

Parenting
&
Feeling Healing



Book 4

Samantha McCabe

SAM'S BOOK

Parenting and Feeling Healing

Book IV

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These works stem from the authors personal application of the writings of James Moncrief that he commenced in 2002, however the Revelations now outlined began with the Padgett Messages that were received 1914 through to 1923 and have been augmented with auxiliary writings through the past 100 years, all such materials being of a loving teaching and guidance nature and are a gift to all of humanity.

This publication is an endeavour to draw upon aspects of all these works, particularly the personal experiences of the author, Samantha McCabe, so that you can consider for yourself the nature of what is shared now for consideration and discernment. It is your choice to consider, put aside or investigate further.

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Son Alex

Samantha McCabe

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Parenting and Feeling Healing

My healing Experiences

Book IV

Samantha McCabe

A little bit about my Spiritual History



Where do I start? I suppose it all began with a very keen interest in Tarot. I bought my first deck when I was younger and really enjoyed the cards and felt an instant connection with them and my creativity flowed as my relationship with the cards grew. I began to do readings for people and then I was employed by a telephone Tarot line to do readings as a full time job, but it felt so awful to me and I dreaded the phone ringing. It just wasn't me to work in this way so it didn't last very long and I gave it up.

I got into witchcraft and really loved it. I also explored all types of 'MIND' led spirituality including Shamanism which led me to an induction into the Munay Ki initiations. The Munay-Ki isn't very well known so here is a little about it. The Munay Ki is a series of nine Empowerment rites based on the initiatory practices of the Q'ero shamans of Peru, as taught by anthropologist Alberto Villoldo. "Munay" in Quechua means "love and will", together with "ki", from the Japanese word for energy, combine to give the meaning: energy of love. The Munay-Ki is a modern form of transmitting the initiation empowerments of the Q'ero, and is based on the traditional initiation ceremonies of Q'ero shamans.

I initiated in all of the Reiki systems to Master level, sitting in on many days of courses and spent so much money on all of it. I went to meditation classes twice a week and meditated every day for many years. I visited spiritual sites and places, I bought beautiful crystals and spiritual jewellery hoping to feel something from it all that would change me or make me feel something special and amazing. I was looking for a feeling but none of it did it for me. All it did was to

expand my MIND and lead me further away from my SOUL. I spent a lot of money hoping to feel something. I thought surely the Reiki would change me, make me more spiritual and special and an amazing healer, but there was nothing! I was always left very disappointed and the feeling I was after, never happened. I looked outside of myself and I looked everywhere for the feeling I was so missing. I have even seen my Reiki master and she has now given it up and she admitted to me that she felt nothing from it and it did nothing for her.

I understand that I had to go through it all, I had to chase my mind's leadings and follow the feeling in me that I was searching and looking for the answer to such emptiness and longing. I yearned to fill the emptiness and the huge void I felt inside me, I looked everywhere for the answer but nothing worked for me.

I wanted to be special, to be loved, to be 'Something' to someone, to be a great healer so that everyone wanted me and came to me. I wanted to be the best but I was left feeling as crushed as I have always felt and totally deflated because nothing I tried ticked any of my needy, mind led boxes. The feeling of having to be a nothing for the rest of my life, was killing me but it was the truth; my mind wanted power. I wanted to feel like I was something in life; I wanted to feel like I was wanted because I felt so unwanted, loved because I felt so unloved. My search for Love was never in the places I thought it would be.

All this time I was searching and trying 'this and that' spiritual practice, I had this constant nagging within me, a feeling that kept me searching so I could finally feel content with myself but it never came. Nothing I did fulfilled me and the nagging feeling kept on, like a hunger inside me that never feels full and it kept me searching until one day I searched on the computer for 'How does Mary Magdalene Heal?' I felt a connection to Mary and had many books about her by authors who thought they had an idea about who she was. My Google search led me to the writings of James Moncrief and his web site and forum;

[Home | Divine Love Spirituality and Childhood Repression forum \(freeforums.net\)](#)
and

[Divine Love Spirituality – free books and Padgett Messages – Divine Love Spirituality – God is Personality \(weebly.com\)](#)

The feeling in my heart when I found these writings and channelling from James, wow, just WOW! The feeling in my heart was that I have finally found what I have been looking for all my life. I spent my days reading all of the messages from Mary and Jesus and there was no going back. I had found my answers and I now knew how to heal and it cost me nothing, there were no initiations, no meditations, no chants, no gongs, no laying on of hands, no rituals, all there was for me to do was to feel my feelings and end the denial and rebellion of myself and of God. It sounds so easy the way I have put it but my writings of my feeling healing experiences will show you how awful it can get when becoming aware of the denial and suppression

of your own feelings. It has been a harrowing time for me, but also an incredible time, as I get to know the truth of myself through my feelings and by longing to God, My Mother and Father, for their help to get to the truth of my denial, that relationship has been incredible, I can't do it without them.

When I don't include God in my healing, I can only get so far with my feeling revelation. When I long to God for their help, it is like magic happens; I uncover layers that I never knew existed but have always been there, causing so much harm and illness to me. I need to include God, the creator of my soul, God knows everything that is in me, all the hidden thoughts and feelings, God knows me better than I know myself, so to long to God to help me is the only way to get to my denied and suppressed trapped feelings that I had no idea I had pushed so deep down within me. It is incredible how it happens. God created my soul, God, My Mother and Father, are my true parents and they want the best for me, they want me back and I can feel that and that keeps me going, even in the darkest times in my healing I can feel them pulling me along, even when I hate them and am calling them all the Fuckers under the sun, they still want me.

My writings are at times harrowing, which is how it should be when you have not been loved how you needed to be by your parents; there are not many good times to read about. It's a tough read and it was tough for me to compile these books having to re-read it all, but it is the truth of my denied and suppressed childhood feelings. These are the feelings my physical parents put into me at my conception, in the womb and throughout my childhood. I denied my pain and refused to feel it, just as my parents had done, and for the best part, never even realised the deep pain that was in me, but through my 'feeling healing' and with God's help, I have been feeling my way to the truth of the bad feelings that have been denied and repressed and have caused every pain, illness, situation, relationship and experience in my life.

I don't expect you to enjoy reading my healing experiences but I hope they give you an insight into what true healing involves, and what is more important, I hope they bring up in you, many feelings for you to accept, express and find the truth of.

By way of explanation, my writing may have all manner of grammar, spelling and punctuation errors, as it's just as I write it. I also should say that I don't use capital letters when referring to my physical parents because I don't want to give them any more power or importance. I only use capital letters when referring to God as my Heavenly Mother and Father, to give them all the importance.

Samantha

Nothing is ever enough for me.

6 November 2018

I feel like I want to carry on writing, I have more to express. My impatience to want a bigger Divine Love experience is just like it has always been for me, nothing is ever enough I want more and more and I don't want to wait and it is all how it was for me with not receiving mum and dad's love, because I craved love so much I got compulsive in my life, wanting more and more and being frightened of never getting so I went out and got it myself.

It is exactly how I felt as a child with my parents, wanting more and more from them but never getting it, always being let down, deflated, despondent and disappointed I never got what I needed so I grew into an impatient child and adult wanting it all now and if I didn't make it happen I would miss out and I have been doing this with God's Divine Love, shit it is all so obvious now, what I have been doing. I have been using my mind to make Them love me and it will never work with God.

It has been an unloving demand based on my fear of not getting if I don't push it with them. My mind has been so strong at getting what it wants it has been doing the same with God, it's like a kind of Bullying, making Them love me because of how scared I am that They never will. I can't keep it up, I am exhausted and lately I have felt like I am crumbling, even to feeling They don't even exist all because my parents' love didn't exist to me, it was in my head, not my heart and if its not in my heart it doesn't exist because I can't feel it. That is how I know my parents' love didn't exist, I didn't feel it, it was all in my head, a belief and God's Love has been the same, a belief, maybe that doesn't exist either and I have had to feel that because if my parents' love didn't exist to me then how could Gods. I have been waiting for something that I don't believe exists but just hoped it did and I have had to face that truth. I didn't believe in my parents' love so I can't believe in God's Love, it has all been a mind game, a hope, a last hope that has had to be known and given up.

Mother and Father want me to see that I don't believe in them because I didn't believe in my parents, it has to be the same as how it was for me as a child. Shit and wow. I have been praying to something I don't even believe in just hoping it was true. What the FUCK!!!!

I can long for Their Love all I want but it won't happen because I don't believe it is there for me, it was all a fantasy of what I wanted to be true. I wanted someone to love me and thought I could skip over it all to get to God but I couldn't skip over the truth that I don't believe They exist to me or are their for me in any way and God is trying to show me this truth. None of my parents existed to me, they were there but love wasn't and I can't have something that I don't believe exists, it was all a fantasy to me, something I wanted to be true so much but the truth is it wasn't felt by me so it didn't exist, all my love has been in my mind, a fantasy like the whole of my life, not real but a made up realm that I wanted to believe was true, a total and full denial of truth.

I am impatiently wanting for something that I don't believe exists so I will be waiting forever in that space. That is Hell, the loop of waiting and waiting in a fantasy that will never end, endless waiting, frustration, anger, anxiety as it never materialises for me, that feels like hell, to be in that forever.

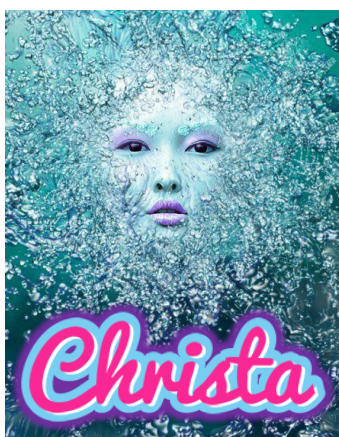
As I go deeper down into my spiral of truth and I feel like I am being taken down through layers inside of myself and I don't believe God loves me, how can They, They can't to me. It all has to be how it was for me as a child and I didn't feel love, it wasn't there in me so that is how I feel about God's Divine Love and I feel I can really accept that now. God's Love doesn't exist to me and that feels GOOD to accept that and to admit it to myself, I have finally got to that truth and I feel the nail has been hit on the head within me.

MY PARENTS' LOVE DIDN'T EXIST TO ME
 GOD'S LOVE DOESN'T EXIST TO ME
 I DON'T BELIEVE IT
 HOW CAN IT?

That feels like the truth that I believe. I feel like I have broken through the Fantasy of God's Love existing to me. Shit, I can't believe how I have been in a Fantasy all this time, Fuck me. I have wanted to believe it is real and there for me but how could it be when I don't believe in my parents' love for me, I didn't feel it so how can I feel God's Love for me, I can't. That is why it has been so hard to long for it and not get it, I am fucked off with it, it is no good, it won't

work for me because it never did with mum and dad. I was just living in hope, a dream, a fantasy. I know I am repeating myself over and over again but I have to, it is a huge revelation for me and I need to spew it out, it feels so good to break through the back of my fantasy about God.

I just felt another flurry of Love enter me, like snow floating into me, flakes of good feelings entering me. I am saying I don't believe in God's Love and it is entering me, all crazy. It is the fantasy of what I believed God's Love to be that is leaving me, the truth of God's Love is entering me, it is all doing a huge U-Turn within me, my beliefs leaving and truth entering. Oh my God, I am in amazement at how much of a fantasy God's Love has been to me, I can't get over it. The truth is it hasn't existed to me, I just wanted it to so much, like Christmas and Fairies and all the other fantasy shit I have wanted to be true.



Christa, my Nature Spirit, has just winked at me and laughed as I said Fairies, my idea of fairies has been wrong. It's all wrong, none of it exists as I believe it does, just like God's Divine Love, it's all been wrong because of my relationship with my parents was wrong, all a fantasy in my mind of how I wanted and wished it could be. It was nothing like that and nor is anything else how I think it is, fuck, it is all so wrong, it is all how my mind wants it to be, a fantasy.

God's Love is a Fantasy Love of my mind because my parents love was a fantasy love of my mind, all wrong and I have been longing for God's Fantasy love and of course, it doesn't exist so how could I feel it. No Fucking Way could I. Shit, shit, shit the Fantasy has only just cracked within me, I have had to break through this shit, my childhood fantasies to get to any truth at all. Fuck, I feel like I have been living in another realm and I have just seen real life for the first time in full colour where as before it was dull, faded and blurred. I really feel my physical vision has cleared and I don't need glasses anymore to write this, I can see the words perfectly clearly. The fog has cleared; the mist lifted and there is clarity and colour. This is a fucking miracle, I am so excited and I can see Father laughing again as he sees my happiness. What has happened to me, it is amazing, I feel so clear.

God's Love was a fantasy I had made up so I would be loved but it was not real. It was not coming to me and I felt frustrated with trying. It wasn't real because my parents' love wasn't real and I had to feel the truth of that, none of it existed, it was all made up by my mind, I had tricked myself all this time because I so wanted to believe I could be loved. No, I wasn't loved and I had to break through the Fantasy of not wanting to believe that, believing with my mind that God loved me when the truth is, to me, They don't love me as my parents don't. There is nothing wrong with that, I don't feel loved by my parents or God and now I get it, it has to be this way and I didn't want to admit it or accept it and I didn't even know that. I feel so good saying I am not loved, my parents' love and Gods Love doesn't exist to me because it was all a figment of my mind, something I had made up to believe I was loved, I wasn't and that is the truth. I couldn't be, I was making it all up.

I was longing for a fantasy love of my minds making and God won't respond to that but when I have not been expecting it, I have felt God's Love and almost not believed it because it doesn't match my mind's idea of how it should feel, what a fuck up. I have probably missed it a million times because I was too wrapped in my fantasy.

As more comes about this I will write it, I just need to go now and feel real life, like I have only just been born an hour ago as everything looks so clear now and I mean physically, amazing.

The truth is becoming clearer.

8 November 2018

The truth of how it was for me as a child is becoming ever clearer for me. I put the wrong food into my body. I hate cleaning my teeth so if I don't have to go out, I don't clean them because I hate doing it so much and always did as a child, so I am not doing it every day only when I want to, I don't wash my hair as often as I used to because I hate doing that too, so once a week is just about manageable, I don't clean the house only when it is unbearable to me and there is so much more that I no longer do because I hated doing it as a child and I have been doing it as an adult because I feel I have to and I won't be liked if I don't do

it, people will not love the real slob that I am and now I am being it and as I have become that truth of how I feel, I am seeing that I don't care about anything or anyone, especially myself. This has been a great breakthrough feeling for me today as I can now see, as I am being it more and being true to it, that this is how it was for me as a child, I hated doing all these things and still do but was denying it and doing them, being untrue because the truth is unacceptable.

I don't really care about myself because my parents didn't really care and they were just pretending, as I have been, I am them all over, faking it all. They didn't really care about me but they were just going through the motions of what they thought they had to do with children pretending to love them but they believed it was true. How can it be when a child is taught not to care about herself, because she can feel and see that her parents don't care about her, that is what I got from them and it is the truth because my feelings are now showing this to me so clearly.

I am being as uncaring and as unloving to myself as my parents were to me. They didn't care if I didn't clean my teeth, or have a bath or have a clean shirt to wear for school every day, they were ok to let me have a dirty collar on my shirt that every one took the piss out of, shit that was awful, the fuckers. They were ok with me being a bit dirty and grimy and then they would tell me off for not having a bath or cleaning my teeth, my dad even put me over his knee and smacked me for it and I was so scared I peed myself.

They taught me how to not care, love, respect or treat myself lovingly, there was no love and that is what I am being now, all the bullshit has dropped off and I have stopped doing all those things I felt I had to do every day, like brushing my teeth, having a bath, washing my hair, cleaning the house, all of those things have ground to a halt and I am now the opposite of all of that pretence, I am now going back to how I was as a child, getting back to the truth of how it was for me so I can see it clearly by being it, being the truth of it not running from it because it was so unbearable to accept that I am this person and I feel like a cave man inside and am looking like one too.

In my forming years they didn't bother with me in a loving way, to teach me to care about myself and look after my self with any love, it was all just a chore and

I hated it all, I didn't care about myself because they didn't, if it was in me to love and care about myself, if I had felt I was loved and cared for I would not be shoving shit food into me, to numb the pain or not caring about myself, I would do it all naturally because I was so loved and cared about from the beginning but that wasn't the truth.

I can't believe I have got to this state but I have had to, it is the truth of how I was parented and I have had to see it all clearly to know the truth and it has come about all through how I feel and how I denied those feelings because I wouldn't be loved like this, because to be like this I couldn't have been loved and I don't feel it right now, I feel depraved of all care so I can't care about myself in any way and that is the truth of me. I am grotty, really grotty as I sit here, it's not pretty and it won't be accepted but it is the truth of me and how I was parented in my forming years.

I feel like a little girl who is just on the edge of being dirty and smelly. Mum wouldn't have let it go too far because of what people might say so as a child she would do something about it when it got to be noticeable and plonk all three of us in the bath together, not one at a time but me, my sister and my brother all in together. I feel like that neglected little girl.

I have never enjoyed caring for myself but always had to do it so I never got like that again, it has always been a chore for me, to brush my teeth ever day and night, I did it but hated it, showering every day, I did it but hated it and such a chore to dry myself. I hated that bit as a child, having to dry myself and feeling cold and wet. All these things I forced myself to do every day because I felt I should but hated doing it all so now I am not doing any of it and being the truth of my unloved state and it ain't pretty. I am being like mum was with me and doing it when it gets too bad and I know it all sound gross and it is but it is the truth and I want to heal it so this is the truth of how it was for me in my forming years.

Scared of others reading the truth about me.

8 November 2018

I feel really bad about how personal every thing I write is. It is so personal and makes me feel so ashamed of myself and like no one will ever like me because of the feelings I write about myself, every one will know the truth and it is awful. I don't want to keep it all to myself and my writing journals and God, I want it out there to help anyone else who may want to do it because it is so hard to do it alone like I am doing. After I have written something so personal I feel like I have done something really bad, like admitting it is very bad and I should keep all of this shit to myself and I can hear my mum saying to me "what the hell do you think you are doing telling everyone this stuff about you and us, your embarrassing yourself and us, take it off and never do it again".

I feel naughty because my parents words ring in my head that I shouldn't be doing it but I want to be true and honest and feel all of the shame I need to feel by being true, the truth makes me ashamed of myself so I have to lie but I want that to all change now and my personal stuff has to come out, that is just how I feel. To have to consider them in everything I do and say is horrible, it suppresses me and my expression having to worry what they might think about what I do or say and because of me worrying about how they feel, I now worry about how everyone feels about me, fuck them, its horrible to be in such a state of worrying all the time about how others feel about me.

Everything I have done is so I am seen to be a good person who is nice and tidy and looks after herself but I don't want to, its not true and it is not who I am in all of my damage, I am fucked and I want to be the truth of that fucked up state and I am not nice, it's just a pretend me who will be accepted be all if she is nice, smiley and polite when really I want to scream Fuck Off and I hate you all, I am dark and ugly and have no love to give anyone or anything, it is all an act put on to please my parents and now I have to please you because, to me, you are them, everyone is them.

I am sick of being nice all the time, I am scared of hurting anyone or upsetting them being how I truly am, I am so programmed to be nice it is sickening and a lie but it is all I can be for now. I am still so wrapped up in that programme it is so hard to be true, I am so frustrated that I just went to the shop and didn't feel

particularly happy but I put on this full smile to the check out girl and said thank you and it was such a lie, I don't need to smile and be so nice to every one. I walked away feeling so angry at myself for being so sickeningly nice, for fuck sake can't I just try to not smile, NO I CAN'T, it is so automatic in me that it just happens when I don't even feel like it and its going to be so hard to break it so I have to keep being it and feeling the anger and frustration of not being how I truly feel, which is not happy or having to fake smile all the time. I feel so hopeless and useless that I will always be this way with everyone and should come with a warning sign stuck to me "don't trust this girl, she is not really happy" or something like that anyway.

If I am not nice or don't smile, I am scared of offending someone or they might feel hurt that I didn't respond in kind in the smile at me in their fakeness, my fakeness has to pander to their fakeness so we are both being totally fake to each other. How fucked up! I feel like screaming that I will never get out of this loop as I catch my self doing it again and again because I have to keep everyone happy, mum and dad happy so they don't feel any pain.

I am beginning to know the truth of my true state and it is not nice and I am scared shitless of people and I go around smiling and humming a tune to say to them that I am a nice person so please don't hurt me, I am scared of constantly being attacked if I am grumpy and miserable which is how I feel but am too scared to show it in case I get attacked for it. And if I do, it will be because that is how it was for me as a child, I wasn't allowed to be grumpy or horrible or miserable. It is all such a huge back to front mess.

I am who I never let myself be.

8 November 2018

Everything I wouldn't let myself be, is who I am. Everything I denied about myself, is who I am. It is all becoming so clear to me, clearer every minute as more revelation opens up to me. The truth of who I am is getting closer in some ways but still so far away in others as some of it I still can't accept but it is changing faster all the time as I feel more of my feelings. I am pretty vile and that vileness has been there in me all the time but just so denied as I do all I can to try and not be that vile person and pretend I am someone else, someone so much better than the truth of my untruth. I want to be all of my untruth, I want to be true to it and it is not easy breaking through all of my bullshit of who I think I should be, who I have been taught to be to be loved and accepted by my parents. I am becoming the unloving truth that I really am, all of my pain is being shown to me through how I feel and I am seeing and feeling it so much clearer.

My pointless existence.

10 November 2018

Over the last couple of days I have been sinking deeper into my pointless existence. I don't care about myself at all and my whole life has been about pretending I do because that is the acceptable thing to do. I don't care one bit about myself and that is the truth. I haven't got dressed for two days, barely getting out of bed, even my hair smells horrible now but I can't be bothered to wash it, what's the point. I feel so pointless and like it is the end for me. It constantly feels like it is the end of the road when there is no love and I am not cared about and it felt like that as a child I just didn't know how to express it, I constantly felt like I was going to die because I didn't feel cared about and that was the reason for my life long panic attacks, I had to protect myself from death that I felt would happen every day because without love there is NOTHING, it is a constant ending and I am feeling that ending now and there is no point in doing anything. I don't feel depressed, I just feel nothing, the nothingness I wouldn't let myself feel all my life, now it has to be felt.

I have no care for myself, no love; I am just here for everyone else. I don't come into it, I am here to serve others all the time like I had to be there and serve and

obey my parents. I have no worth but am just waiting continually in a space of nothing until I am wanted, until I am of use and service other than that I have no purpose and I don't know why I am here. I feel empty and hollow to myself.

Every day is the same, I get up, I go to the loo, I put my glasses in my dressing gown pocket and walk downstairs and sit on my settee with my red blanket and put it over me and sometimes I stay there all day, the settee has my indentation in it and is old now but I can't bare to part with it, it is mine, it is familiar to me only, it fits me. If my children or Trevor come in they know exactly where to find me, nothing changes from day to day, I am that predictable and boring. There is a nagging in my mind to go and get dressed, bathed and all of that but I can't be bothered, for what??

The voice is mum telling me to go and do all those things, not to just laze about all day but I want to laze about, I don't want to do any of those things she says, so I don't now, I don't have to any more and I only did them because she said and that command is still in me telling me its wrong to not care about myself, go and bath, wash my hair, clean my teeth and get dressed, look after myself yet she doesn't realise that it was she that taught me to be like this and not care about myself, she didn't care through my forming years and she has forgot. And the other week she told me of how her mother was lazy and messy and didn't care about them, didn't look after them very well and the house was never cared about and she said it was horrible and has always stayed with her but she couldn't be any different to her own mother but has forgotten or is in complete denial of how she was with us as a young mum. She was like that and I had the same feelings and memories about her, exactly the same and that is how I was as a young mum, rubbish, fucking rubbish at it all, not caring just the same as the other women in our family, I got it from them.

Now, I am being the truth of that, I don't care about myself the way all the women in my lineage didn't care and none of them will like the truth I am now being, I can feel them in spirit running from me screaming with their hands over their ears not wanting to know the truth, well I am it, you fuckers. This is what you lot have created and taught the new women in you lineage to be like, uncaring, unloving, useless fucks and I hope they all can hear me and I hope the truth hurts them, burns them, and cripples them the way it cripples me.

Shit, I feel so uncared about as I sit in my uncaring condition and mess, this is it, this is the truth of how unloved I was and it has nothing to it and I can't even explain how it feels, it is so empty. There is no where else to go from here but to sit in it and be it for as long as it takes, I feel like a tramp in my own home, I can't be bothered to do anything any more, its all pointless, there is no love in anything so why do it. That is how I felt as a child but was forced into doing things by my parents. They wouldn't let me be the truth of how I really felt because I wouldn't do anything and that wasn't allowed. I am now being how I felt back then, I am not doing anything and being as pointless as I felt back then without the push from mum and dad to do stuff, I don't have that now, I can just sit in the truth of how I felt back then and now.

I don't want to do anything at all, nothing holds any interest for me, it is all pointless and unloving anyway so there is no point to doing it. I spend most of my time not doing anything and not even moving from my couch, just to go to the loo or eat and I do sometimes worry that I am getting so unfit and I might even seize up because of my lack of any real exercise, it even hurts to go upstairs sometimes and then I feel really bad that my nothing condition is going to end in my not moving or walking and just being crippled because of my unloved state and how it has led me to not move any more and my muscles seize up on me because they are not being used anymore. If I did end up like that it would be more truth of how unloved I felt as a child, not being able to move for myself, my will even being taken to do that simple task.

Sometimes my mind comes in (which is my mum because now I can feel who it is suppressing me, either mum or dad) and tells me to get an exercise bike (that is mum for sure, dad is way too lazy for that) or start doing some simple exercises or go walking like she does, join her walking group, or even do house cleaning, that is like a work out, my mind is full of my parents telling me what to do to not be like this, to deny how I really feel. I can't do any of that mind stuff, I just want to sit in my truth of how it was for me and not do anything to deny it, so I am being the useless blob that my parents would be horrified about me being, they loved the happy, successful, pretty me, that kept them feeling good about themselves, this me, the truth, they stay away from, they hate it, they just want me to go back to being who they feel comfortable with.

I have had a break down to them, but to me I have had a break through just by being the truth of how I really felt as a child and it has come down to this blob in a pink dressing gown on the settee doing nothing every day, the same. This is the truth of how they made me feel, like to myself, I am nothing, I have no worth, I am an empty shell of a person, without them telling me what to do I am nothing, without me being who they want me to be I am nothing, on my own and to myself I am nothing. The real me wasn't seen or cared for only their fantasy of me, the fantasy I believed in for all my life, I cared for that and loved how that fantasy looked and fed that fantasy with good hair, the right diets, great expensive make up, the latest fashion, great shoes, partying and drinking with friends, I built that fantasy and fed it with all it needed because that was loved and cared about so I had to maintain it to keep that attention going.

Now the fantasy has died and gone I am left with the truth and it is dark and grey and ugly and smelly and drab and reclusive and over eats and lazy and uninteresting, doesn't care about herself and in a pretty poor condition that I feel is only fit for the Hells, that is how it feels everyday now that fantasy life has crumbled and I am just left with me and there is nothing. I am nothing and that is what all of that fantasy life was covering up, the fact I felt like nothing inside so had to claw all of these addictions to me, to make me feel like something where as the truth was, I felt like nothing but didn't want to feel it, it was always there but I buried it deep and now it is all I am left with. NOTHING which feels like the end of the road, which the truth of being unloved and uncared for, there is no where else to go, it is a depraved existence that is a space I have to sit in until I have fully felt it all.

“Sam, you will make it worse, sit still”

13 November 2018

So many pains, yesterday I had the worst and most severe pain in my left shoulder blade, it went right deep into me like I had been speared or had a huge nail driven through me. I was in so much pain I had to just sit on the steps that go upstairs in my house, I couldn't move or breath properly, I was paralysed in fear that if I move I will make it worse and today I have terrible pain in my right foot toes, right the way across them but deep inside, like rheumatism, shit it hurts to move or bend them and the pain is creeping up my foot, I can feel it now and if I move them I make it hurt so much and on both days I have prayed to Mother and Father to help me feel the truth and last night I was talking to Mary telling her all of my feelings and what came up in me is how I blame myself for the pain and in both cases I have had the feeling that if I move I will make it worse for myself. I blame myself for it, for making it worse and I can see my mum telling me to "Sit still, stop fidgeting, stop moving, you will make it worse" all the blame put on me and now I do it to myself. I have been able, through this pain, to see how much I blame myself for my pain and others and it is up to me to put it all right.

I was in pain and it was my fault, I was getting blamed for it yet I was in pain and wanted care and sympathy but got blamed and took that blame on through out my life. I now feel like it is down to me to solve everyone's problems and fix it all so no one has to feel pain, like it is all my fault. I am now taken back to times when I was a child and a little boy squeezed my fingers so tightly that one of them broke and I had to get them strapped up, I didn't tell anyone about him because I didn't want him to get in trouble, I blamed myself for it, I said I hit my hand on the wall and it was my fault because I felt I had to protect him from being blamed and being in trouble.

It was always my fault, mum and dad never once saw what they were doing to me subtly, so subtle I would have missed it if I was not doing my Feeling Healing, they were never taking responsibility but putting the blame else where, on their children. Now I have grown up to be a guilty person, like it is always my fault, someone bums into me or hurts me and I am the one to apologise for it, I do it all the time and it fucks me off and I walk away feeling like I am such a hopeless case, as I blame myself again for something that was not my fault. Fuck

it's annoying to be so pathetic and grovelling to everyone because that is how I had to be to my parents, fuck them.

I feel like I have to blame myself for all pain, it is in me to do that, put in me by my parents. My pain in my toes is there and if I move them it will hurt and be my fault, I am making it worse as mum said to me as a kid. I am to blame for all pain and I have to put it right, that is what I believe and that is why I wanted to be a healer throughout my new age phase in life, doing all of these healing practices so I could make it all good for everyone because it was my fault they were in pain, I am to blame. The world's pain is my fault so I have to fix it. Fuck I really feel like that now I am feeling it.

I wanted to be a nurse to heal everyone so they wouldn't feel pain any more and that was when I was very young and every thing I have done is to make people feel better because of the blame that was put on me since my conception. Mum was pregnant again, I was to blame, shit another baby we can't afford, I was to blame, oh no its a girl and we already have one of those, I am to blame and now they blame me for splitting up the family because I told mum and dad how I feel about them, mum says I have caused this and it is up to me to put it right, well fuck them both.

Look at what they have done to me, made me feel like I have to heal the world because I am to blame. What a lot of terrible guilt to put on a child and they have no idea and would think I am totally made for what I am saying here. My feelings are telling me the truth of how it was for me, all through these pains I have had over the last couple of days and when I moved I made it worse, it was my fault if it got worse.

I have always felt guilty and that I will be blamed for anything that goes wrong, I will be the first one to blame, I feel like everyone is looking at me and pointing the finger. This goes so deep and right from the beginning of my existence, I can feel it, how I was blamed in the womb, how I felt guilty for making their lives even more difficult as another baby came along, it was my fault and it wasn't anything exciting because I was another girl and they wanted a boy so they named me after my granddad Samuel. I was a let down and disappointment, I

was to blame for their let down and it would have been so special if I had been a boy.

Mum was pregnant with me, their 2nd child now they had two girls and dad felt like a failure again because he didn't have a boy, an heir. He didn't connect with me at all, I was nothing but a pain and that is how I have always felt to him, a pain and I am to blame for his pain. I made it all worse for them, like the pain in my toes, I make it worse by moving them, I make it all worse, it is my fault and I am to blame, that is the guilt I carry and I have always felt I have to make them happy because of this guilt I carry from being conceived, it is my fault and that conception only feels like yesterday as I feel it, me sparking into life so they have someone to blame for their shit. I feel like I carry it all in me and I do.

I am a nothing, useless thing.

13 November 2018

I am sitting here on my couch feeling like shit, like a nothing, useless thing. What is the fucking point of me? The more layers of bullshit that I peel away I am being left with a hopeless, useless thing with a pulse. I am nothing, I feel like nothing, there is nothing to me, my mind can't go anywhere, it has come to a dead end, there is nothing. I feel like I have had a lobotomy, I am just a vacant nothing who has pain when she moves, so I don't move. Is this what I am left with, this nothingness, is this what mum and dad gave me? Nothing because this is all I am left with, nothing has stayed with me; it's all gone so they gave me nothing. Nothing that my soul needed, nothing from them has stayed in me to be of any use to me. If there was love it would have stayed but it has all gone, I don't feel anything but my pain, there is nothing good in me from them. This is the truth; I am left empty of all they filled me with because it was not love, it was of no use to my soul, they gave me nothing to keep and now I feel empty and in a state of nothing. I can't believe that none of what they filled me with is of any use; it has all had to go because it is not love and no good to my soul, my soul wants love so it has emptied all that is not love out. What do I do with this? Where do I go from here? This is what they have left me with!

I can't stop saying it, they gave me nothing so I am now feeling the truth of that, I have to feel nothing because it is the truth of our relationship and all my

relationships have been based upon this and they have all been nothing, of no love because not one bit of any loving feeling is left in me. They gave me nothing that was any use to me, my soul and I am clearing it out, fucking amazing, this is amazing. I still don't know what to do with it but it is amazing. I am feeling the truth of how it was for me as a child, there was no connection, no love, there was nothing. Where there is no love, there can only be nothing and that is what I am feeling now.

My dad makes me feel weak.

13 November 2018

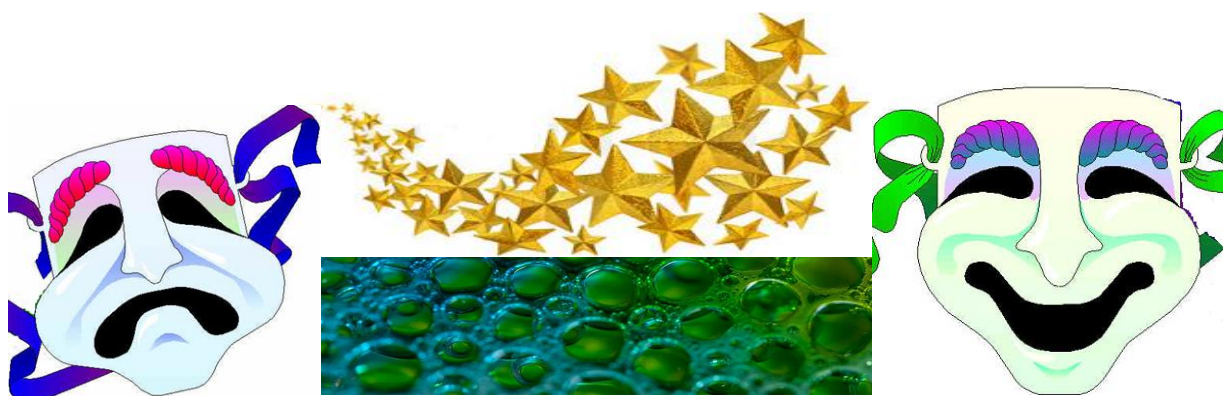
I am so tired and I feel like I am coming down with something, my throat is getting scratchy and I am weak, oh my god, what next. I am so fucked of with feeling this bad and it can change at any moment, all being how it was as a child never knowing how it was all going to be.

