountered to this degree. I felt I was getting back on the same treadmill again, but the problem was exacerbating.

All my instincts and alarm bells were going off and I felt the need to start defending and protecting myself. I started then to rebuke what was being offered to me medically.

As a last resort, I visited another gynecologist who was replacing my doctor at the time, who said "I don't know Jennifer, I just don't know what to do with you". She referred me to the Pain Clinic that had just started up at the hospital, because she really didn't know what to do for me, and because my husband worked at the hospital, I think she may have felt obligated to be seen to be doing more than what she had already done.

There I met a wonderful man called Steve Bolsin who ran the Pain Clinic at Geelong Hospital. I will be forever grateful to Steve who I had given such a hard time to. When he decided to give me an epidural I questioned if he knew how to do it, and if he was confident about the technique.

You see the last epidural I undertook caused me to haemorrhage from the site of the epidural after the surgeon accidentally hit a blood vessel. I was in labour, and these complications threatened both me and my unborn child.

Due to exhaustion and foetal distress, an emergency Caesarian was performed 24 hours later. Following the Caesarian, I experienced years of sciatica which I believe was related to the epidural experience, so I was a bit nervous again going under another epidural. I think by the time I finished lecturing Steve he was a bit nervous too. But being the type of guy he is, a man of principle, knowing his job and doing it so well, he proceeded with the utmost professionalism (guiding me beyond my paranoia). His technique was somewhat different from the first epidural I had had for child birth years earlier. (My son is will be 26 in October, 2004).

The epidural procedure covered 5 days, in which time the pain circuit was broken. I could not believe the difference. For the first time in my life since my periods started I was actually pain-free and I couldn't believe the difference – no more pelvic and back pain, or bearing down feeling and generalised discomfort. It gave me a glimpse of hope and light, and I was able to have a goal.

I then knew for the first time what health was all about and what I was meant to be aiming for. Up until then I didn't know what to grab hold of, I had nothing to aspire to, no measuring stick, no idea. All I knew was that I was trying to run away from my body, trying to escape, dull it out with analgesia, alcohol and cigarettes. Numb it, black it out.

I didn't know the difference between pain free and pain numbness. I had never experienced what it was like to feel at ease deep within my being.

Steve gave me an incredible gift that now I am able to impart to so many women, to give them a glimpse of hope and a light to work towards. I always say to women that there is light at the end of the tunnel and I endeavour to make sure I can guide them there. Once she gets that glimpse of health potential she can hang on to it and work towards it.

The epidural was so appropriate for me because I actually ran a chronic pain pathway. Steve explained that because I was Codeine dependant and addictive for many years it set off a pathway that actually enhanced my pain. Every time I took Codeine it was like an addiction that my body was withdrawing from. He also explained that this was probably one reason why I always fell very quickly into depression, being the same type of pathway.

I have been able to use this in my work. Understanding that these chronic pathways, depressive pathways, hormonal imbalances and addictive pathways are very similar and very inter reactive. (Being an addictive personality, giving up smoking did not come easily for me and I still to this day have to keep a check on my tendency to become depressed easily, as when I am out of balance hormonally).

As it turned out, the pain I was enduring was due to a massive Haematoma, post Hysterectomy, which sat in my pelvic cavity and took many months to dissolve. However while I was in bed with the Haematoma I was able to begin working through issues of grief and remorse, clearing my head, dealing with the shock of not being able to have any more children, and dealing with my anger in my heart and soul, which I knew went back to sexual abuse, though I wasn't really ready to admit the degree of it.

Within one week, two of the Late Dr. John Lee tapes arrived on my bed from two different States. One from a person who loved me dearly, was a Christian and wanted to give me further hope, and another from an MLM company that had heard of my mishap with a hysterectomy and felt she could help me with a Wild Yam. I am forever grateful again for that person, who went on to sell me several jars of wild yam cream which I believed was progesterone!!!

This was not really helping me and intuitively I sensed that something was wrong and it was from there I started to pursue the truth about wild yams and progesterone and what it was all about.

I formed a Natural Progesterone Advisory Network (NPAN) initially with another associate who went her own way so I continued to build the then infant organisation to where it stands today. I pursued as a result of my anger, frustration and confusion, and the need for correct information and guidance of usage. I was like an island stranded without support, and the more I delved into the truth the more complex and complicated it became. Little wonder women remain confused and are open to exploitation.

