

Parenting
&
Feeling Healing



Book 7

Samantha McCabe

SAM'S BOOK

Parenting and Feeling Healing

Book VII

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The infographics have been assembled to assist one with the comprehension of the many volumes of the core reference material. It is the express desire of the author that these infographics may be shared freely without conditions, other than that they are to remain free and freely available to all those who seek to have them available, be it for personal use and/or share and/or for education use and general distribution.

These works stem from the author's 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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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



SAMANTHA MCCABE

FEELING HEALING EXPERIENCES

BOOK 7

My will was not accepted.

20 May 2019

I can now see so much truth of how it was for me in that family. How controlling and how I had to submit to every one's will and reject my own because it wasn't accepted. I was not taken seriously at all and today's meeting with my sister has shown me the truth of how it was for me. I had to be agreeable, to be submissive, not rock the boat in any way and she still expects me to be like that.

She says she truly loves me but in the same breath she has abandoned me because I won't conform and won't stop all of this silliness, telling me my feelings aren't real, she wants me to deny how I feel and she calls that loving me. I can see so clearly the truth of how it was at home. Bev being the sensible one who did it all the right way and me being the reckless one who was crazy and couldn't be trusted or taken seriously, it is still the same. Bev laying down mum and dad's law, being them, to me. I feel so raging inside and I know this sounds childish and that's because it is, it's still the same childhood pain and I am upsetting everyone by bringing it up, they want to carry on playing happy families and I am ruining it.

I can see why I was always so ill living with them, I was denied completely and I felt ill for a few days before my sister came round and that is how I felt at home, toxic.

Feeling free of my parents.

20 May 2019

Today, I feel free of my parents; I don't want anything to do with any one in my family because now I see how I felt around them and how they made me feel. I had to conform to their will and their ways and I did, it made me very ill to deny myself in such a terrible way, I didn't exist to them or to myself, I felt dead every day because I wasn't allowed to bring myself out into life and live my will. They are still doing it to me so I don't want them around me.

Last night, as I was feeling my way through this with my sister, I felt so alone and alienated by her and it was a feeling that I knew well, I was an outsider in

my own family and always wanting to break free of them but they wouldn't let me go.

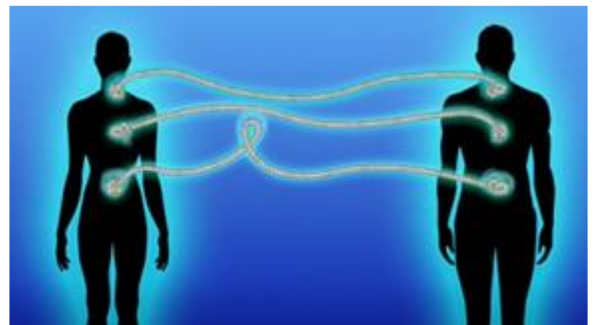
I began to feel scared last night; an old feeling of panic began to stir in me as I saw myself being so alienated by them all. It was like I didn't have anyone in the whole world to be with me but this was how I always felt only I had denied it so much. I didn't want to believe it was true, not wanting to be alone but now I feel it, now I feel truly alone and without them. They have all left me and believe I am crazy, unhinged and in some sort of madness or depression when the truth is the complete opposite. I have never been clearer of mind as I see more truth of how it was for me as a child living in my family.

My sister coming over is something I wasn't looking forward to, we always got on well but I have changed so much and I am feeling the truth of my disconnection with everyone in my family.

As we met yesterday I knew what it would be like, I knew the words she would use and what she would do and it happened just as I knew it would. A big Aussie "Hello Sam" and a big hug but I didn't want it, I didn't want the hug as I didn't feel the same and she felt it from me as I resisted. I felt repelled and didn't throw myself into it as she did. I reserved my self and held back not wanting the big dramatic false hello's and hugs but she genuinely believes she loves me and tried to convince me of it when I know she was not born into love. I felt her rejection of me, at the same time as her telling me I am her dear sister and she truly loves me but I can feel the truth.

She blames me, as do my parents for everything, they have never listened or understood me or taken me seriously, they think I have gone a little bit more crazy due to Harry's death, I have never been the same according to them and they see that as the cause, anything but them.

Today I feel freer, I feel deeper cords have been cut between us and I want it like that, as I feel my family has been the worst thing for me and now with Bev coming over, I can see how it all plays out between them. Bev is them, my parents and she betrays me to



them all the time. I have never had her confidence and every time as a child when I would confide in her she would turn straight to my parents and tell them what I said. I never had anyone to confide in and always felt betrayed and I can see this is true, as she has done exactly the same with me now by going back to them and telling them all I have said.

I don't feel I have ever had that one person who really wants to listen to me and that I can confide in and that is because that is the truth of how it was for me at home, my whole life has been showing me this truth and the pain it brings out in me at being so alone and so bereft and isolated. There was no one I could go to and know they were there for me, I always felt betrayed by everyone so I kept everything, all of my pain to myself and suppressed it all because I had no outlet and Bev has proved this is right by still going back to my parents with all I have said. I have no one.