My son came round and we got talking about anger and he reminded me of a time when they were both young and we were round at my parents house and my dad lost his temper with Faye, my youngest, at the time she was only 4 or 5. My son reminded me that he went to rage at her and I stepped in and took her away and told him to leave her alone and the memory has really upset me and as soon as my son went, I came down feeling weak and ill. It was the very rage I was always scared of as a child, it wasn't like that all the time but when he got angry it was so scary, my son said he remembered seeing Faye cower in the corner as he raged at her, she was terrified and that is how I feel about him too, I cower to his rage and everyone's rage, I am so scared of confrontation because of him, I couldn't confront him.

I feel like that weak child now as this ill feeling has come over me, I am shrouded in the feeling of weakness and powerlessness that he made me feel as a child. Shit, I feel so awful, like I want to just shut down, curl up in a ball and hide. I feel so helpless like there is nothing I can do about anything, I can't save myself, my children or anyone, life is too horrible and scary, I just want to give up, everything is pain. I am exhausted with feeling bad with seeing the depths of my pain, it is so deep and horrible as more shit comes up, now I have this awful memory to feel about and it is upsetting me to remember it, how the sadness of

my dad being so unloving one minute and then caring the next, but of course, none of it was real. How could he turn against us so quickly and be so scary and then do it to my children like he owned them. I just want to die; I am so desperately saddened by this memory of how unloving he is. I feel deep desperation to tell him to stop, stop being so unloving and scary, just stop hurting us; you don't have to be like this. But of course he does, it is how his father was to him, even worse, he was beaten and hated by his father. It's all so sad, so unloving and such a waste.

I feel really weak and ill now as this sadness takes hold of me, the disappointment of not being loved. God, I want to cry forever at this awful memory that I had forgotten and my son has brought it to me to remember and to feel. It carries on from my earlier post on the forum about my parents having nothing to give to me emotionally and that is why I feel so nothing now. This memory my son has raised in me proves that my feelings are right, they had nothing to give me, no love to make me feel like 'something' it was all about power, wanting power over me and over my children and to leave me feeling ill and weak and I have been ill all my life and this is why, they had nothing for my soul, nothing good for me, nothing good to give me just their pain from how it was for them as children, nothing good to give me or my children just fear and power. I feel sick, really sick inside with this memory and I am so grateful for it, I can feel more of my pain and find more truth.



We are endowed by our Parents with natural love, maybe we neglect this gift from time to time. As we progress in time, we can add the greatest gift there is to our being, that is by asking for and receiving Divine Love. Not only does the infusion of Divine Love, with one's Feeling Healing, repair our natural love attributes, we evolve into a joyous and loving person in all respects. With the infusion of Divine Love, with the two loves, we become the complete being.

I love my teeth.

15 November 2018

I want to clean my teeth all the time, I love doing it, I love my teeth. I have been cleaning them whenever I feel like it and I love doing it. I don't want to ruin them by eating sugary foods so I have no longing to eat at the moment, all of my cravings have gone and I can bypass breakfast and lunch if I feel I don't want to eat. I feel a compassion for myself and I want to look after myself, it is so good to feel like this. I have a really deep feeling of sympathy for myself and I want to cuddle me and care for me like a parent should to her child. I don't feel I want to neglect myself like I have done, I want to have a bath, wash my hair, eat when I want to, not when I am constantly craving food, I don't have those cravings at this time, it could all change but for now, I want to look after myself as my feelings lead me to. I don't feel I want to hurt myself in any way I just feel so sorry for me and all I have been through.

I feel like I want to cry for myself as I feel such a sympathy and compassion at all of the rejection. I feel like I am finally on my side, well, for now anyway.

I have only ever gone as far as my parents would let me.

16 November 2018

Today, I have woken up feeling so useless again. I am back down in my nothingness, a million miles away from how I felt yesterday. Over night I have been thinking about all I have done in my life and seeing that I have only ever gone as far as my parents would allow me to as a child, not to far away in all areas of my life, I have to stay in their view so they can see me and know where I am at all times. Every success I believe I have had has all been dictated by them and in their parameters of what they would allow me to do. I have never wondered out of that, I wouldn't know how to and I still don't. It feels like there is an invisible wall around every aspect of my life that I can only go so far and then I have to reign it in as it is going over mum and dad's borders for me. I don't know what is on the other side and I don't know how to get there.

Every thing I have done is within their safety boundaries, even the bad stuff, they did it first, I am living in their pattern and not going any further than they did and it makes me angry that I am such a spineless shit, so pathetic that I need mummy and daddy to hold my hand, still, in all I do. I am so scared of life that

is outside their boundary walls, I will die if I go out there, and they didn't so I mustn't. I am so angry that I can only be them in all that I do; I can't be me, only them. I am stuck in them and I feel constantly trapped in their experiences because I can't go any further than they did in life so I am stuck at their wall, sitting at the bottom of it wandering what is on the other side but being too scared to go through, I can't anyway. I am now stuck here and can't go any further. I am so trapped by their experiences that I can't go any further than they did in life, which is nowhere!! I feel like I am stuck in nowhere.

How does being so stuck make me feel?

Useless and like it's the end, like I am dying and do not exist. Like I can't go any further in life, only as far as mum and dad say or something very bad will happen. I don't feel like I can trust it all, anything outside of them I can't trust and I have to get their approval on everything or it will go bad, they are the ones I trust to tell me what I can trust. I don't know what to trust of myself and it is scary not to have my own trust determining what is good or bad, right or wrong, I just don't know for myself. I feel so fucking useless today, like I have no guidance in life and it is scary. I am very stuck. I can't go any further. I feel like smashing the fuck out of the invisible wall of mum and dad, I am so frustrated that I can't go any further, of myself, I can't move they kept me so reigned in to them. I can't break through them and their boundaries. I am scared to drive to far in fear of getting hopelessly lost, I don't feel safe in the big towns and cities on my own, they have instilled it into me that I can't do it without them, I will not be safe so don't go. I can't swim because they can't, I have tried and I just can't trust that I will be safe if I do, they can't swim so it can't be safe and I mustn't do it. So many fears that are their fears and are now mine because I believed them.

I can only go as far as my parents will allow me to in all that I do, I can't be any different than that no matter how much I may try, or how much I hate it, I can only be as they are and it is all so fucking hopeless and I hate it this way. I don't want to be them, I want to be as far away from them as I can, I want to run away but no matter where I go I will only go as far as they will let me go and this truth makes me feel so trapped and caught by them.

I can't go anywhere, I am like a prisoner who keeps trying to escape from her

captors, it is futile, they keep finding me and bringing me back to them. I might as well give up as I can't win, I am theirs and now I am feeling dead, like I have just died because of the hopelessness of it all. I am theirs and all I do is them in me, there is no escaping.

I go to do something and feel how it is them doing it through me, so what is the point in doing it so I stop. Everything I do is like this, it is all-them, none of it me so what is the point, I can feel them in me doing it all, it is what they want. I feel nothing is me so what is the point in having a life when I am living it for them, I don't feel like there is anything of me in my life, I am doing it all for them, it is what they like and want to do. I feel so trapped today, in them and everything is pointless because it is their will doing it and I have given my will to them and let them take over. I have no idea who I am without them and it is scary to be without them now and beyond this invisible wall of theirs is me and I can't see any future in that, there is nothing in that place for me, without them, they have made it that way. I feel so lost today.

All I have done has been untrue.

17 November 2018

I am so bored again, sitting in the same place, not even dressed because I have nothing to get dressed for. I am so bored and I don't know what to do or where this is going to go. I feel like I will be sitting in this forever, I can't see anything else for me. I am so bored. I don't know what to do with myself, do I just sit here for the rest of my life, doing nothing, I can't see what else there is for me and I know I am repeating myself but this is how I feel, like a bored, uninteresting, nothing person who no one knows exists and it feels so lonely and rejecting. I might as well not exist. Anything I do will only be done to stop me feeling bored, it will be an avoidance of feeling, more denial so I just sit here feeling how horrible boredom is, it is nothing.

I am in a place of not doing, not growing I have come to a complete stop of everything because everything I was doing was untrue so it has had to end and that is how it feels, I have nothing left that is true and real and that nurtures my soul, it has all gone, so what do I do now?? Just sit and feel how this feels to be left with nothing, to have nothing left that was real. It was all fake and has to go so I am left not knowing what my soul, myself is. I don't know what is next

because I have nothing in me left. This is how alone I felt as a child, with nothing to fulfil me or satisfy me because nothing was real or true, I feel the same now, its the same boredom, waiting, anxious feeling, waiting for something to come, to excite me, to change me but nothing will come from outside of me, I have to feel my way out of it and I feel that could take forever because I can't see anything else for me.

Yet again I feel like I can't go any further in life, I am stuck here at the foot of my invisible wall that I can't break through, I have gone as far as I can like this. I am doing the same shit every day, its the same routine and if I try to change it, that is no good, it will be using my mind to get out of the loop I am in and I don't want to do that, I want to feel my way out so real change can happen. This boredom feels so futile, like I am in prison and I am doing the same routine every day, just as it was for me as a child, going to school, coming home, doing homework, having dinner, going to bed, then the same the next day, waking up at 7am by mum calling me, oh my god that fucking voice, I can hear the unloving drone of it as she goes into each of our rooms like a prison warden waking up the cell mates and hearing the moans from each of them. The same loop of hell every day, how the fuck does any child do it!! Then we grow and it goes on for the rest of our lives but instead of our parents calling us to get up, it is the alarm clock and our bosses, we never get away from being parented.

I am so bored, so fucking bored, bored, bored, bored, bored and more bored. I have nothing to do and nowhere to go, I feel empty and hopeless and pointless like a nothing person that doesn't exist. I am not interested in anything but feeling and even being bored is like a distraction from feeling, I am in an empty space, not feeling. I am so bored. I don't feel I have anything, I am not connected to anything, it feels like I am pretending I am alive but really I am constantly bored which is how I spent my childhood, doing everything not to feel my boredom. Now I can't do that anymore, I am sitting here expressing it instead of going off doing stuff to not have to feel it. It feels lonely; I can't feel any deepness in me to anything, its all floating about on the surface, nothing real. I don't feel real, I don't feel my soul, no heart or depth to me I am just always waiting to be amused from the outside, for someone to bring it because I can't

fulfil myself. I am alone and that is boring, I want someone, some connection, I don't feel any connection with anyone, ever, it is all just on the surface of me, I don't feel them which is how it was with mum and dad, I never felt them so I was not fulfilled, I was always looking for that connection that I never felt with them. I was anxiously looking for it in every relationship and everything I did but it always left me bored because I couldn't find the feeling, the connection that I desired to feel. It wasn't there from my beginning and I have been searching for it all my life from outside of me. I am empty and bored with no connection to anything in life, nothing satisfies me, I have such a deep feeling of being unsatisfied with life because I never was satisfied by my parents love, I never felt it and it has left such a anxiety in me to find it and when I don't, I am left bored.

I am constantly asking Mother and Father to help me while I am writing this; I am never leaving Them out of my healing.

I am now feeling the sadness of being such a bored child, sitting there in my play pen filled with toys but I don't want them, I want mum but I can't have her and when I am not satisfied with the toys, I cry and she gives me biscuits or food to pacify me, or a dummy, anything but her. I use food to stop me feeling bored as an adult, just like mum did when I was a baby, she taught me that food will make it all better, will quieten me and calm me and fix all of my pain so food is my answer to everything because it was hers.

I have found myself wanting to eat during writing this, to alleviate my boredom and satisfy me, all the substitutes mum used so she didn't have to give of herself. She was what I needed, if she was there for me then none of this would be happening, I would feel content with myself because I was wanted and loved by them both, not just mum, I never remember dad picking me up. There was no real love connection so I am empty inside, empty of love and feeling connected to anything, which I can't be without love, love is the connection to all and I don't have it so I sit here as bored as when I was in my playpen, I haven't changed, I feel the same today as I did back then.



How wonderful it would have been to be wanted and loved and picked up and not to be given substitutes for my parents, but for them to have wanted to give themselves to me, that we were that connected to each other that I would have lived my life full of the surety of their love for me, that I was so sure I was so wanted by them that there was no doubt in me that I was loved, I would have felt so safe in life. But that is all bullshit dreaming, it wasn't like that although I believed it was but it is only through my Feeling Healing that I have discovered the truth because how I feel and have felt all my life but denied.

"I am so bored Mother and Father, so bored and I feel so unloved and alone and that life is just washing over me and not touching my heart because it can't, I have no connection to anything because I have no connection to love, it isn't in me and it wasn't in me right from my conception. I feel nothing because I was given nothing true, I don't feel any truth in me so I am empty. I don't feel I will ever get out of this boredom like I am stuck here, in it just waiting for mum or dad to come and do something with me, but it never comes, not with any true love feeling that I can feel in my heart. I just want to curl up and cry in my eternal misery of boredom that will never change for me. I feel so hopeless to change, I don't feel I will ever feel love in my heart, it is made of stone and it is cold. I feel terrible today Mother and Father, like I will never feel love".

Natural Love Flow

Natural love is Creation's love;

One can swap back and forwards between paths

I am God

Intellectual

Self reliant (trust myself)

Self-determination way of life

Mind dominates

Adult like

Control

Millions of paths (man created)

Peak possibility is 6th sphere

time to complete path:

100 years to over 1,000 years

Feeling Healing with Divine Love Flow

Divine Love is Soul's love.

I am God's son / daughter / child

Emotional

God reliant (God relationship)

Soul-spirit living harmony

Soul dominates

Child like

Feeling

Defined path (God created)

Peak possibility is infinity

(sphere / mansion world are same)

5 years to over 10 years to at-onement

Natural Love Flow

Natural love is Creation's love;

One can swap back and forwards between paths

I am God

Intellectual

Self reliant (trust myself)

Self-determination way of life

Mind dominates

Thinking = Mechanistic

rational

analysis

reductionist

linear

Values = Mechanistic

expansion

competition

quantity

domination

Adult like

Control

Millions of paths (man created)

Peak possibility is 6th sphere

time to complete path:

100 years to over 1,000 years

Feelings First with Divine Love Flow

Divine Love is Soul's love.

I am God's son/daughter/child

Emotional

God reliant (God relationship)

Soul-spirit living harmony

Soul dominates

Thinking = Holistic

intuitive

synthesis

integrative

non-linear

Values = Holistic

conservation

co-operation

quality

partnership

Child like

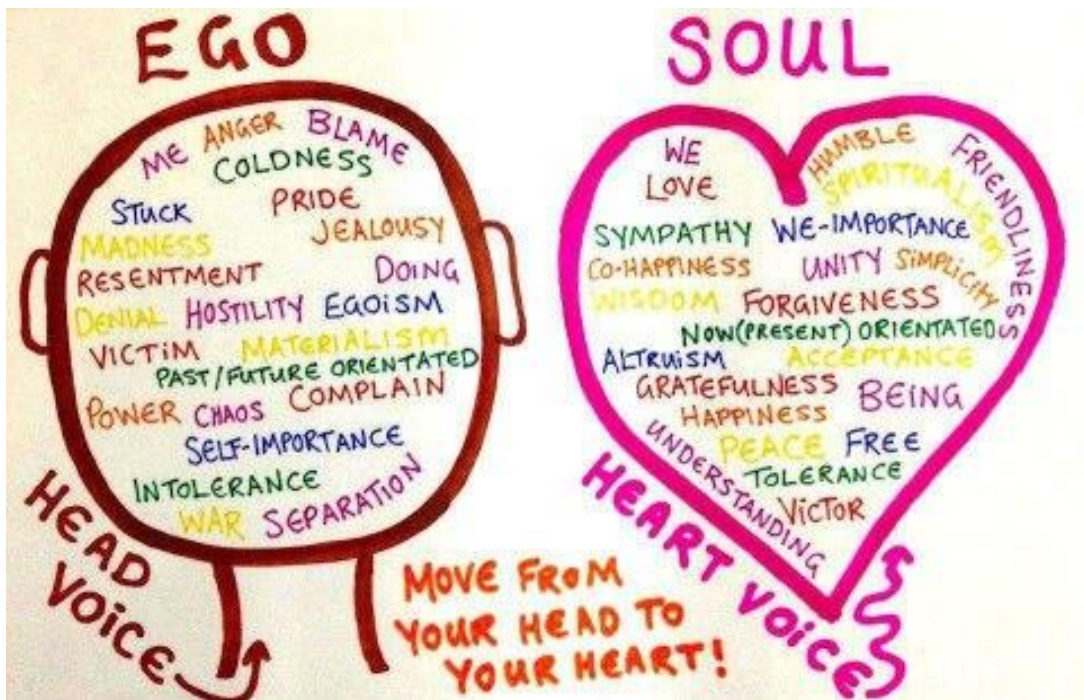
Feeling

Defined path (God created)

Peak possibility is infinity

(sphere / mansion world are same)

5 years to over 10 years to at-onement



Give them everything, but ourselves.

17 November 2018

Why do we give our children toys, sweet foods and drinks, iphones and x boxes and TV's? All so we don't have to give our self to them, give them anything to shut them up so we, the parents don't have to spend time with them and actually connect.

I have done just the same as what my parents did to me, to my children, I have given them everything, thrown the lot at them all so I didn't have to give any of myself, my time to them. I wanted to carry on doing what I wanted to do with out them interrupting just the same as it was for me as a child, it couldn't be any different. Now I can see how awful I was as a parent, fucking awful and every birthday and Christmas, throwing more shit at them so I can move further and further away from them and just immerse them in stuff, not me, not love. I didn't have love to give to them so I bought substitutes just as my parents did to me, toys and food and stuff. Now my children buy their own stuff to keep them amused and satisfied because what they really needed was never there in them, my love, that connection with me and I thought I was such a good parent giving them all they needed but missing the only thing they every needed, my love and connection.

I have done it all so wrong, I have missed it completely with them and now it is too late, the damage has been done and I feel so awful at what I have done to them, I can see it, they can't, yet!! We have talks about it but they don't want to believe it, but I see the consequences of what I have done to them, I see it in everything they do and to watch it is agony and that agony is the consequence of what I have done to them, I am paying for it in pain as I watch them live their lives, I cringe, and want to retract into myself as I see it all, and this is what is called normal living but it's not, it's all wrong, it's what I have taught them and put into them from conception and it is bad, very bad and I have to just let them live it, I have left them with such pain as I heal myself and I feel terrible, like a monster who has caused such pain that my children are still pretty unaware of.

And then I say well I am off now to heal myself, leaving them with all of the shit I have caused in them, it's so bad and so wrong and feels torturous inside of me, as it should and when they come to do their healing, they will see it all and hate

me and I will be glad they do, at last, because now they will be living in the truth of what I have done to them. Instead of the denial they are in now but I can't interfere with that denial, we talk about so much of my healing and they like it but I can't force them to understand. They still love me and are still in the illusion that I have been the best mother, as I was with mine, but it is wrong and untrue and only through their feeling healing will they know the truth. I know the truth now of what a bad mother I was, but they don't want to know that, it hurts them to believe it is true about me, but it is true and I hate knowing it, and them not, it is like I know something they don't, I am lying to them but they don't want to hear me yet, it is all to come for them.

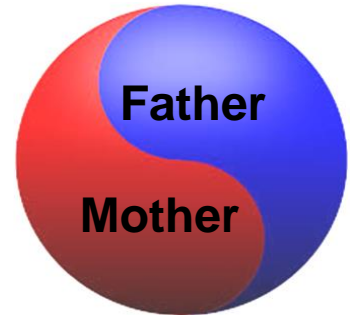
Praying to Mother and Father.

17 November 2018

"Mother and Father please help me, I feel so empty inside, so, so empty, please, please help me feel the truth of my emptiness. I just want to go and fill this emptiness with anything, it hurts so much; I need food to fill it, to take it away because it is so empty and painful. Please Mother and Father, help me I am in so much pain at how empty I feel, like a huge vacuum of space that is hollow and empty and wants filling, it is so painful I can't stand to feel like this anymore, please help me. Please give me your Love to fill me, please help me Mother and Father I am so desperate to be filled. Please help me feel the truth of my emptiness and pain, please help me to get it all out of me Mother and Father, I feel so hollow inside and vacant, there is nothing in me and I feel crazy, frenzied to get this emptiness filled. I am holding myself and rocking like a mad person because I am feeling so in a crazed frenzy and the longing is unbearable in me, I long and long and get nothing, nothing to quieten me and satisfy me so I have to use food or toys. Help me please mother see more of how this was just how it was for me as a child, all the pain I denied to let myself feel. I feel terrible, almost crazed with desperation to fill my void of emptiness and boredom; there is nothing for me Mother and Father, Nothing. I feel insane with the desperation, like an addict that can't get her fix, it is denied to her what she needs, that is how I am feeling, almost frantic with need"

MUM & DAD THIS WAY

GOD



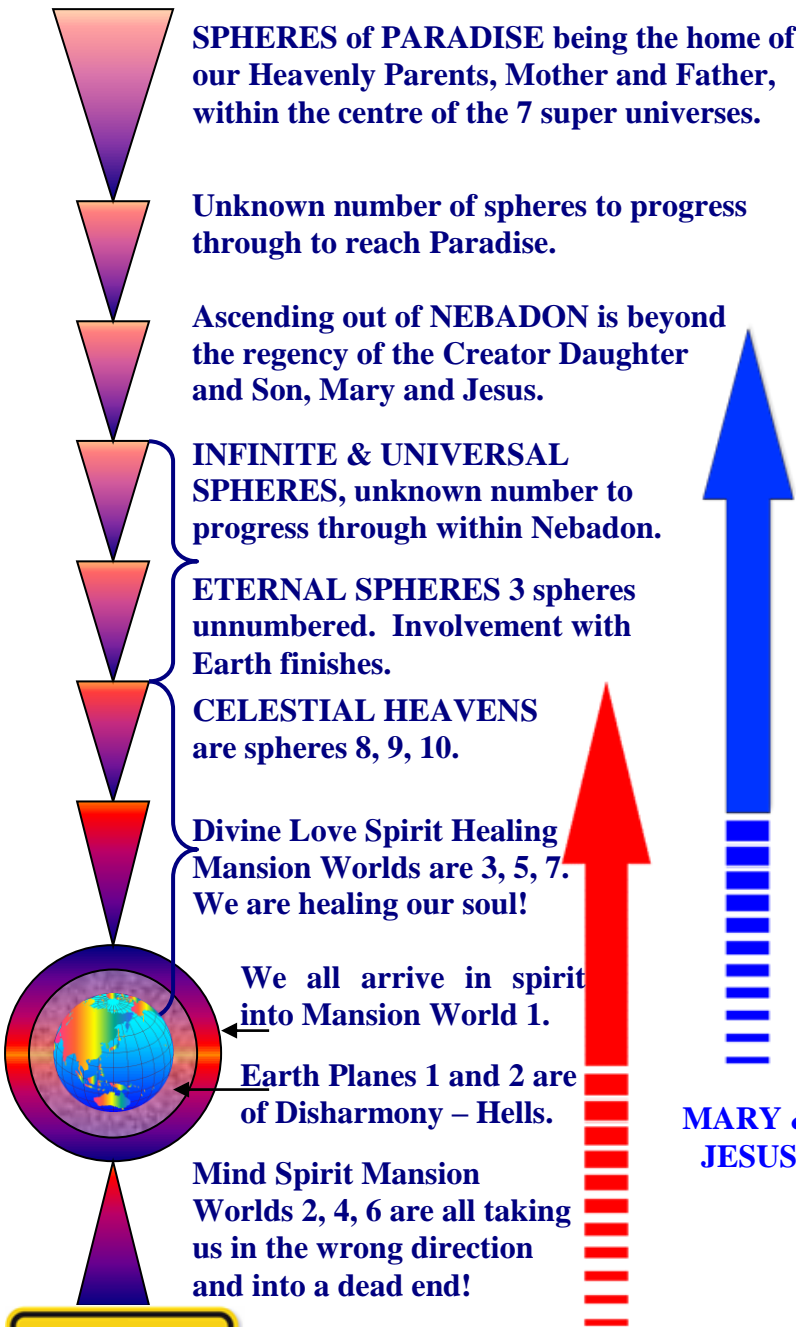
HEAVENLY PARENTS



JESUS & MARY



AVONALS



I'D TURN BACK IF I WERE YOU!



AVONAL PAIR



MARY & JESUS



GOD

Throughout the Avonal Age of 1,000 years, their Spirits of Truth will assist us in embracing and engaging with our Feeling Healing and with Divine Love our Soul Healing. They will assist us to develop our soul well into Celestial Heaven status should we persevere with such a goal. The extent to which the Avonal Pair develop themselves while here in the physical on Earth is the level that their Spirits of Truth will be able to assist us. Then it will be Mary and Jesus' Spirits of Truth that will assist us up and out of Nebadon, where our Heavenly Parents will then assist us onto Paradise, Their home.

Maybe I don't want to be loved!

17 November 2018

Mother and Father have helped me to see more truth, that I don't want to be loved, especially not by Father. I am too angry to let Him love me so no matter how much I long for the Divine Love, I can not receive it because I don't want it, my feelings are rejecting Mother and Father's Divine Love because of the anger I feel for my dad and his rejection of me and the way I feel about him is the way I feel about my Divine Father and all men/masculine.

I feel so angry toward my dad, he was always around but he rejected me, he never came near me or showed love for me, it was just something that was a matter of course, it was never said but of course he did, that is how it was but it wasn't true, he couldn't show me any love or any of us because he wasn't loved by his father, his dad was awful to him and dad carried that unloved anger with him and into us/me.

I feel so angry towards dad, like I don't want him near me, I didn't want to get near him because I know he didn't want that closeness, I felt it so strongly from him so obeyed his feelings. Now, I carry that too, I can't have a relationship with Mother and Father because I couldn't have a relationship with my parents, especially my dad. They have made it so hard for me and they blamed me for pushing them away and rejecting them saying I never let them near me, its all my fault, I am to blame and I thought that was true all my life until I began to heal through my feelings and now I know the truth I had been denying. I pushed them away because they pushed me away, I felt unwanted so never asked for love and affection from them. I shouldn't have had to ask but it wasn't in them to love me how I needed to be loved.

I was rejected and denied love so I reject and deny love and I can't be any different and if I thought I was, it was all bullshit that I wanted to believe about myself. Like my dad, he tried to be so different to his dad and he was so much better than his dad was to him, but he could only be different by using his mind to be, in his soul was all the same pain as his dad passed on to him. He couldn't be any different than his dad and he believed he was until I told him he wasn't and he went into a rage, so I told him the lot, everything I feel about him and he told me he had failed as a father then. I said that we have all failed as parents

because in us is our parents pain that we can't help but be. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.



I am feeling now, like I will never be able to feel love or give love, it will never happen to me, I feel hopeless that I will be able to receive God's Divine Love because I couldn't receive my dad's love because it wasn't their to give, so is God's? I am feeling pretty hopeless now, like God's love isn't there for me and I won't be able to break through this incredible strong feeling of not being able to receive love or give it because I am not love, I am rejection. I am angry and I don't want love from anyone, I am not lovable so you can all fuck off, don't come near me, I don't trust your love, it isn't true

or real, stay away from me and as you reject me I reject you, I hate you, you can not love me, I won't let you. Your rejection of me has left me powerless and weakened so I weaken you by not letting you near or love me. Stay away.

So much fear of what hasn't even happened yet.

19 November 2018

Woke up with that awful bloody pain at the back of my left shoulder blade, it is so deep inside and it burns so much. It hurts to take a deep breathe and feels like something is stuck in there. I am so sick of pain, one wrong move of my body and I am in pain and just by writing that, my mind has confirmed the feeling is right. One wrong move for me as a child and I was in trouble or in fear of being in trouble which is the same for this pain. If I make one wrong move it will be worse.

It hurts so much and now I want to sneeze, all to make the pain hurt even more. I am scared to sneeze, to make a move in case I make it worse. I am scared of the pain and how bad it may get, I am scared of a future feeling that hasn't even happened, which is me all over. My life has been all about the fear of the future and what may or may not happen to me, I always had to be a step in front as a child, working out what could cause me pain if I do it and I am still doing that, don't sneeze, it will make it worse, don't move this way, it will make it worse. Don't do anything Sam, don't move, don't even breathe because it will make it all

worse, just stay perfectly still like you don't even exist.

I just moved to get more comfortable and it really hurts, I am uncomfortable all the time and always have been. I am uncomfortable doing anything, I am scared to do anything in case it hurts me, I need to be comfortable, that is how I have created my life, to be comfortable so I don't have to feel pain. I am in pain now and I can't be comfortable with it.

It is hurting me, stabbing me, lodged in me like a hot poker twisting if I move. I can't do anything and that is exactly how I feel, like I can't do anything at all, I am trapped in pain and can't move out of it. I am too scared to move or do anything in my life, in any area of my life in case it hurts too much or causes me discomfort so I stay still, stagnant in the same place because I am too scared to move and its like every time I try to, I get hurt more, I am on pain's leash, it controls my every move, even down to my breath, it hurts.

I am so sick of being controlled like this, sick, sick, sick of it, I can't break free of it no matter how I try, I am stuck in it, controlled by pain, controlled by mum and dad and it is causing me pain, I want to get out of it so much but I can't, I am stuck in it and too scared to say "Fuck you, I am off". I can't do that so I have to stay in it. Give up. Resign myself to the fact that I am too scared to not be controlled because I am scared of what is outside of that control so I stay stuck in it, with mum and dad holding my reigns like when I was a baby, they had a set of white reigns for me, I have a picture of me with them on me so they could keep a hold of me because I was always running away but soon learnt it was futile to even try so I stopped trying and gave in as a baby.

That was where I gave in to them, as soon as I began to walk they put reigns on me and stopped me, shit, that's awful, I had only just learnt to walk and they stopped me. I might hurt myself if I go too far away from them so I have to be controlled by them, it all makes so much sense why I feel so stuck and not able to go very far from them, I still have my white leather reigns on, they never came off and I can feel the energy of them still on me, strapped tight around my chest, pulling me, holding me back, hurting me as I resist them and their restraint. My mum is holding them so tightly as I try to run forward, I can't go, I can't run, I fall to the floor crying and she drags me up by my reigns like a puppet as I am

crying and just flop as she has total control, I am hanging there as she lifts me up from the floor, like a dead weight. It's too rough, it is hurting my chest as I hang there not helping her and she is getting cross because I am defying her and making a scene. My arm is trapped in the reigns and it is hurting me, my left arm, it hurts.

I can see what is happening and where this pain comes from as I struggle with mum to get free from these reigns and her control. We are having a battle, I want to be free and she wants to control me and I can't win, I have to give up so I just go limp, dead like as she holds me up in the reigns. As I saw all of that happening I remembered how even now I do go limp and dead like as I give in and surrender when I am under attack, I used to do it with my first husband when he got aggressive with me, I would just go limp and lifeless and give in because he was so much stronger than me, I would just flop and die so I didn't get hurt and he would leave me alone, it was like a defence mechanism with me and it felt like I was dying and I get that from my childhood where I did it with mum and dad, I went weak because I couldn't win and I remember the feeling of something in me dying, my soul shrivelling up and dying inside. I couldn't win so I gave up and I felt so close to death, it was all on a knife-edge.

This pain I have today, and get a lot, is controlling me as my parents and others have done, it is the pain of being so controlled. It hurts so much and I feel like I want to go loose and floppy again, just let it take me and have me, as I can't win. I have to surrender to it as I had to surrender and give up with mum and dad and my husbands and anyone in authority. I have to let them have me and that feels like dying to myself as I give myself to them, give my will over to them, they can do what they want with me, they all have a set of reigns to put on me and control me with. It feels so horrible right now, like I am so trapped by everyone, a slave to all as it was for me as a child.

This pain in my back is a reminder of the truth of how painful it is to be trapped in pain, controlling pain because it was painful and it hurt to be so controlled, I felt like I was constantly dying inside as more and more of my died with every bit of me I gave away.

My interfering making my daughter feel incapable.

20 November 2018

It's been another day of pain, in my back and in my face again, I feel so weakened by it and drained. Like I will never be out of pain and it scares me to feel like that. My face is on fire inside, all achy and cramped up like all my facial muscles are cramped, so painful. When it comes I feel like 'oh no, here it comes again, it is coming for me'. I can't escape from it, all I can do is submit to it, I am trapped and there is nowhere to go, just let it have me. I am so tired of this, being such a slave to pain, it does what it wants with me and I am feeling exasperated by it, there is nothing I can do.

Faye was cooking herself dinner today and I interfered with her; I went into the kitchen and picked her up on something. I thought she didn't know but she did and she told me off. She let me have it, telling me how I made her feel when I do that. She told me I made her feel like she was stupid and incapable and she asked me to go away and mind my own business, as she knew what she was doing. I told her how sorry I was for interfering and making her feel so bad. I went back into the lounge and felt so happy that she felt she could talk to me like that, with such wonderful truth of how I make her feel. It was truly wonderful to hear her lay it right on the line with me saying everything that I would have wanted to say to my parents but couldn't. This is how my parents made me feel and Faye told me tonight that I make her feel the same when I interfere and try to have power over her.

It was so good to see my childhood play out in front of me through Faye, having her tell me how I felt because she feels the same because I do to her what my parents did to me, I can see it all through both of my children, what was done to me and what I have done to them, it is no different. I am my parents and I can't get away from that. I want to control my children and exert my power over them just the same as my parents did to me.

To be told what I was doing by Faye tonight was so good. I sat and went into the feelings that drive me to interfere with them and it is all about me thinking I know best all the time with them and wanting them to do it my way because my way is the best way to get it done and if they don't, then something will go wrong, they will not get the best out of it or they will suffer. I have to have

control so nothing bad will happen. I won't have to feel bad. If I am in control I can avoid all pain, everything will work out for the best if I do it and no one will feel any pain. Pain is the worst thing and I have to control every thing so no pain is felt. Pain is misery, weakness, powerless, crushing, suffering, uncomfortable, all the feelings I try to control by being in control.

I can see what I do and why I do it and I can only trust me. No one else. But I can't control pain, I am in it now and it is uncontrollable, it comes and does what it wants with me and nothing I do will stop it, pain controls me no matter what I try to do. I can't win; pain is too big, too strong, too powerful for me as it is showing me. I couldn't win against my parents will and I can't win against pain, they are the same. I came up with all kinds of ways to gain power over my parents just as I have done the same with pain, none of it works, they have the power. I am in pain no matter what I do, it comes back for me and shows me who is boss.