When I heard The Late Dr. John Lee's tapes I cried for a day. I then got very angry and I haven't stopped being angry. I have channeled that anger into constructive rather than destructive forces. It was too late for me to have another baby and perhaps if I had had the progesterone cream five years earlier it would have been a solution or been beneficial easing my endometriosis problems. The horse had bolted and I was so mortified. I kept asking God, "Why did you give me this information now?" I had always asked for a miracle, prayed for one last opportunity to have another baby and I don't know why you should deny me this information and why you present it now - your timing is inappropriate.

I was angry at God, at the world, at myself for submitting to the hysterectomy, at the surgeons, at medicine, but more importantly I was angry with the drug companies. Angry that they could deny this truth from women and keep this, the best kept secret in the world, and as far as I am concerned the biggest crime of the century (having this knowledge of this molecule for over 50 years and modifying it for patentability).

I made a decision at that point that I was not going to let another woman suffer from lack of knowledge and information. That no one had the right to silence us any

more. That maybe I couldn't have more babies but maybe other women could. Maybe if I could save one more hysterectomy it would be worthwhile. I had absolutely nothing left to lose.

I continued every day to deal with my emotions of grief, pain, and coming to terms with the God that I had known and felt betrayed me. I worked on the phone line answering women's questions, sending out information and keeping up a brave front. The women helped me survive and I helped them survive. It became like a co-dependency.

More importantly, there was this compulsion, an obsession that was beyond my own strength. I don't know where this driving force came from. I can't describe the force, but I can still feel the force and passion working through me every day. It was almost a God-driven strength. I get tired, drained, have often been kicked in the guts or challenged, and exploited for being too generous with my intellectual property.

And there have been many issues that have been battled along the way to keep the organisation going. I have experienced personal criticism, confrontation, opposition, and financial difficulties. Beyond all that, I feel there is a God-driven force that drives NPAN and directs women to seek & find NPAN.

Not least of all, the other driving force has been a magnificent man, my husband Garth, who not only nursed me back to health, unconditionally loved me and gave me safeness, strength and time to heal, but encouraged me to work endlessly with the women, having witnessed what progesterone was doing in my life and health and to other women. His mindset was being altered.

Initially he went searching for data in support of synthetic HRT usage, as he was concerned for my health in my refusal to use estrogen, particularly because of a family history of coronary Heart Disease (my father died at 39 following several heart attacks). Garth was apprehensive about me not having estrogen.

Like others, Garth felt that The Late Dr. Lee's work was biased, one man's opinion, no evidence or controlled studies or data to back it. Garth was trained to be conservative, objective and analytical being a clinical pharmacist and his specialisation and expertise was in working the cardiovascular arena consulting cardiologists on cardiac drugs. And suddenly he was confronted with an irrational wife refusing to take HRT and rubbing on cream that had no strong evidence of support for its usage.

As Garth searched the latest journals daily (and still does) he was astounded to find strong evidence although minute and scattered supporting progesterone. For example, his latest finding in 'Clinical Therapeutics', January 1999, Vol 21, No.1, pages 41-60, "widespread use of micronised progesterone in Europe since 1980, over 500,000 current users in France, no specific side effects have been reported."

His initial beliefs and training on estrogen and progestogens has changed, and he continues to do his research. So Garth joined my cause. In fact, at times when I wanted to walk away and felt the heartache and struggles, particularly financial sacrifices, he was the one that pushed me on. Contributed his wages and extra lecture income to keep me on the phones talking to women all day. Perhaps he believes that there is such an important place for this for women's health.

I ask women to visit the section on the spirituality of progesterone and perhaps they can understand a little bit more where I come from. Like hundreds of other women before me, I have travelled a journey that is inexplicable. It is a transitional and inner journey, a journey back to myself and a hormonal coming home to myself.

Perhaps destiny found me or I found destiny. Sometimes the bigger plan of our health is not always obvious, and we have to fight for it, be committed to seeking optimum health and answers. And only when I was prepared to peel back the many layers and deal with all the painful issues that had been poisoning my soul, could healing be manifested in my physical body.