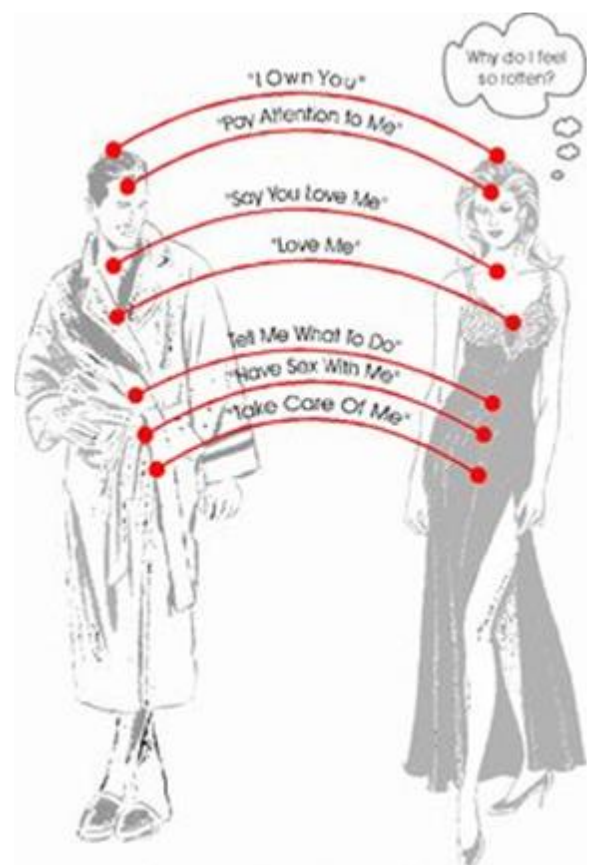
More about how free I am feeling.

20 May 2019

I feel so free. I feel like I am learning how to breath for the first time. My chest feels so clear and like everything is working as it should for the first time. My body feels light and I feel all the constraints lifting from me, all the ties and cords being cut to my family. I feel unbelievable, like I have never felt before. I feel like I have a real chance of getting to know who I really am now, without them all having a piece of me. They have gone from me and I really feel like that.

I feel like I am breathing in the cleanest, purest mountain air that is crisp and cold and it's filling my lungs with purity.

I have never felt so free; I have never felt so free of them. They were all of it, all the pain was from them, my family that I spent all



Example of Cording

my life under their will and now I am feeling so free because I know and feel the truth. For the first time ever, I feel I have a chance of knowing who I really am now they have gone. I really feel so light on all levels, I feel like I am a spirit without the heavy weight of my families will, dragging it around with my every minute of the day. It has lifted and I feel cut away from them and their toxicness.

Now I am feeling scared of feeling free.

20 May 2019

I have noticed a feeling of being overwhelmed with my new feelings of freedom, almost like being scared of it, it is an unknown feeling that I am not feeling too safe with now, but it feels so good too. I am not used to feeling so good and free, like I have been released from prison and now I am overwhelmed with the freedom and don't know what to do with it, it is so huge and infinite to be so free. As I always say, it could all change in a moment but I am on a scary sort of high right now feeling so light and breezy and new.

My parents and family want the old me back.

20 May 2019

I know the truth for myself, I wasn't loved and how my family is with me now, proves that the truth of my feelings was right. My family can't accept the way I am now; they think something is seriously wrong with me and that I have turned against them all. They can't accept me being myself, free from their domination and control, I even feel they hate me now although all of this they would deny but their actions prove it to be true.

They want the old me back, the Sam who was so obliging, obedient, such a good daughter and doing the will of her family, they want her, the Sam they created, not this!! This Sam is horrible, insane, not doing what we want, not pleasing us but doing and saying her own thing. They don't want me like this so they never really wanted me, only when I was their Sam, their creation and now I am breaking out of that mould they made for me, I am unwanted and rejected by them so they can't love me, not the real me, they have never wanted me to be me and I was only born for them and to be theirs.

I don't want anything to do with them anymore, I can feel the cords being cut and I am leaving them way behind me so I can now grow as me. I feel so free of them, I lived my whole life for them, being how they wanted me to be and now I am being how I want to be, they don't like me. I want to be so free of them, they have kept me tethered to them and now I feel free.

I received this today from my Sister, I was surprised.

22 May 2019

Sam,

I have just read this and it had really helped me see and understand what you, and me as the favoured child, have experienced. I need to see you and talk. I was shocked the other day at what you said and needed to sit with it. I get it now and want to heal with you too.

I thought it would be nice to find a lovely meadow nearby and have a picnic and healing talk.

Would you be up for that?

Love Bev.

Nothing ever came of it; we never met up and never talked about our feelings. I told my sister exactly how I felt and all about my Feeling Healing and it shocked her, as she says in her email.

I have no control at all.

22 May 2019

Every time I go into the kitchen I am either in the fridge or in the biscuit jar picking at anything I can eat, I can't stop, I can't not do it and every morning I say to myself, "today, I'm not going to do it" but I do it, it is automatic for me to do it without even a thought, my hand is in the cookie jar because of my insatiable need to be satisfied.

All day I need to be satisfied and fulfilled so I am constantly picking at nice things to satisfy me because of this huge gaping hole in me that needs filling. I

need to be satisfied, I am so desperate to be satisfied all day long and food is all I have to do it for me.

There is such urgency in me to be satisfied, almost an underlying panic of not getting, not having and being left so unfulfilled. I feel so much lack of what I need, like I will never get it and now I can have it, I can't stop and I am seeing the extent of my addiction and compulsion to be satisfied.