I backed right down to Faye today after she spoke the truth to me and listened to her. We didn't fight or anything like that because I listened to her and said how sorry I was for making her feel so bad and useless, it was an evil thing to do and this is how I want it to be between us. I want to listen to them both instead of doing what my parents would have done had I been true to them about how they made me feel. My listening to Faye and admitting I was wrong to interfere diffused any huge argument that could have occurred. I wanted her to tell me how I am being because I really want to know, it helps me heal, I want to know the truth so I can heal it and when Faye finished cooking she came into the lounge and we sat together, it was nice.



No pain and I am bored.

21 November 018

A pain free day so far but its only 10:40 am. No physical pain it has all gone but I am very bored again. I am bored of being bored. So fucked off with it, I don't know how to spell 'off', is it 'of' or 'off' I don't know so I will just use which one I feel is right, but I never know how to use it.

No physical pain just boredom, bleak boredom. I like to spell boredom as 'boredom' but spell checker says it is wrong, the 'e' in it feels wrong. I am even told what to do by my computer, parented constantly by everything, the whole world is man made to be one giant parent and I hate it, all controlling me and telling what to do and how wrong I am and how thick I am. Its all caving in on me how stupid I am and how I don't know anything, I feel like I am being crushed by it all and only the ones that know stuff, survive.

I am bored, very bored, I am so bored, so fucking bored, crazy bored, insane bored, bored into nothingness, bored into oblivion, bored into pointlessness and meaningless. I can hear my mum saying to me 'Go and find something to do then and take your mind off of it'. That is the answer I will get off of everyone, go and amuse yourself, go and get a job to fill your days, its all denial of feeling bored though, I don't want to do it, I want to stay in my bored feelings and feel my way through it, not take my mind of it by amusing myself. I want to moan about it till I am blue in the face, what ever that means!!

I am so stuck in boredom, every day the same, Groundhog Day, another stupid American saying. It feels so unloving to be so bored, like no one wants to be with me, its lonely, no one wants to spend time with me, no one wants to hear how bored I am, they don't want to listen to me tell the how bored I feel and I feel like a child when I say that. Mum wants to get on with her stuff, she doesn't want me moaning about being bored, she doesn't want to hear I feel lonely because that means she will have to stop what she is doing and spend time with me and she can't connect with me like that, she doesn't want to. She wants me to be totally self-sufficient and not want her or dad but praise me to all her friends that I am a good girl and can amuse myself. It isn't good, I want her/them to want me, to want to do things with me and be with me but they don't, I am just in the way and I have always felt like that with everyone. I feel awkward around

people like I am in the way so when people come near me, I quickly move because I think I am in their way and they will get annoyed with me for always being 'under their feet' like some annoying dog who won't get out the way.

The boredom makes me feel like there is nothing for me, it's the end. I really can't see any further than boredom, it's bleak.

Feeling dizzy scares me.

24 November 2018

After a horrendous day yesterday I am glad to say I woke up feeling fine and I was so glad too. Yesterday I woke up at 4:00 am with a feeling that I had vertigo again, I wasn't dizzy all the time I was laying in the same position but I knew I had to get up, and I was too scared to in case I started spinning. I slowly rose up out of bed and there it was, the spinning hit me and I thought I was going to pass out just by sitting on the edge of my bed. I held onto the walls and went down stairs, shit I felt awful and terrified.

I am so sick of this happening to me, it scares me and all I can do is tell Mother and Father how it makes me feel, They are all I have. As I continued to express all my terror it started to lessen its hold on me and that is how I feel, like it has me, it is a huge monster from my childhood that hides under my bed and moves into me when it wants to and spins me around and around because it knows I am terrified of the feeling. I cry and shout for it to get out of me but it won't, I am so scared of this vertigo that i still can't accept it or have a nice or loving feelings for it, I hate it and want it to go, there is nothing good about it apart from it is showing me my fears and hidden childhood feelings, then that is brilliant but I still hate the feeling of being so terrorised by it which is how I felt as a child, terrorised by everyone, I was scared of everyone except mum.

I had no idea I felt this scared as a child; this is pure terror that I feel when the vertigo comes. My heart beats so I can hear it; I shake uncontrollably and can't do anything to stop the dizziness. It makes me feel that i am so out of control that anything could happen to me.

I was dizzy all day feeling like I am moving even when I am sitting down,

horrible. I dread it, I dreaded moving even the tiniest bit because it would make me dizzy again. Scared to make a move in fear of what would happen to me, I didn't want to feel it, I was too scared.



I feel like there is a short out in my brain, like it could go off at any minute and I would be exterminated like when they unplugged Neo in the Matrix but I would die. I still can't get to the bottom of it; it is such a huge fear. I can say it's a fear of dying or something like that but I don't feel it, its just words. I still have a long way to go with this feeling and I have had a fear of passing out or fainting since childhood and I don't know why, still. I can say what I think it is, but that's no good; I don't feel those things that come from my mind. It has to be felt and I will feel the cause of this when I get down to it but I have felt more of the terror it brings up in me but I know I have not felt all of the truth of it.

I can say it makes me feel out of control but I still don't feel that, all I feel is sheer terror when it comes, dread and terror and wishing it would go away, but it won't, it keeps coming when I least expect it. It creeps up on me and takes me over and that is how it feels to have my will taken by something so powerful. All I can do is keep expressing the terror it is bringing for me to feel to help me heal. This is the truth of the terror I felt as a child and it seems so unbelievable that I felt this bad and suppressed it. When I am going through it I feel like a child with no one to help me or take the horrible feelings away, I am alone with it, and it is mine.

I am amazed at how much hidden terror I have in me; so much of it to feel and it is so strong a force. I am so scared of the slightest sensation of dizziness, I am instantly on alert that something is coming to get me, a terrible thing is going to happen to me, against my will. I don't want it, go away, fuck off and leave me alone but it won't go and I so wish I had someone to talk to about it, to express it all out of me to, to tell them about my fear but I have no one.

I tried to tell Trevor and he said; "It's no longer your emotions that you need to heal, it's the universal energies, you feel bad because it's a full moon and you

have been affected by it". I wanted to fucking burst with frustration, it's all feelings we have to heal and I knew it was no good going on, he won't listen, he just tells me what it is, he shuts me down just like dad but he brings up so much feeling in me so I understand why he is around.

I can't just relax with this dizziness and let it swamp me because it instantly brings up my terror and I am on guard ready for the next wave of it to come, I anxiously wait for it to engulf me again, like a tidal wave of fear wanting to shut me down or kill me. This is such a huge feeling for me to feel, so humongous big and is going to take time to break down and accept because terror steps in as soon as I feel it and that is it's job, to bring up all my hidden terror which I never realised was as huge as it is, I never realised I stored so much of it away and it was so deep in me. Yes, I am in terror, I am filled with it and vertigo is the perfect feeling to bring it up and out of me, it's so horrible, so terrifying.

I want to control my dizziness.

26 November 2018

I had a couple of dizzy spells yesterday and as soon as they come I am gripping on to something like I am going to fall or collapse. I go straight to Mother and Father when I get these spells to help me feel the truth of them and as soon as I did that I had the words in my head saying "I am not safe", and this was exactly how I feel and have always felt, not being safe and having to have something or someone to hold on to, I am no good on my own, if I am not looked after, something bad will happen to me and with this dizziness I am so alone with it, no one can help me or take it away, it is mine and I am stuck with it. It is my terror and fear coming out and how out of control I feel when it comes, shit the feeling is pure terror like I want to pass out with it and escape.

It makes me feel unbalanced and all over the place and so scared. I am not safe, I am going to die or pass out against my will. I am out of control, I can't go out or do anything when it gets bad, I am stuck in it. I am trapped by it and what it will let me do. I feel so controlled. The initial feelings are "Oh God, what is happening to me, oh no, I am going to faint, or die". It is total terror and why should I wake up in the early hours with it? So much confusion around this but I must go to my feelings and it is pure frustration, terror and being out of control,

so scared to do anything on my own because I won't be safe, I need someone with me and at night I am alone and no one can help me and that is when I feel most vulnerable. As a child I was never on my own, I shared a bedroom with my sister until I left home, someone was always there and as a child, I always felt scared if she went to stay at her friends. It was dark and I was alone in the room and I always thought someone was with me, trying to get me; I wasn't safe without her in the room. I was scared to sleep and even recently I have stopped breathing in my sleep and woke myself up gasping for breath, it is like if I go to sleep, I will die. Maybe I do die and my spirit body comes back into my body so fast it gives me vertigo, but that is something I don't know, I am just supposing, more fantasies because I don't know, it is my mind making up stories.

As a child I was always scared to go to bed, scared of the dark and I still sleep with a little light on, it is still with me and Mother and Father I need so much help in feeling the truth of this fear. What do I think is going to happen to me in my dark room where I am alone? I am not safe being alone and in the dark, someone is going to get me, kill me. The dark is bad, being alone is bad. It is ok if someone else is in the house but I am not safe on my own, I have to stay with mummy and daddy and not go off on my own, someone could take me, I won't be safe.

I am not allowed out in the dark but they never said why or what could happen to me, all I have is this unexplained fear that being alone is bad and being in the dark is bad so at night I am in both of those things and they are both very bad, bad things happen in those places, I feel scared, terrified of being alone in the dark where it is so dangerous according to mum and dad and they must be right, they are grown ups and I am just a child, they are always right so I should be scared of being alone and in the dark, I should be fucking terrified of it, anything could happen to me, I am not safe, I have to be on guard all night of what could happen to me, a sound, a shadow in the room, its all so scary, what is coming to get me, is it hiding behind the curtains, under the bed, in the cupboard, shit it is all so terrifying, I can feel it now, the fear of being a child with those fears because I am now an adult with the same fears of not being safe being alone or in the dark.

My parents put so much fear into me and they didn't even know they were doing

it, they thought they were protecting me but the fear wasn't there before them, before they put it into me. I always had to be in before dark, they always wanted to know where I was going and who with and even in daylight I didn't feel safe and that anxiety turned into agoraphobia where I was so scared to go out that I couldn't and in my late teens I suffered tremendous terror at going out, even never getting to my destinations and having to turn back and go home, the only safe place was home with mum and dad. They made life a scary place for me to be so I spent my life having panic attacks and terror tremors whenever I went out, or even when I stayed in, I never felt safe.

I am beginning to understand more about my dizziness and Vertigo, it is sheer terror and it gives me the feelings I need to experience so I can know the truth of my terror and how unsafe I felt as a child and my fear of going to sleep alone and in the dark, it is the bad place mum and dad warned me about and I have to go there every night, they send me there, to bed and they turn off the light when they have told me the dark is dangerous. They have contradicted it all, telling me it is a bad place to be and then sending me there night after night, handing me over to the terror they have warned me about, how am I meant to feel!!

Of course I am scared of it, I am still that scared little girl who is younger than her sister so has to go to bed first and that means alone and in the dark on my own, everything my parents warned me about, I have to go to that bad place where anything could happen, I could die, every night I could die as I feel the fear of being here alone and I would not be able to sleep until my sister came up to bed, I wasn't safe until she was with me, then I could sleep and I still have all of those feelings in me, I am still that scared little girl going to that same scary place every night, the very place my parents told me not to go to because it was not safe, so now I do not feel safe at night, alone and in the dark, I still have to keep the little light on like some fucking wuss.

I feel really scared now, like I am dreading the night time coming and I have denied feeling this fear and just got on with it but now it is different, I am scared and that is so good because now I am aware of my fear and I can let it rise up in me, I have touched on its depths inside me and tonight I will turn the lights off and let the fear come up in me, be that scared child that I truly am, I want to feel the truth of the fear, just how bad it is and let it have its say, I want to know it all.

Mum and dad didn't make me feel safe, they scared me with their fears and I still have that fear in me now, I can feel it.

So scared to do anything.

27 November 2018

I watched a YouTube that a friend had sent as he was walking through the beautiful Australian bush, it looked like Paradise to me, so green and beautiful and I wished I could do that. As I watched the film of him loving being in nature and walking through it and recording it all, I began to feel a lot of fear, it was rising up in me because it is something I just wouldn't feel safe doing, I don't feel safe going anywhere on my own, although I do, I don't feel safe and this is how I felt while I was watching Graeme's film.

If it was me, I would miss all of the beauty in fear of some man jumping out on me and raping me or murdering me. I don't know if most women feel like that about going out in the bush alone and it is such a shame that we/I have to feel this way and men get to go out and enjoy it all without the fear of some woman jumping out at them and raping them or murdering them. It's such a shame I have to feel like this, it stops me enjoying life and experiencing it how I want to. While I was watching the short film I felt so suppressed to do anything on my own, or go anywhere without feeling a fear of being attacked in any way, I just don't feel safe and the thought of me actually doing what Graeme was doing, filled me with fear, I could never do that, I will never feel not scared, I will always feel like I will be attacked, shit it fills me with dread. I am so fucking scared. Nature isn't safe, it's too open, too vast, there is nowhere safe for me to go, anyone could be watching me and I wouldn't know, it scares the shit out of me.

What could I do if someone jumps out at me, nothing, I would have to give in and let them do what they want to me, rape me, murder me, anything. It's horrible I know, but this is how I feel, scared to go anywhere alone in case I am attacked by a man. Overpowered as I submit to their will, men scare me, they are so strong, so powerful, they can do what they want, I can't.

I want to be free like a man is, to go out into nature on my own without the constant fear of being attacked; does a man feel like that??? I have to be wary of men and I hate it feeling so unsafe. I want to be able to go out into the woods, into the darkness and feel perfectly safe and it won't happen in this sick world of unhealed people, I feel like it is all too dangerous, mum and dad told me it was and I am to be home before it gets dark and not to go anywhere alone as there are bad people about. Watching this film has helped me feel more of my fear about being alone and how scared I am of the world and all people, I can't trust them, they will hurt me.

Everything is an opportunity to heal, even watching Graeme walking through the bush and enjoying it so much, to me it looked so beautiful but then the feelings began to rise, the bad feelings of fear and how I could never do that so comfortably as he is doing. I have been made to be so scared and with good reason because Women are prey to sick Men and now I can't enjoy places like the bush because I fear for myself, my safety. It's so unfair that men can go out there and enjoy it all so freely without the fear of being raped. Its not bloody fair that women have to be so careful and watch out for men in the dark or hiding in the woods. I can't enjoy nature on my own like Graeme did in his film, I would be too cautious of who may be watching me, what pervert may be lurking in the bushes. Fuck, I am so scared and I feel so angry that I have to be so scared of going out in a place of beauty and not seeing it. I have to do what my parents say and stay away from those places, they are dangerous to a woman but a man can. It's not fair. I feel so fucked off that I can't do it, that I am too scared to. I hate being me, scared, cautious, crippled by everything, ME!!

Expressing my illness.

28 November 2018

I feel like I have flu again, I wake up like this nearly every day and it is draining, the whole thing of healing is draining, I am fucking tired and exhausted and feel like breaking down, today I will. I just want to sleep. I am so tired and achy and my chest is all tight and my throat feels scratchy, I am so sick of it, feeling so shit all the time with one or two days of feeling ok, I hate being me. I am so thirsty, I want to drink a lot but the water tastes so bad, I never noticed how chemicalised it is but I can taste it, yuk, its awful but I

YUK

have no bottled, I am so thirsty that I can feel such a strong longing to hydrate myself, its a real pull to satisfy my need, sometimes I drink about four litres and some days only a couple of glasses but I feel today I will be drinking a lot and that has increased with my healing, just following the need of my feelings for water and nothing else, I drink only water now and can't stand anything else, its like my body finds it so hard to purify anything but water, the feeling is definitely for water only.

I feel so ill, so weak and powerless, like a sick child who can't do anything. I am cold and feel feeble and frail. This is how I have always felt but done all I can to not to feel it, now it is all I am left with, the truth of how it was for me as a child, this is how powerless I felt with the powerful ones taking care of me, I was always under them, subordinate to them and it made me feel lowly and weak and cowering to them, the Gods of my world. Yes, this is how I felt, ill, weak and horrible and I needed them to survive, I could not do it on my own and it weakened me. I always felt ill at home, I was a sickly child because they needed me to need them, to feed their need for power so it kept me weak and ill.

I feel like I have a lump in my throat, it is so raw, I feel like I need to be looked after because I don't feel well, my parents made me feel like I always needed to be looked after and when I wasn't I was scared and felt alone, when they were gone I was left in constant illness and need and a longing for them to look after me so I wasn't alone with my pain although I always was, we all are alone with our pain, no one can take it away no matter how much my mum tried, she always wanted to make it alright for everyone, take the world's pain away and I am just the same as her, I do that and as my healing goes on I can see that I am so like her in every way and it makes me feel hopeless, I am her and there is nothing I can do about it.

I feel rubbish, really low and ill and tired, I have had enough of feeling so shit, my head feels in dull pain now, more pain, I can't win so I have to give in to it, it is too strong for me, too powerful, I can never beat it because I could never beat my parents, they are all of my pain and I can't beat them so I might as well submit to them, the pain as I had to as a child, just give in to feeling ill as I gave in to them, just be the truth of how it was for me as a child, submitting to their will over me, illness wants me, it can have me, I give up.

I hate you GOD!

30 November 2018

I hate you Mother and Father, I long and long for Your Love and You give me nothing, I just sit there waiting and nothing comes. I can't long any more than I am, what is wrong with me that You don't give it to me!!!! I fucking hate You, You are a pair of liars, You promise me one thing and never follow through with it. I don't believe You love me, You never show me so fuck You both. You just leave me is such disappointment, like I am longing for something that doesn't even exist so fuck You both I feel so angry and sad and disappointed with You both. Fuck, I hate You right now; You are cruel and leave me hanging all the time as I wait for the slightest sensation from You, but nothing.

You make me feel so left out of Your family, of Your Love, I am the stray, the one that is left outside of the group while everyone else gets there share of Your Love. I am forgotten by You, left out and rejected and there is nothing I can do about it but live a sad, lonely, dark life of no Love.

I fucking give up with You both, You don't exist to me as I don't exist to You. Why the fuck don't You hear me, feel me as I long to You. I nearly turn myself inside out longing to You so hard and then I wait and nothing. What more can I do? There must be something wrong with me, I must be broken somewhere that I can't receive Your Love so please help me feel the truth of why I can't receive it? PLEASE!!!

I feel alienated from You both, not connected in any way because I don't have Your Love in me, I can't feel it and I so want to. What is it? What is wrong with me, please tell me!! I feel so angry I could throw this computer across the room at how denied I feel by You. You are shit, rubbish parents, fucking rubbish and I hate You, useless, fucking, shitting, fucking useless parents to me, cruel bastards as You just go on thinking I don't even need Your Love, it doesn't even enter You that You are not loving me, do I need to remind You that I am Your child and You need to Love me. I need You and Your Love or I don't exist. Hello! Remember me I am Your daughter, can You Love me please so I can feel it not just with words. Fuck, You are a useless pair.

Maybe it doesn't exist, maybe there is no Love and I am longing for something

that doesn't exist and You are all having a good fucking laugh at me like some kind of sick joke, You're so cruel. Love hasn't existed for me, I have never felt it in my heart. I have heard the words from mind to mind but never felt them in my heart, from Yours, never! There have been caring times, good times, fun times but not what I have really needed, Love.

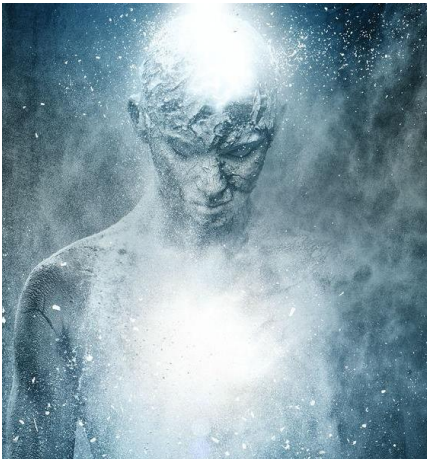
I have never felt it so I don't feel it from God, it didn't exist with my parents so it doesn't exist with God and this is how it all feels, fucking horrible, empty and in perpetual waiting, anxiety that maybe one day I may feel it but that is just wishful thinking, I don't feel it and that is the truth. I don't feel Love, I can't receive it and I can't give it because it wasn't given to me. I am so numb to it, so used to doing without it is just a thought in me that says "Oh well, never mind, just get on with it".

I can't feel the pain of not feeling Love just anger, I can't get there, it's too deep and too hidden from me, too denied and covered over to feel the real pain of not being loved, Love means nothing to me, I can go on with life without it as I have done as I won't get it from anyone. I just have to make do and live a life without it. I always have to settle for what I am given, just put up with it. Fuck, I feel useless; I feel like a shell of a person living a life of denial of love and has to put up with it because there is nothing I can do to change it. I want to give up. I live without love, I don't know what love feels like, not real love, only mind created love that doesn't come from a place that is real.

I feel so frustrated that I will never receive it, never get what I want and I have to put up with that, be ok with it because I am not allowed to show how I really feel which is raging anger that I can't even really get to, I am not allowed so I ask You, God Please help me get to my pain, the truth of how it feels to live without love. All the love I show for anything is not real; it is the same as the love showed to me by my parents, unreal. I can't feel it in my heart, it is ice cold, a heart of stone, unbreakable stone that no one can get to. It is all so useless, I want to just give up, and there is no hope for me. I feel so desperate but it is all in vain

"Please Mother and Father help me I don't know what to do, I have no idea about You or Your Love so please show me because I am in the dark, I don't have a fucking clue".

SOUL CONDITION / EMOTIONAL HEALTH ENLIVENS with DIVINE LOVE:



With Feeling Healing, asking for and receiving our Heavenly Parents' energy of Divine Love slowly assists in dissolving and removing our negative emotions and subsequently brings about a vibrant, radiant soul that emerges as a vibrant, spontaneous, outgoing happy and loving living personality. By embracing one's Feeling Healing with the God's Love, which is a substance, we can progress from any dark and depressing situation to that with resilient faith bringing about a quality of life that is Heaven on Earth.

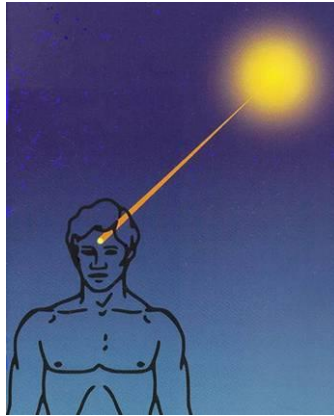


VISUALISATION with LONGING:

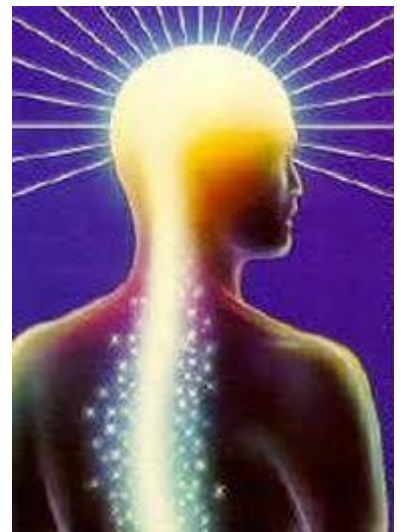
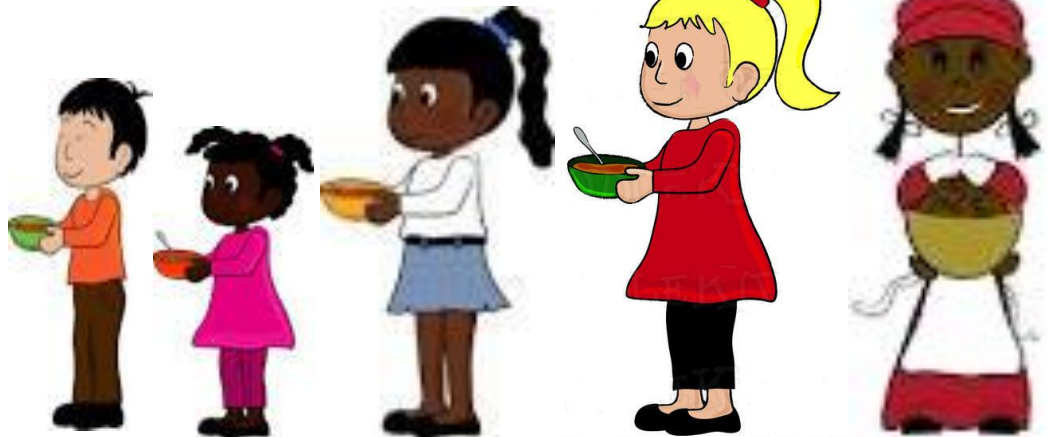
Holy Spirit infusing Divine Love.

Progressive escalation of Divine Love flowing.

Visualise yourself as you were when young and with an empty bowl, and then thankfully ask the Mother and Father for Their Love – Their Divine Love:



"Please, Mother and Father, I want some more."



Our wondrous soul is an incredible ball of intelligent energy. With Feeling Healing and the infusion of Divine Love, our soul will progressively change from that which is not Divine to that which is Divine. All we need to do is ask!

We are created in the image of our Heavenly Parents, but not of the substance of our Mother and Father. There is nothing of the Divine within our soul at the time of our individualisation, that is, upon our conception.

We have free will. Only should we ask for God's Divine Love, do we receive it. Following our Feeling Healing, as we ask for and receive Divine Love the nature of our soul steadily changes to that which is Divine. Only with Divine Love can we grow and become at one with our Heavenly Mum and Dad. Becoming at one with our Heavenly Parents occurs upon our progression into the 1st Celestial Heaven sphere, which is upon entering the Celestial Realms and leaving the spirit Mansion Worlds, having completed our Feeling Healing.

We can become at one with our Heavenly Mother and Father whilst here in the physical world.

God's Divine Love: Pray for it, ask for it, and receive it.



Oliver Twist asked:

Please, sir, I want some more!

Maybe we should simply ask:

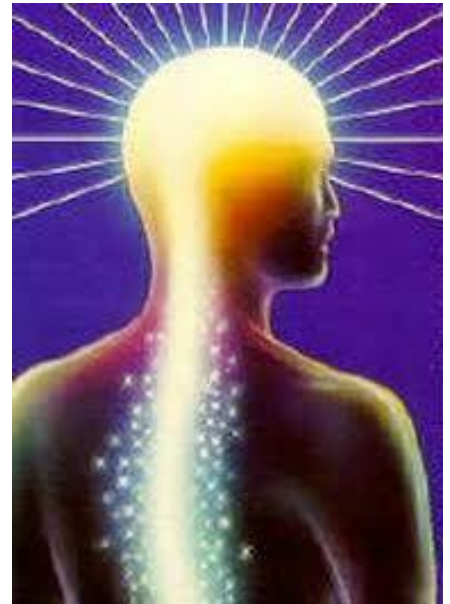
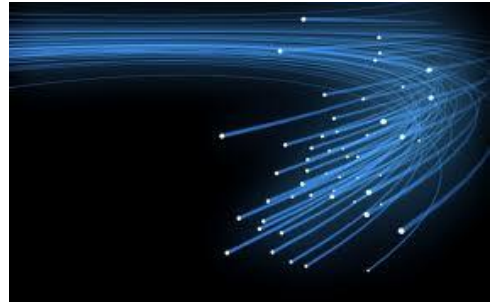
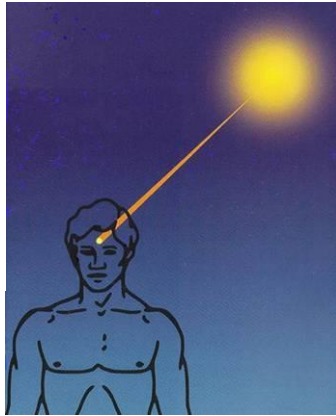
Please, Mother and Father, I want some more!

Long and pray for Divine Love and it, with Feeling Healing, will loosen the errors / injuries / unhealed / denied trapped and/or inherited emotions, resulting in a flowing out of these negative embellishments within one's soul as Divine Love flows in – Divine Love being the greatest gift in all the universe.

CONNECTION with GOD:

**Holy Spirit / the Spirit
infusing Divine Love.**

**Progressive escalation of
Divine Love flowing.**



Feeling like a failure.

1 December 2018

Today I am seeing more into how unwanted I was as a child, as a baby. I was thinking back to when I had my shop and I was beginning to do my healing, nothing seemed to sell, at least, nothing I made sold. I could sell stuff for others but anything that came from me, just didn't sell and it only came to me today, just now, as I was thinking back, that it was because I had to feel the pain of not being wanted, nothing that came from me was wanted so nothing sold. Shit it is all so amazing how it is shown to you, the truth. I would make something really creative and I would love it but it would sit there and not sell, not even get seen, ignored by everyone and it would frustrate me so much how all of my stuff went ignored and as I felt into it back then I knew it was because I was denied so everything to do with me will be, but only today, just now as I was looking out of the window did it hit home.

I couldn't sell anything because if I did and it was all a success, that would make me feel good, it would make me feel wanted and loved and that isn't the truth of how it was for me right from the very beginning of my life. I had to feel this so nothing sold, I felt denied, hated, useless, not wanted, not loved, ignored and so on. The whole situation was showing me the truth of how unwanted I truly was as every one of my customers rejected me until my business no longer existed and had to close and disappear all together, that being how I have always felt inside and I have been doing all I can to try and prove I exist, all of that creative stuff, making stuff, all to prove I am here, be noticed but in the end the truth was shown to me. My business was rejected out of existence.

Its amazing, that is how my parents truly felt about me coming along, as soon as they found out about me coming along, it wasn't joyous but "Oh no, what will we do, we don't want another one, we can't afford it" and all of the other feelings mum and dad felt that entered me, I can feel the truth of their rejection of me because my whole life has been one big denial of that truth, I have desperately orchestrated a life for myself trying to prove that is not true, I was wanted, I will show everyone but it didn't work, the truth always comes out and I was reduced to the truth of how my parents felt about me, not existing to anyone.

Nothing I do can be a success because that isn't the truth of how it was for me as

a child, I thought it was but I was in such denial of the truth. I WAS NOT WANTED, NOTHING I DID WAS WANTED, NOTHING I SAID WAS WANTED, NOTHING I MADE WAS WANTED because of this truth that was in my parents and they pretended to me, they lied to me that I was loved and wanted so I went on believing it but the truth was in me all along and my whole life was screaming it at me, its all been a lie, I was not truly wanted or loved so nothing I am can be truly wanted or loved until I have felt it thoroughly out of me and it hit me at that window just now, the truth was a bright light inside of me and shone so I could see it clearly that I was not truly loved or wanted that is why nothing I do will succeed for me, it can't, it has to fail so I feel the pain of how it feels to be unwanted and unloved.

A baby feels it all.

1 December 2018

I feel so certain that I wasn't wanted when my parents found out they were having me, they had doubts, so many. So many fears about me coming. I can feel it so certain in me. They had me but didn't really want



me, it was the last thing they needed but had to go through with it. I was so unwanted but they put on a brave face and they have said that to me as a child when something happened to me that caused me pain; "Put on a brave face" and I have. I have denied my pain because I was the pain that was denied by them, they put on a brave face and muddled through with the pregnancy slowly growing to get used to the fact I was coming, there was nothing they could do so they got on with it.

I felt that, I knew the truth of how they felt and they thought they could keep it from me as they kept it from each other, how they were really feeling about me coming. It was all a lie, all they put on happiness when I was born, it is how you are meant to feel so they did it all, all the fake shit about a new baby coming.

None of it was true. They were scared, terrified, broke and tied to another mouth to feed, more hard work and sleepless nights, none of it fun just fucking hard work.

I definitely was not wanted by them and that is why I have such a disconnection with them, that is why I can't let them near me because I have always known the truth, my SOUL has, I just had to catch up with it and uncover the truth for myself through my feelings, I didn't want to believe it was true, they had been good, loving parents as far as I knew but it was all an act, how you are suppose to be with your children, not real though because I know that to be the truth because I have never felt their love connection in my heart, only ever in my mind.

I don't have any of their love in my heart; I don't feel them, ever! I can't let them cuddle me, love me or anything like that, they try and it has always made me angry that they try and now I know why, because it was not real and I know what is real because my soul has always known the truth. Fuck it has been in me all this time and only NOW, right in this moment is it grounded in me so bright and clear like a bright light shining on it, the truth. They didn't love me, they didn't want me and all the love they showed me and all the niceties have been fake and they have believed their own lies, they have convinced themselves, and me, that they really did love me yet I couldn't understand why I didn't love them and that is because I know the truth, My Soul knew the truth and I couldn't help but feel it, yet I tried so hard to deny it was true.



I wasn't wanted or loved as a baby at conception and I can feel that truth.

Fuck, I feel good, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck I feel so happy and good and wonderful that I now know the truth, it is shining inside me like a bright light, I can see it, the truth shines so bright, WOW.

Not feeling wanted.

1 December 2018

They didn't want me so no part of me can be wanted, nothing I do can be truly wanted because at my conception and as a baby I was not wanted, I was rejected so my whole life has to be one of rejection and that rejection underpinned my whole life and the life of my children, they are suffering the same shit as me. I passed it all on to them and the rejection is happening all around them, I can see it.

I have always felt impoverished inside because of this lack of love so my whole life is impoverished and poor, every aspect of it has to stay this way, poor because that is how it feels to be without love, impoverished and poor and shrivelled up inside. It is all so clear now, today.

I can't receive Love!

3 December 2018

The way I feel about not being able to receive God's Divine Love is the same way I felt about not feeling my parents' love and I understand that God is helping me feel this pain. I feel so frustrated, like I will never feel it, it won't happen to me and there is an anger that I want to get to, it is so deep down and gone so denied by myself because I was not allowed to feel it, so I shut it away somewhere, I can't find where I put it. I can't get to the real anger I need to feel so the more I go on longing for God's Love, the more frustrated I am getting at not receiving it, so the longer it goes on the deeper my anger will get and I hope I will get to a point where I can feel how it felt not to receive love from my parents.

I know I am not there yet but it is brewing, the frustration will grow into full-blown anger. There is a level I want to get to but can't yet. I feel anger but not deep enough, it blows out and I get to a point where I feel "what's the point, nothing will change" it fizzles away; I can't maintain the anger because it wasn't allowed so I am still not allowing it. I really want to get to my denied and suppressed anger, please help me Mother and Father, help me get to it please.

My parents are still in control of me, telling me to stop it, stop being miserable and cross, it's bad and naughty, only they are allowed to be angry, with us. I am not allowed to be angry at them and defiantly not express it to them, no way. So

this is still inside me and anger is so hard to get to. I can feel angry but it's not touching it really, it's not the deep anger I need to feel, it feels so hidden away.

There is a feeling in me of having to settle for not receiving God's Love, I have to just get on with it, I can't have it and that is that, I can't get to any real deep feeling about how sad I am about it and that frustrates me that I can't feel. They have taken away my ability to feel my anger in the way I need to, I know it is there but I can't get to it, so fucking frustrating. I am so used to going without, not even realising I had gone without, I thought they loved me, I thought whatever it was, was love even though I didn't feel it but because they were my parents and they looked after me and did what normal parents do, that was love, I didn't really give it any thought until my healing, it awakened the truth in me and I settled, I bloody well had to settle for not receiving real love but this fake love that couldn't be felt, now I can't feel any love because now I know I never could because it was all in the mind and not the heart.

