

Our Stories Our Selves

My own transition into womanhood was painfully lacking in warmth or empowerment. **How was the day of your first period?** Was it an inspiring experience? Or is there a knot at the pit of your stomach when you think about it? Our Inner Maiden, the coming-of-age girl we once were, is left inside us, often shamed, embarrassed, or afraid. Her story never told, her beauty never seen, she grew up considering her periods “nuisance,” “bother,” or “the curse.”

The story of Menarche, our first menstrual blood, is rarely told. It is interesting to note that women, who tend to share everything with one another, (from first sexual encounters to stories of survival and recovery from abuse,) are silent about this one... Adhering to the cultural taboo around menstruation, **we silence not only the story of our first blood**, but also all conversations around our relationship to our blood.

Somehow we adopted the notion that “linear is good” and we often live our lives as if “cyclicity” is not at the heart of our beings. Yes, we reclaimed ourselves as strong women. We break through ‘glass ceilings’, we combine careers with motherhood, we choose not to become mothers, we can do it all... **but do we honor our blood?**

Breaking silence is *only* possible in the company of others. The healing power of storytelling lies in being heard and witnessed... **Make time with one or more of your close women friends** to tell the story of your first menstrual period.

It is astounding to find the similarities we share. The details of the stories may differ, yet the feelings are almost identical. In a room full of women there is always a sense of being able to relate to every single story as if it were our own.

In conflicted regions, such as the Middle East, I was moved to tears when Palestinian and Jewish women transcended religious and political strife by telling their first blood stories. The bond this created among them far exceeded the divide they felt for years.

I traveled a long way from seeing my period as a nuisance, to **reclaiming my Moon Flow as sacred**, my Moon Time as a spiritual wellspring. Telling my first blood story, and holding space for women around the world to tell theirs, is an essential component in healing one of the last missing pieces of our inner puzzle.

We can tell blood stories in our living rooms, in cafes, on park benches, or anywhere women get together to support one another through conversation. Sharing our stories we embark on a long-overdue journey: that of quenching our Inner Maiden’s thirst, and of integrating cyclicity as a conscious part of our womanhood. At the same time we create the necessary stepping-stone to **authentically welcome our daughters**, or other girls in our lives, into womanhood.

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