I am seeing just how bad I am, just how desperate I am, just how my unloved condition has led me to feel so unsatisfied inside, and so empty. My feelings are showing me that I have such a powerful longing in me to be satisfied all the time, it is constant and I can't do anything to stop it. There is nothing I can do but follow my feelings, follow my longings and addictions as they are so strong in me, they control me and I am powerless to them, they rule me and I feel like I have no say, they feel like my parents taking my will.

I am feeling right now like I need something but I am not hungry, I need to eat something to satisfy my neediness. I feel so empty; I just need something nice to make me feel happy and good again. I am so fucked off with always needing to eat because it is all I have to quieten me. I want something; I feel in such need, in such desperation, almost a frenzy inside me to have something good. I don't know what to do with myself, I can't stop myself, I have to get a chocolate digestive to give me a good feeling, to give me what I am missing, good feelings, loving feelings, I don't have them in me already so I have to get them from food and I feed others because I believe food gives them loving feelings too and they will feel I love them because what I am giving them makes them feel so good. Fuck, it's so wrong, so fucked up, such a terrible way to receive my loving feelings and bung up all of my gaping emotional holes.

I have a weird feeling in me, I go and get a biscuit and it goes, food is like medicine with me, food will make it all better, this is what I believe. Food will make it better. I hurt myself as a child, a sweetie will make it all better, a sweetie will take all the pain away, I will forget about my pain if I have the sweetie, that's better! I would rather eat to take away my pain, than feel it! I was taught to do that and I have done it with my own children when they cried or were in pain or bored, I would give them food, sweets anything for them to forget their pain and

not bug me with it, I am just like mum, doing just the same as she did with me. Any pain, feed it!! And I am doing it all the time, avoiding my pain as I have been taught to do and I can't stop doing it, I am constantly in the biscuit jar doing what my parents taught me to do, deny my feelings and feed them so I don't have to hear them, just like mum and dad.

I am in the full grip of my addictions, they are now full blown and worse than they have ever been as I live the truth of them, I am being them and seeing how bad I am, how unloved I feel so do anything I can to create false love, just like my parents love for me, all mind created false love.

I am in complete rejection of myself.

24 May 2019

I am totally rejecting myself as I go for another biscuit and look to fulfil myself. I am doing to me what my parents did to me, I am being them to me and rejecting myself, hurting myself as I shove more food in because I feel so unfulfilled. I need something, anything to quieten me, shut me up, shut down these unfulfilled feelings and as more food goes in, it feeds my emotional emptiness and squashes my feelings for a very short while, then they start up again, more longing for something to fulfil me, nothing does. I want constant fulfilment so I am picking at food constantly to make me feel better.

I just give up with myself, I am so pathetic.

24 May 2019

Realising deeper how addicted I am to being wanted and loved. Everything I do is to be accepted, wanted, liked, loved and all the rest of it. I can't stop being like this but I can see it all now and how deep I am into my addiction of being so needed and wanted. I am hopelessly in it and can't change or get out of it and I feel so useless, such a lost cause to it all.

I am so fucking pathetic and sad, such a huge loser and so needy as I see all I do to feel wanted and loved, all my life I have been so desperate to gain acceptance and love from others and if I don't feel I have it, I am devastated and so scared that if they don't like me or want me then I will be attacked by them, hated and

not wanted, its been so scary and I can see all I have done to avoid feeling these bad feelings but failed.

Shit, I am pathetic, don't even read this, don't give it any attention; I am too pathetic and sad. I can't be any different, I have tried and it is not me, I can't make myself be any different with my mind when my feelings are screaming at me to be accepted, wanted, liked, loved and all the rest of it. I am this sad fucker. This is the truth of my unloved and unloving state. I am being it all the time and I can see it now.

Feeling so trapped in all of my evilness.

24 May 2019

I feel like I am not going to be any different, ever, I am always going to be this useless, addicted person who feels so NOTHING, so POINTLESS. I really feel like a waste of space with no future, nothing good ever happening, just useless and underneath all of the trying to be successful and useful is a useless person pretending not to be. I know I have spelt useful wrong but I prefer it that way.

I get everything wrong, such an idiot, so useless and that's the truth, me being useful is not the truth. Its just more wanting to be wanted and loved, all bollocks, I am bollocks.

The word 'Bollocks' is written in a stylized, bubbly font. The letters are primarily purple with a yellow outline and a yellow shadow effect, giving it a 3D appearance. The 'B' is particularly large and rounded.

I have no idea what to do with myself day in, day out, the same old shit stuff and I am so fed up with it, so useless. I felt so useless as a child and so scared about being so useless, I never wanted to be asked anything because I didn't know the answer, I dreaded being asked anything, it was like dying because I was so useless and that is how I was shown to be in front of everyone in my class, useless, it was embarrassing and humiliating to be so shown up. I am feeling utterly useless now, just like then. Everything I tried to do was just for power, as it is now. To prove to myself and everyone else I am not useless, but I am. That is the truth of my feelings, totally useless and I catch myself doing things to make myself feel powerful and not to feel the truth of being so useless. I still find myself using my mind to not be so useless, be the clever girl my parents wanted and it was them I had to impress. I wanted their praise, them to tell me what a clever girl I was because then they wouldn't think I was useless but I always felt

it as I do now.