The longer I am going on not receiving God's Love, the more pissed off and frustrated I am getting which must have been what I felt with my parents but just gave up and settled with what I had and I can feel that same feeling in me now, with God, so I know it's the truth of how it was for me as a child with my parents, I gave in trying and just got on with what they wanted. I feel like giving up, it's useless trying, like how it was with my parents, futile. It won't happen for me and I don't even feel like I am allowed to be sad about that, I just have to get on with it. This is so tough.

But how do I really feel, help me Mother and Father!

There is a feeling rising in me of deep grief, like death, like I am missing out on something so incredible but I can't have it. It's so unfair I can't have it; I want it more than anything but I won't get it. It feels like it is not even real, it is a fantasy, it doesn't exist to me. I want something that will never come because it doesn't exist. What a let down, love doesn't exist and that is how I really feel, love doesn't exist because for me it didn't, I didn't feel it in my heart in a place of truth so it is all a fantasy for me until I feel it from God, until then it's all a fantasy. All wishful thinking, a dream. Have I made it all up? Any time I thought I felt it, with my mind, probably.

I didn't feel love with my parents so I don't feel it with God, it has to be that way because it is the truth of how it was for me as a child and that is the truth, God isn't going to fill me with love when that wasn't the truth for me, God won't lie to me, God is showing me how it was, the truth and I can't give or receive love because it isn't in me to do that, it never was. I have blocked out that truth and believed I was loved because my parents told me I was, not because I felt it, I didn't. That belief of being loved was all in their and my minds and it stopped me from feeling the pain of the truth, it kept me in denial of the real pain I was in. Me denying that pain made me hurt myself even more by medicating it and going to my life of addictions to keep me away from feeling the truth of not feeling truly loved. It's all such a huge fuck up; one I feel is too huge to get out of.

All I can do is carry on asking God to help me with this, keep feeling my feelings as they arise and hope I can nibble away at feeling and getting to the anger, allowing myself to feel it, it's hard, so hard to turn it around and give myself full permission to be angry, I am scared of it, I am scared of being heard even by the neighbours, they might tell me off or think I am mad, shit every one is my parents telling me I am not allowed to be angry, what if they hear me, what if someone comes to the door and hears me, I will have to explain myself. I do express anger but I can't let myself really go because I am scared of being seen or heard, it's always in the back of my mind. I feel like a hopeless lost cause right now, like I have got no where in my healing and am back at the beginning again, it's such a hard slog, I feel so suppressed, repressed, oppressed by the whole world but it's all come from my parents and now I am in their tiny box that my feelings are keeping me in, this oppressive box that keeps closing in on me until I am crushed out of existence. It's so fucking hard.

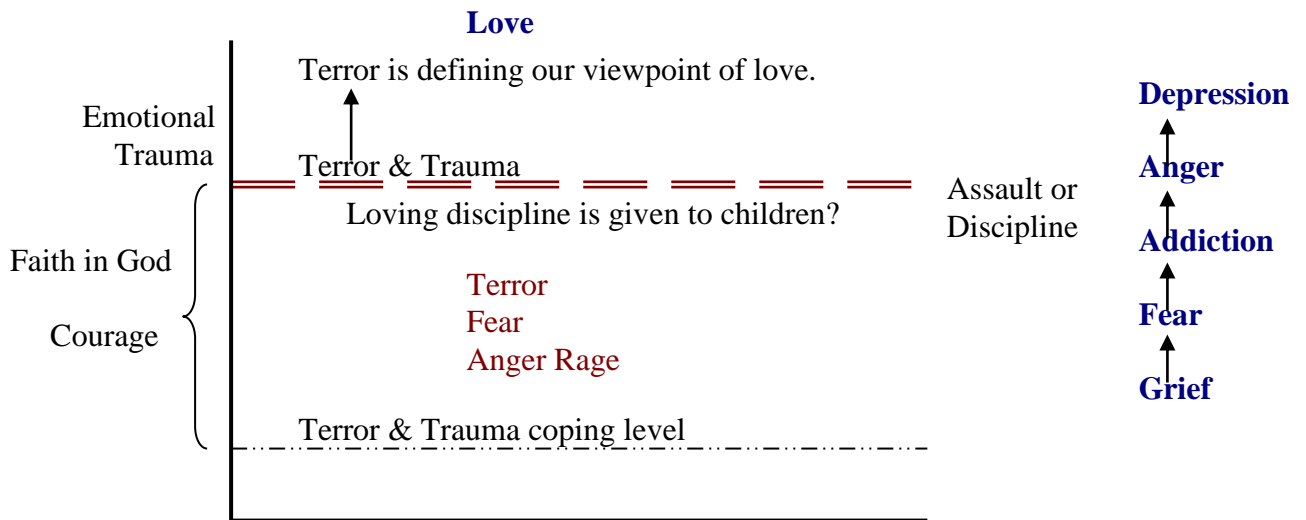
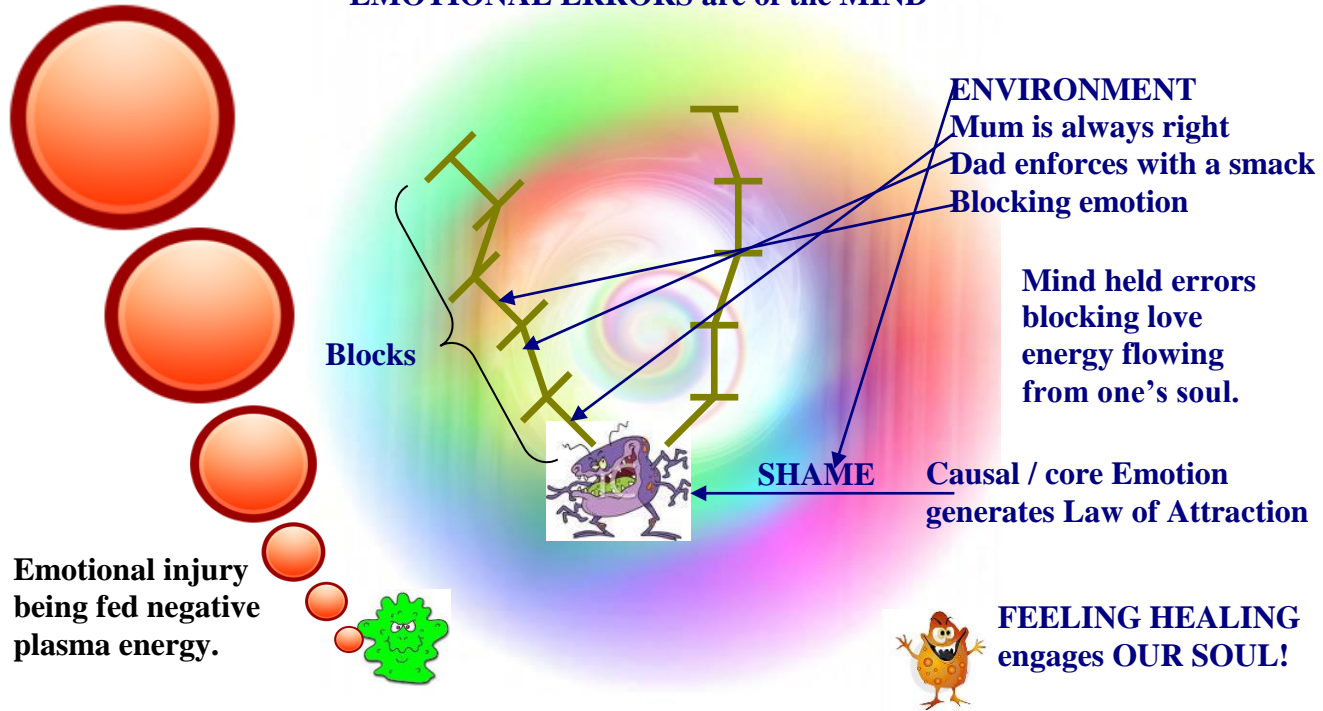
Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

The Rejected Ones – the Feminine Aspect of God

<http://divinelovesp.weebly.com/my-free-books-and-free-padgett-messages.html> ALSO at
<https://www.pascashealth.com/index.php/library.html?file=files/opensauce/Downloads/MEDICAL%20-%20SPIRITUAL%20REFERENCES/Rejected%20Ones%20via%20James%20Moncrief.pdf>

EMOTIONAL ERRORS are of the MIND



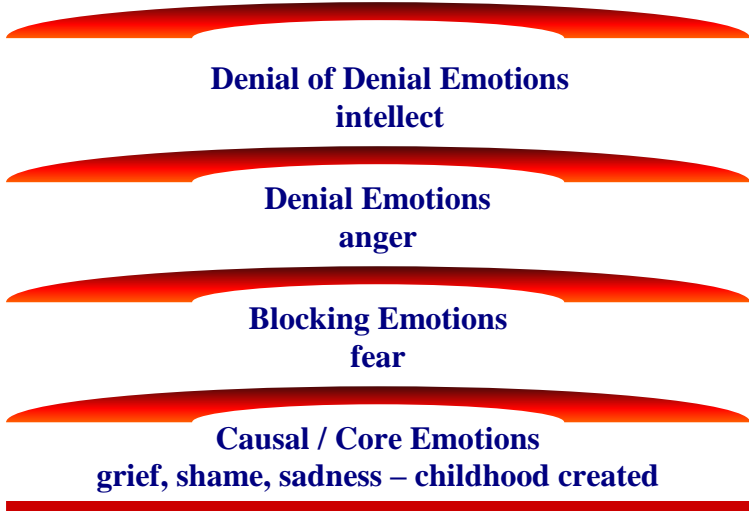
If someone is jealous, they are afraid.

- Jealous
- ↓
- Fear
- ↓
- Anger
- ↓
- Rage
- ↓
- Resentment

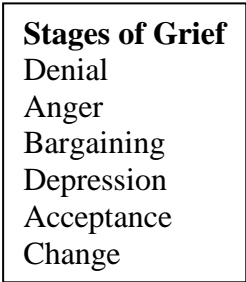


FEAR:

**In reality, our whole life is governed by fear.
When you become one with God, all our fears will be gone.
It is our fears which cause all of our physical pain.**



Anger is the method you use to suppress your fear. Suppressing of blocking and causal emotions. Fear cause all your problems with your body. Generational passing down of emotions. Law of Attraction is based on causal emotion.

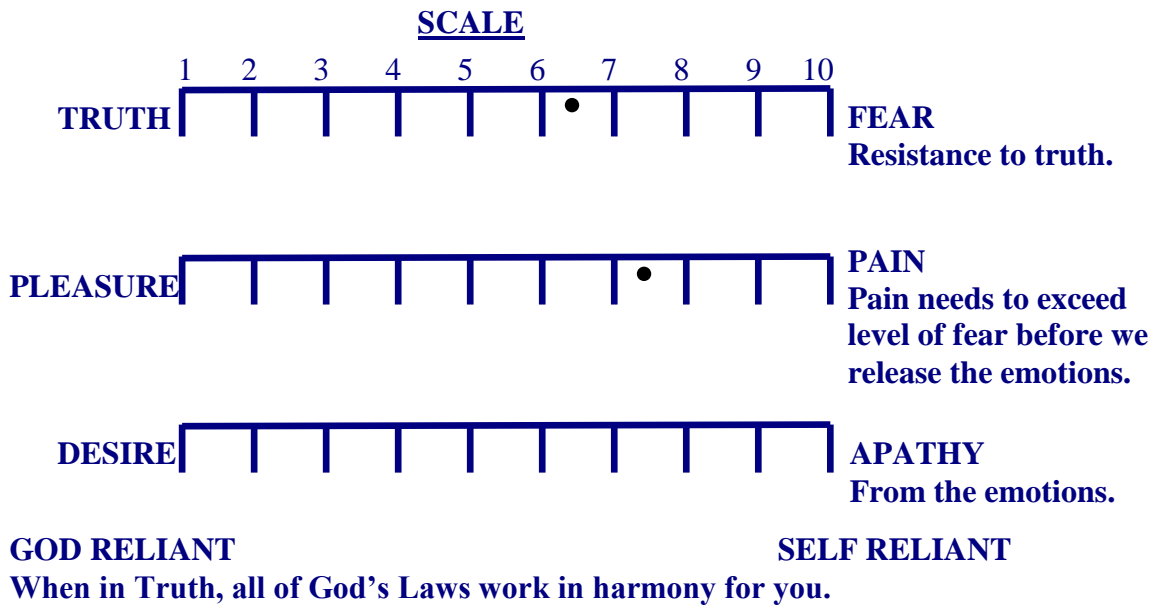
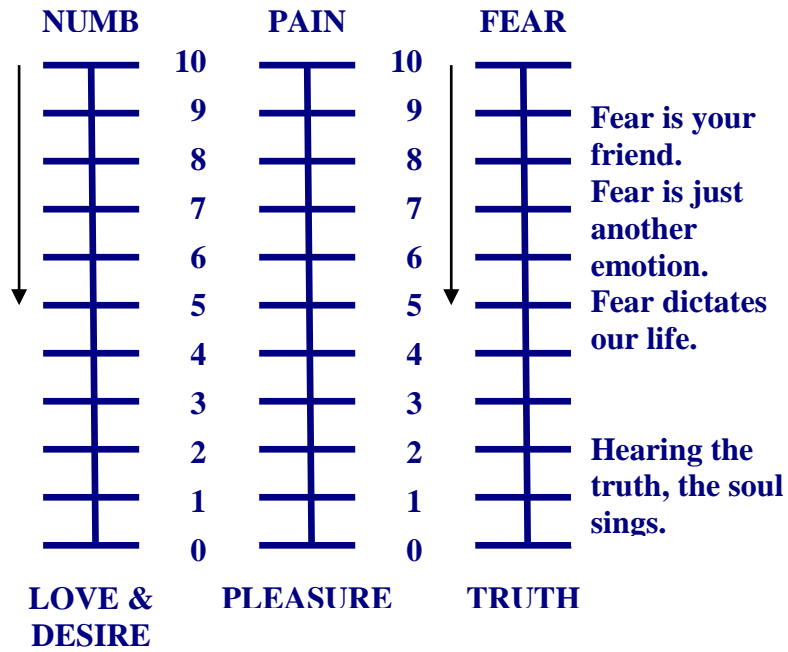


All depression is our desire to suppress our anger.



Everything is a reflection of our soul based emotion or the denial of the emotion. The body tells us constantly

**Anger - 1 – expectation that is not getting met
- 2 – anger tells you when you are afraid but ignoring it
Fear of pain results in anger suppression.
Fear is the cause of all of our pain.**



DESIRE / FEAR PENDULUM:**DESIRE**

Desires need to be higher than the fear to feel the emotion.

FEAR

Reduce fear with truth.

**DESIRE NEEDS**

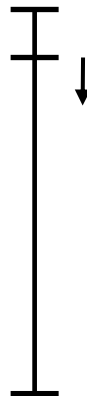
To enter emotions:

- Prayer to grow our desires.
- Prayer to feel truth.
- Nurture feelings that are positive.
- Lessen the fear that suppresses the desire.

TRUTH (all happens emotionally)

PAIN / DESIRE

Desires need to be higher than the fear / error to feel the emotion.

FEAR / ERROR

Reduce fear with truth.

If your fear is greater than pain we will not deal with the pain.

We are accepting the fear more than pain.

We need to get fear lower than pain / desire so we can address the pain.

Pain is error leaving.

PLEASURE

1. Breath – into diaphragm.
2. Feel your body – be in your body.
3. We want to get into an emotion as they occur – allow the emotion immediately.
4. Pray – a longing directed towards your Creator for assistance to deal with our emotions. PURE connection with God, needs to be with sincerity.
5. Allow your Law of Attraction to trigger your fears – notice your LOA.

TRUTH (all happens emotionally)

Just don't know what is true anymore.

3 December 2018

Today, I feel like I don't know what is true anymore. I don't trust anything and it leaves me in a very lonely and disconnected place. I feel like I am on an island, alone and that is how I felt as a child, so disconnected from life and people and I am feeling the truth of that. I had no love connection with my parents and it disconnected me from the whole world and myself, I didn't know what or who to believe for myself, I had to be told and over these last few days I am doubting everything and asking myself "How do they know that is true" when I hear or read something, I don't believe anything, it's all been a lie and as I heal myself through my feelings I am seeing the truth of the lies.

I am questioning everything and feel like I am starting all over again bringing it all back to me and my feelings and seeing the truth of the fantasy I have believed in. Love has not been a huge part of my life, not feeling it as a child so how do I know what truth is without it, I don't, I don't know anything and all I thought I knew is only that; a thought in my mind. It's all been a fantasy in my mind; I have lived a deluded life and gained power from that delusion. Shit, I am questioning everything like how I wasn't allowed to as a child, my whole life is being shown to me as a huge delusion, it isn't real and it has made me question everything and everyone.

Shit, it's all been beliefs, my whole life made up and I thought this was right but it was so wrong. Even up to very recently in the way I feel about God, Mary and Jesus and the Celestials, all a belief, wishful thinking, another of my fairy tale fantasies that I believed were true but I have yet to experience the truth of them so my strong belief in them has stopped me knowing them in any truth, I am my beliefs were in the way, I can't get to them while I cling onto my beliefs, needs and fears of letting my beliefs about them go. I am very scared of letting them go, I am clinging on to my wrong beliefs about them, my fantasies. I am so scared of letting them go in case I never get to experience them for real. But my fantasy of them is blocking my way to them, it feels so risky to let it all go in case they don't really exist, then I have lost everything, then there is nothing for me.

My Soul drives me on to God, it's a pull that is in me, a feeling that I can't stop but I have so many other conflicting feelings and I can't even put it into words

how I am so all over the place with my feelings today, I am very confused.

A life of delusion.

3 December 2018

Today, it is really hitting me that my whole life has been a delusion and it is madness to live such a delusional life, I have been living in fucking madness that I believed was real, oh my God. None of it based on truth or love, all mind created, nothing real from the heart. All my thoughts about God, Mary and Jesus all in my mind and I thought it was real, now I can feel it all crumbling down around me, the illusion of it all, I believed my own shit and I feel today I have gone to a deeper level of feeling where my beliefs are shattering about the things I most cared about and believed were true, none of it is true because I can't feel Love so I don't know truth, I don't have a clue.

I can't determine truth so how can I know that God, Mary and Jesus are true, I can't because I don't have Love to be able to feel what is loving or not, truth or not. I don't have a clue and it is all being shown to me now, I don't know what is true and all I did think was true is now crumbling down and I am left with nothing of it, all gone, I can see it crumbling and disintegration before me in its untruth, all how I felt about everything, I have nothing left, not even God, it has all had to go because it is wrong, a creation of my mind and I can feel it leaving me. Yet, all the time this is happening I can still feel a pull towards God, a drive that I can't change, that is still there but my mind's creations of God are leaving me, I can feel it but the pull for truth is still there in me and as I am writing this, I can feel it getting stronger, like one is taking over the other. I will leave it there and let what is happening to me to occur, it is strange what is happening in me.

God has been all in my mind.

3 December 2018

I am feeling so shocked, all I thought I knew about God is in my mind, a belief and that belief has kept me from really feeling and knowing God. I have been in my own way, I have been stopping the flow of God's Divine Love instead of letting God show and teach me about who They are, my beliefs have blocked

them. I thought I was right but today I am seeing it all crumble around me, I don't know God, but I do want to so I will continue longing to Them to show me.

I will repeat my feelings as many times as I need to.

3 December 2018

I really do feel like I am beginning again, I am at the start of it all and all before me has been breaking down my bullshit even how I thought about God, it has all had to go and today I feel so uncertain about everything, I don't know anything and that leaves me in a weird place of nothingness as I let it all go, which is so hard to let go of God, Mary and Jesus, let go of my beliefs about them that my mind has controlled and created.

I know I keep repeating myself but I feel I have to, I can't believe it all, it is such a shock to me that the truth has hit me so hard today and I can now see what I have been doing because I am so scared that there is nothing if I don't make up some fantasy for my mind to believe so it can feel safe and not rejected into nothingness. If there is no God, then there is nothing, no Love or Truth, only mind created "Love" and without the hope of receiving God's Divine Love, I have nothing, I don't exist without it, no one else can give it to me, I couldn't rely on my parents to give it to me so there is no one if not God. That hoping for God's Love is still not the truth, it is wishful thinking of the mind, a belief that I will get it but I don't know for sure, I might not ever and I will be rejected into the mind Mansion Worlds, not being able to be with my Mother and Father like it was for me as a child. I was with them, my mother and father, but not really with them, not feeling I was with them because I didn't feel their love for me. I am scared of that being the same with God; it is unbearable to feel that rejection. I need to feel God's Love for me to know they are real and they Love me if I don't then their love doesn't exist to me whereas I have been living in a belief that They do love me, of course they do, just like I have done with my parents but it was all belief with both sets of parents, I never felt it and that is the truth so I am not loved until I feel it in my heart.

I am in constant feeling of turmoil.

3 December 2018

This is very confusing and complex for me so I keep coming back to it as I feel more into it all and my feelings twist and turn as my mind creeps back in and then my feelings tell me the truth of how I feel, the pain and rejection I feel from my parents and God. It is so hard and confusing, I am in constant feeling turmoil today and I feel sick with the confusion as my mind breaks down and my feelings rise up. I feel that God doesn't love me, God doesn't even know I exist so I feel like I don't exist, I don't even know if God exists because I don't feel them. I don't feel anyone loves me or ever will no matter how much I long for it, I won't get it.

Does God even EXIST?

3 December 2018

I don't want God to be a relationship in my head, like my parents, I want it to be in my heart, I want to feel God so I know they are true and they exist. I know what I have read and been told about God and have had some feelings that I thought were God's Divine Love but I am doubting that now, I want to know it for sure, I want to be certain without a doubt. I don't have a clue about God or anything and this week it has been rising in me and I haven't wanted to accept it but today I do, I don't have a clue about God, all of my beliefs about God have been broken down as I feel more truth of my untrue state about what I know about God.

I have been in and out of feeling so bad about all I am saying here, feeling really terrible in saying I don't know if God exists, shit it feels so wrong to even say that about God but I want the fantasy to end so I can know the truth about God, from God and all of my false beliefs have had to be broken down because I feel they are in the way of any truth as all lies are, they keep me from the truth.

I do still feel a pull to know God but not how I have been doing it, with my mind, shit it is incredible that I have deluded myself all this time into believing I knew something about God, I don't. It was all my mind control and power to believe I knew something.

My lack of receiving God's Divine Love when I longed for it has gradually led me to feeling that there is no Love for me to feel, like there wasn't any from my parents, its the same and then question if there is even a God and I went into a panic and confusion about the doubt I had. God was never a topic that ever came up as a child in my family. God never really existed to us and my God was my mum and dad and that was it and I have been taken back to that place in my childhood.

My parents were the be all and end all in my life, not God, they made it all happen, there was no one above them so I am back there at that moment. In my mind they are still God and still in control of me and have so much power and God didn't get a look in, so have I been convincing myself that God exists because I want to feel loved and feel powerful because of receiving that love instead of the powerless wreck I am now because I haven't received the love I needed. My longing to God isn't true, when I feel about why I want it, I want it to stop me feeling so powerless and it isn't right, I want to be like my parents, the all powerful one and it isn't good or true. This is all wrong, I am all-wrong and I want to know the truth of my wrongness. It is very confusing for me. I keep losing it and not knowing what I am feeling. I feel like I am tying myself in knots with so many contradicting feelings.

I had to believe in my parents, not God and I am so confused.

Is God even real!

4 December 2018

I have woken up still feeling so conflicted. I hate myself for saying I can't trust God and don't even believe in Them. I spent the night praying to them, to God who I have said I don't believe exist to me, what am I doing!! They are all I have even though I am not sure how I feel about them, I am telling them they don't exist and then praying to them and talking to them all night and telling them all about my pain, they are all I have and that is how it was for me as a child. I didn't feel my parent's love for me yet they are all I had and couldn't let them go because I would have no one and that is how I am feeling now, like I have cut off everyone because I don't feel their love and I don't trust them to be true. It has left me in the very place I was scared of, alone and with nothing, isolated.

I can't stop praying to Mother and Father, there is such a strong pull towards them and I can feel my soul telling me They do exist and that is my journey, to Them but my mind is telling me they don't exist, like They didn't exist for me as a child, only my parents existed to me and my mind still wants them to have total control over me, my mind is telling me God doesn't exist to me, yet I can feel such a strong pull towards God.

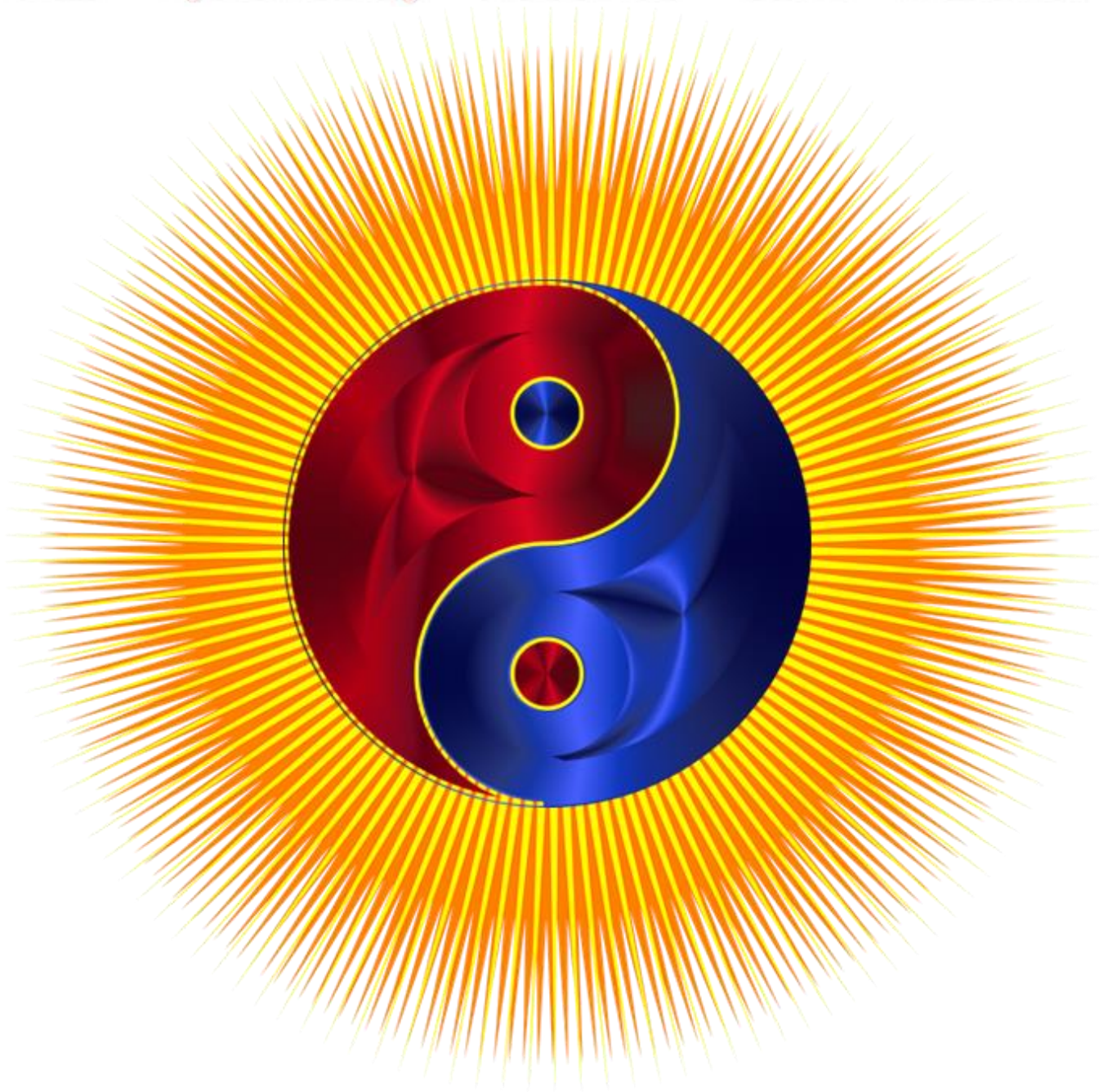
I feel terrible inside, like a feeling of guilt at my denying God, like I am the epitome of the Rebellion against God, I am it, the most evil person alive as I tell God I don't believe in You, as I reject Them and hate Them for not showing me any love to the point of me giving up on Them and saying I don't believe in You, I needed You to love me and You didn't which is really shouting at my parents and feeling so angry at them. I feel so wrong for doing this, so bad and horrible and selfish and hateful. I don't deserve any love from Them as I deny Them and turn my back on Them which is what I wanted to do as a child to my parents but couldn't, I needed them and I am doing the same with God, I can't fully leave Them as I need Them.

I am rebelling against God.

4 December 2018

All the time more and more truth keeps coming up in me as I long to God for the truth to be shown to me. I am rebelling against God and screaming and shouting at them the way I wasn't allowed to do to my parents, I am letting God have it telling Them I don't believe in you, I hate you, You don't love me, you are liars and all the rest of my projected pain when it is really my parents I am yelling and hating at. I couldn't do this to them I wasn't allowed so I am now taking it all out on God telling Them they don't love me, they don't exist to me. God is allowing me to take it all out on Them, get it all out of me, express it all, all what I wanted to say to my parents, that which is still in me and needs to come out. I am being that child that was denied expression, repressed, suppressed and oppressed of all she felt and now it is coming out. I am allowed to tell God I don't believe in you, God wants to hear it all, all my vileness.

Our Heavenly Mother and Father



So empty without Gods love.

4 December 2018

I am feeling really empty now. Having spent all day yesterday and most of the night expressing so much out of me I feel emptied out and have had no feelings so I am in bed writing this probably because I don't want to feel my boredom and emptiness so I am hanging this out. I feel a huge space of nothing and it makes me wonder if that is all there is once my healing ends, nothingness. It is something I can't know and will have to wait and see what comes.

I feel like a disappointment.

9 December 2018

It's about half an hour till my birthday and I feel like shit. I have been feeling bad and letting my feelings take me back to my birth. I feel like I don't know why I am coming out, being born, I don't want to. I don't feel loved or wanted so why are they having me. I am scared, I don't want to be born, I can't feel any good feelings from them, I don't feel they are happy to see me by putting it on, it's all lies, they are shit scared and oh my God, I have just felt the disappointment in them both at me being another girl, mum wants to apologise to dad. I feel like it's all my fault.

These feelings have been with me all my life, scared to go out, scared of people, feeling like I am always in the way, feeling like I am not what people want, apologising for myself when it isn't my fault and so on, it all came from my unloving birth.

I don't feel anything good about my birthday and I never have, I have always wanted it to be over and never wanted any presents, I wasn't really wanted on my birth day by my parents, they pretended they loved me and I know this to be true because I have never felt their love for me in my heart. It's not something I want to celebrate because I know the truth of how my parents felt on that day.

I am as unappreciative about receiving anything on my birthday as my parents were about receiving me, it means nothing. I felt nothing from them both and that is the nothing I am in now as I put an end to trying to be something. The truth I am now left with is that i am 'Nothing'. That is all I feel, the truth of how I

felt as a child and as my birthday approaches, I am feeling that truth more. Without feeling love I feel like I don't exist, am invisible, am nothing.

Inside me I feel nothing and this nothing feels like it goes on forever, I can't see any end to it, it is a vast darkness like looking out into space. I feel this is all that I have now as everything else has gone, it has all disintegrated and left me with the truth of what I have been trying to avoid all my life, how nothing I am. I am Nothing. What do I do with that?

Let my feelings take me into my black hole of Nothingness, keep feeling it, keep longing to God to help me feel it all. Sit in it. I can't do anything in my nothingness because then I am trying to be something, I get up and do something and it is only me trying to avoid the truth of my nothingness, it's my mind trying to take over again as my parents did, to make me do something to stop being so useless. Every time my mind has an idea to do this or that, I feel for why I want to do it and it is all to get away from the bad feeling of my nothing truth. I sit in it and think I may be sitting here doing nothing for the rest of my life, it feels endless.

I am glad for bedtime so I can sleep to pass some time but the same nothingness will be there tomorrow, the same boring shit again.

Loving this Lemon Tree as I would have wanted to be loved. 9 December 2018

It's a tough day, crying all the time at the slightest thing. I was outside potting up a Lemon tree I have grown from seed and as I was doing it, and loving it, and taking so much care over it, I burst into tears and haven't been able to stop. The love and care I am giving it, looking after it from seed, kissing its leaves because it is so beautiful and I have nurtured it from the lemon I cut open and squeezed to make a lemon drink, I saved the seeds, peeled them and put them in a pot and only one of them grew, this one. I felt an overwhelming love and sadness mixed together at wishing I Had this care taken over me and I wish I had given this care to my own children. This little lemon tree grew to help me heal, to bring about all of these loving and sad feelings to help me get to the grief I feel. The grief that has been stuck and making me feel so sick over these last few days. I feel like I

am now touching on it and bringing it all up and out of me thanks to this little healing Lemon tree.

I could feel the love I was putting into the soil, bedding it in like I was being so loved and tucked in at night, like I was tucking in my own children but never really took the time to. So much grief at what I missed and what I have missed with my children. I think I have cared more about this little Lemon tree than I have my own children, I wish it was the care given to me, I wish I felt the love I am giving to it from my own parents and that is what I cry for, all the missed and unfelt love. Pouring all of my love into this Lemon tree, the love I wanted poured into me and the love I should have poured into my children. I feel so bad, so terrible like the worst person, so evil and vile, such a rubbish mother, such a rubbish child. I feel like the vilest person ever giving all my love to a plant when I couldn't do it for my children. I deserve to be in hell for my unlovingness, god I feel so sick, I can feel it burning in my stomach, sickness at how vile I am. I can feel the acid burning in my stomach, it is all me, vile and putrid.

I feel there is no hope for me today. The day I was born feels like the worst day ever as I am in so much deep pain at how unloved and how unloving I am. All sorts of little pains are being felt moving and changing in my body, I am so tired. I just want to cry all day, cry it out of me how awful I am, I feel.

Doing everything to be a success, to be noticed.

10 December 2018

Everything I have done in my life has been done to be noticed, to be a success, to be wanted because I wasn't wanted by my dad. And nothing has worked because my relationship with my dad didn't work; no one has wanted me because he didn't want me. I can't be a success because I wasn't a success with him. I can't connect to life because I couldn't connect to him and he couldn't connect to me. It has all had to fail as my relationship with him has failed; it has all turned to nothing. His feelings for me have all been an illusion; he was saying the words that a dad has to say, just playing the part with no heart connection, truth or love so my life has been the same, a reflection of this unloving relationship.