All I know is that I now feel at ease with myself, my body and my spirit, and good health is not elusive any more. It has taken me 48 years to arrive here. So maybe there was a bigger plan in my search for health, other than having another child or children (a daughter in particular). To arrive at a state of wellness is a process; it was beyond my comprehension back then where this journey to good health would take me. I would have settled to be free of pain and, in so doing, would have short-changed myself.

Over and beyond the pain that I endured, the confusion, the search for missing links – all those years progesterone was the answer. When I heard The Late Dr. John Lee's tape it made sense, it resonated with me. It was the only thing that, for the first time, fell into place. Felt right intuitively. I have never ever stopped believing and knowing that truth. I walk over hot coals for women to deliver that truth. There is a sense of justice and truth that needs to be spoken out which takes courage and conviction. And this needs to be imparted to every woman as she undertakes her own personal journey. Be brave and honour your body and your truth and intuition. God only knows if I had done that maybe things would be different but then I wouldn't be here now.

Empower yourself by questioning, seeking and being informed.

I have witnessed many miracles in my organisation. I have seen women being blessed with beautiful babies (from cases of Polycystic Ovarian Syndrome, Endometriosis and other Infertility diagnoses). I have seen many women save their uterus by avoiding hysterectomies, restore their health and be pain free; Endometriosis and Fibroids successfully being managed and pain controlled. It has been a worthwhile journey but with untold sacrifices personally, physically, emotionally, financially and spiritually.

My story is about expressing, diverting and re-channeling my anger, compassion and sense of justice. Justice that perhaps was never given to me by drug companies. By doctors who didn't understand or know the difference. Justice from people I loved who never ever stood up for me with my sexual abuse, and then years later on recall. Justice about not being believed or heard. Justice in that progesterone - that's real progesterone and not synthetically modified progestogens - deserves to be instated in it's rightful place in hormone replacement therapy.

I have travelled a very incredible path and have exceptional health now. As each year goes by, I get healthier and healthier.

I have learnt how to find formulas that work for myself and for many women, know

what it is like to be pain free, flexible and have mobility in my body, a beautiful figure back again (well I think so!!). I'm not Mrs Blimp, Mrs Wasted or Mrs Neurotic.

I have a joy for living, an abundance of energy, a clarity of thought (most of the time). I have a quality of life I have never had before, my sexuality and libido has returned (although I will never experience the depth of uterine orgasms like I used to, but I have learnt ways of restoring and replacing losses in many areas of my life).

I share my experiences indirectly with women around the world. I see so many women find their own miracles within. In a sense I have lost the opportunity of one baby but for thousands of foetus', embryos and seeds of hope have come to birth in thousands of women through my work and the NPAN organisation. Maybe not manifesting in the short term, but manifesting in quality of life and spiritual enlightenment.

I am humbled, honoured and eternally grateful to all those hundreds of women who shared their infinite knowledge and experiences with myself and my organisation, NPAN which I have been able to collaborate and pass on in a universal pool of knowledge.

When I was healing, particularly through my sexual abuse recall which actually came to surface eighteen months after my hysterectomy (I was just starting to get well again and I had to deal with this), I had an incredible need to return to the church and to worship. I sat there numb, week after week, and cried and cried. I used to ask God why, why all this emotional pain now, having gone through the physical. My soul was literally haemorrhaging and I never thought I'd stop crying. (This lasted a year).

Here I was helping hundreds of women and couldn't even help myself. There was a baby in the next aisle, probably a week old, and I had this overwhelming urge to go over and touch that baby. I crumbled into a thousand pieces. I have never shared this with any one, but that night I had the opportunity of having another baby in spirit.

Through that encounter with that other baby (and soul) it was like giving birth again myself, I could smell my own baby again, my first child which I had never bonded with. (I must have been suffering post natal depression on reflection).

I also never recognised that I could actually smell for the first time the birth of the baby and the feeling within myself as if I had just given birth. The experience was so overwhelming and awesome.

With a Caesarian Section and being anaesthetised, I could not bond with my baby. And, after 36 hours in labour, everything was dramatically disrupted. I'd haemorrhaged with the epidural, so lots of things went wrong. I realised all those years I was yearning just to experience natural childbirth.