I am so weak, I can't do anything, I am so powerless and it is this powerlessness that drives me to do all that I do, I can't just be useless, I can't let myself be totally useless and as I write this I can see more ways that I am stopping myself being completely useless, little things I do every day that are still my mind not wanting me to feel the truth of how unloving being useless feels.

I feel like there is no hope for me, my mind is so powerful as I see more things I do to keep me from feeling the truth of my uselessness. I am a hopeless case, my mind is in control and I can see it and feel helpless to change, it is too strong for me. All I can do is do it and feel how it all feels as I do it and it brings so much hopelessness up in me. There is so much shit in me still to come up, just when I have found the truth of something about myself, I am plunged into something else to see about myself, more and more coming up from the depths of me, there is just so much repressed shit. There is so much of my pain to know about and I feel swamped under it all and I feel hopeless to ever get to the end of it as more comes up for me to feel.

Overwhelmed by being so out of control. I am getting worse not better!

24 May 2019

I feel so fucked off, I am getting worse not better, my addictions are going crazy out of control, I can't do anything to stop myself doing all the things I do to make me feel better and they don't, I feel worse, terrible not better as I see how hopeless and powerless I am to my addictions and mind's control over me. This is how bad I really am, all day long revelling in my addictions, not being able to stop them or resist them and they are so bad now, I can't stop.

I am like a fucking runaway train as I see the truth of all of them as they come up from way down inside me. They are all coming up at the same time and I am a mass of addiction, compulsion, out of controlled mess and I fucking hate it, I hate not being able to tell myself; "No Sam, don't eat that, it will put weight on you." I know it will but I eat it anyway as I see the control over myself I used to have and kept myself on a constant diet to stay slim, it's all fucked up now, I can no longer do that.

I used to only drink pure water, nothing else and now I am drinking less and less water and more and more coke and shit like that and I can't do anything about it. Really, if you are reading this thinking all I have to do is not have it, its not possible, something in me has taken over and that mind control of 'not having, not allowing, will power' is not possible any more. I have it all, all the stuff I denied myself all my life is now what I have, it has all turned on its head and it is all the opposite of what it was. I can't be on that healthy diet any more, with my whole being, I can't do it, I am having all I have denied myself and all that was denied me as a child, I am filling myself with it all and I feel so out of control, I have no control over it. I want it so I have it, where as once upon a time I would have told myself NO, I can't have it, I will ruin myself if I put on weight, no one will like me, I will be hated.

Now, I have to see how it feels to be hated, what the feelings in me were that kept me dieting compulsively and it is all coming up and it is all so fucking hard, this is the dread of my life, putting on weight and not being wanted, being talked about by those who haven't seen me in ages and see that I have put on some weight, I am not huge but I can feel it and see it and I fucking hate it but I can't stop and I am terrified of where it will go.

I hate feeling so unloved, I hate hating myself so much like this, I loved myself being skinny, well, I loved the look of myself, inside I was rotten and now that rot is right at the surface for me to feel and it is fucking awful.

I feel so gross, I hate looking at myself as I see my 27 inch waist growing, as I see my Boobs getting bigger, everything changing as I keep saying yes to myself instead of 'NO Sam You Can't Have IT'. I am saying yes you can, in fact you have to, like I am being controlled by something outside of me. I wake up every morning saying NO to myself, I am going to be good today but it can't happen, it no longer works like that for me, it used too, but now, no sooner have I said it than I am eating something I shouldn't because it will put weight on me and it is. Oh shit, I fucking hate it, I feel so ugly and gross, unwanted and unloved. Lonely and isolated, all the feelings I am now feeling are the feelings that made sure I stayed slim, so I didn't have to feel like this, now I have to feel them.

I don't know if any of this is making any sense, I am typing so fast as I want to get how I am feeling written down. I fucking hate myself like this, not

acceptable, no one will accept me, no one will even look at me, I won't be attractive to anyone, I won't be wanted by a man, I won't be sexy, I won't be taken seriously, and all of these feelings have always been in me, even when I was slim, these are the feelings that kept me slim so I wouldn't be rejected, and I feel so rejected right now, no one will want me, I will not be wanted.

I have never felt wanted unless I am how people want me to be, their idea of acceptable. I had to stay the way others wanted me to be so as to be wanted and now I am not that and I feel so unwanted, so rejected and unloved. My weight gain is bringing up the feelings I need to feel, all the feelings I have denied feeling by staying slim. Now is time to feel the truth of how unloved I feel how much I hate myself being like this because others hate me being like it, I am not accepted, I can't accept myself like this because others won't accept me. I have to be accepted by others or I feel like dying. I don't have the love inside me for myself to be ok with this. I am so conditional, I am the conditions my parents put on me, I am only lovable if I am what they want, how they want, if I am their 'will'. I have to be everyone else's 'Will' to be loved, I have to be what they want or I am rejected, I reject myself completely.



I am my SOUL!

I am not my body!

I am not my mind!

I feel I will never get out of my negative state.

25 May 2019

Every day now I feel I am becoming more the truth of my unloving and negative self. I feel so empty and so devoid of any love, I feel like a shell with nothing inside, it wandering around with no meaning or purpose in life. I feel really awful and can't see the point in anything I do, but there is such a longing in me, a nagging and a pull for it all to change but I don't feel it will. I feel so despondent.