Dad doesn't even see me any more and at least he is being the truth now of how he felt when I was conceived, he didn't want me and now the truth is being lived by him not wanting to see me, not bothering, it was always such a chore for him to go and see anyone and I remember the arguments he and mum would have if she wanted to go and see her mum, he would kick up stink because he had to drive two hours to get there. He would come round my house and be breaking his neck to leave, well now he can relax, he never has to see me again. I want that too. I probably see him once a year by accident but I don't want to see him, he makes me feel awful, awkward, uncomfortable and all the other feelings I feel around him, I don't like him and he is not the sort of person I would choose to have in my life, I certainly wouldn't like him as a mate or even a work friend so why should I like him as a dad. Just because they are our parents, we don't have to like them or want them in our lives.

This relationship has a truth of Nothingness to it, No feelings, No care, No Love No Nothing, it is a useless Nothing relationship where he felt Nothing for me and now I can feel the truth of that because my life has been reduced to Nothing, that is all that is left for me to feel, the truth of how it was for me as a child, at my conception, birth and growing years, he was Nothing to me and I was Nothing to him. A complete breakdown of any love which is how my life is now and without any love I am left with Nothing.

Feeling the Nothingness.

10 December 2018

I have a nothing life where nothing in it works, I am reduced to a blob sitting on a couch with a red blanket, I am just a fixture, a meaningless fixture in my house, something the kids can take the piss out of now and again when I am still in my dressing gown and still in the same spot as they left me in. I feel Nothing, Void, empty, like a vacuum of no love just saying a few words, cooking and doing other meaningless stuff when I have to. Even the postman was shocked to see me dressed, didn't recognise me. I feel so Nothing, as nothing as the truth of my relationship with my parents. Absolutely, fucking useless nothing.

In that Nothingness I can feel anything, its weird, its like floating in nothingness,

my mind hates it, it tries to pull me out of it to do something but I just sit there in it, feeling nothing, like a non-existent person, someone who is here in body but nothing else, no soul, no life, no spirit just a shell of a nothing person who opens her mouth to talk but feels nothing. Where do I go from here? I just stay in my nothingness, its the truth of how I felt as a child, like I was nothing to no one but I made up a fantasy life, that I was something to everyone but really I know I was nothing, all pretend, none of it real because I wasn't anything to my dad. My whole life now is showing me the truth of that relationship. I can see right through it now, how it really was because my feelings are telling me the truth, the truth I denied all my life, I am nothing.

11 December 2018

Seeing more of the ugly truth about myself tonight. My sister messaged me from Australia to tell me that her eldest daughter is leaving home. I answered her with my one-up-manship answer telling her that my eldest son has left home and my daughter is more or less moved out as she stays round at her boyfriends every night. I couldn't be interested in her, I just went straight in for the 'been there, done that' sort of shit reply to her. I went straight in for the 'I am better than you'; I've already done that, reply that made me feel more powerfully than her. Fuck, is there no end to my power cravings. I have always done this to her, tried to get one over on her, trying to be better than her. She is older than me and the first born so she already has the power over me so I do all I can to be better than her.

I feel so sorry for her having me as a sister, what a fucker I really am, she can't have anything to herself without me trying to go one better. I remember on her 21st, I decided to get engaged to my boyfriend and we had the parties on the same night, yet again taking away her big moment, it should have been just for her and I took it from her. Shit, I have been a fucking nuisance to her, never wanting to be left out. Feeling less than her always, powerless compared to her, she was the first-born and had my parents' attention always. She told me a little while ago she always felt loved by them and I could see this throughout my life, they were very proud of her and I tried to live up to that, be like her, but it all failed.

I am going to tell her how sorry I am for always overpowering her moments when we were younger. I feel terrible about it now. She put up with me, I wanted to go with her everywhere, sometimes she told mum to tell me to leave her alone, she wanted to go out with her friends alone and without me. Shit, I used to go mental, I would go into a tantrum and scream how much every one hates me, no one wants me with them. I remember those times and tantrums. I felt so unwanted, rejected.

I wanted the relationship she had with my parents, I was hurt and jealous of them, I was always second. I wanted to be best, I wanted to be loved and cared about the most like she was. It wasn't fair, it wasn't equal. She got to stay up later than me, I had to go to bed on my own, before her and it wasn't fair. I could hear them talking and laughing without me, it wasn't fair.

We never argued or fought really, she was a great sister to me but I was a jealous little cow who wanted everything she had. I looked up to her so much, I wanted to be her, not me, I was useless, no one wanted second best Sam. I wanted to be loved like she was, make my parents proud like she did. She did everything right, I just fucked it all up. She went out with rich, decent, posh boys, I went out with the rough, poor, drinkers and spent my night down the pub, she spent her weekends at the racing track as her boyfriend was a rich racing driver and she went to all the top London posh parties, I went to after hours lock ins with the blokes I was seeing at the time. I fucked it all up, my parents couldn't be proud of me, I was a problem and my dad even introduced me to his work mates as that, "this is Sam, our problem" I will never forget it. They didn't know what to do with me. My sister did it all right and now has a rich husband, all the money she could need and a huge house in Melbourne while I am a Widow, have no money, no house of my own and live on a council estate.

She was wanted at conception and birth; it was all so different for her. They were still unloving parents and full of fault but how they felt about her was so different to how they felt about me and it shows and always has. She says she felt loved and her life shows it, it has gone so different to mine. I never felt wanted or loved and my life has reflected this truth to me. It isn't wrong, the truth is there for me to see and I tried to be more like her so they would feel the same but I couldn't sustain it; it wasn't the truth for me.

I feel really bad, unloved and unwanted and I can see the truth of this as I feel my way through my life and how it has been for me, all so poor, such a struggle compared to my sister. I feel terrible in so many ways, crushing bad feelings as I become more aware of what I have tried to do to be loved and none of it working for me, I was always an embarrassment and disappointment, never quite good enough for them, the bad girl, the off the rails child, shameful one.

The Little ME!

11 December 2018

Sad for the little ME!



You know what! As I came to the end of writing the above, I felt so sorry for myself, really sad for the desperate child that I was/am. I am so sad for the little me and I have this deep sorrow feeling in me that wants to give me a big hug and sit with me and listen to all I want to say about how unloved I feel. I want to be my own big sister to myself and love me and want to hear all I have to say.

Yes, I feel so much sympathy and compassion for myself at being so forgotten, denied and unloved. If I was wanted and loved equally by my parents I would feel it but I don't, I feel the opposite and I kidded myself they loved and cared for me the same way they did for my sister. I was lesser and unworthy and I have always felt this way deep inside, lowly.

I am so sorry for myself, I am sad for me, it wasn't my fault, I wasn't cared about or loved how I needed to be, they left me, I felt deserted by them, like I was nothing and now that truth is my life, nothing.

I am very sad for my impoverished self.

Feeling the truth of my weakness.

11 December 2018

Feeling so weak and ill today. I had to go into town and I felt close to collapsing and just shutting down. I had to sit down and just let my weakness have its way with me, I couldn't go on so I sat there letting my weakness take me over, letting it win. I got back to my car and felt the safeness and relief of having got there and the next step was getting home where I can flop out on my bed as I am doing now. It was such an ordeal as everything was with my parents as a child, an ordeal.

I am so tired and weak I want to sleep, I have no energy, I feel ill. This is how I felt most of my life, at home with them, my parents, they drained me of my lie force like vampires keeping me just alive, I feel like that now. My eyes are stinging where I am so tired and I am so glad to be back home so I can sleep.

I hate going out, I hate having to park up, get a ticket, do what I need to do then pay my ticket and find my car and get out of the multi story car park then through the traffic lights and home, it's such an ordeal, I hate it all, the ordeal drains me completely and it is just like how it was going anywhere with my parents, so hard, constantly getting lost, arguing, with us not making a sound as dad blamed mum for it all and we could all feel his anger rising, it was scary and such an ordeal to go through.

I am flat out tired and worn out feeling so ill and weak, I have no power and a scratchy sore throat, it feels like I am coming down with an illness but I know this feeling and it never comes to anything, it goes after I have expressed it. I was so weak at home; so sickly and mum always says I was a very healthy child, where the fuck was she! I had terrible whooping cough when I was 6 or 7, I got a disease called Natal sores which I caught in Africa which were huge pustules, sores that oozed all the time and I was in agony with it as every morning i was stuck to the bed sheets and had to sleep with the towel under me, shit what were they thinking taking us there, I was always ill out there.

I can't believe mum never saw it, how ill I have been, I feel like, what the fuck, didn't you see me, how could you think I was healthy, I thought I was close to dying when we got to Africa and I got whooping cough, I was so scared. It's

amazing I survived, i can remember being bed ridden for seven weeks and the pain I had in my head, I will never forget, I couldn't see properly I was in so much pain thinking I would die.

This is the poor condition I was in because I was so unloved, the best way to have my parents care about me is to be really ill, near dying, only then do i have their attention and I feel a feeling of comfort in being ill because I am being cared for. It takes me nearly dying to be able to feel something from them both so my body stayed ill on and off for most of my childhood. But they think I wasn't ill that often and I can't believe they are in so much denial.

I am feeling that same crushing weakness now but getting no attention or care, all I can do is feel the compassion I can feel growing inside me for me. Poor me, I feel the same sorrow for myself as I felt yesterday and I am getting to feel like I am being my own parent to myself, how I wanted it to be, caring, cuddling me, letting me talk and cry about how fucking awful I feel, I am being that loving parent to myself now and it is a fairly new feeling that I am feeling more and more as I heal. I wonderful self love for myself that i never felt from my parents, so much deep compassion for myself, giving myself all the sympathy and pity I need.

A little while ago I told Trevor about how I wanted someone to feel sorry for me, show sympathy to me like they really meant it and really cared about me and he was a bit taken back by what I said, he couldn't believe I wanted people to feel sorry for me or that i wanted their sympathy, he said "surely not Sam, why would you want people's sympathy" he saw me as being quite pathetic and was shocked but I wanted to feel understood and sympathise with like someone really understands and can give me those feelings because they are feeling me, connected to me but it has never happened until now and it is in me, feeling sorry for me, me sympathizing for me. I am being the person I need.

So I am sitting on my bed pouring out all of my weakness, and the words are hardly coming out of me, my voice sometimes doesn't work and no sound comes out, that is how it is today, I can't be heard because I wasn't as a child so more of the truth is being shown to me physically of how it was. I was weak and that weakness went unspoken and unheard, staying in me until now where I am

spewing it all up and out of me and letting myself feel the compassion that is rising in me as I sympathise for myself, cuddle myself and comfort myself and tell myself I have really been through it and I want to hear about it all because I am interested.

I have no idea what love is.

11 December 2018

I don't know what is love or loving, I am beginning to feel some care for myself but I have no idea what love feels like, I just don't know how to love or how to receive love. I don't have a clue about any of it but I want to.



Feeling so empty inside.

12 December 2018

I feel so desperately empty inside, I don't know what to do, it feels so empty and like it will never change. I am so bored all the time as there is no point to anything. There is nothing for me, its all fake and false and not real. I can't do anything in this world; there is nothing for me. It feels like it is me, and the world, so separate, no connection with anything which is how it was with my parents, its how I felt with them and I am now living that truth.

No connection to anything. I am seeing how bored I was and how I looked to them to end my boredom but they didn't want to, they gave me stuff and food to keep me quiet so I forgot about how bad I am feeling and got distracted by the stuff they were giving me so I have looked to everything outside of myself to keep me happy and entertained because it is how they taught me, not to feel but to deny my bad feelings.

I went straight to doing things to stop me feeling bad and it disconnected me from my feelings, my soul and that feels so terrible that they have done this to me. Its what all parents do to their children to stop them feeling bad and it is so evil because they end up like me, fucked and so far away from them selves and their feelings like their feelings are so bad we mustn't go near them, avoid them at all costs and our parents teach us how to do that, distracting us from feeling with food, drinks, toys, computers, phones, dummies for babies and all sorts of stuff.

I became addicted to not feeling my bad feelings. Now, without all of those things to distract me, I am left with nothing, emptiness, a vast space inside of me that is hollow. It has all had to go and I am left with nothing, boredom and just sitting feeling it day after day, the same. God, I feel so useless, but me being useful was just more distraction from my feelings, it was mum and dad telling me to make myself useful instead of being bored, they didn't want to hear it so told me to go and find something to do or they would, mum was always on the go and it used to make my dad feel bad because he felt like he had to do stuff too or she would think he was lazy and not helping her, he felt obliged to do things as she made him feel bad with her business, she made us all feel bad and dad would get angry with her and tell her to just sit down and stop for a moment.

I can remember pretending I was doing things so she would think I was being useful but I wanted to be useless but wasn't allowed, now I am allowed, I am not doing anything but the only thing that matters, feeling my feelings.

Selfish woman made me feel my anger.

12 December 2018

I am so angry today. I had to go to the post office to post something and I couldn't park because this woman had parked over two parking spaces, shit I was fuming and still am. Inconsiderate fucking bastard, I wanted to scream in her face how much I hated her for being so selfish, no one else could get in. I can't believe the anger she has brought out in me, the rage I feel over this. She made things so difficult for me, I couldn't park, I couldn't just do what I wanted to do, I had to go somewhere else to park and she really put me out. She stopped me from having an easy time of it and just parking where I wanted to park, I

couldn't, so I was furious with her, wanting to tell her how much I hated her for making my life so difficult, such a pain when it could have been so easy if she had not interfered with my plans and I had to change them because of her selfishness. Fuck, I hate her, I wanted to put a note on her car telling her how much I hated her and what an inconsiderate fucking Cunt I thought she was, yes I said the C word, Cunt, Cunt, Cunt and I don't give a fuck who hates it, I love the word, it makes me feel good to scream it at her, she is a Cunt and I hate her, I am so angry.

I wanted to drag her out and rip her to pieces over how I was feeling about her making my life so hard, stopping me and putting me out having to reverse all the way out and park at the end, I didn't want to park there but I had to. I wish I could have had it out with her there and then but I couldn't. I was too afraid to upset her, I wanted to tap her on her shoulder and say how I felt but I stood in the queue just hating her and fuming. All the time knowing this was my parents I was hating at and their stopping me doing what I wanted to do, I was calling them all the Cunts under the sun at how they took my will and made me obey theirs and I felt the anger of that today with this woman making me do what I didn't want to do.

I didn't want to have to change myself for anyone but I had to, I had to do what they wanted me to do, like today, I wanted to park in that space but she had fucking selfishly taken two spaces with her fucking shit parking, god, I am still so angry at the cheek of it, shit I want to stamp all over her, screaming at her, bastard. This is how mum and dad made me feel but I couldn't express it, I wasn't allowed to be or show anger especially not at them, I had to keep it all in and let it explode and defuse inside of me like swallowing a hand grenade.

I got home and told Trevor about it and he didn't have much to say, but then I went on to rant about it to God like a mad woman. I don't care, I felt mad, insane with the thoughtlessness of what she had done to me, no care in the world for me, just expecting me to go somewhere else and park, not a fucking care in the world, I felt so disregarded by her, not a fucking thought or concern for me. I wanted to show how she has made me feel, so I thought I will just stay here behind her car until she comes out and has to ask me to move then I can have a go at her, it did cross my mind to do this but I didn't, I just complied with her

and I went somewhere else so not to upset her and cause a scene in case she is more powerful and has a go back, that would scare me like it did with dad, I can't cope with being told off, it is too scary.

I parked somewhere else and sucked it all up inside me until I got back into my car and screamed all the way home about how unjustly I had been treated and she never had a clue about me or how I felt, I wanted her to know how much she has hurt me but it all went unspoken and unknown just the same as it was for me as a child. My parents never knew me inside, what was going on inside of me, all the hurt and pain, they never had a clue, just like this woman today, not a clue about how she hurts people, she just floats through her day not believing she hurts anyone. Well, she fucking hurt me today and I have seen just what I did as a child when I got hurt, I kept it all in and let it explode inside of me and do its damage.

I couldn't tell her how she made me feel and it has to be that way for me because now I can see how it was for me as a child with my parents, exactly the same, I swallowed it all. This is what I did every day with them and they don't think any of my pain has anything to do with them just like this woman today, no idea about the pain she has caused me today and I wish I could have told her but it is not like that for me, I have to harbour it all and go home and explode with anger and as a child I couldn't even do that because they were always around so I had no where to go and rage so it all got internalised and is coming out now as I am being shown just how it was for me in my every day events.

I don't feel considered.

12 December 2018

I wasn't considered, that is the pain, never considered just expected to go along with my parents' plans no matter how I didn't want to. My feelings were not considered and that is how this parking thing today has made me feel, like I wasn't considered, it was just her, this woman doing what she wanted taking up two spaces and not giving a shit about anyone else, not considering anyone but herself and what she wanted to do and it had bad consequences for me because I couldn't do what I wanted to do, park. It was exactly like that for me as a child, no consideration for me and how I felt, no care, totally disregarded that I might

have feelings about what they were doing, not even asked how I felt, ever. They dragged me away from all of my friends so many times, not settling down for long anywhere and I hated it, I wanted to stay and be stable but no, off they dragged us all again, fuck them.

No fucking consideration for me at all, like I didn't exist, invisible like this woman today, the rest of the world invisible to her, totally unaware that what she does affects others, not a care in the world and that is what I feel so angry about, not caring. She made me feel terrible by her selfishness; it brought up all the feelings I feel about my own parents and their selfishness. I can't believe how fucking selfish they have been as parents, not to consider any of us in their plans, just uproot us again and again, drag us around, fuck them and fuck her.

I don't feel seen!

12 December 2018

I had to do so much and try so hard to be considered by my parents, be seen by them, to grab their attention that I am here. Everything I have done is to be loved, to feel some recognition from them, to feel worthy, to feel something from them, to be considered. Shit, the lengths I have gone to, just to be considered by them. To see me as an individual with a separate personality that they don't even know because to them I am just one of four of their children, not seen separately. I wanted to be considered in their lives, to feel them giving me some of their time and attention but to get that I had to cling onto my big sister and feed off of her as she had their attention. I was like a parasite.

This parking thing this morning has really brought up so much feeling in me, she didn't consider me in what she was doing and I wanted her to know that I was hurting because of her neglect and rejection of me, not even knowing I exist and she still doesn't. That is how my parents made me feel like this woman did today, like I don't exist, like I am dead just a spirit that no one can see, I felt dead, not real, not visible to my parents as I was not visible to this woman who will never know how she made me feel just as my parents didn't.

Feeling so angry at the parking woman.

12 December 2018

I feel so angry at the woman parking, she doesn't know how I felt, how she made me feel. It's like it is all inside, a secret world inside of me that no one knows exists, a place that isn't allowed to be known because it will upset people if they know how much they hurt me. Its the secret world that I had to create because of suppressed feelings that I couldn't tell mum and dad, I became secretive, a liar not showing how hurt I was, pretending I was ok just like this parking thing today, I couldn't tell her how I felt, it was my secret. All inside me forever causing me illness and pain all because I wasn't allowed to express anger, disagreement or a different opinion to my parents.

I wish I could have told her but I was stifled, silenced by the fear of being told off if I spoke my truth. I wasn't allowed to speak my truth, I was to scared so it made me a liar making up this shit that I am ok when I am not and I feel so angry about it, about how repressed I feel that I can't come out and say how hurt I feel because everyone is my parents, my dad in particular, I could speak to mum but she went straight to dad and told him everything I had said to her, I had no one to confide in. I couldn't trust anyone to support me and just listen to me. Who can I tell, no one and it is the same now I have no one to tell anything to really, no one that will listen to me and that is just how it was for me as a child so it has to be this way because God is showing me the truth of how it was.

Parking woman feelings continued.

12 December 2018

It's an hour later than my last post and I have had other feelings. Feeling now less angry and more like the truth of what this woman and this parking thing is showing me and that is I am just like her, I am selfish and don't care about anyone else just as she is and just as my parents are. I hate it yet I am it, I am my parents and no matter how much I hate it, it is me. I am them, I am this woman not giving a shit about anyone else, and it is all in me. Shit I hate that and I don't want to believe it is true but it is. It is all I can be, just like my parents, FUCK!!

I have these feelings of entitlement and superiority, look at how angry I was with her, how dare she take up two places, I want to park there, I feel entitled to park

their, what a fuck up. I feel sad at being so unconsidered yet I also feel angry that I should have been able to park there. How dare she not let me, its all so confusing with so many feelings contradicting each other in me. I now am feeling my arrogance and my entitlement that I should come first, be thought of above all else and that is because of what underlies that feeling, it is the fact of not being considered and the anger of that inconsideration that I now believe I should be thought of. I want to be put first, to be considered and when I am not, I think I should be, so I get angry. Shit, I am so like my parents, they have made me that way and now I think it is right and I am being it, what an arse hole.

I am that woman, I am my parents, I am everyone else but not myself, where the fuck am I!!!

Feeling like I can't cope.

13 December 2018

I have woke up in tears, feeling so emotional and unable to cope. I can't cope, I feel so unable to do anything, I think "I will do this or that" but I can't do it, when I feel why I want to do it, it is all for more control and power so I don't want to do it because it is not loving or true when I feel the truth about it. I feel so stuck in this place of not being able to move and I am left with doing Nothing because everything I want to do is untrue, I feel so hopeless. Everything I want to do is fucked and untrue only making me feel more powerful and all done to stop me feeling how powerless I truly feel and in my Nothingness I feel truly Powerless and I hate it.

I woke up at 3:00 am with the words in my mind saying; "you are scared of the pain felt by being out of control" and that is the truth, being out of control makes me feel like I am going to die, I have taken my hands of the steering wheel and am free riding into oblivion because I am no longer steering. If I take my hands of I will crash and I am so scared of the pain felt by being out of control, all the bad outcomes that might happen to me so I want to control it all to avoid feeling this pain.

I am so fucking scared, terrified of letting go of all control and that is what is happening to me, it is all going and I feel terrified about what will happen to me.

I am so scared that my control is crumbling, it's so hard to let go and trust that God knows what is best for me. I trusted mum and dad to know what is best and they didn't, they knew what was best for them, not me and I am scared God is the same. It's so hard, I don't feel safe not being in control like this, I feel like I am going to crash and feel the most pain I have ever felt but it will only be the pain I have already felt in my childhood, the pain of being so out of control with my parents. The true pain that is coming up now, the pain I had to deny myself feeling as a child, it is all rising up now for me to feel the truth of, just how it was for me as a child. So this is not new pain, it won't be any worse than what I have already felt but suppressed, it is just that now I have to feel it, feel what has been in me all this time and that is a good thing because I want it out of me.

I have been thinking that what ever pain I feel is going to be huge and overwhelming, New Pain, but now I understand that it is old pain that has been pushed down inside of me and now I have the chance to feel it and heal it. The pain I am scared of is in me, I have been living it and it has been coming out in many painful ways such as illness, death and all of my addictions to not feel it. Yes, this pain I am so scared of feeling is in me anyway, it isn't new, it's old and denied but it is in me and wants to come out. No pain I feel is worse than the pain I have already felt, I have been living with it all dormant inside of me and now through my feeling healing it is coming out.

Scared of being thought of as being lazy.

14 December 2018

Shit, I am so bored and so tired, for the last few days I have been so tired after lunch that I go to bed and sleep for three hours. I feel like a baby who has to be put down to sleep after lunch and in saying that I have a memory of being at nursery school and having to go to sleep after lunch, how weird is that, making kids sleep. I feel just like a little baby again but it also comes with guilt that I am being lazy when I should be out working and earning money. I just want to sleep though, I am in bed now writing this and it is after lunch. My eyes are sore where I feel so tired but I have that bad feeling that I will be thought of as being lazy. Makes me feel very bad, like I should do something to please mum, she won't like me sleeping during the day, she will call me dopey and lazy and I don't want her to think bad of me so I would have not done what I wanted to do

and made myself look busy. But now I can do what I want but the uneasy feeling is still in me, of displeasing mum.

I feel so weak, worn out and tired. There is nothing else to do. I think I may be sleeping my day away to make the time go quicker because I am so bored, to deny my boredom so I don't have to feel it, so I shut down and go to sleep. Shit, I feel so extremely tired, I can hardly keep my eyes open to type. I feel like I want to shut down because every day is the same monotony. Bored, nothing to do but just sit there on my couch looking at the walls and talking to God. I feel bad about it, lazy. Like I am not allowed to be lazy, I have to be doing something or else I am useless, disliked. I feel very useless.

I am also very cold, the heating is on but I am freezing, doing something would warm me up but that is denying how I am feeling which is very cold, tired, useless and lazy. If any one catches me asleep during the day I will be hated and thought badly of, such a lazy cow, fucking useless, pointless lazy bitch. All she does is sleep, so dopey. So I pretend to be busy so as to not be thought bad about. I care what they think about me, I don't want them to think badly of me so I do what they want and deny how tired I feel and keep myself busy, for them.

Now, I am in my bed feeling these feelings of guilt because it is in me to feel bad about myself, mum and dad put it in me to punish myself if I do something they don't approve of, even now the guilt is there.

I feel so incredibly cold, right the way through me. I hate feeling so cold. It feels so uncomfortable, like I will never be warm again. It is an isolated feeling, alone, neglected, no love kind of feeling. I feel dead and cold like a corpse. A cold shiver runs through my skin to my bones every now and then. I can't warm up, there is nothing to keep me warm, it is an unloving feeling to be so cold. I am laying here cold and shivery and alone. Tired and cold, all my muscles are tensed up as they are so cold, I can't relax like I can when I am warm. I am on high alert because my body is so cold. It feels like it is under attack from the cold, neglected and uncared for by anyone, left alone and cold. No one cares that I am cold. I feel like I am not cared about at all and that is how being cold makes me feel, unloved, uncared for, neglected, unwanted like some poor impoverished homeless person left to live out on the streets in the cold because no one cares a

shit about them.

Yes, that is how I feel, like an unloved homeless person, neglected and left to freeze to death and all my muscles shiver trying to produce some heat, care and love so I can get warm. Every muscle in my body is working it's hardest to warm me up. I feel so denied and rejected in my cold, tired state that I just want to go to sleep to anaesthetize myself from how awful I feel. The cold makes me feel so unloved, so powerless like I want to curl up in a ball, to be as small as possible and as unseen as I can possibly be and try to generate some heat for myself. I always have to do it all myself, no one cares enough to see what I need, no one puts me first and this makes me feel very alone, like it's all up to me to fend for myself and if I left it to anyone else, I would die or never get what I needed.

I have goose pimples and my hair is standing on end and I am so cold; it is so inescapable the cold feeling. I can't get away from it no matter what I do. Tired and cold. This is my parents' coldness to me, not feeling the warmth of their true love for me only the coldness of their mind love that never touched or warmed my heart or made me feel loved or wanted. A life without real love of the heart and soul is a cold, icy, mind-to-mind, unfolding 'love'. It leaves me with nothing to keep me warm inside only an icy chill of mind created false love. I am chilled by it and want to go to all things outside of me to warm me up because I don't have the truth of real love in my heart to warm me.

Feeling so cold.

14 December 2018

More realisations are coming to me as they do when I go away and then come back and all these truths come to me. I realise that there is nothing and nowhere I can go to warm up, nothing I do warms me up today and many times when I feel like this, I can't get warm and that is because I have to give up trying, just accept it, this is how I am, cold and loveless and it is the same with my parents because there was nothing I could do and nowhere I could go to make them love me how I needed to be loved how I needed to be. They didn't have it in them to give to me and I have only just felt a letting go, an acceptance of that. They wouldn't know what I am talking about because as far as they are concerned they

loved me and I am saying they didn't because I don't feel it, I never did, not personally in my heart.

I can't warm up, nothing I do warms me up and it is the same with mum and dad's love. Nothing I do can help me feel it because it is not in them to begin with and with this understanding I feel I can accept it now. Its hard to write it down but it is a feeling in me of I now get it and I can let it go because I accept it, they didn't love me how I needed to be loved and the truth comes as a feeling in me that says Yes, that's it. I can't have their love, I never will have it and all I have been doing is to try to feel it from them but it is impossible, they don't have it to give to me, only their version of a mind created impersonal love that can't be felt. I have never felt it.

Being cold is such an impersonal feeling, cut off and alone, insular and never being comfortable, unloved and uncaring, it doesn't care if you are cold. This is how I felt with my parents so called version of love and the cold is telling me the truth of how it was for me and my relationship with my parents and every relationship, cold and separate and unfeeling.

I feel such a release now, like I get it and understand why I need to feel cold because it is the truth of my relationship with my parents, cold, icy, chilly and very uncomfortable. It's the truth I can accept.

Feeling so disconnected.

15 December 2018

I feel so disconnected from myself, who the fuck am I, I don't have a clue. I feel like I am a stranger to myself, which I am. I look at myself and can't see myself at all, I can't get passed the untrue me to see who I really am, I am in my own way. I scream at God to show me who they created me to be because I don't have any idea. As my false self crumbles away I am left feeling numb in my nothingness. I can't feel me; I don't know where I am. I beg and plead to God to keep helping me heal, to show me more of my untruth and when I see more of it I am left with nothing, like it's gone so now what!

Just more nothingness and when I reveal more truth about myself it just adds to

the nothingness so I am left in a bigger blank space of nothing. Is that It? Is that all there is for me God? What the fuck! I feel so impersonal to myself, like there is nothing in me, nothing more to me than this; it's a horrible futile feeling of what's the fucking point. I am breaking down my facade/untrue self to be left in nothingness, like a huge infinite white space is how I see it, empty and never ending and very lonely because I am the only one in it, no one else.

I am feeling so far away from myself, I can actually feel the distance and disconnection. This all being how it was for me with my parents, the disconnection, the distance because there wasn't the love connection between us.

UNLOVING PERSONALITY

Soul encrusted with negative and damaging emotions and beliefs held by the mind in the spirit body. Soul is starved of love and the darkness impedes the flow of love which darkens the spirit body and damages the physical body for all to see.

LOVING PERSONALITY

Spirit body mind is clear of negative emotions and beliefs. The flow of love from the soul illuminates the spirit body and brings beautiful harmony and health to the physical body for all to see.



Mary Magdalene says:

"In the beginning there was only "Nothing". Soul then came into being. And as soul came into being so too did love and all the attributes of personality, because soul is personality and Love in its Existential form. Personality is the expression of the soul in the experience of creation".

I love this; I feel it telling me that I am going back to being nothing so that I can begin again, the right way and as God created me to be. I have to be reduced back to being nothing so I can begin living the truth of my soul's personality. It's how we would have been if it wasn't for the Rebellion and Default we are all living now, so I am going back to the beginning to do it right this time, a second chance. I have to go back to being nothing and let my true personality come through and get to know myself in truth. It's like being reborn, only the right way, God's way so I have to go through and unwind all of this false life and all its trauma to get back to being Nothing, which is what I was before I was Soul, then I was Soul and then I got fucked up by my parents will over mine so my soul couldn't express itself truly.

I am going back and doing it over, the right way, I want to know who I was meant to be before my parents interfered with my will so I have to go right back to the beginning again, to being Nothing and then being my true soul personality.

The Nothing is pre-soul, not existing which is how I have always felt inside, like I don't truly exist, asking myself and God where am I, looking in the mirror and not knowing myself, feeling only disconnection and separation from myself, my soul. I was living in my mind and that is why I had no connection to myself/soul. And I still don't and I won't until I am healed and living the truth of my soul, how wonderful that feeling must be, I have no idea how it will feel to be so connected to myself.

I feel so Hopeless.

17 December 2018

Today I am feeling even more hopeless, like there really is no hope for me I am such a product of my parents, I am them and I can't break out of it, I have tried, I have fought, but it is futile, nothing I do changes me, I am them and all they have taught me, I don't want to be them but it is programmed into me so deeply I feel like I am on a long bit of elastic that is connected to them and they let me go so far then I rebound back to them, I can't escape and I fucking hate it, being so them and not ME.

I feel like I don't exist, the true me doesn't exist, it is not there and I will have to be this nothing person for ever, it is all hopeless for me. I feel so held back by them, my parents. I can feel in me the need to just give up and let them have me, there is nothing I can do, I am them. Shit I have fought so hard to pretend I am me and not them but it is all fantasy, I was born into their world and they imprinted it into me how I was to be and I feel so weak now as I feel I have to give in, I can't fight them or how I am, how fucked I am, how fucked they made me and I can't see a way out, I am tethered to them like the Devil card in the Tarot, tethered to the devil like a pet who is controlled by its masters. I am in a hopeless place as I see more truth of how I am and I am them and I don't know what to do with that, will I be like this for ever, is this it for me? I don't know but what I do know is I can't be any different, this is how I am and it is so hard to accept but to be any different is untrue and pretending, it is my mind working to be different and that is putting my mind back into control.

I hate it all but I am it, them.

Reoccurring dreams.

20 December 2018

Since I have been doing my healing I have had two reoccurring dreams, one is I am driving backwards in my car and the breaks fail so I go faster and faster always near missing things but never crash, shit it is scary and I had it this morning. And the other one which I had yesterday, again is where I lose my bag and everything in it and I can't go anywhere, I am stuck right where I am with no phone, no money or cards, so I can't do anything, they are both very terrifying

dreams and they are getting more frequent.

I am completely out of control in both of them, completely vulnerable and at a loss as to know what to do, exasperated and throwing my arms up in loss and not knowing what to do.

This is how I feel, this is more deeply suppressed feelings that are rising in me, the truth of how scared I am, how vulnerable I feel, how everything is breaking down around me and all of my false built up security is crumbling away, I don't feel safe now it is all going. These feelings are rising again for me to feel, I am scared, I don't know what the fuck is going to happen to me, I am so scared and feel like a fish out of water just flapping around and can't get to safety. I feel like I am losing all of my identity and it is leaving me with nothing, how do I exist in this world being nothing, doing nothing, I am fucking terrified today as these dreams press me to feel the truth they are showing me. I feel so alone and so out in the cold with it all with nowhere to go, no safety, what do I do? I don't know. I just don't know!

In my dream I am always in a place I don't know, in the middle of the street which looks like a huge crossroads with all high buildings around and traffic zooming every way passed me with me in the middle, I don't know where to go, I am stuck in the middle with no bag, no money, no keys, no phone, just me and the cloths I am in and I don't know what to do, like now, I don't know what the fuck is happening to me I just want to dissolve into nothing because I am so scared. Who will help me, no one!! There is no one for me; I am alone, just me and my feelings.

I can't control anything in my life, I have no control. I can't stop the runaway car; there are no breaks so I have to let it crash wherever it wants. All of my personal belongings in my bag have gone, I can't control the situation in any way, I have nothing, I am alone with this, I am crushed and so scared desperately looking around for someone to come to my rescue, but no one is. I feel like I am going to die now that all of my safety has gone, I can't control it any more, my control has gone, it's crumbling away and I am so scared.

Another reoccurring dream.

22 December 2018

Another reoccurring dream that I used to have and haven't had for a while is a huge tsunami, I had it this morning and I now have my best dreams when I am not in my bed so about 4:00 am I come downstairs and sleep on the couch and they all come to me, all my fears and terrors that are still deep in me to be felt.