It wasn't another child I wanted so much but to experience the totality of giving birth. The experience of completion and bonding. To have my baby passed through the vaginal canal, to smell him, and to feel the connectiveness post delivery as he is placed gently on my stomach. Not have my baby ripped away from me and brought back in a little supermarket-like shopping basket all bundled up. This was the introduction to my child. My only opportunity to bond with Scott was to have him nestled against my cheek. That was all I was allowed.

God gave me this incredible vision and experience of spiritual healing. The opportunity to relive the experience the way it should have been. My son is now 25. For the first time, I actually had a sense of connectedness with my son, my baby, and had this feeling of inner contentment and overpowering sense of oneness and peace. The feeling of having experienced motherhood and the birth of my baby. That night I came home and rang my son and shared the experience with him. I told him that I had never bonded with him and he said he was really glad that I told him because he felt there was always something missing in our relationship. I told him he was now free to get on with his life; now that we have connected we can disconnect so we can both move on and grow and love each other freely and unconditionally. (except on mother's day when he forgets to ring me).

My son and I are incredibly close and from that day we have been able to be honest and free to love each other on a different plane. I was able to move forward and project a sense of peace into my work and let go of the longing to have that other baby. I was able to find forgiveness in my heart to God for denying that miracle I always asked for, and find incredible gratitude for the one miracle I had, that is my son, Scott.

My healing consisted of many days of blackouts. The cause of these episodes were a part of coming to terms and dealing with childhood sexual abuse recall. Triggers and flashbacks were beyond my control, and I spent many hours in therapy over and above being at the helm of NPAN. After 18 months intense therapy, the wounds were less raw.

Each day I move further and further away from being the victim, and revalidating and rebuilding myself as a human being. It never ceases to amaze me how many women out there have been the victim of abuse which has been reflected in their self-worth, and manifested in their ill health.

My painful experience has helped me connect with women on a deeper level. I honestly believe in my heart that I could not have achieved the depth of self-actualisation without progesterone - the essence hormone - supporting my body and wellbeing throughout these horrific ordeals of dark days / nights of hell. Progesterone helped support my stress.

I realise that perhaps the formation and development of NPAN is a blessing for the women and a personal growth journey for me. I do the work because I feel passionate about these issues and the women's rights to make healthy informed choices on bio-identical hormones without being ostracised, patronised and intimidated due to misinformation, the medical mind-sets and inappropriate trials supporting the usage of progesterone. The rewards in my work and organisation have been manifested by seeing hundreds of women (and men) at different biological stages becoming well again and seeing the living evidence of how it has changed their life and the lives of their loved ones.

When I talk about NPAN, I often refer to "we." By this, I mean collectively the thousands of women who have been part of NPAN, not only me. Founder & Director of NPAN, I am here. I have self-funded and operated NPAN, now seven years, with some contribution and heaps of support from my husband. A registered business in my name,

it is a one man band (myself), but collectively it is hundreds and thousands of women's experiences.

NPAN is about every woman who has rung and shared her story. In return I pass on this 'living entity and energy' that just goes on indefinitely. NPAN is not about me, its not about one individual, it is about every magnificent women.

Whenever NPAN is violated, whenever someone takes NPAN information (our collective knowledge or "my" intellectual property), or fraudulently pose as the Natural Progesterone Advisory network and tries to make money on it, I do get very angry. Not only does it impact on me personally, it violates the trust of hundreds of women who have brought their stories and information willingly and freely to this organisation.

It's about honouring their privacy, their fragility and vulnerability, and respecting their individuality and uniqueness. That's why I now feel compelled to write this book FOR YOU.

I have seen far too many people exploit what was handed out freely with love and pure motivation. I have seen my information and intellectual knowledge being revamped, misused, and unfortunately falling into the wrong hands, dangerously leading women to inferior products and information. In some cases, leading back to doctors to medicalise what shouldn't be medicalised, further disempowering women.

I have realised over the years the power of silence and its hold - to be silenced is to give up your freedom, identity and authenticity. Breaking my own personal silence has been an imposed process of character strengthening for me. I've stopped invalidating myself.