I feel I will be like this for ever, I can't see how it can change for me, I will just be stuck in my evilness for ever, being everything I hate about myself. I am becoming it all and I hate it but I can't stop it. Seeing and being all that I have pretended not to be and I don't want to be it, I hate it so much. The truth I have been hiding is horrible, I am not nice at all and I feel quite scared of myself and where all of this will end up. I am seeing how much I really do hate myself and all I did to try to pretend to myself I was ok, nice, kind of pretty, its all bullshit because without the make up, the nice figure, the politeness, and all the other niceties, I am the total opposite to what I give out. What a FAKE!

I am now becoming the truth of it all, more appears every day and I see more horribleness about myself, more shit about me I don't like and have tried to deny that I am like that, I am! No one would like me like this, I wouldn't be accepted like this, I would be completely unwanted and unloved and that is why I have tried so hard not to let it out, it's the Jekyll and Hyde that is in me and it scares me. What I really feel and think scares me, I don't like many people but I pretend I do, I smile and say Hi to everyone but I don't really want to but I can't stop doing it, being so false. I am so scared to be true and not to say anything, just ignore them like I want to, I have to be polite as I have been taught to be, I can't be myself, it is naughty and bad, I have to be nice and respectful to every one.

Sometimes I go to go outside and into my garden but I stop because I see my neighbour out there and they will expect me to say Hi to them and be all nice just like my parents taught me to be but I don't want to say anything to them, I want them to fuck off and leave me alone and not say a word to me, hate me if they want to, at least then we would know where we both stand. I am not allowed to be myself or express my dark side to anyone. I have to carry on the pretence of being nice to everyone and I am so fucking sick of it but I can't stop it, it is now

an addiction to be liked by everyone and I can't stop being like it.

Shit, my politeness sickens me, it isn't real but I am finding myself doing it more and more lately, or I am just becoming more aware of it as I am healing. I sicken myself at the niceness of me and it is all false, I am screaming inside "why the fuck am I thanking you when I really believe you are the biggest cunt on the planet". I am not allowed to show how I really feel and it is so maddening as I respond nicely to someone else when I don't want to but I am so programmed to be nice to them.



I am not allowed to hurt anyone by saying how I really feel because I wasn't allowed to do that with mum and dad, I had to keep them happy by being respectful and polite with such good manners and never showing any anger or disagreement to them, that was not allowed at all, so now I can't do it with anyone and get treated like a fucking doormat because I was a doormat to my parents.

Fuck it all, Fuck them all. I hate everyone, I want to fucking scream how much I hate everyone and this hate has always been dormant inside of me but now I am letting it out. I am becoming aware of just how much suppressed and repressed childhood denial is inside of me and it is not nice at all. The truth of how I feel is not nice, its ugly, racist, judgemental, horrible, fattest, skinniest, jealous, and probably every horrible word that I can't think of right now because I am so fucked off. I am it all, I am the worst of the worst on the inside and it is all coming out and I can't stop it, it is scary because I don't know how bad I might get, just how horrible am I? Just what is the extent of my denial of how I truly feel? I am scared of it but I want to know all of me so bring it on!!

Food makes everything better.

26 May 2019

I woke up today with a horrible acidic feeling in me, I went straight for the toast to stop the feeling, so I am still not wanting to feel. I ate the toast and the acid feeling went but ten minutes after the feeling came back and I realised that I use food to stop me feeling bad, food is like medicine to me, and it stops me feeling

bad. I want to get rid of those bad feelings as quick as I can and I use food to do it. I can remember mum saying to me "maybe your hungry" when I had weird feelings so I learnt to go straight to food to get rid of my bad feelings and I am still doing it now, which I knew but I have felt it as a deeper truth today just how I use food in such a wrong way, I can really see it.

Food will make it all better, take all the horrible feelings away and make me feel happy and good and my wrong use of food has really ramped up lately, got so much worse for me, it is my 'go to' all the time, like it is all I have as no one is interested in listening to me when I am in pain, I have no release so my release is food, it settles me and I feel that if I had a listener who cared I could go to them to express myself but I don't have that, I only have food to comfort me and make me feel better. Food is something I can drown my sorrows in and I had no idea I had this food addiction because I suppressed it all my life by dieting, I denied my addiction and now it has come out and I am feeling my way through it, its been a shock how I have denied it all these years.



My greatest relationship has been with food when it should have been with my parents, actually it should have been with God but my parents kept me from them.

Food is my substitute for my parents love, it gives me what they couldn't, comfort and good feelings, I commiserate with it and I celebrate with it, like a reward because I don't have the support or sympathy from them so I have to get it somehow.

I am saying all this, things like "because I don't have their Love" but I don't want it, I don't want my parents' love. I must want it but right now, it repels me, the thought of them wanting to be close to me and if they told me they loved me, Yuk, no way do I want to hear that shit from them, I would retreat as far from them as I could. I can't bare the feeling of them trying to love me as they feel they do, they are convinced they love me and it is all in me that I can't receive love from anyone but if it was in me right from my conception, I would want to be loved but I don't, no way, no fucking way.

Yuk

The more I am healing and being true to my feelings the more I am feeling how unloving I truly am, I can't give it or receive it and I don't want to, I run from it and that is how they have made me because I didn't feel any love from them. I don't want anyone to touch me; I just want to be true to my unloving state. Today I feel of no love at all, cold and dead inside just left with the burning acidity that eats away at me and I use my substitute for love, Food, to calm it. Yes, I know I am totally fucked, this is me underneath all of that pretend niceness, and there is nothing of Love just the acidity of my unlovingness that burns away at me.