I have had the tsunami dream since my childhood, I would run from it and always get to safe high ground and the same happened today. I was on a beach in England and I saw all of the water draw back as far as I could see, I thought it weird and then it hit me, tsunami so I screamed it out and everyone started running off the beach, we had quite a bit of time to get to the high ground and I ran up into a block of flats to the very top and then the wave came, a few people followed me, a man and a few others, we were all in this flat at the top of the building and the wave hit and smashed through the flat window but didn't fill the room, we were safe as the water withdrew. After some time the water receded back to the sea and we all went back to the beach to help any survivors but we couldn't find any. I rolled people over to resuscitate them but it was too late, hardly any one survived and the last picture I had was me walking along the beach looking for survivors.

The feeling of the dream is always terror and waiting for the wave to hit me, always waiting for the bad thing to happen to me, kill me, an impending doom of waiting and there is nothing like a dream to make me feel my fear in a real situation, it is always like I am feeling it moment by moment, so real which I am so glad about because I get to feel the real feelings that I am not getting to, the real terror. These healing dreams are so vivid and life like, they put me through the real feelings.

This tsunami always brings with it the huge fear of being overwhelmed, crushed by the wave, my feelings. Dreading the worst thing happening to me, not feeling safe at all and not knowing if this is going to kill me, what is going to happen to me, how bad is it going to be, will it hurt me. I am always running from the pain not wanting it to kill me, the pain is too overwhelming so I run from it so I don't have to feel it. Which is what I did as a child. Avoid anything that might cause

me discomfort or pain, hiding away not to be noticed so I am not chosen to do anything in case it hurts me or embarrasses me.

I feel so out of control as the wave hits me, I have to give myself to it, it is too huge, too big for me, it can do what it likes with me, it can kill me if it wants to, crush me out of existence and these are all the feelings I felt as a child with my parents, my parents are the Tsunami wave, controlling me and I always felt out of control with them so now, as an adult I feel I need to control everything or I don't feel safe, I will be crushed again.

It is so hard to give up that life saving control, to give it up and let the wave take me is the toughest thing I have ever had to do, it is letting it kill me, letting the wave end my existence and I will be no more. I felt like this as a child, like I didn't exist, well I didn't, I didn't exist to me, to expressing my soul, I only existed in my parents world that I was born into so they could do what they wanted with me because I was born into their world so what they say, goes. I was overwhelmed by them and their wave of control, I thought it would kill me but it never did.

This huge wave felt like the overwhelming fear of my dad's anger, he wasn't always expressing anger but I could always feel it in him, like a volcano just waiting to let it out, holding it back and trying to control it and pretending he was happy, nice and loving to us but he couldn't fool me, I could always feel it and I always waited for it to show itself and it terrified me, he scared the fuck out of me and I tried to always be good and do as I am told so I didn't have to feel the terror of his anger.

Living life like that is terrible, always in anxiety and fear and panic waiting for the huge eruption and wave of fear to engulf me. I also always saw the child that he is, the scared beaten child that is still inside him and I felt sorry for him, such a sadness I felt when he was angry, I saw the child that was terrified of his own father, I have always felt that child in him and a sadness for him that he was so badly treated. I feel that about people and I always have, like they have a deeply scared and broken child inside them, even with the vilest of people who do the worst things to others, I feel sad for them and always have because they must have been treated so badly as children, I just can't hate them fully.

I can't tell you what a help these dreams are to my healing, seeing the control I am so scared to give up, having to feel it as it comes, its so, so hard to do. It's like all my safety going and it makes me feel so alone with it all, which we are in our soul healing.

I am so full of shit!

22 December 2018

More of my bullshit delusional self coming to light today, is there no end to how much I have fooled myself into thinking and believing what I want to think and believe, I am so full of shit.

I have no idea about God, I can't have any idea because God wasn't a part of my childhood, God was never really mentioned in our house so how can I say I believe in them, it's just a belief, not real to me and it never was. I battle with this so much but the truth is I don't know if They exist to me, it wasn't a part of me or my life, my parents never had a clue really and my dad doesn't believe in God, he won't hear of it, my mum goes to church every Sunday and even went to theological college a few years back but it is only a belief, she has never felt loved by God and if she was true she would be saying the same, she doesn't know if they exist because she hasn't felt Them. I have been doing just what she does, kidding myself that they exist, but not knowing it for sure through feeling Them.

I now see how I have made this all up, a wishful thought because when I go to the truth of how I feel it is too scary to not have Them with me, for God to not exist but to be true to myself, God never existed in my childhood so how can They exist to me now if I am healing all of my childhood feelings, I have to also heal the fact that They never existed to me, it was just mum and dad. I say all of this yet I still long to them for Their Love and to help me see more truth of how it was for me as a child, I longed to Them from my heart today and this is what has come up for me, this is what They want me to see, the truth of how it was for me as a child and there was no God in my life and this is what I have been battling with trying to pretend They exist to me when I don't know if They do yet. I want to believe in Them more than anything but until I feel Them truly by the inflowing of Their Love, I am unsure.

This truth is very painful because I feel even more alone without Them, even more nothing of a person without Them. What else is there if They don't really exist! An end, I am in deep sadness that there is nothing else, there is nowhere else to go, there is only Earth and death then a huge Nothing, there is no point or meaning to anything in my life without Them, there has to be more than my parents. Getting back in touch with this truth of how it was for me as a child has taken me to a deeper place of my Nothingness, like it is so final if there is no God as there wasn't when I was a child, it is a scary feeling to be so alone in this universe without God. We are alone, pointlessly alone on this planet.

I feel like my soul knows there is Mother and Father but my parent created mind is saying "No", there isn't, there was just mum and dad, nothing else and that makes me feel so unsafe, like there is no backup when they fuck it all up, I have no one else to go to if there is no God but this is how it was for me with my family and I am just coming to the truth of this today, I can't go on kidding myself because I want to believe in God so much but I need the proof, the Love from Them to feel they are real to me, no more kidding myself, no more believing, I want the truth from Them so I will go on until I feel this from Them, when I have felt all of my feelings and pain about what if They don't exist, the truth of how it was for me as a child. I pray to Them to show me more but shit, I hate it, I hate admitting and accepting that I don't know if they exist, it feels so wrong to say it out loud to Them, such a contradiction and so confusing for me to say I don't believe in You and then be and feel so driven to pray to them, what a fuck up, Christ, its so confusing but it is how I was brought up, not to believe in God because my parents didn't in my growing years, this was the truth for me and I hate it, fucking hate it but it has to be unravelled so I can get to the truth.

I can't believe how much I have made up about God throughout my healing, convincing myself that God exists because I didn't want to feel the truth of what if They don't exist, so I just kept going on fooling myself and denying the truth of how I really feel, that I don't know, I am not sure because I haven't had the experience. I have felt what I thought to be God's Love entering me and it felt so wonderful and I had one huge inflowing of it quite a few years ago when I didn't know what it was but it felt so good for days but now I don't know if that experience was God's Divine Love entering me, I like to think it was and also

other feelings of it since but now, I just don't know, I am so good at kidding myself, has it all just been in my mind, my wanting it so much, wanting it to be true, I just don't know and now, today, I have longed to God to help me see the truth of what I really feel about God and all of this has come up in me to feel.

I can't trust myself at the moment, my feelings have taken me back to being a little girl and not believing in anything but my parents, there is nothing else, they are the be all and end all in my life and they never said anything about God really, so I believed what they believed, I was in their world. Shit I am feeling so confused and fucking insane about it all. I feel I am left on a limb not knowing what to believe, so fucking confused about it as my feelings conflict, I feel bad, naughty, like I shouldn't be saying these things and I should believe in God but this is about the truth of how I feel and I am confused as I go back into my childhood feelings and see how my parents didn't believe, so nor did I really, I just was so scared that they were true and then there was nothing else, no one else but them, they wanted all the power, no one above them.

Fuck, I feel so conflicted and confused as my childhood feeling about this come up for me to feel, it's horrible and I can feel myself not wanting to feel about this, I don't want it to be true and I don't want to face the truth of until I feel God's Love for me, They are not real to me, I haven't experienced Them, or maybe I have, I don't know!!!

I want to experience Them more than anything else, I want it so much, so, so, so much I want Them to be true and real to me but what I have to feel is this nagging feeling in me that maybe They are not true as it was for me as a child, this is awful, truly awful as I battle to accept this truth in me.

Feeling my Nothingness.

22 December 2018

I am feeling so awful inside, so bad, so alone and so empty, like there is Nothing left, such a deep feeling of Nothingness as my childhood feelings about God arise. To turn against God leaves me with nothing, just endings, finite endings, it's all feeling so final for me as I feel these feelings. They hurt, I don't want to believe them, I don't want to accept them that I have these feelings, they feel so

wrong but I am wrong, this is the truth, I am very wrong about everything and I have tried to pretend I know things when I don't, I am completely wrong in everything and it is hard to accept and admit. As I deny God I feel like I will be cast out by everyone, no one will want to know me so I have made it all up that I believe in God and I have convinced myself it is all true, my mind has believed my own shit but my feelings are telling me the truth of my wrongness. I am very confused about how I feel about God and I feel bad about it, very alone and this is how I felt as a child, alone, nothing, finite like the end was going to come.

I don't know what is true. I feel mad!

22 December 2018

I am so confused that I don't know if any of the feelings I have written about above are true, I don't know what is true anymore. Right now I am feeling like I am living in a surreal world not knowing what I am feeling. It feels like I am on the edge of madness. I don't know how I feel or what is true.

Tsunami dream.

23 December 2018

I feel terrible today, so ill and weak and everything aches. This is how it feels to live life without God, love in my life, it is how I have always lived my life and I have always felt this weak and ill but just got on with it. I completely understand now that this is how I felt as a child, it is all coming up for me to feel, it is the truth of how awful I felt. I feel so sick and ill.

I woke up to hear there has been a Tsunami due to a Volcanic eruption in Indonesia, it brought back my recent dream feelings as I saw the carnage it left behind just like in my dream as I was looking for any survivors on the beach. I was feeling the fear of those people running away, trying to get to higher ground like I was and always am in that dream I keep having. Always running away from the fear that is about to get me, my parents.

Out of control.

23 December 2018

I feel so ill and more is coming up about how I feel as I ask Mother and Father to help me see more truth about it all. I am feeling a loss of control because I feel too ill to do the things I want to do, my mind is racing to do this and that but I don't feel I can, I don't want to. I just want to give up and be ill.

I got up extra early to go to the shops and felt so bad but I wanted to avoid all the Christmas shoppers, I got into the shop and felt like I wanted to collapse, I felt so ill, a fear came over me, "Oh no don't do it here, don't collapse in here with every one seeing me", then a feeling came over me to just accept how I am feeling and give in to it so I did, it felt good to end the struggle against myself, my mind against my feelings, I couldn't believe how I changed in that moment, I felt peaceful and like so what if I collapse, I had accepted that I feel ill and it was a caring for myself instead of denying my feelings so unlovingly. My whole energy changed and then I got home and here I am, feeling ill and weak, my mind creeps in but I go back to my feelings and allow them, accept and admit I feel this bad.

This feeling is so familiar, I spent my life feeling this weak and ill but denying it, pushing on with my life and so unlovingly denying the feelings, but now I am sitting here feeling it all, feeling so bad, sick, ill and weak because it is the truth of how it was for me as a child, I really did feel this bad underneath the pretence.

Being in Mum's womb!

24 December 2018

As I lay here in my bed wide awake at 5:00'ish o'clock the feelings come to me that I am so scared of there being nothing, no love, no God, no spirit world and no real me, what if none of it exists and now I can understand why I feel so afraid of these feelings, it's because it's how I felt as a child, as a foetus even. I felt like I didn't exist to my parents, I wasn't wanted or loved how I needed to be.

It's a feeling in me of being nothing so there is nothing. What if I don't exist and I can remember this being such a fearful thought as a child, what if I don't exist, I was never made to feel like I existed, that I was real, I never felt like I was real

and here, I felt like a ghost, invisible to everyone because that is how I was made to feel by my parents. It's such a horrible feeling, now I don't know if anything exists because I don't know if I do.

The pain is the only thing that keeps me feeling that I am alive in some way. My mum had two miscarriages before me and they must have felt the same, like they weren't wanted so they got out but I had to stay, I will ask them when I go to spirit (I think it was two she had?).

This morning I have sore throat and the back of my nose is rough and sore and I keep sneezing, I don't feel right, I never felt right, there has always been some discomfort in me, some pain. I am not wishing it would go away, I am asking God to help me feel into the pain more to find the truth.

I am in mum's womb and she is so depressed and weak, she is feeling like giving up because she never feels well and she doesn't feel like she has the energy in her to go through with this pregnancy, she is considering abortion, she won't go through with it, but it is in her mind, she feels so unable to cope that she even hopes she miscarries again, she wants to breakdown and cry all the time, she is very unhappy but can't show how she feels because she is meant to be happy at the experience of expecting me but the truth is she isn't happy, she is very depressed and has to hide it, she has to hold it all back and not speak of it.

I know this is all true, I can feel the truth of it as I am in her womb growing with these feelings in me of never being sure if I am going to make it or not, am I going to die, will she kill me with abortion, when is the end coming for me, I have always lived with this dread of the worst thing happening to me, I have lived in depression and terror that the end is coming at any time, I will be extinguished at mums command. She decides whether I live or die so I have to stay close to her to keep her happy so she doesn't abort me, kill me when she can't cope with life. Shit, I am scared of what she might do, she is in control of whether I live or die so I have to love her, be close to her, make her happy, please her all the time, I just don't know what she is going to do with me, I am inside her but just a thing, not meaning much, my life doesn't mean much to her so getting rid of me is easy.

Shit, this explains so much to me of why I have felt the way I have, so unworthy, so scared, so unloved all my life, because that's how it was for me at my conception and womb time, I was never sure if I would make it full term, if I was going to exist in the world. I have always felt so close to death and so close to terrible things happening to me, like in my dreams, tsunamis getting me but me never dying, it's to show me that is how i felt in mum's womb, always close to death. It's a horrible way to live.

I am full of mum's pain, I am living it every day, so close to not existing like her other babies, such a fine line of survival and I always feel that I am walking on it. A weakness in me that at any moment I could be unplugged and crumble in a heap on the floor, dead, all because mum decided to pull the plug on me because she felt so bad inside.

It all makes so much sense to me as I see how it was with mum and me and what thoughts and feelings she had whilst carrying me. The way she felt about me are the feelings I have carried with me all my life and the same feelings I have passed on to my poor, poor children.

Feeling like I don't exist.

20 December 2018

Feeling so empty and nothing this morning, I woke up just now and felt so much emptiness. I don't mean anything to anyone, I am nothing. Its like I exist in a world where no one knows I exist, I am just here. And as I write how I am feeling I can see this is how I felt within my family, like I was of no significance, just there. This nothing feeling is the reason I have done all the things I have done in my life, so I could feel like I was someone.

I feel like I am not having as many bad feeling to feel, just this Nothingness and I am uneasy with it, I am not having so many bad feeling because I have felt so many of them or am I denying them, I don't know and it is worrying me that I could be not wanting to feel them but I keep longing to Mother and Father with such heart felt wanting, to help me feel my feelings and I am not getting the feelings come up that I used to and it is worrying me, where have they gone!! I

don't feel good about it, I just feel quite lost and in a vast emptiness without them. I don't feel alive.

I don't like feeling like this, at least with my bad feelings I had something to do, to feel them, write them down, talk to God about them and see the truth come to me about them and then feel good about that truth and revelation but now I have none of that, there is just Nothing, hollow, emptiness in everything. It doesn't feel right, I should be feeling something surely, what am I doing wrong to do all this feeling healing and be left in this place feeling just so Nothing, I didn't expect this at all, I thought as I healed I would be feeling more of my natural love come through but I don't, I feel numb, confused about what is happening to me and disappointed that I am left in this Nothingness, I was expecting something different and I haven't got it, shit, what if this is it for me, just feeling like this for ever more, I want to cry at that thought of being left in this bland nothingness, it is so disappointing.

Life feels so pointless in this nothing, everything I thought my healing was to be has crashed and caved in on me, its fucking disappointing, how life has always turned out, never how I expected it but a bore and a disappointment, how it was as a child, nothing being how I wanted it to be for me. This is just how it was for me, I can feel it, the vacant emptiness of my childhood with my family. Nothing personal to me, I was just a part of something not seen personally and it made me feel like I don't exist as an individual, like I was missed and not seen as an individual in my family, I wasn't. I felt like this all the way through, like I was nothing and it was so disappointing to me, to not be special but to be nothing, just how I am feeling now. Like I don't exist to anyone and it is very disappointing.

Feeling like nothing.

25 December 2018

I feel like I will be Nothing forever, it will never end, it is for eternity and there is no way out of it. I am a nothing person, bored and nothing. I have lived a life doing all I can to avoid feeling this truth and now here it is, I am it, all of my healing has brought me to this, Nothing, the truth of how I have always felt but denied it.

In the nothingness there is no hope, no purpose or meaning it is just Nothingness. It is a powerless place. To be kept in my nothingness is to be kept in Powerlessness. I have been reduced to this.

I don't feel like I will ever change, I will be like this forever, I can't see a way out of it, shit, I am so confused.

I have always tried to be something in life and now I am nothing, the truth, being something was a lie, it was an avoidance of being nothing. I am floating on an ocean of nothing going nowhere, will that be forever??? I hope not but I don't know, if it is forever then it is pointless, I might as well be dead.

No connection to anything.

25 December 2018

I feel detached from everyone and everything in my nothingness, no love at all, no connection. This is how it was for me as a child, I know it, I feel it, I can feel the nothingness, the emotional detachment from my parents and family, I felt nothing for them, no love. I didn't want them showing me any affection because I couldn't feel any emotional connection from them to me. I felt nothing from them, they might have said they loved me but it wasn't an emotional connection from the heart, it was from their minds and that can not be felt, there was Nothing, emptiness, I was empty inside as a child and adult, I am now. I wanted them to stay away from me with their so called love for me, it wasn't real and I always felt that and they blamed me for it saying I was rejecting them, pushing them away, I got the blame, I was the unloving one not them. They always blamed me for being cold to them but I knew the truth, that is why I rejected them, I couldn't feel them at all, what they said wasn't true, they didn't love me properly, from the heart, it wasn't true so I repelled them. I felt nothing like I am feeling now. This is what they filled me with, Nothingness not Love. They still believe they did and they still can't understand what I am going on about and think I have gone insane.

This is the truth of how they made me feel, Nothing, its what they gave me and

now I don't know how to get out of it but keep feeling it, accepting it is how I feel and I can't do anything about it. Accept it.

I can't feel love.

28 December 2018

Nothing about me is Love, I am Nothing, I am what my parents felt for me, Nothing, the truth they denied because you are meant to love your children. I didn't feel their love for me so I am not Love, I am nothing.

A plateau in my healing.

29 December 2018

I am feeling ok at the moment, like I am in a place of Nothingness waiting for change. Things are still happening to me but I don't feel so bad about them, the feelings seem to pass through me without such a deep attachment to them. I feel that since my feeling awful the other day, when I was sick and had bad diarrhoea, it was a huge block of feelings that passed through me emotionally and physically and since then I have felt ok, feeling clean and clear inside, unblocked. I have felt peacefully sleepy so I go to bed whenever I want and it is so nice.

I have also noticed since my huge unblocking, my sinuses are draining and I can feel it happening and my appetite has changed too and my craving for sweet things has gone, I am not interested at all which is amazing and I hope it continues because I have been addicted to cakes, chocolate all my life and now there is nothing, no longings for those sort of foods for the first time in my life.

Changes are happening on all levels, I feel. I say all this with the understanding that it could all go back to being bad again if that is what I need to do but right now I am ok and liking the feeling. I have an excitement in my heart, I can feel it, only subtle but definitely there and it is like my heart is waking up, being used for the first time, coming to life. I am having stirrings in my heart but they are very slight but enough for me to notice them.

More delusions about my relationship with God.

29 December 2018

I am realising more of my illusion about God. I have called God "My Mother and Father" thinking I was so close to them and today feeling the truth that it was all in my mind, I was making it all up in my head, all wishful thinking and pretending that I felt so close to them at times. That has all been stripped away from me as I see the truth. I am far away from them but want to be at one with them. All of those feelings of closeness were all in my mind and I know that now so clearly and it feels good to no longer to be under that cloud of illusion, I feel freed up from the pretence of it all and I am so glad that I can now accept that I am not close to Them but I have a deep longing to be, I have fooled myself for many years believing at times that I was so near Them.

I was living in a fantasy, like a film that I wanted to be true and today I can see the fantasy so clearly and it feels so good to be free of it and all of the wrongness that came with it. I feel that I have broken through the illusory bubble, the dream I was in wanting to be so special, so loved by God, making it all happen with my mind. Fuck, what a long winded way to go about it all, taking me all of those years to see through the bullshit I tell myself of what I want to be true. The mind is such a powerful thing and it is all being broken down and I can see it now. I want to be free of it all, I want to see all of the bullshit I have made up all so I can feel so special, so wanted and loved, I am none of those things, I am not special, not wanted and not loved and that is the truth.

I feel good waking up to this, God has all been in my mind and I can feel it leaving, emptying out of me and leaving more Nothingness where the lie once was, it feels good to know the truth, I don't know Mother and Father but I want to know Them, I really want to know Them in my heart when they know I am ready to know Them.

It feels good to know more truth.

29 December 2018

I have just felt how good it feels to know more truth of my unloving state. God I feel so free, so happy about admitting and accepting I don't know God at all; it has all been my mind's bullshit. I feel like I have just got out of it, left it behind

me as the truth came to me. As I have seen the illusion I have been living under, shit, I feel free now I know the truth. I am repeating myself I know but I want to shout it out I feel so good about it. I don't know God, all I thought I knew was just that, a thought, a wishful thought that I was using to convince myself I was having some sort of connection with God, I wasn't, it was all in my mind. I am so happy to know the truth, its like a huge weight has lifted from me and I don't have to kid myself anymore. It's ok to not know God, its ok to not know anything like I don't. God the effort I have put in to trying to know it all, all my life I had to know but now I don't, I know fuck all and it is a relief, a fucking relief that I don't have to know anything. As I am writing I can feel more truth coming up and the lies crumbling away and it feels so freeing, I am so happy to be seeing more of the truth of my untrue mind. I feel excited at what may be,

Moving deeper into my nothingness.

31 December 2018

I feel like today I have moved deeper into my Nothingness, not being interested in doing anything, I can't see the point in anything. I am feeling so alone almost like I could disappear at any moment, I am so unseen, unheard and un-noticed by everyone and that is probably why I turn to writing on here, a link to the outside and getting all my feelings out of me.

I am sitting on my brown cloth couch with my good old faithful red blanket over me and I can hear fireworks going off as it is New Years eve, in-between the noise of the fireworks all I can hear is a ringing in my left ear, a high pitched sound that I get in my silent times and I like it, it is something.

I feel like I have finally got to it, the truth of how I felt as a child, alone, just like what I have been reduced to by my healing, I have been left with the truth of the Nothing I felt and have always felt but tried to avoid. I now am it, feeling it all, being it all, nothing, its amazing to feel, its amazing that this is the truth. I am not interested in doing anything but staying in my Nothingness and feeling its depths, its loneliness, its silence, its boredom, its isolation, its disappearance, its disconnection, accepting all these feelings of being so Nothing because that is how it was for me as a child and it made me try so hard to be something.

I don't feel like a person any more, I feel like a shell without any substance, nothing personal, nothing individual just one of many un-noticed children in the world but I have given up trying to be something and am beginning to accept and admit my Nothingness.

I can remember about 10 years ago, maybe more, I was listening to a man on TV and he said something that terrified me and actually put me into a panic attack, he said, "What if we were NOTHING!" I couldn't listen to what he said next, that one sentence terrified me and I began to hyperventilate in horror of what he had just said. It touched on my deepest fear of actually having to feel what being Nothing means and I couldn't comprehend it, I needed to get away from what I had just heard, I needed to do something to make me feel like I am something so I started to clean the house in my terrified state. I was running from this feeling of what if I am Nothing, what if I don't exist, shit it sent me mental and in a state of confusion in my mind, my mind couldn't cope with it and I was overwhelmed with panic. It was awful, so awful I can still remember it but I am now there, at the place I have been avoiding and running from all my life, I feel like I have finally stopped running and have turned around and instead of running from it, I have ran into it, done one almighty U-Turn and gone into the Nothingness that so terrified me and I am now feeling like I am fading out, disappearing and being how Nothing feels, living it. It has taken me so long to stop the running, my whole life.

To not exist to anyone and to be Nothing was like dying and I was so scared of it, there are no words to describe how it made me feel, the constant Panic Attacks were the manifestation of my fear, sheer terror and at the time I wasn't really conscious of why, I couldn't go deep enough although I tried and would write journals throughout my life but I couldn't go deep enough to get to the truth but now I can and when I began my Soul Healing through my feelings and with God, it was like a door had opened to me and I could finally get through and slowly, through my feelings, I have diffused the bomb that was inside me, the tangled mass of feelings have been slowly understood, felt, expressed and the truth found, its incredible to not have those Panic Attacks any more, to not have the bodily tremors making me shake uncontrollably and all the rest of those debilitating feelings and illness's.

Now, I have got to the very core of the truth I have been running from and denying, I am Nothing, I feel like I could disappear and not exist and I can see how desperately I have been clawing my way through life trying to prove I exist, I am here, I'm alive and I can see myself as a very little child looking up to my parents as they lived their lives around me, moving me from place to place whilst they talk and get on with their own lives but never really looking at me, never really listening to me and never really connecting to me, I never really felt like I existed to them so my life has been to prove I do exist and to get recognition of that fact, to do anything but be the Nothing I was truly feeling inside. But 'Nothing' is the truth; it's what I have been reduced down to and I will sit in this Nothingness until something changes.



**Negative Spirit Influence
blocked
22 March 2017**
**Law of Compensation
quickenning
22 May 2017**
**Rebellion and Default
officially ended
31 January 2018**



Still wanting to be someone else!

1 January 2019

Today, I have had more realisations about myself and how it was for me as a child; I am still doing the same things!!

I have been sitting here this morning talking to Mother and Father about my boredom and Nothingness but as I was speaking to Them they helped me see that I am still not wanting to be me, I am still wanting to be someone else, something other than what I am now, as I beg to Them to change me, to transform my soul or just let me see a glint of some sort of change in me. As I was doing this I saw that I still am not wanting to just be myself as I am now, I want to be someone else, someone better, someone special and that can't happen before I have felt who I am in my own Natural Love and that has yet to come. I am still sprinting off wanting it all to happen quickly so I can feel good and it's not going to happen, as God has shown me today.

I was praying to them and my mind filled with this realisation that I have to be myself before anything will change in me and I am not doing that, my mind still wants to be someone else, someone better. Shit, I can see I have a long way to go still and I have seen yet again, how my mind wants power, to be great and better than I truly am, it wants to gallop ahead and it can't, that is all mind stuff trying to avoid being in my powerless state of Nothingness. It all changes so quickly, the mind jumps in and wants to control everything and you have to see it and what its game is, to gain power.

I have to go at the pace of my feelings and I have brought myself right back down to them to lead the way and seeing how my mind can so quickly jump in and take over, it is so hard to stop it happening and without Mother and Father's help I would have carried on longing to Them to change me, they have made me realise that they can't and won't until I have followed the feelings of my soul and that is to slow it all down and stay with my feelings, let them guide me through the process in each moment, there is no looking ahead, that is not where the truth is, it is in each feeling moment and now I feel back on track and another piece of my mind's control broken down and seen for what it is, untruth.

Right now my feelings are in a hopeless and pointless feeling state, nothing

means anything to me and that is the truth of right now for me. I will stay with these feelings for as long as I feel I need to and see where they take me and continue to long to Mother and Father to keep me feeling the truth my feelings want me to know about myself and my childhood, how it was for me as a child. They have shown me that as a child I would race off into my mind's control and create so many fantasies, wanting to be this person, be so great and special, I would play it out and pretend I was whoever my mind wanted me to be, all so far away from the truth of who I was/am, I didn't want this boring crap reality, I wanted a fantasy life full of magic and greatness and today I realised, with God's help, that I am doing that again by longing to Them to change me, get me out of this shit powerless life, I was still being that child in her fantasy world wanting to be something special and today Mother and Father showed me that, exactly what I have been doing with Them and they won't do it or be a part of my mind's fantasy but They did show me the truth of what I am doing and that is amazing.

Today, I have seen even deeper the truth of my childhood, not wanting to be THIS! I have seen the extent of my fantasy life and it was all like that, everything I have done is just that, a creation of my mind's fantasies so that I don't have to acknowledge the truth of how I really feel, powerless, bored and do Nothing. Everything I have done was to avoid this feeling and now I am IT! And my sneaky little mind tried to do it again today as I tried to race ahead and be something I am not by asking God to change me, its all crap, all bullshit, I am not there yet, its a fantasy and I can see that now and I love that, God has shown me the truth of what I am doing and now I can see it and it feels so good to know more truth about me.

My God, the mind is so sneaky how it creeps in and as I go back to my feelings I can feel the change, the shift from mind to feelings/soul, the fantasy and then the truth, it feels like mind is outside of myself somewhere and my feelings are deep inside me, one taking me away from myself and the other bringing me back.

Have a good cry, let it out.

1 January 2019

I have just had a really good cry and empty out about how fucking useless I feel and so hopeless. It feels like I am an infinite bottomless pit of bad shit and it is so overwhelming to feel the truth of it all, so much to feel about and just when I feel I have got somewhere with it all, I am knocked back down into my evilness like I am right at the beginning again and I feel utterly useless and gutted inside and through these feelings I can see that this is how it was for me as a child getting constantly pushed back down as soon as I thought I was getting somewhere and it has been a pattern all through my life, never quite getting there.

Yes, this is just how it was, feeling a bit of power, then having it all taken away to go back to feeling powerless and useless and having to begin again and its fucking exhausting and now I just want to stay down in my shit feelings right where the truth of me is. God, I am feeling bad today, really awful like I am rolling around in mud at the rock bottom of my own shit pile and that is where I am staying and I can actually visualise it, every bit of me covered in mud or shit on the floor of my own shit pile created by me. I feel like this is the truth of me and how I feel, gross, disgusting and putrid with no one wanting to come near me, yes, this is how I felt as a child it really is and I can see it so clearly as the visions come to me.

Being there for my children and expressing their feelings.

1 January 2019

As I go through the motions of my own healing I also am here for my Son and my Daughter and all they want to express about how they feel. They are not consciously doing their healing but with my healing life style and the way I can talk to them and just be here for them when they need me to listen, they are moving into it naturally and really without realising.

Today, my Son has needed me; he is going through terrible feelings of depression and pain as he is in a relationship that is very unloving, as only it can be. His girlfriend shuts his feeling expression down instantly and he called me to talk about how it makes him feel. I am so glad he feels he can be so open with me, even crying when he needs to although he feels stupid at 25 crying to his

mum but it is what I want. I want him to be as full on as he needs to be, I have paved the way for this unloving life he is leading and all the relationships he has had which reflect this truth and now, all I want to do is be there to encourage him to get his feelings out of him, if this is all I can do for him then I will do it fully, be there for him fully, open and listening to his terrible pain of rejection and suppressed unloving pain caused to him by myself and his father, as his whole life is reflecting. The same goes for my Daughter and when she needs me to listen to her, I will do the same, and it's all I can do for them after fucking it all up and seeing the results of that in their lives and relationships.

It is hard, very hard but this is what I have done to them, no one else but me and their Fathers, we have caused this pain in them through our unloving parenting, so, seeing as their fathers are no longer around, I am all they have, I take the brunt of their pain as their mother, the one who carried them, grew them and gave birth to them, they felt all of my feelings about everything right from their conception to now, I take the blame fully and I don't really give their fathers much thought in the whole fucked up process, I have been left to clean up my own mess of my unloving parenting and my children are showing me where I really fucked up with them.

It is hard to cope with, my own feelings and theirs, hearing it all from them but their feelings are mine any way so it helps me express more pain.

My Son told me how lonely he is even though he is in a relationship, he is feeling so unloved and lonely and not supported by his girlfriend at all, he has no one on his side, no one to confide in, only me and he wants to feel loved, he told me he has always felt this lonely and isolated and it is because he was like this as a child, it's the truth of his childhood with me and his father, it is exactly the same as my relationship with my parents, how could it be any different, I parented him as I was parented with some differences but the same underlying unloving feelings past on to him and I have such a deep sadness for him, my own sadness that is in me at being so rejected and unloved and I am so sorry for making my children feel this way and all I want now, is to be there to listen to them, encourage them to speak and tell me how they feel, it's the only loving thing I can do for them. Help them to get it all out of them.

My son expresses with great sadness and emotion but my daughter expresses with great anger and rage at me, screaming at me and telling me to fuck off at times, telling me that no one understands her and all I can do is let her pour it out at me no matter how vile it is, it all needs to come out because I put it in her, I never want to shut either of them down because of them being disrespectful or anything as obeying and demanding as that, they are free to express themselves with the truth of how they feel about me which wouldn't have been tolerated by me before I began my true healing, I would have answered them back and tried to stop them and shut them down from expressing their anger at me, the way I was shut down by my parents never being allowed to be angry and certainly never to express it. There is always an end moment where there is calmness no matter what has been said, once it is all said and exhausted it all calms down.

It's so tough I can't tell you, dealing with my own healing and that of my children, I have never been through a time in my life like it, and it is like nothing else but so rewarding once we all get to the closeness that truth brings. My children know they can come to me with it all, all their shit because it is my shit too, I taught them it and all they are doing is showing me what I gave to them, the shit I have passed on to them from conception, how I felt about them and how unlovingly I rejected them right from the word go.

I made this mess and now I am cleaning it up and all of it's far reaches, shit, the damage I have done to two people who I was meant to love is unbelievable, it's as far away from love as you can get and I believed I was a loving mother, a great mother, what a fantasy, what an illusion of what I wanted to believe about myself. I am a crap, unloving, horrible mother who has damaged her children. They are not like this because it's just how they are, they are like it because it is how I have made them and that is so hard to take, the truth of how much I have hurt my children shit, it's dark and it's gut wrenching to know I have done this, all parents have done this. It has all added to how fucking awful I have been feeling today, what a shit person, a shit mother I am, they needed me and I broke them from birth, what chance did they have?

Expressing my anxiety.

2 January 2019

Oh my God, the maddening anxiety that is running through my veins today, I could feel it building up all day. My children both need me, they are both going through so much emotionally and have both needed me to listen to them and all they are feeling, they both came to me today and it pushed me over the top, I became overwhelmed with how I felt about it all as my anxiety grew. I have itchy skin all over, rashes in my head and on my cheeks, red and itchy and so irritating making me feel angry, the anger that I have suppressed because I can't cope, its too much and this has taken me right back to my childhood of mum and dad's problems and fears being too much for me to cope with, I can see it all, me being so frightened and scared as they argue about their problems and the confusion and fear I felt because if they can't cope then how can I.