Speaking out about my sexual abuse has not been easy and has cost me the closeness of my family, personally in my relationship with my mother, sister, brother, their spouses and children. Breaking the silence is a very painful process to endure, and not without a high price to pay which, in my case, was losing my family. I had to do it to validate who I was and to find my freedom. In a sense, progesterone is a bit like this. And if I do not fight for it, speak out, it will fall back into silence, be overshadowed by patented HRT drugs. And what better spokesperson than someone who has already travelled this journey, taken the risk to speak out and seek the truth ... THE WOMEN. NO LONGER VICTIMS.

I will continue to fight government legislation, to question TGA, and to beg women to keep on voicing their opinions (and not just go along blindly). I will continue to lobby within Australia so that women can have access to a safe, reliable natural progesterone cream. One that is manufactured under drug conditions, batch controlled, ensuring physiological doses with the highest quality of micronised BP progesterone. One that women can use knowing they are going to be able to follow physiological doses and not take a calculated guess. A cream that has been trialled and is included in the doctor's drug manual.

Unfortunately though, in the process, I still need to continue to educate women and provide them with information and my knowledge, and I don't know what other way to do it. I thought by educating doctors it would be delivered correctly, but I have learnt differently.

I have learnt that this drug may again become so medicalised that women will be disempowered from the knowledge of how to use it. And how to gain the confidence to work out their own physiological doses according to their charts, journals, and to realise that the power is within their own hands.

I hope and pray that my motives always remain pure, that this information arrives with women as it should with NPAN's blessing. That NPAN's work always remains true to its origins, and the journey has not been in vain. That my ego will never let me lose sight of who I am - a lay woman on par with the women I reach out to.

It is my hope that all the observational data, painful knocks, hassles, harassment, exploitation, criticism, financial hardship and sacrifices come to fruition for every single woman. That this book helps every woman find her missing link, renewed hormonal health, and a quality of life so profound that she can rediscover, validate and reclaim herself.

I extend my blessings to you on your magnificent journey. Never, ever stop questioning or seeking the best for yourself. It is your birthright.

It is where my book began.

My story was written in 1997 it is now 2004. My first book started evolving in 1998 and my second book is on the way. Nearing 8 years work and consultancy and passion for my work. Due to my continuing passion in this field and my desire to help I have had to write a second book to cover the new knowledge that I have learned about and wish to share/impart. There have been many more babies born to women who felt they would never achieve this miracle. I feel blessed that I have been able to help them in some small way or be part of it.

I am now busy with more consultations not just with Australian women but worldwide. It is a fascinating time for my own growth as a woman, I have stretched my own comfort zone to include public speaking at seminars on natural progesterone often incorporating Dr Sandra Cabot's weight control, body shapes and liver principles.

Last but not least our beloved cat BJ passed away at the grand old age of 17. He has been replaced by a flock of ducks, fantail doves and multitudes of dwarf lop eared rabbits, which provide me with a relaxing outlet, these are my babies. I have survived the onslaught of detractors with my last book and have revealed to myself and others the truth behind this chapter in my life by covering it in the revised update.

On reflection I have come to acknowledge that anger is a gift from God, an opportunity to utilise it and is not a negative, shameful emotion. It can bring transformation under grace. I have emerged stronger, wiser and more mature as a woman now 48 years old. I embrace my growth and future work with more excitement and enthusiasm than ever and realise the sky is the limit. I might be half deaf, now wear glasses but these are not handicaps just afflictions or annoyances. It is what is deep within desiring, expression, outlet and the need to impart to others that counts. It is about everyone giving what they can and not what they can't or haven't got. I believe everyone no matter who they are have a gift to give something of themselves. A wise

friend once said "what the world needs best is what you can do best." "If you don't use it, you lose it". Be it a mother, a career woman or whatever it doesn't matter because you are special and unique and God holds a special place for all of us. I am just thankful that I have found a special place in my life a sense of value and contribution no matter how small. I'm grateful for the riches life has provided me and so many wonderful interactions with some many amazing men and women.

It is with great sadness that Gemma had to be put down on the 20th of May 2004 as she suddenly deteriorated with suspected acute onset arthritis or cancer to the spine and was suffering. Her essence is in all the pages of both books, as she insisted on sitting on top off all my drafts while I compiled the pages of these books. Her spirit keeps me going even though my heart is sad and I grieve her loss.

With love and blessings Jenny.