Trevor says he is ok with feeling empty, I wish I was!

26 May 2019

Trevor and myself just had some food and he said he hated feeling full. He said he was ok with 'feeling empty'; he didn't have a problem with it.

I can't stop thinking about what he said and it shocked me that he is ok with feeling empty. I wish I were ok with it. I can't be empty for too long or I go into a really bad way, like all of my blood sugar is draining out of me and I feel like I am going to die, it's that bad. I wish so much I could be ok with emptiness.

The more I am healing the more I am becoming aware of my constant need for nourishment because I am so scared of these empty feelings if I go too long without food, I feel like I will collapse if I don't get to food. I am far from being ok about being empty, it scares me to not be able to get to food for too long in case I start feeling bad. I feel so hopeless, I really do, like there is no hope for me as all of my addictions are surfacing for me to see the truth of and it makes me feel fucking hopeless. Needing to have food or I will die, that is how it feels and I hate being like this but it is terrifying when it happens.

This is the extent that I am without any love and when I don't have food, I am forced to feel my emptiness and it feels like I am going to die. It is the emptiness of feeling so unloved and dead inside because of that. If I had the love of my parents in me from my conception, I would feel full and nourished with their love but I feel the opposite and have to use the wrong nourishment to substitute what I don't have from them. It's so fucking sad that I need, depend on food to keep me feeling full and loved and alive. I have no love in me, I am so empty all

the time and the nourishment I need is not food but love. I can't have love so I use food.

When Trevor said he was ok with being empty, I felt jealous, I want to be like that, ok with it but I am so far away from being ok. I feel so fucked up and I am getting worse as I know more truth about myself. I have to stay full so I don't have to feel how awful being empty feels. Empty is the truth and I don't want to feel it, it's too scary, it will kill me, I feel like I am dying I am so empty and so without the fullness of love that keeps me content, satisfied and full.

I need to be full so I don't have to feel the pain of emptiness. Emptiness feels so weakening, like I will collapse and die, like all of my life force is draining out of me, every inch of my energy is leaving me and I am left as a shrivelled up sack of skin that every one walks over, not caring a shit about what is happening to me, no one wants to know my pain and emptiness. I am alone with it and if I feel it I will die. Emptiness is bad, terrible and I must never let myself feel it so I must keep picking at food throughout the day to keep the pain at bay. To not feel it. My addictions protect me from my pain and feeling so empty.

Picking at food keeps me topped up, a biscuit here, some chocolate there, all day it goes on just to stop me feeling bad and it has got worse, I can't give me those good feelings and I wish it would end its control. This is how bad I feel, so without love so I turn to food, I hate being like this. I can't 'do anything about it because that would mean going back to using my mind to diet instead of feeling my feelings as I am now, all of these bad feelings would be denied again and I would lose weight and feel good about myself for a while until the compulsions got to strong again and I start picking at food and putting on weight, then back to dieting again. This has been the cycle of my life. I can never stay slim naturally because my emotions won't let me; they are there and can only be denied for so long before they come up again for me to feel. Dieting is such a painful denial of what you really want and of your feelings.

The empty pit inside me, the loss of my will!

27 May 2019

My parents took my life force out of me, my will; until I felt so empty I was left with nothing inside of me so now I replace that emptiness with food.

Shit, I know I am really going on about this but it is huge for me and now I am no longer on a permanent diet, all of my bad feelings about how much I actually do need food are surfacing. It is boring I know, it is fucking boring for me to keep going on about it but I want to heal all of these terrible bad feelings, I want to one day be ok with them so I have to go on and on about it all as it comes up.

I can actually remember the times and how it felt to be so drained of my life force energy and it felt close to dying so many times, really terrible and I have always felt like I have needed food to make me feel better again. I can remember wanting to have someone care about me, as I was feeling so bad but I never got it. It happened to me in London once when me, Harry and the kids went for a day out, all of a sudden I came over feeling so weak I was about to collapse and we were sitting in a Chinese restaurant at the time and all our food came up but I couldn't touch it, I felt so bad. Harry just got frustrated with me, not sympathetic or concerned, I was just being a pain. No care as I felt like I was dying, I just wanted to be at home, safe and have a good cry. No one gave a fuck. At this time I felt all of my life force energy slipping away, like out of me and I had had that feeling all through my life, like my soul was shrivelling up to nearly nothing with the unlovingness of how I was treated, I was giving up, that is how it felt. I feel a part of me actually wanted to die and just give up, I couldn't do it any more, and it was like a fight every day to feel some kind of love.

Over the years, when I have felt this horrible feeling I have turned to food to stop it and now my fear is without food, I will die, if I can't get to food I panic because this horrible feeling may come and I will die. So food has become my saviour, it is all I have because I don't have love. I have to end it here, I need to go off and cry about this, I feel so hopeless, like I am hanging on to life by a thread and that thread is my addictions and if they go I am dead.

The weight gain has helped me feel the truth, the hate, the unloving feelings.

27 May 2019

I am back, that felt so good to cry it out how hopeless I feel and how I feel like I can't do anything about any of it, I can't stop myself eating like I used to and I hate the weight I have gained and I just told all of this to Mother and more truth came to me.