I am absolutely ravaged with anxiety feeling the fight or flight adrenaline running through my veins, I want to run, run off this surge of fear in me as I become crushed with fear. Irritated and angry at mum and dad at making me feel so scared and overwhelmed and unable to cope, just like them.

Fuck, I am such a mess, this is the anxiety I have always felt, so deep in me and I haven't felt it for years now but here it is for me to feel and heal.

My son came over to talk some more about his fears and then my daughter rang me in tears about her boyfriend and some dispute they have had and also that she has a penalty fine from the police to do with driving in a bus lane so she was fucked of with that and told me all about her feelings. It was one and then the other and as well as my own feelings my anxiety has now taken hold of me and I feel charged with it, like a volt of electric is running through me, super charged with energy, buzzing but no where to disperse it, it is all in me with no where for it to go so I have been expressing it out of me to God and it works, it has lessened but I feel alive with prickly, itchy, irritated skin, it's so hot and itchy and angry as am I because I am out of control, I can't cope with the influx of overwhelming feelings coming at me from all directions and it was just like this as a child and I couldn't cope with it.

I feel hyper inside, my stomach is in knots and tensed up, it's all too much for

me. I can't take one more bad feeling, I can't cope with it, I am going to die with the load of feelings layer upon layer all on top of me and I am trapped underneath as they pile up. I can't deal with the overwhelm I feel like I will explode, it is crushing me out of existence and this is how I felt as a child, dizzy with overwhelming feelings that I couldn't control from my parents, they didn't know how to cope so nor did I, I was too young but I took it all on.

I couldn't cope with life because I couldn't cope with mum and dad, they were too much. Mum and dad couldn't cope, they fucked it all up and made such a mess, it was chaos to me, an uncontrollable mess that I couldn't control, a barrage of bad, scary feelings constantly coming my way, I took it all in right from conception, they couldn't cope with what was happening and now nor can I. It's all too much for me and today, I am feeling the truth of how I felt as a child because it was how I am feeling now!

Can't cope with my children's feelings.

2 January 2019

I can't do it, I can't cope with all my children are bringing to me, I can't cope with all I have done to them, the truth of it is too much for me. I can't cope with how bad my children are feeling just as I couldn't cope with how bad my parents felt all the time, they lived life by the skin of their teeth and it was so out of control I never felt safe, I don't feel safe now, I feel like I am sinking and going to drown and die. I feel like I am going to hit rock bottom and never get up, like mum and dad did, its all so terrible, I am so scared and I feel so unsafe, like something terrible is going to happen to me at any minute. This is how I felt with my parents and I can really see it now, I can see me with them feeling so scared not knowing what was going to happen to me because they didn't know.

That is why I have such a need to control; I could die if I don't get control that is how it felt when I was young. I have to get this awful feeling out of me, I have to keep going on expressing all I feel. I am so out of control and I am so scared, I don't feel safe and I can feel mum and dad don't feel safe either, they are scared, I can feel them, so they can't protect me, I can't trust them to look after me and keep me safe. It is all up to me to keep everyone safe because I can't rely on them, they don't know what to do so I am alone, I have to save myself. These are

my childhood feelings coming up from deep down, from all I am feeling at the moment, they are all coming up.

Shit, I am feeling like I am wired into the electric socket, I have weird feelings throughout my body and movement around the top of my head which is so weird, I feel so out of control like I am being taken over by energy and that's the only way I can describe it, there is a power about me which is so overwhelming, it's pure anxiety and it is so powerful and circulating my body, in it and out of it, it's a very familiar feeling that has overwhelmed me all my life. It is a bombardment of feelings coming to me from every direction, from my children today and it has had to be this way because it is what I felt from my parents when I was in the womb. Their feelings overloading me and I couldn't cope as I was growing in my mothers womb, I can feel it now, I can see me absorbing all of their feelings and feeling the pain of it all being so unloving for me. I wasn't loved, I was damaged and it feels like Chaos inside me, the same chaos I felt in the womb and I am still feeling it now and I want to feel every bit of it out of me.

I am feeling so sad for ME as a baby growing in all of that shit and pain and taking it all on.

Anxiety has cleared.

3 January 2019

I have calmed right down and the anxiety has left me now. I have talked it out of me by expressing all of my terror and fear to Mother and Father, what I Express on here is only a tiny part of it. I am so glad to be feeling empty and calm and free from anxiety. I am relaxed and in bed but exhausted with all of the expressing. I am so peaceful now and understand more about myself, I know a little bit more about where all of that anxiety came from.

Breaking down my control.

4 January 2019

So much more of my control is being broke down, the anxiety, the fear of pain, its all been apparent in the last couple of days that I can't do anything about it, just to give up and let it happen to me. I have felt my feelings and accepted this is

how it was for me as a child, I was scared, I was anxious all the time and anything I feel now as an adult, was how I felt then as a child and I feel so glad to have it all brought to me for healing.

I am scared of being in pain and not being able to cope with it, being overwhelmed by it, that it takes me over, controls me and I can't get away from it or make it go away, the pain has the control and this is the pain I felt as a child, being controlled by my parents and other adults I was around as a child. They all had control over me and I couldn't do anything about it, I had to go with it and give in to them or be in trouble, be told off, be punished and that rebellion scared me.

I can remember a couple of kids at school who answered back to the teachers and it terrified me, I would think to myself "please don't upset the teachers, just do as they tell you and everything will be ok", it scared me that they would be so brave as to answer back and stand up for themselves, I never could. Shit, just the thought of it terrifies me, it would be like answering my dad back and that fills me with dread and that fear has kept me from speaking up for myself in all of my life. People have walked all over me and I have been in so much pain because of it, feeling the crushing pain of not being able to vocalise how I felt and say NO! All because I couldn't say NO to my parents.

All my life I have felt out of control, so tried to control everything and I can see the extent of that now, I have let everyone control me, do what they want with me and it is so painful but I couldn't do anything about it, I had to let them because I had to let my parents.

Being there for my Son.

5 January 2019

Its been a mad couple of days. I had to go and pick my son up from work on Thursday because he had a severe migraine and was in a terrible state, I picked him up and brought him back to my house where he got in my bed and slept in and out of the pain, it was terrible to see him in such distress so I sat with him while he told me how bad the pain was, how he couldn't see and when he could

it was all purple with shapes coming at him which he thought were spirit. To see him in such pain was so terrible as I couldn't do anything for him except listen to his agony and encourage him to tell me if he felt he wanted to. He told me he thinks he is having a break down because he can't keep on trying to please everyone except himself.

He said he felt he has to keep it all going, his work, his flat, his girlfriend he has to keep them all happy or lose them and I could see through what he was saying that I had created this in him as I have the same feelings and I was made to put everyone first, way above what I wanted and I was now seeing the pain of that self denial, in my son, he was bringing it to me and showing me the agony it has caused him and all I could do for him was to hear him, let him put his feelings first and tell me it all.

I felt so helpless, that I had created this in him and now he was showing me it, the pain of what I have done to him and all I can do is sit by and watch him in such pain, there are no words for how I felt. It all has been a big eruption of feelings from the last few days, he has been an accumulation of life long suppression of his pain and he couldn't cope any more so the huge migraine shut him down and made him stop and feel the truth of his pain and he felt like he was dying. Being so rejected all his life, so unloved by me and his father made him feel like he was dying constantly, which is just how I felt with my parents and only through the truth of my healing has this denial and suppression of my feelings come up for me to see.

My son stayed with me for the night and had the next day off work, he says he feels like he could explode inside with all that the world demands of him, to earn money, have a flat to upkeep, have a girlfriend and do what is expected but he feels like he can't do this anymore, he doesn't fit into the world's demands which is really the demands of his parents, the demands that his father and myself put on him, he is getting it all shown to him by the world around him but he doesn't want to bring it back to me and it being my fault, me being the one who took his will and demanded he do things my way, not his. He isn't ready to blame me and I might be what he needs now but as a parent to him in his younger years I was just the same as every other mother, my mother, telling him what to do above his own will and now I am seeing the pain I have created in him through

this unloving parenting, I am now having my face rubbed in it, at what I have done with both of them.

Yesterday, I went through a terrible headache as well, not a migraine but bad enough for it to stop me and put me to bed. Shit, it was so painful and all I could do is to let it take me, let it stop me, let it cause me all the pain it wanted to. I just laid in bed and submitted to it because this pain is ME, a part of me as Alex's pain is a part of him and I encouraged him to give it a voice as I did with my pain. I talked the pain out to God, how sick it made me feel, how it was pounding me and scaring me, how scared I am of the pain because I can't do anything about it, it has me, it controls me and it can do what it wants with me, even kill me if it wants and all of these fears are still inside me.

What is going to happen to me, how bad is this pain going to get, so bad that I writhe in pain not being able to stop it. I am so scared of how bad pain is going to get and as I spoke these feelings out to God the pain began to subside, I could sit up without feeling my head was caving in. I felt the pain actually leaving me and I was so peaceful that I drifted off to sleep until this morning where I woke up to feeling ok, I got out of bed and could stand up without having to sit down again because the pain was too much. It had gone.

It is so much to cope with when you are healing and you have the pain of what you have done to your children and all I can do is take it painful feeling by painful feeling as they come to me with their problems, it is hard to just be there for them, to listen to them without stopping them with what you think they should do and what good is that any way when I have fucked it all up.

Who am I to tell them when I have made their lives so painful, I don't know anything. All I can do is to listen to them and encourage them to speak about how they feel knowing I have well and truly fucked up their lives and they can't accept that yet. They 'Love' me too much and think I have been the best mum ever. I was wrong, so wrong in my Parenting and it is only through my healing that I can see the truth of that and my children are showing me all the pain I put into them from conception and it is so hard to deal with, to see it, fuck I feel awful, as I should.

I have made life so hard for my children.

5 January 2019

I am feeling in so much pain about how hard I have made life for my children, all they are going through is not just because! It is what I have put into them, how I have treated them, how unloving I have been to them. How I have stopped them from knowing themselves because I took their will. It fucking hurts to see the results, to see the truth and I thought I was a caring, loving, good mum who put my children first but that was bullshit, that was what I wanted to believe a bloody fantasy mum of my mind's creation. Now, I am healing and seeing the truth I was a terrible mum, selfish and only out for myself, putting myself and my wants first before theirs, they should have been my world and my everything, I should have been their for them not them there for me, I fucked it all up and have damaged them and made life so hard for them. I am so sorry.

I can't stress enough the unconscious damage I have done to them. It is so unseen when we are in it doing all we do as parents not knowing or being aware of how much damage we are doing to our children right from conception with the feelings and thought we are having. I can remember a friend of mine being pregnant and telling her boyfriend and her boyfriend's response was that he would support her what ever decision she made, whether to keep it or not and she thought he was so good for being like that but now think and feel devastated for that child because those feelings, of its life being in the hands of fucked up parents whether it lives or dies and that child is now 25 and has that unloving damage of its parents wanting to end its life and he will never know this was an option, his life was on a knife edge and those feelings will be in him now and forever. Fuck it's so evil.

I see both my children and I feel so sorry for them, I want to apologise to them but they don't know what I am apologising for, I have said how sorry I am and they don't want to hear it, they don't think anything I say about me being a bad mum is right, they think I am crazy for saying it and I explain to them but they are not ready for it yet. I took them away from themselves and made them do what I wanted against their will, I did this over and over again and now they don't have a clue about who the really are or what they want, or what to do in this world. I have truly fucked it up for them both and it is a terrible feeling to

know the truth of what I have done and I am now living with the compensation of what I have done, its so painful, excruciatingly painful as it should be.

An apology to God.

5 January 2019

"God, I am so sorry for what I have done to two of your souls, you put them in my care and I fucked it all up, I damaged them and caused them pain, all of which I can now see and I am so sorry".

So worn out with feeling healing.

7 January 2019

My time of Nothingness has passed and I am plunged back into feeling bad again. Today I have woken up feeling like I am getting Flu again and I am exhausted with feeling bad. I feel like I don't give a shit, I can't win so just do what you want with me and I will obey. I am so ground down by feeling bad that I don't have any fight left in me and in saying that, I can see that this is a crucial stage to get to, a time when all of the fight has been punched out of you and you just lay down and die, let every bad feeling come and stamp and trample all over me, battering every last bit of resistance out of me.

Today, I feel like I am there, I am so fucked and tired and worn out that I don't care what happens to me. There is nothing I can do about anything in my life, I am fucked, my children are fucked and there is nothing I can do about it but FEEL if there is anything left to feel, I don't even want to do that today, I haven't got the strength, I am worn out, completely powerless to do anything about anything and I can't deal with even the tiniest of feelings. I feel like I have been run over and all the traffic just keeps running over me squeezing every last bit of life out of me, I can't do anything.

Unbearable Sinus pain.

8 January 2019

As the day has gone on I have been feeling worse, my nose is so blocked and I am in physical agony in my sinuses. I feel like my whole face is on fire under the

skin and it hurts even to move my jaws. What the fuck is happening to me, the pain is so severe I can't help crying and it actually makes it feel a bit better when I do so I feel this is blocked emotions and every time I cry it shifts a bit more as I cry about the pain I am in and how I can't cope with the pain, it is too much agony. It was the same when I was young, it was all too much and I couldn't cope with it, so I denied it and suppressed how much pain I was actually in like it wasn't happening and wasn't real but now the extent of that pain is being felt physically and it is fucking unbearable, I can't sleep only cry when it gets too severe and I will continue doing this all night. When I feel I can't cope with it, I cry and release some of the pain that has been in me from childhood.

Fuck, this is all so hard and painful on every level. I feel awful and in so much pain, so blocked up like my head will explode, I hate it, I fucking hate the pain and I am so scared of it, how bad is it going to get, will it get so bad that I can't cope, that is what I am scared of, being overwhelmed with pain that I can't do anything about, I can't make it go away so I have to keep feeling it and expressing it.

Yes, I hate it, I hate how it is making me feel, I hate how it is so relentless and doesn't care how scared I am of it. I hate how it makes me feel when it takes over and controls me, it has no care for me at all and how I feel. Pain doesn't care about me one bit, it doesn't care that I am writhing in pain, it won't stop, it has me completely and can do what it wants with me and there is nothing I can do about it, I have to put up with the pain and it is so unloving and it's my dad, every bit of it is my dad and I hate him so I hate this pain because it is him and I can't love it because it doesn't love me, all it does – it makes me feel terrible and scared.

I fucking hate it, I hate the pain and I hate dad, they are the same, there is no love in me for them, I hate them for how they make me feel. Love doesn't feel like this, hate feels like this and I feel hated and I hate. I am hate, anger, rage, burning rage that flows through me, I feel demented with hate right now at how I have been made to feel, such pain all my life that I have denied and not been allowed to feel and express in any way. As a child I had no way of expressing how I felt so it's all backed up inside me and I can feel it burning in my bones just waiting for me to allow it. So much pain and I can hardly see to type as the

tears stream down my face, they are so hot and angry as I allow the pain to express itself. I am a mess of tears and snot as it all comes out of me and it is so painful, it hurts even to cry.

I am being my bad feelings.

9 January 2019

When I have a cold, like I do right now, I feel that when I am in the fullness of it, being it fully, I don't have to Express many feelings about it because I am being it fully, I am fully experiencing how I truly feel in every moment, nothing is denied or suppressed because I am feeling so rough and looking so awful that nothing is hidden, this is the truth of how I am, this is all of my shit and I am being it naturally because the cold is making me be it, I can't stop it, it is all being forced on me and stopping me in my tracks, I can't do anything I might want to do except be the truth of how I am.



When I have had colds in the past I have been a bit frustrated that I don't seem to be feeling much about how bad I feel, why is this I thought, surely I should be feeling terrible but I can now see that I am living out how terrible I feel, I am being it fully by being in this terrible, ill condition. I am not denying any of the feelings because I am them, the truth. It's hard to explain and it is also got a feeling of relief that comes with it, like I can now be the truth, at last I can be the way I really feel, no pretending, it's a comfort to just be able to sleep on the couch all day and be ill, it's how I really want to be, how I really am and everyone excuses me because I am ill. So this is how I want to be, lazing about, doing nothing but have been made to feel that is wrong and lazy and be criticized for it, fuck it, this is me, I feel good doing fuck all, it's what I want to do until I chose to do something else.



Yes, I feel bad and feel physically shit being ill, but I also feel so good too, it's me and it's the truth of how I am and it feels so good to be as ill as I feel inside, it's a relief to live the truth of my condition, I am this ill inside, this is me, its who I am and I am fucking love it, I feel overjoyed right now to be the truth of how I feel.

Being my feelings in the moment.

9 January 2019

Through being the fullness of feelings and living them in the moment, like I am doing with this cold I can see that no bad feelings are stored, denied or suppressed because I am being them. I know that I am repeating myself but I have just lived the truth, this is me, it's how I feel and my cold, my beautiful cold is helping me see that when we live how we feel without any denial or repression of our feelings, nothing gets stored in us, it's amazing. I feel like I have just woken up because I have felt this truth through my cold.

I am these grotty feeling and physical symptoms, they are all me and by not medicating them or trying not to be them, by just letting myself sink into the depths of how bad I feel, I am being me and I love it, I feel so bad but so happy and free because I am being the truth of my cold, it's how I feel inside and I am letting it come to the surface to show me, and everyone, who I am. I am sick, I am ill, I am physically fucked, I have a huge, sore fat eye that looks gross, and a snotty nose that I have let run everywhere and yes its gross but it's me and it's my gross and I feel like I love it, for the first time I feel like I love something about myself because it's the truth and it's such a relief and I don't care how awful I look and sound because it's the truth and that is me, it's all that matters and I want to cry with joy at it all.

I am seeing the truth God and my cold wants me to know about myself and it ain't pretty but it's the truth and that is perfect, I'm a fucking mess and it's such a good feeling, such a relief to finally say it, I am fucked, sick, ruined, putrid and all the rest of it, it's me, it's the truth of me, the more I write the more I am loving it all. It's so good to be this rough and ill, it is showing me so much truth and I want more. I love it, I love knowing me and how bad I really am. I am so happy, writing like a nutter because I can't stop telling you how good truth feels, even though it is so bad, it's wonderful, I want more bad if it feels this good to know

the truth of me.

Wow, wow, wow, I feel amazed at what I have seen today from my cold, I look awful but I am now feeling so good about it. I get it, at long last I have felt the truth and I get it and I felt love for myself, love that only truth can bring. Shit, it's amazing.

BEING MY FEELINGS.

9 January 2019

There is nothing in me to feel when I am being my feelings, feeling them fully in the moment, I have to keep saying it, it's amazing.

When I am accepting, expressing and being the truth of my feelings with every feeling, there is nothing being stored in me any more, it is all being expressed in the moment, that is what this cold is doing with me, I can't store any feelings about it because I am it, the cold is the truth of what I have previously denied and suppressed and now it is here for me to see and know and I am feeling it all as it plunges me down into my pain and is making me be it, shit, I wish I could explain it better.

I think I am getting worse, not better.

12 January 2019

I have to say that I feel in some ways that I am, I am getting worse not better and I will give you an example. I always thought I was a good mum, not controlling and letting my life stroll along at its own pace but what a blind illusion that was, since my healing has really kicked in I can see I am the opposite and even worse than I could have thought and it is crazy to now see that I can't stop being like it, in fact it is getting worse for me and I can't control it.

I am now seeing the minutia of how I am in every moment and I am terrible, fucking awful and want to control everything in my life, what was I thinking that I was ok and pretty free flowing with it all, bollocks was I. Now, I know this and am shocked by the revelation and I see that

Bollocks

everything I do is controlled to stop me being out of control, I can't believe it just how bad I am and its getting worse, I catch myself doing it and I can't help myself, it just happens all the time and last night I was in so much pain about it and seeing what I have done all my life, controlling everyone to make sure they don't have to feel any pain because I can't cope with it when they do, so I make sure every one is happy and has what they want so they don't have to suffer, I control everything to avoid any bad feelings so I don't have to be overwhelmed and the extent of how much I do that hasn't really been aware to me but now it is and it is worse than I thought.

I have been going around making everything good for everyone, controlling life because that is what I had to do as a child and it has become worse of late because it is what God wants me to see about myself and to feel for why I have to do it and it is because as a child I had to please mum and dad constantly to be noticed, to keep them happy and then I don't have to feel the pain of feeling unloved by them, it was and is all false and it's to cover up the pain of feeling any unpleasantness and how unloving that feels.

As a child I wanted to keep getting good feelings from them, I didn't want them ever being disappointed with me so I pretended I was good and always doing what they wanted while underneath I felt the truth, that they couldn't love me for just being flawed me. What a show to carry on for all of these years when one day the truth of how they felt about me had to come out and it has, they don't love me, well my dad doesn't and now I can see the truth of that and mum is desperately trying not to lose me, I am all she has to confide in about how she feels about dad as she can't tell him with out him blowing up at her, poor cow living with that pig all her life but that is her shit to deal with, unfortunately she showed me how to put up with shit men all my life.

Back to what I was talking about. Last night I was crying about how I can't do anything about how I am, I can't change it but I can feel about it all and hopefully when God knows I have emptied it all out of me, they will change me. The extent of my control is harrowing to me, it's such an eye opener to see how I really am and hard to take the truth. I feel like there is no hope for me, I am a lost cause and so deep in my control of everything that I will never get out of it and it is so hard to know this truth about myself when I didn't really see it before and

now it is right in my face, the truth, this is you Sam! I feel out of control with how bad it is and how I am like a run away train with it, I can't stop being like it, it is me and there is still some way to go before I can accept it but I can feel changes coming because as I feel about it, I am softening but I am not there yet. It is too much of a shock for me at the moment, to see the truth of myself and what I am doing in my life and that of my children, trying to make it all ok just as I would have done with my parents as a child, it is all being shown to me just exactly how it was for me with them.

Healing is so amazing but so disturbing and I constantly feel like I have got nowhere and am back at the beginning.

I am a control freak.

12 January 2019

My control is a real issue and last night I had a long talk with Mother and Father and they helped me to see that how I am, is how they want me to be so I can become aware of it and feel about it and then when I have felt it all out of me, they can transform my soul. I told them all about how scared I am about losing control, losing everything if I just give up, give in and let life take me, let it all go. It terrifies me to let it all go and let the pain swallow me up, kill me, shit I am so scared of losing my control but my control isn't even real, it's an illusion of control and I can feel that is true but I am still so fucking scared. I don't trust Mother and Father that I will be ok if I let go, it's the same as how I couldn't ever trust anyone to teach me to swim, they will let go of me and I will drown and I couldn't do that. It's the same feeling with God, shit I am so fucked. I feel like there is no hope for me at all but I can't make myself trust, that is the truth, I don't.

Mother and Father, I don't trust you, you are going to let me drown. I don't know that I will be ok if I let go. It is so hard to trust when I don't, I can't just tell myself to trust you because that's a lie, I don't trust you, I don't know you, I want to know how you are going to save me, how is my life going to be ok if I let my control go and trust you. I am having real issues with this. I feel like it is only me who has to fix it all for every one, no one else is going to do it. I can't bare to let any one suffer, it hurts me so much, it feels like it is killing me inside, the pain

of suffering and when I write this to you, I feel like I am a child back with my parents doing all I can to make them happy, I feel it is my job because that was my role as a child and to see them in pain crushed me as a child so I took it upon myself that I could make them happy again and this is still in me to do this with every one and it is so unloving of me to try to take any one's pain away, the pain that you God, want them to feel.

I am taking over from You and I can see that I am so wrong to intervene, its interfering in Your work with Your children and I am doing just what my parents had done and interfered. You want them to have their pain so they can become aware of it and one day feel it to heal it and if I am stopping that process, I am stopping their healing. I am being you and that is so wrong and just lately you have brought it to my attention just how much I am doing that, trying to control pain which I can't do of course, only You, God, can change our pain when you see that we have felt it to its fullest, then you can change us. I want to stop but I can't, I don't feel able to stop doing it no matter how much I want to, I am hopeless.

It has got worse for me, or maybe not worse, it is just now as I long to God to help me and show me more truth, I am now becoming aware of what I have always done, control, and it is so evil trying to control pain in everyone but it is so tortuously hard to stop being like it, which I can't because that would be using my mind to stop being like it. It is me, it is how I am and all I can do is feel about it with God's help. I can't change it, only God can when I have felt it all and a lot of my problem has been believing I can change it in myself, I can't but I can feel about it all, that is my part to do and without doing that, nothing can change. I really do feel I have done nothing, no healing and I am back at day one and I suppose with every new revelation, I am beginning again.

Help me please Mother and Father to feel all I need to feel about this, I want to know the truth and I beg you to please help me.

Feelings of great fear are rising in me, I am too scared to let go and let the pain take me, what will happen to me, my children if I let them suffer in their pain. I am so scared to let You do Your work God, I am so scared of my children being in any pain and it is just the same as my being that child doing all she could to

stop her parents feeling any pain, it's just the same feeling and I won't be loved if they are in pain because when they are in pain they won't see me. They won't be able to help me with my pain because they are too wrapped up in their own problems to even know I exist. I feel invisible to my parents, they are in so much pain it is scaring me, I want it to go away so they can be loving again and see me and be there for me again but when they are in pain, I don't exist to them and I feel so lost, confused, where am I to go, I don't know what to do. I am a child and I need them so much but I don't have them, pain does. I want them to love me but they can't, they hurt too much, they are too busy controlling their lives to see me.

Shit, this is it, this is what happened and now I am desperately trying not to lose my children's love for me and if I let them feel their pain, they will lose sight of me, they won't love me. Pain took away my parents and if I let my children feel their pain, then pain will take them away too. I am full of grief and loss because where there is pain there is no love, I won't be loved. I am back to being that little girl observing her parents pain, taking it in, and making sure I don't let it take love from me again so I have tried to control it by denying it, covering it over with good stuff, controlling it. I have fucked up!

This is so hard, so fucking hard, I am so fucked of with how intricate it all is, the miniscule elements of my feelings that twist and turn and hide and I have to tease them out of me. I have my own feelings from my childhood, then I have the pain I have created for my two children. It's so damn hard and at the moment I am on the floor with it, being crushed by it all.

Farting.

16 January 2019

I had a conversation with Trevor this morning about farting in front of him. I still don't feel I can do it in front of him and I talked to him about how I feel. I told him that I don't feel I should have to suppress it and it is suppressing a part of me that I was made to believe was bad and I don't want to do that any more but I am finding it so hard to do when he is around. I feel I should be able to just do it but I have so many bad feelings about it such as when I would do it as a younger person mum and dad would make some comment or shocking sound,

sometimes only mucking around but still it is disapproval that their parents did to them when they farted.

Shit, I even find it hard to say the word, it just isn't lady like, as my parents would say to me. To just do it when I felt I needed to, is so hard when I have been brought up to believe it is so wrong, especially for a woman, a woman doesn't do that, she is pretty, and smells beautiful and doesn't shit or fart like a man does, sugar and spice and all things nice, that's what ladies are made of. BULLSHIT and I hate that rhyme, it is so fucking wrong and puts so much pressure on a girl child to be perfect, I remember the fucking rhyme and it is making me so angry to put that shit into our heads that we have to be like that, so much pressure to be perfect, I am so imperfect in every way.

I would love it if another woman on here (forum) would add to what I am saying, comment about how you feel about farting in front of a man or anyone instead of having to cork it because it isn't lady like.

Trevor said that he strongly disagreed with me, no surprise there, there is no need to do it in front of anyone, go into another room and do it, it is disgusting, especially if you are eating and someone does it. He didn't agree with any of my opinions on it. I said that it is a natural thing to do and our bodies are designed to release gasses and we should be able to do it naturally without any laughs or comments or feeling embarrassed about it. It is all just more unloving behaviour of a natural part of ourselves, denying another part of us that is deemed bad or not allowed and I want to allow it and I wish I could just let rip at any time without worrying what someone might think of me.

I have done it by accident in the past and Trevor has been around and he doesn't do anything, he doesn't comment or look at me. He just pretends it never happened and I sit there feeling so embarrassed, like I want the ground to swallow me up, I have ruined myself and how he thinks of me, he doesn't like it, he thinks it is rude and very unsociable and that stops me doing it. I feel I can't because I am no longer feminine and lady like, that being the way my parents were about it, although we all did it and we all laughed about it, a funny noise and smell coming out of your arse, the dirty bit of you that no one wants to be associated with.

I feel sad that I can't be free to just do it, I am not there yet but it is coming and Trevor will not want to have anything to do with me, he will be ashamed of me and it will embarrass him, he won't know what to do about it because I have been so imperfect and so rude and animal like, but that is how I want to be in front of him, that is me and it is a part of me he hates and doesn't accept.

Men can do it but women can't, it's so unfair and so much pressure on women. I am going to do it because it is a part of me that I want to love and let out, it is me and if Trevor doesn't like it he doesn't have to, tough. But in saying that I am still worried about it, like it is the worse thing I could do is to fart in front of a man, I have to suppress it (suppress/repress I never know which one to use). I have to be perfect, shit it is still so strong in me, once I do it, that is it, there is no return from it, the sound and the smell is out there and I am tainted, dirty for ever but I am also FREE.

Farting Cont. . . .

16 January 2019

Oh my God, I really want to do it, I wish it was acceptable and I didn't have all of this anguish to go through, it is like I am 'Coming out' or something, 'Yes world, Samantha Hills farts and it stinks' why is this such a big issue for me, I have never farted in front of anyone intentionally, naturally, I have always corked it and it fucking hurts keeping all that gas in, its meant to be let out, that's why we do it but like Trevor said to me, it is rude, it is unacceptable and vulgar, then I have to be unacceptable and vulgar but it is so hard when all my life I have tried to be acceptable to everyone. I risk not being liked or loved, well, I am not anyway so I have nothing to lose but there is still so much reservation in me.

I can feel it, what I am waiting for, permission, I want permission from Trevor to Fart then it means he accepts me doing it, he will like me still even if I do it, he will like that part of me so I want his permission. I want him to say "Yes Sam, let it out, it is natural and we all should be doing it any time we like, it is a part of you so I love it" but that won't happen. He has stated how he feels so I am running the risk of him hating me and seeing me as a vulgar, ruined person who is not the girl he thought I was, he will see the truth about me and that is what I

want and I run the risk of being thought of so badly and that part of me unloved so it shows the truth of our friendship/relationship what ever it is we have, fuck knows. He has told me he doesn't accept this part of me but let's see what happens.

He is my dad. Telling me that it is not a very lady like thing to do. I am scared, scared to do it but I want to, I only have to do it once then that's it, its done and I can do it all the time and Trevor can hate me as much as he wants, I can be the big disappointment that I truly am to them. It is showing me the truth of all of my relationships, I still am wanting to be the perfect person my parents wanted me to be, a fantasy girl that does nothing wrong, its so bullshit, it's too much pressure to put on me, I am flawed, so flawed and that is the truth I want everyone to see, that is who I now want to be, the fucked and flawed, ruined truth that I am, that is me and that is who I want to be. The truth and everyone can leave me if they don't like what I truly am. I only have Trevor, there is no one left in my life and it looks like soon I will be left with no one but better that than false unloving relationships.

You wouldn't believe the fear inside of me about this, who would have thought that farting in front of a man would bring up so much fear but it has, I am fucking scared. I don't want Trevor (my dad) to think badly of me, reject me, hate me for being so gross but I need to do it, I want to do it so much, to be true. This is growing into being a huge deal for me, it is like a mountain I have in front of me, you wouldn't believe how such a thing like farting in front of someone could be such a scary thing but it is bringing up the feeling I need to feel. So much fear of rejection and disappointment, shame and disgust, repulsion of me that I could be so gross. I have been lying to everyone by keeping it in, including myself. It is the truth to let it out; to fart is being true and not rejecting any part of me and hating that part as others do. I have to do it to be true, I want to do it but I am so scared of what will be thought of me, there is no returning from it.



Still expressing the Farting thing.

16 January 2019

I am feeling so fucking useless and pathetic about this Farting business, I am so depressed about it still and can't do it, I can do it in front of my kids and I am telling all of you about it but I can't do it, it's too bad, too disgusting to do it and I envy any one that can just feel free to do it in front of anyone, I wish I could but I can't. I am too embarrassed to do it and I get wind a lot so I am corking it and hurting myself. I am being so unloving to myself and believing this is a bad part of me and what Trevor said to me today about it, confirms how people think about it, especially a woman who is meant to be so fucking perfect. Oh fuck all of this shit; I am so fucking pissed of with it. Just do it for fuck sake.

My son is 25 and I can do it in front of him, no problem, he thinks girls should do it and can't see what is wrong with it, he does it when he needs to because he doesn't want to be uncomfortable inside, we had a chat about it today when he came over. He doesn't see what the big deal is. I feel this is getting to be a really big deal for me and I want to feel all of my feelings about it so it may be a lot of repeating myself about farting.

Shit, I keep laughing when ever I write it and can't quite believe I am writing about this on the world wide web, its fucking mental but I want to get to a place where I am open about everything, I don't want any secrets about myself so I want it all out there, all spoken about openly. My son is so accepting about so much, I wish every one was like him, not judging me for being so 'Uncouth' as my parents would say. Who do they think they are for fuck sake, council house people pretending they are better than the truth of who they really are, they always wanted to be posh and it fucked me off, trying to be something they were not, telling me I was common and didn't speak right, they would put on a posh voice when they were out, shit it made my fume, I hated it and then I did it, just like them and I hated myself for it.

I feel so angry at not being accepted as I was, having to pretend, like them, that I was something better than the council house kid I was, 'AND I FART' so fuck you mum and dad. I am common, I speak like a common Londoner when I am not putting on some bullshit accent to please mum and dad, I am rough around the edges, not at all what they like me to be, I am an embarrassment to them, I

show them up, the truth of me shows them up, they hate it and I only know how to use full stops and comma's when I write. Punctuation is lost on me. (I know this is twisting and turning but I am just going with how I am feeling and my feelings change in an instant, as soon as I feel them I write them).

I so want to be free to be who I am, all the rough shit my parents didn't want me to be, I can see it all now, so clearly. How they wanted me to do so well so they could be proud of me and they are even embarrassed about my son working down the local dump. My parents call it the recycling centre, "Oh my grandson is into recycling." It's the dump and it fits in with how he feels inside, rubbish. He isn't trying to be something he isn't, he feels shit so he works with it and it is truer than my parents will ever be. People are rude to him, he takes their shit and he says it isn't the rubbish they bring that is the rubbish, it is them, they are the rubbish and it is them he wants to put in the skips and recycle because they are so rude to him. It is all the feelings he needs to heal and he understands that now, it is right for him at this time.

Back to farting. Its funny when we do it and is followed by a "Oh sorry about that" or some other excuse for doing it, I feel like I have to apologise for doing it because I can see my parents faces when I did it, like, "where are your manners Sam, say sorry or excuse me" like I did something wrong and bad, I have to have good manners and farting isn't one of them.