I have to gain the weight I have because it has made me feel how unlovable I am to all men, I will only be loved if I am perfect and pretty and good, just how my parents want me to be, so now I have gained this weight, I can feel how they truly felt about me not being their perfect child. I can feel how I am rejected by all men and I have needed to feel this to the extreme that I am feeling it at the moment because it is how dad felt about me and every man on the planet, to me, is my dad and being a bit overweight will make me feel the rejection I felt from him. I could never be good enough to feel his love for me. I have never felt good enough for any man so I kept myself slim so they would fancy me and want to be with me, so I was acceptable and wanted because I needed to feel wanted as I didn't feel wanted by dad so I looked for it in other men, older men. Now I have gained this weight I am no longer wanted, and this is just the feelings I have needed to feel, the ones I have denied feeling from my dad and now I have no choice but to feel them as I am everything a man wouldn't want and these are the feelings I have felt from dad all my life but denied.

The weight gain is helping me feel unloved, the truth, not just by my dad but my mum also, she always was so skinny and if that is how my dad liked her then that is how I had to be also and now I am not so slim, I can feel the truth of them both. If that makes sense! I keep going off into confusion then back into clarity, not getting it one minute then it all being perfectly clear to me the next. It's all so intricate; our feelings are so entwined and messed up like a matted knot of hair that I am trying to comb out. All so hard and painful and I can't believe I am going through this much torment at the moment trying to get to the truth through my feelings.

Thank you Harry for giving me this time to do my Healing, he is still paying for me to live as I do even in death. His money has paid for me to stay at home and do nothing but my healing and I am so grateful to him for still supporting me in

this way. In December it all ends and his money runs out for me and I don't know what will happen after that but it has given me the time and security I have needed to do my healing.

My awful relationship with me is a reflection of my awful relationship with my Dad. 27 May 2019

I am seeing more clearly today just how terrible my relationships have been with men, how untrue all of them have been and all of them based upon my relationship with my dad. I have been trying so hard to be who they wanted me to be so they would love me, want me, find me desirable and want me above any other, that is cringey but the truth.

I have kept myself slim, fully made up and looking good just to be wanted by men so I can get the feelings I never felt from dad, to be loved, adored and wanted so much, above all else and I might have got it for a while but it never lasted, all of them ended because I wasn't getting what I needed from them and they had no chance anyway because as soon as they might love me, I was off, I couldn't have them love me, it wasn't in me to receive.

All I could truly have in a relationship is for it to be how my relationship was with dad and that was an unfeeling one, all of my relationships were doomed to fail from the start, I could never have that glorious loving relationship, it was all a fantasy of mine, a dream of how it should be. I got the truth every time, great at the start but it soon turned to shit, I could never have the love I wanted because it wasn't like that with dad. It all sounds a bit incestuous, I know, but it is nothing like that. My relationships could only be reflections of the failed one with my dad, giving me pain and bad feelings all of which I already had in me but denied, these relationships brought them all up but I was so unaware that they were the painful feelings I had in me as a child because of my unloving relationship with my dad. The devastation of not being wanted or loved had to show itself in all of my relationships until I got it.

Realising I am in constant shock.

28 May 2019

Oh my God, so much deep shit coming up for me. I am realising how in each moment I am in shock, like something so shocking has happened to me, and this shock causes me to not remember or be aware of what has just happened.

I went to the post office to post some stuff today and when we had finished I was still standing there waiting for my change – £4.55p. The post office lady said "Is there anything else" because I was still standing there waiting, and I said "No, sorry, thank you" I went out of the shop and felt like a complete idiot because she hadn't given me my change and I didn't speak up. I am a bit intimidated by her, I can feel her and she has a lot of anger and it scares me, just like my dad, so healing is everywhere and in every one I meet. I got home and felt like such a wimp, I submit to everyone; I am scared of everyone and can't stand up for myself.

When I got home I realised I had forgotten another parcel I had to post so I went back and I thought this is my chance to tell her she didn't give me my change, so I got there and as I approached the desk the vision came to me of her giving me my change and I felt relieved that I remembered but it had completely gone from me and I would have bet my life on her not giving me my change. How did this happen? I am in shock at how that moment had disappeared from me and I suddenly felt the shock of having to approach her and that shock and fear took over and our interaction left me, was wiped from my memory of her giving me my change and then having to tell her and confront her. It was too shocking for me.

I feel like I am in constant shock with my interactions with people, I am so scared of them that it is like such a terrifying interaction that my mind wipes it clean from me and I don't remember parts of it and then something will happen and it comes back to me and I am shocked again that it had gone like that.

Shock is in me, I feel so shocked all the time and as I am healing I am seeing this shock come to the surface. It has had to be suppressed and brushed aside because it is surprising to me and like madness and a momentary amnesia, scary. It is scary to realise I have completely dismissed something that has just

happened to me and now I am wondering how much more there is to come back to me as I heal. I am still amazed, right now, in this moment that I didn't remember that she had given me my change, where had that moment gone? And my terror felt by our interaction, that I have suppressed, I have blocked out the important parts of it, but the good thing is, it made me feel!

I am such a fucking submitting wimp to not say anything to her, I can't confront anyone I am so scared of everyone and that is because I couldn't confront my dad about anything, I could never say I thought he was wrong or be angry at him or even disagree and now I am like that with everyone. I am shit scared of everyone because they are him. My fear is shocking to me, the extent of it and how much I put on a brave face so no one can see my weakness and this is what I did with him, I couldn't let him see I was scared of him.