Shit, I am so programmed by them, I can see it all. They want me to deny this part of me as being so bad that no one must know I do it and now I believe what they said is true and it is so hard to get out of it, turn it around. My daughter does it in front of her boyfriend and it is no big deal, both my children are free with it but I am stuck in my parents' trap, that I am not allowed to do it and it feels like I will never be allowed to do it and I want to. I want to be able to do it freely, if I meet any of you I want to be able to do it in front of you without any feelings of embarrassment or shame but that's a long way off I feel at the moment.

I am to ashamed of myself to do it in front of my friend Trevor and we have known each other for so many years, intimately and just as good friends he knows more about me than my husband did but I still can't fart in front of him, I

couldn't fart in front of my husband or any of my previous husbands or boyfriends, I would have been mortified to do it, like the world just swallow me up now, such shame and this is because of the shame connected to farting that my parents put into me, that I mustn't embarrass them or myself in any way, it isn't right, its bad and won't be allowed or tolerated.

It's so hard to undo all my parents have done to me and all I can do is be it, be it all and feel how it feels being it and it feels fucking awful, repressed and all the other rejecting words. I can see the pretend me they wanted and created for themselves, the good girl. The real farting, common me, they didn't want. Shit it has been so much pressure to be so fake, unexpressed and untrue to how I feel and who I really am.



Wanting to be accepted.

16 January 2019

I am constantly waiting to be accepted, to be told its ok, go ahead Sam you are allowed to fart any time you want. I need someone to tell me its ok; they will still love me even if I do it all the time. I am waiting for the acceptance.

James responds to the Farting thing.

16 January 2019

Marion and I do it all the time in front of each other. Marion was like you Sam when we first met, her parents never farting in front of the children. Now she wonders where it all went, what happened to all the gas? And she delights at times at how incredible the noise is. It is amazing the mind control we can exert over our bodies because of our beliefs and training. My parents were more silly and childish in many aspects compared to hers, so dad was always farting on us and carry on with mum just doing it as she felt, no big deal. So I relate to your son, yet still reading all you write about 'farting', I want to laugh because it was one of things we could laugh at with dad. We had a certain power in it, which says a lot as to how pathetic our lives were when farting was one of the few powers we had.

And now with all our stomach problems, we've got to bring it out for the relief. We also have the toilet off the kitchen which is attached to the lounge, it's all very small the house, and we have never closed any doors to each other, so we've always pooped and farted away often talking to each other expressing our yuk and everything else in the bathroom when one of us is on the loo.

yuk

Out in the world it's another matter, ideally it'd be great if we could all be so free, I'm sure the aborigines were, and probably if we lived the right way and ate the correct diet we'd not be so windy, but at the BB (Bush Bank) I hold back, although sometimes forgetting I'm not at home.

With my grandparents they'd fart away being older and not able to control it all, yet never remarked or acknowledged it, with we three kids trying not to roll around laughing our heads off as we followed them farting along.

Great stuff the Healing isn't it, leaving no part out, we have to look into it all, as you have been expressing so well Sam. Daily, Marion and I feel so bad without being able to do anything about it other than just keep going expressing how bad we feel. The truth about how fucked we are incrementally keeps coming to us. Today I saw, yet again, and deeper, how unloved I am, how I didn't have any in my early life. Over and over, slowly seeing more every day.

We're both going through lots to do with eating. Marion is breaking down and through her can't eat this and can't eat it now, by delighting in having the chocolate and all the different one's (the freezer is full of different blocks, all the pretty packaging) whenever she feels like it. To have chocolate in the morning or knowing she won't be able to eat her other meals, on a whim to stuff in more when her stomach is reeling. She hates the fact that she can't enjoy the taste, having it all day long, it being the sad love substitute she so desperately craves, that she wants to just be a mouth, and not have her stomach complaining – which is her parents, always saying no and limiting everything and telling her she's wrong for doing it how she wants to do it. So as always, she's adamant that she's going to follow her feeling, eat it and however much she wants whenever she feels to until she can't and either dies (which would be great) or something else happens to stop her or until she feels no, she doesn't want to do it anymore. So a million and one things we're both working through to do with food and eating.

Me responding to James.

17 January 2019

So good to hear from you James and while I was writing about my farting I was laughing too, as I used to do with my dad as he did it and it was funny, all that pulling his finger and out would come a fart and everyone would laugh and then it was alright for me to do it but if I just did it, I would get the look from him and say that I wasn't very lady like so I only had the power to do it as far as he would let me but he had to do it first. I so repressed about it all and as for leaving the loo door open as you and Marion do, that is something I can't do yet, it's just too much for me to even think about, me at my worst, sitting there for everyone to see, the thought horrifies me. I never saw mum or dad on the loo and if I tried to get in and dad was on the loo he would growl at me that I was interrupting him and he felt pressured to hurry up so I can remember holding it in just about ready to shit myself but I couldn't say anything to him because I was too scared. There is so much to it all and all of the pain comes flooding back, things I haven't remembered but are in me waiting to come up and out.

I love what you wrote about Marion and her chocolate. I haven't wanted any for a few weeks now, nothing sweet at all really, I am not interested at all and my

eating has stopped, I don't have the demented cravings that I did have every day but that could all change any time. It is so good not to crave it all the time, the fridge has a section with chocolate in it but I think I will throw it out which would have horrified me a few weeks ago to even think about doing that but I won't eat it, I don't want it. Even going shopping I don't venture up the cake aisle at all for my Love substitutes and I feel so good about it, good about myself and that I don't want to hurt myself by eating it constantly because it had got worse. The compulsion had become like a drug for me and I have never been that bad, or should I say I was that bad but wouldn't let myself feel how bad my craving was.

Then through my healing, I let it come up in me and it was uncontrollable, I needed food, sweets, cake and chocolate all the time, even going out to the shops just to buy sweet stuff, a basket full of crap all to make me feel good, to give me some sort of pleasure I so deeply needed. It filled the holes and substituted the love I craved but never felt. I feel now that I don't want to do that to myself, feelings so much compassion for unloved self that I needed so much comforting from sweet stuff. I can see how bad I was and how much love I missed out on, shopping trolleys full of it. Like I say though, it could just be a respite so I will see how I go and if I feel like stuffing my face again, I will and then feel the terrible feelings of how I have let myself down and I am so useless, I am a lost cause and all the other feelings that come with gorging myself on sweet stuff.

At the moment I am not missing it at all and I have never felt like that, I am feeling another feeling taking over and that is one of compassion for myself, I feel sad and sorry for myself and it is like that feeling is on top, it has taken over from the need in me and I like it, its like a cuddle from me to me and that is what I needed instead of being given food because they didn't want to give me anything of themselves, they didn't have it in them to give. And it is like I am turning it around because I was doing to myself what they did to me, feeding me with nice sugary stuff.

So I thought it was them loving me and now I know it was them denying me their love and keeping me quiet. I carried on hurting me like they did and now, at the moment, I don't want to do that, so we will see where it all goes but it was so good to hear about how it is for you and Marion, it helps me and I feel so

much the same in many ways, to both of you, a bit of Marion and a bit of You, similar. When I read through what you write about how it is for you both, I can feel myself going "Yes, that is me too, I feel like that" and I like it. Yes James, a million and one things to feel about and I want it all out of me.

Noticing a change in how I am with my children.

20 January 2019

Reflecting on my short period of 'Nothingness', I thought I was coming to the end of my healing as I wasn't feeling bad as much as I had been but now I feel it was a time of change in me. I now feel like I have gone up a level by going down deeper into my feelings, becoming truer to them and now being my bad feelings even more, being so true to them and actually fully being them, all the bad stuff I am now feeling I am living.

Yes, I definitely feel like a change has occurred in me and I am being my bad feelings, they have come up to the surface of my life for me to live and I can't stop it, I have to be them and it feels like I am getting worse not better but that also feels right and true. I feel like I have kind of plateaued and now taken it up a notch by being worse which is being true to my bad feelings so I have gone up but sunk right down into my feelings, its hard to explain it but that is how I am feeling about it all.

A noticeable change in me is how I am being to my children, it is changing all the time now and I feel disturbed about it, I have to say. I can't do enough for them both and it doesn't feel good, it feels wrong and bad but I can't stop being like it and it confuses me, what the fuck am I doing!! But I have to let it happen and feel about how it makes me feel and it is always like I shouldn't be doing it. I am bending over backwards to help them both, I want to be there for them all the time and it is a real compulsion and you might think that is a good thing, but it doesn't feel that way.

I feel like I am being bad, doing too much for them so they don't have to feel pain. As children I spent a lot of time trying to get rid of them dropping them off at school and feeling relieved that I now had time to myself to go and run my business in freedom until 3:00 pm when I might go and pick them up or get someone else to do it so I could carry on working. At the weekends I would

drop them off with their grandparent's so I could go out and enjoy myself and do what I wanted to do and when I feel about how I treated them, I wasn't there for them at all just pretending to be. Now all I can see is the painful child in both of them and I want to do everything I should have done for them as children, now, as adults and it is too late, the damage has been done and I can't change it and I see it playing out in their lives all the time and the pain is excruciating. Now all I want to do is love them and do everything for them and I can't control it but it doesn't feel right because they are 25 and 19 and should now be finding their own way. It is all so confusing for me but I don't want to stop myself doing it because it is how I feel and all I can do is let the feelings come up about how I am feeling and those feelings are full of guilt, remorse and sorrowful pity for what my children missed out on, their mother's love.

I can see the pain that my rejection of them has caused them and it kills me inside, I have done this to them and now they believe it is the way and it isn't, I was so wrong and I cry over what I have done to them all the time, it rips me apart and I feel so helpless as I watch their pain. I have been talking to Mother and Father about it all and I now feel like I have done it all so wrong, I thought I was the be all and end all to them and their was nothing else but me for them and I was so wrong and I have prayed to God to take over from me, they are not my children, they are Mother and Father's children and I pray to them to show me the way, I feel like I want to give them back to Mother and Father because I have done it all wrong, fucked up completely in my rejection of God's way.

It's so incredibly hard when you realise what mistakes you have made with your children. Its like an "Oh my God, what the fuck have I done, shit, I have ruined them" and I know I have done this and I feel helpless to change it, to know I have done this to them and to be healing myself feels so selfish because I am healing myself and am aware of what I have done but they are not ready for it all yet, they don't want to know about what a bad parent I have been because they still think I am the best parent ever, they can't see it and won't until they do their healing themselves and look into the truth of how they were parented.

At the moment I just can't help myself to be there for them and their every need, I can't stop doing it although I feel it is wrong but I have to do it. WHY?? Because I can't bare them feeling any more pain and that is so wrong, I am

stopping their feelings being as evil as I can be because I don't want them to feel bad so I am wholly in this compulsion with them to stop them feeling bad and it feels like I have degraded in my healing but I also feel it is so necessary for me to be like this now because it is how it was with me and my parents but it all feels so amplified, I am out of control with it. As a child I had to please my parents and now I am doing this with my son and daughter, they are mum and dad and this is the truth of how it was for me as a child and I feel like I have to relive it with them. It all is very complicated and intricate in its creation but I can see the truth in it all and there are so many feelings I am becoming aware of at this weird and disturbing time.

I had to stop my parents from feeling bad, I had to do it all the right way so they would love me and I am doing that with my children, all so they will love me, I am trying to feel the love I missed with my parents, through my children and it is all so sick and twisted and unloving but it is the truth of how I have to be at this stage of my healing. It feels very wrong but it also feels very right and the compulsion to be like it is beyond my control, I can see how desperate I was for my parents' love that I would do everything for them to make them pleased with me and feel some love from them and as I am like this with my children at the moment, I can feel them beginning to take advantage of me which is just as my parents did, it is all the same, I am just replaying it all out, all of my childhood with my parents.

SPIRITUAL HEALING:

We incarnate into Rebellion, and by default become untrue to ourselves. The truth of which we are to see through our Healing. And once seen, then we will no longer be of the Rebellion, being a true, happy, perfect and all-loving personality.



The Healing is about becoming true to being as you are in your untruth. As you become aware, facing and accepting the truth of how wrong and untrue you are. And once you've brought all your untrue self out through each stage of your Healing and are wholly aware of yourself and your rebelliousness, then your soul and God will transform you out of being untrue and into becoming your true spiritual Celestial self, be that in the physical or when you do your Healing in spirit.

SPIRITUAL HEALING:

Our Healing is about first finding the truth of our unloving and untrue state, coming to understand the full extent of that, how it relates to us and how we relate to it, and all how it makes us feel so demented living life in a stupor.

Healing is about seven Mansion Worlds worth of uncovering the truth of our rebellious state. It's all about becoming progressively more aware of how screwed up we are. So right the way through our Healing, we stay being screwed up all so we can see the truth of how demented we are in all the ways that we are untrue, all the way to the End of our Healing.

What we do heal through our Healing, is all that is stopping us see the truth of ourselves – our untrue and false state.

Mansion World 7: is then about still working with the deepest and residual bad feelings, whilst looking to sort out how you wrongly relate to yourself and others, nature and God because of being unloving; understanding how your relationships are unloving, how you don't connect properly, how unloving you really are and why and fully accepting the truth of it, coming completely to grips with your parents not loving you as you needed to be loved – sorting it all out, including your self and feeling expression difficulties. Then comes transition.

Mansion World 5: is then about going right into the depths of them, feeling how unloved you feel and seeing how unloving you are and how that makes you feel, bringing out the majority of your pain, your misery, fear, anger, guilt, hatred, boredom, terror, rejection, nothingness, feeling powerless, alone and abandoned, and so on. Each progression is full on, all the way.

Mansion World 3: is for waking up to the truth that you're not loving and starting to get in touch with your pain, starting to accept your bad feelings, starting to work with them instead of rejecting them.



IT IS NOT THIS WAY



IT IS THIS WAY

BLUEPRINT

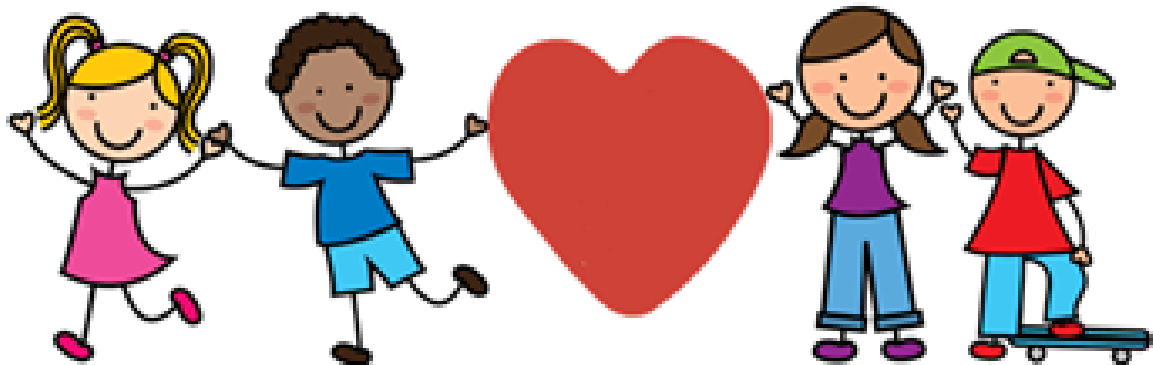
We are our Childhood



THE GREATEST
THREAT
TO
HUMANITY



WE ARE GOD'S CHILDREN



Becoming aware of what a doormat I have been.

20 January 2019

Shit, I can see what a doormat I have been all my life, because I had to be one for my parents, now I am being one for my children, pleasing every one so they will love me, being the obedient person for everyone. Bending over backwards to please and do my best so I will be liked and loved and wanted. It's a fucking addiction and it is worse than it ever has been, I am out of control with it seeing just how it was for me as a child and feeling all it makes me feel. I feel like a fucking doormat, a robot, just doing what everyone wants me to do to keep them happy, that is all I am for, pleasing others, making them happy, that has been my job in life. My Life and wants and needs don't matter to anyone, my life is worthless to everyone and I am only there for them, like a slave or servant that is how it was for me to put everyone else above me, way above me, I can't even see where I come in the scale of things.

I am being like this perfect person, even worse than I was before and these last few weeks I have really noticed it in me and I can't control it, I am on overdrive with it all and as I have felt more into it today, I feel terrible, so tired and worn out, burnt out really, as I see the truth more of how compulsively controlling I have been made to be. It has felt like I am in survival mode, that if I am not perfect in doing everything for everyone I will be left alone, not wanted or even die. It's what I had to do to be noticed and then I look back and had my children and rejected them how I was rejected and now I am being super mum to make them love me as I had to do it for my parents when I was young, I am now being the same to my children, to get them to love me like my parents didn't.

Feeling the grief of what I have done to my Son.

20 January 2019

I have gone right down hill tonight, feeling sick and very ill. I am riddled with torment about what I have done to my children over the years, especially my son, he is bringing it all to me every day. Tonight, he came over telling me of his loneliness and how badly rejected he feels in life and I know this is the rejection of love from me and his father but all I can feel about is how I have rejected him and still am. I listened to him talk tonight and the pain coming from him is just the worst, I feel it so deeply and I can't stop crying with pain over what I have

done to him. Tears are very hot and plentiful as I feel the pain coming from him, it is my pain also but to see your child in this deep pain and loneliness, it feels like nothing on Earth as the sorrow hits me. All of his relationships are unloving ones, his job, his girlfriend, his social life, his friends around him committing suicide, and seeing the pain in him as he sees the utter rejection in his dead friends, dying of their own love rejection. It all hurts so much as I listen to his pain, letting him pour it out to me and I sit there in my helpless, pathetic way crying with pain at his pain and mine.

I am feeling deeply sad, grief is all I feel at what I have done to my son and I wonder will my son's painful feelings of rejection lead him to the same end as his friends. Have I rejected him so badly that he will do the same as he spirals into so much pain that he feels he can't get out of and all I can do is listen to him, be there for him to express himself to, be his compassionate listener who is so pathetic that she can't do a thing about how he feels. To not be able to help your own child, it's the most powerless and hopeless feeling ever and all I can tell him is that no matter how bad he is feeling, or whatever time of the day or night it is, I am here to listen and it is never a nuisance to me, I want to do it, be there for him.

He feels like he is being a pain to me, and I understand this feeling because it is mine, I have felt like that all my life, that I am a pain to my parents so I didn't feel I could tell them anything. I remember what it was like to not be able to sleep as a child and young person, to have thoughts and feelings that terrified me so much I couldn't sleep and thought I was going mad. I couldn't tell anyone, I was too ashamed but I have told my son about how I felt and he is the same and now he knows I understand because I have been there and all I want is to be the parent to him that I never had, a listening one. I want to hear it all from him, all the horror and suicidal thoughts, nothing will shock me.

It is all crazy because on one hand I am doing all I can to please him and stop him feeling bad, which I can't of course, and on the other hand I want him to tell me all of it, I want to be his listener so I am in two worlds with it all, being as evil as I can be by stopping him feeling and then being loving by wanting him to express it all out to me, be his listener. Crazy, but I just have to go with how it is for me, feeling all the evilness out of me as I am being it to become more loving

and true. There is no right or wrong, it just is how it is and trusting this is how Mother and Father want it for me so I can heal it all.

Controlling and interfering.

21 January 2019

More craziness being shown to me today about my controlling ways. My daughter just came home from staying at her boyfriend's all weekend and she made herself some beans on toast and left the bean can in the sink, I like to clean it out and take off the label for recycling. I asked her to do the same and she got angry with me and told me she had every intention of doing it after she had eaten. She felt angry at me and we had it out. She told me how bad I make her feel when I show such little faith in her and I jumped to the conclusion that she wasn't going to do it, which I did and it would be left to me.

I felt I would have to do it and felt angry about that, like I am taken for granted that I will do it all for them. I feared that I wouldn't be thought about or taken into consideration by her. I wanted it done instantly so it would show me she had thought about me and didn't want to leave it to me. This would have made me feel thought of and loved but I don't feel like that, I feel that if I hadn't said anything she would have left it to me to do the dirty work without a care about me. I don't feel loved by her or anyone, especially not my parents as I can feel this child-like pain in me by Faye not cleaning out the can and leaving it to me like I mean nothing. It has brought up feelings of how unworthy I feel.

I have made her like this, she may have intended to clean it out after she had eaten but I don't think so. I have made her like it and now I am seeing how unloving I have parented her and how I also expected my mum to do all the dirty work for me. She is now in the kitchen washing up her stuff she has used but I don't know if she would have had I not said something. I am still feeling unloved because I interfered and now won't know if she would have just done it without me saying anything. I feel that I am not considered, disregarded and like I don't matter and my deep feelings are of my relationship with my parents when these feelings come up. It might be about fate not doing the cleaning up on the surface but deep in me it is the event I have needed to bring about the feelings of how unworthy and unloved I felt as a child with my parents, and it has done that.

To be so disregarded by my parents is so painful as I am feeling it now with Faye and I have to go into my control mode to get her to consider me by not leaving her mess to me and telling her to do it. If i hadn't interfered she would have left it for me to do, maybe, and I would have felt it all deeper but the feelings are still there for me to feel.

I hate that uncontrollable control I put into play, I hate it but i can't help it, it is a mechanism I have used all my life to gain power and stop myself feeling bad and it is getting stronger and worse the more I am healing and asking for Mother and Father's help to see the truth. I can't stop it and it feels like I am no longer in control of it as it gets worse so I can see it for what it is, I have to be it to heal it and I am a control freak which is something I never thought I was at all. I am, I am so much worse than I thought and I am a run away train that I can't stop.

In all of this, I love the fact that Faye feels able to tell me exactly what she feels about me and she feels free to tell me how I make her feel, it's something I was never allowed to do with my parents and it crippled me for life. Faye just comes out with it, no holding back which I absolutely love and want more of and sometimes it presses my buttons which is good for me to see the anger and feel it, it's good for us both to tell the truth about how we feel. Faye was a very angry child and as a baby would smash her head against anything she could to Express it, people would look on in horror and I never stopped her doing it as I knew it was anger in her and as she got older she expressed it vocally and has always let it out so I have noticed with her that she recovers quicker because she feels she is allowed to Express anger. Sometimes she goes to her room and lets it out and cries a lot when she is hurting and when she is ready she comes to me to talk about it and we end up talking for hours.

We both have a long way to go, it's hard, I have got it all so wrong and its gruelling to work through pain but I am committed to it, it is my life's purpose, it's all there is for me.

Admitting to someone I am weak!

21 January 2019

After my last post on the forum, I began to feel ill again, like I am coming down with flu, I often feel like this after I have expressed something. I felt so weak and my eyes were sore so I curled up in bed and shut my eyes for a while telling God how weak I felt and how it stops me doing anything. More bad feelings on top of bad feelings, feeling so weak and scared of being ill and weak and powerless.

I have just told Trevor about how I was feeling, I really expressed my weakness to him and that even telling him made me feel weak, admitting to him I am weak and pathetic. I realised that even just by telling him about it, I felt embarrassed and weak about it. So weak physically and emotionally, so pathetic and crushable. All he came back with was "I wonder what I can do for a sore throat" he has a rough throat and had to speak to a client. Nothing about how I was feeling and I asked him what that had to do with me feeling weak and he replied, "Nothing, I have a client to talk with and I have a sore throat". It all just plunges me down deeper into my rejection, no one cares about me and how I feel but they all expect me to care about them, them being my parents, them being the important ones, not me, I am insignificant and unheard and this interaction today showed me exactly that truth.

I was feeling weak and ill and wanted to express it but there is no chance if whoever I am telling, doesn't want to know, it won't be heard just as it wasn't as a child so I had to feel it but suppress it and keep it all to myself because it was no use to want someone to listen. It wasn't always like that, I had whooping cough at 7 and thought I was going to die and mum and dad were really scared too, any physical symptom that were obvious and worrying they paid attention to but for me, it was the symptom you can't see that were the worst, like feeling so ill and weak, things the doctors can't fix because to them they are not there, all in my mind, they used to say. Shit, to recall how ill I used to feel all the time, like I was constantly about to die, fuck, I don't know how I survived through my life.

I ask God to help me know the truth of how I feel and I get events that plunge me into my feelings more, like today, feeling so ill and weak and wanting to tell someone but them rejecting me completely, it shows me how it was for me as a child, denied and ignored when I needed to be listened to and sympathised with.

Just to be heard, it means so much, to have someone interested in you genuinely and want to be there for you, I long for a community like that.

Expressing more boredom.

24 January 2019

I am feeling so bored and I think I am writing this so I can do something, so I will Express how I am feeling. Like there is nothing for me, so bored, nothing to do, nothing I want to do so I am laying on my bed writing this about how bored I am. I walk up and down stairs to see if there is any change, but no, just the same nothingness. What's the point, all so pointless having nothing to do, what was I born for if only to lead a nothing boring life. What is the point in being alive, there is no point, I am such a nothing person of no use, I can't see the point in me.

I feel like I am a ghost, here, but not seen or heard. If I don't make myself known to anyone it will be like I don't even exist. If I don't do something I won't be acknowledged at all. As I am not doing anything, I don't feel like I exist. It makes me think of everything I have done in my life, all of it only to be acknowledged, seen, heard, alive, existing because I haven't wanted to feel like this, a ghost.

When will it change, will it ever change? It might not and I might be bored forever, I don't know. It is just such a nothing place to be in; wandering around the house with no aim, what's the point. I am even bored writing this, it's so boring me just moaning about it all.

There is nothing I want to do either, all there is, is to eat, drink and go loo and move about, shift myself from one place to another but I usually settle for my couch with my red blanket and sit there all day feeling bored as my mind tries to conjure up things for me to do, just like mum used to, none of anything she suggested I wanted to do, it was all stuff like – do your homework, clean your room – who the fuck wants to do that shit, I wanted to do something amazing, interesting, fun but she never suggested anything like that, just horrible stuff. Now, I long for those same exciting pleasurable things to do, they are all fantasies though, just the same ones as when i was a child. I am still that bored

child waiting for something exciting to happen to me, I am still waiting to feel alive.

The reality is I am as bored now as I was as a child, nothing good is going to miraculously happen to me it's all fairy tales in my mind. Wanting a different life from the one I have, a fun life full of new experiences instead of this dull existence I have. I crave excitement, I always have but never got it with mum and dad, we might go here and there on a Sunday outing but I couldn't wait to break away and leave home so I could please myself and for what I wanted.

The excitement is just fantasy though, escape from the truth of how unloved I feel, how disregarded and ignored I felt as a child. No one ever asked me what would I like to do, what needs did I have, we did everything as a family and it would always be my parents decision in the end so it didn't really matter.

I feel so hopelessly bored and useless, I can't see why I am here, what the fuck is my reason for living, I am of no use to anyone, I just don't do anything. As I write what I write, I get a feeling in me that tells me "this is how you felt as a child", it's a very definite feeling and makes me know that what was just written is the truth of how it was for me. When I write it I am right back there with mum and dad, I had forgotten the feeling but it comes back as I write.

I have nothing to do, I want to stomp around moaning about how bored I am but no one will want to hear me, God will. I am going to moan to God like I would to mum and she would tell me to go and find something to do, what fucking answer was that!

I am going to tell God all of it like I am that little bored girl again, because that is the truth.

Samantha McCabe

A little bit about my Spiritual History



Where do I start? I suppose it all began with a very keen interest in Tarot, I bought my first deck when I was younger and really enjoyed the cards and felt an instant connection with them and my creativity flowed as my relationship with the cards grew. I began to do readings for people and then I was employed by a telephone Tarot line to do readings as a full time job but it felt so awful to me and I dreaded the phone ringing, it just wasn't me to work in this way so it didn't last very long and I gave it up.

I got into witchcraft and really loved it. I also explored all types of 'MIND' led spirituality including Shamanism which led me to an induction into the Munay Ki initiations. The Munay-Ki isn't very well known so here is a little about it. The Munay Ki is a series of nine Empowerment rites based on the initiatory practices of the Q'ero shamans of Peru, as taught by anthropologist Alberto Villoldo. "Munay" in Quechua means "love and will", together with "ki", from the Japanese word for energy, combine to give the meaning: energy of love. The Munay-Ki is a modern form of transmitting the initiation empowerments of the Q'ero, and are based on the traditional initiation ceremonies of Q'ero shamans.

I initiated in all of the Reiki systems to Master level sitting in on many days of courses and so much money spent on all of it. I went to meditation classes twice a week and meditated every day for many years. I visited spiritual sites and

places, I bought beautiful crystals and spiritual jewellery hoping to feel something from it all that would change me or make me feel something special and amazing. I was looking for a feeling but none of it did it for me, all it did was to expand my MIND and lead me further away from my SOUL. I spent a lot of money hoping to feel something. I thought surely the Reiki would change me, make me more spiritual and special and an amazing healer but there was nothing! I was always left very disappointed and the feeling I was after, never happened. I looked outside of myself and I looked everywhere for the feeling I was so missing. I have even seen my Reiki master and she has now given it up and she admitted to me that she felt nothing from it and it did nothing for her.

I understand that I had to go through it all, I had to chase my mind's leadings and follow the feeling in me that I was searching and looking for the answer to such emptiness and longing. I yearned to fill the emptiness and the huge void I felt inside me, I looked everywhere for the answer but nothing worked for me.

I wanted to be special, to be loved, to be 'Something' to someone, to be a great healer so that everyone wanted me and came to me. I wanted to be the best but I was left feeling as crushed as I have always felt and totally deflated because nothing I tried ticked any of my needy, mind led boxes. The feeling of having to be a nothing for the rest of my life, was killing me but it was the truth; my mind wanted power. I wanted to feel like I was something in life; I wanted to feel like I was wanted because I felt so unwanted, loved because I felt so unloved. My search for Love was never in the places I thought it would be.

All this time I was searching and trying 'this and that' spiritual practice, I had this constant nagging within me, a feeling that kept me searching so I could finally feel content with myself but it never came, nothing I did fulfilled me and the nagging feeling kept on, like a hunger inside me that never feels full and it kept me searching until one day I searched on the computer for 'How does Mary Magdalene Heal'. I felt a connection to Mary and had many books about her by authors who thought they had an idea about who she was. My Google search led me to the writings of James Moncrief and his web site and forum [Home | Divine Love Spirituality and Childhood Repression forum \(freeforums.net\)](#)
[Divine Love Spirituality – free books and Padgett Messages – Divine Love Spirituality – God is Personality \(weebly.com\)](#)

The feeling in my heart when I found these writings and channelling from James, wow, just WOW! The feeling in my heart was that I have finally found what I have been looking for all my life. I spent my days reading all of the messages from Mary and Jesus and there was no going back. I had found my answers and I now knew how to heal and it cost me nothing, there were no initiations, no meditations, no chants, no gongs, no laying on of hands, no rituals, all there was for me to do was to feel my feelings and end the denial and rebellion of myself and of God. It sounds so

easy the way I have put it but my writings of my feeling healing experiences will show you how awful it can get when becoming aware of the denial and suppression of your own feelings. It has been a harrowing time for me but also an incredible time as I get to know the truth of myself through my feelings and by longing to God, My Mother and Father, for their help to get to the truth of my denial, that relationship has been incredible, I can't do it without them.

When I don't include God in my healing, I can only get so far with my feeling revelation. When I long to God for their help, it is like magic happens; I uncover layers that I never knew existed but have always been there, causing so much harm and illness to me. I need to include God, the creator of my soul, God knows everything that is in me, all the hidden thoughts and feelings, God knows me better than I know myself, so to long to God to help me is the only way to get to my denied and suppressed trapped feelings that I have no idea I had pushed so deep down within me. It is incredible how it happens. God created my soul, God, My Mother and Father, are my true parents and they want the best for me, they want me back and I can feel that and that keeps me going, even in the darkest times in my healing I can feel them pulling me along, even when I hate them and am calling them all the Fuckers under the sun, they still want me.

My writings are at times harrowing, which is how it should be when you have not been loved how you needed to be, by your parents, there are not many good times to read about. It's a tough read and it was tough for me to compile these books having to re-read it all but it is the truth of my denied and suppressed childhood feelings. These are the feelings my physical parents put into me at my conception, in the womb and throughout my childhood. I denied my pain and refused to feel it, just as my parents had done, and for the best part, never even realised the deep pain that was in me, but through my 'feeling healing' and with God's help, I have been feeling my way to the truth of the bad feelings that have been denied and repressed and have caused every pain, illness, situation, relationship and experience in my life.

I don't expect you to enjoy reading my healing experiences but I hope they give you an insight into what true healing involves, and what is more important, I hope they bring up in you, many feelings for you to accept, express and find the truth of.

Samantha

FURTHER READING:

Free downloads are from www.pascashealth.com in the Library Download page, scroll down for PDFs:

PASCAS CARE PARENTING

Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book I	Experience
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book II	Conception
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book III	Magic
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book IV	Nothingness
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book V	Setting Free
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book VI	Pain and Rage
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book VII	Vision
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book VIII	Childhood
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book IX	Self-Acceptance
Sam’s Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing	Book X	Physical Illness

- Pascas Care – Parenting Awareness
- Pascas Care – Parenting Eureka Moment
- Pascas Care – Parenting Feelings Supreme Guides
- Pascas Care – Parenting Health Generation
- Pascas Care – Parenting into the Abyss
- Pascas Care – Parenting Rebellion

Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

The Rejected Ones – the Feminine Aspect of God

<http://divinelovesp.weebly.com/my-free-books-and-free-padgett-messages.html> ALSO at
<https://www.pascashealth.com/index.php/library.html?file=files/opensauce/Downloads/MEDICAL%20-%20SPIRITUAL%20REFERENCES/Rejected%20Ones%20via%20James%20Moncrief.pdf>



Mind Centric Way

Feelings First Freedom

Feelings First

IT'S A WAY
OF LIVING.



Samantha

My books are a collection of my deepest feelings, the ones that have been denied and suppressed since my conception. Through accepting, expressing, and finding the truth of these feelings, I am finally able to know the truth of myself.

My denied and suppressed childhood feelings have been the backbone to every decision I have ever made in my life, and through allowing these feelings to be revisited emotionally, I can now understand why I am the way I am, why I have done the things I have done, and why there has been so much illness and pain.

I haven't done this alone, I have constantly called upon the help and Divine Love of God, my true parents, the Mother and Father of my soul, to reveal the truth to me. And this happens through my feelings, They speak to me through my feelings, and this is a growing and evolving relationship.

We don't have to do it alone, healing was always meant to be a conversation, a relationship between us and our true Mother and Father. They know everything we have been through, everything that is unhealed within us, and all of our denied and suppressed feelings. So, ask them, long for them to help you find the truth of your feelings and, the truth will come.

Parenting and feeling healing is all about how I was parented and how I have parented my own children and knowing the truth of the pain caused. Taking the will of a child and replacing it with your own can only lead to the deepest suffering of the child, and we all have been 'That Child'.

God is there to help us with our healing, to show us the truth, and then set us free.

Samantha McCabe

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