Two years ago I did tell him I was terrified of him and it killed him, he was so crushed that his own daughter was so scared of him and to this day he is crushed by what I said, he never had a clue and said that if his own daughter was scared of him then he has failed as a father, he has.

I am seeing the real shock in me when I have to deal with people and it is the same shock that I felt when I had to deal with my dad, I avoided it at all costs, he just scared me and I was in constant fear of him, this fear my other brothers and sister say they never felt, yet they are is such denial because I know they do feel it, I see it in them and how they won't upset him and pander to him to keep him happy but they are not aware of their feelings, not being true to them and when they come to do their healing it will be a shock, as it has been for me.

I can feel the shock in me now, I was scared of dad so I was and am scared of everyone, even the post mistress scares the shit out of me, she has the same energy as dad so I find myself being really nice to her and I submit, I can feel myself doing it and I can't help it, I do it with people I feel may attack me so they don't hurt me, I roll over in submission to them, pathetic I know, but it is what I do because I had to do it with dad.

I am so pathetic, I feel so angry with myself for being like this and not being able to say fuck you!! I can't, they might attack me and hurt me so I stay small and submissive like a pathetic, whimpering little twat, God, I am so fucked off being

me, its pathetic. Any sign of confrontation and I go into instant shock, like I am going to shut down, die even. I can't take it, it is too much for me, too overwhelming to feel the attack and pain directed at me, I just want to pass out or die to get away from the pain. It is a complete shock to my system and this woman at the post office makes me feel like that.

I am always so wrong and it makes me feel my Powerlessness. 28 May 2019

I am feeling so pathetic and inadequate right now, this post mistress has brought up so much fear, she is so confident and direct and never lets anyone fuck her about so for me to question her, No way! She scares the shit out of me, she knows exactly what she is doing and I don't, I don't have a clue what is going on in the world or with me. She would have known she gave me my change, she is in such control, I would have sworn blind that she didn't and I would have been wrong and she right. What the fuck is wrong with me, where did that moment go? I am so glad it eventually came to me though or I would have said something to her and then every time I saw her there would have been a 'thing' between us, me being the complete dick head and her knowing it.

I am not right, I am never right even when I swear I am, I am not. I get it wrong all the time and it makes me feel so small and pathetic, without any power. Wrong again Sam!! Don't bother asking me, I am always wrong. I know nothing. It's a shock to see all of the wrongness coming out of me, I can't trust myself to do anything because I fuck it up and how does that make me feel? My soul sinks at the uselessness of me, I feel good for nothing most of the time and not safe to be let out. God, I am such a fuck up! I am so wrong all the time so don't anyone ask me anything, I don't know the answer when I used to be so quick and made sure I knew, now that has all gone, I am fucking useless, getting everything wrong and it is a shock to get used to being like this, so wrong all of the time, so incapable, such a cretin, a joke of a person. I need to be bypassed by everyone, don't ask me anything, I have no idea where as once I would have made sure I knew or had a good guess but now I can't even do that. All the power to want to know and be right is leaving me.

I am the powerless one who pretended she had power and now I can see I have

had very little. This postmistress made me feel so powerless, she crushed me into the truth of what I am, a dithering, powerless, wimp and those qualities are the truth of what has underpinned my fake power. I am shit scared and can't show it or I will be crushed, rejected, ridiculed, and all the rest of it. I was wrong and she was right, I couldn't take her on because I am too scared of her fake power, it scares me too much so I coward away from her without saying anything, which is just as well because I was wrong, she had paid me. Why the fuck didn't I remember that? It is still bothering me that it just disappeared like that. Why didn't I remember her paying me my change? I am still in such shock about it slipping my mind like that and I nearly confronted her about it. It makes me feel crazy, like I am losing my mind or something.

She is in such control, the boss and that scares me so the fear overtakes me and I become unaware of what is happening, in a black out sort of thing. Fear takes over and all else disappears and all I am left with is the fear and all that is in my mind is not to upset her, do everything right so I don't fuck her off, she is my dad and this is how I was with him.

Shit, I think I am in a constant state of fear and shock and it is rising in me more as I write this, the truth of it. It is always with me, a part of me, like I have to be like it to defend myself or I will be attacked. I am always on alert and this takes over, this is all I think about, defending myself and everything else I do is secondary to protecting myself so it goes un-noticed by me because the most important thing is my protection, staying in my shocked state ready to escape, run. Yes, this is true; I am always in this state with people, wanting to escape, looking for the exits in case of attack. Worrying about being found out, not wanting the truth of my fear to show, then I have been sussed out, that I am a scared wreck of a person, so weakened by fear of everyone, anyone can harm me and if I let the truth of my fear show, I will be attacked, beaten down like how it was at school.

I never realised that I am like this all the time, as soon as I walk out that door I am shit scared of something bad happening to me, everywhere I go I feel trapped, with no escape if they see the truth of how scared I am, I can't let anyone see it, I will be broken if they do see the truth of me, so rejected and unwanted.

Only the strong and tough are wanted and I have put up a pretence all my life to save myself from attack, I think I have pretended to be just like that Post Mistress, wanting to be like her and now I am on the other side of the counter, I am a blithering, weakened, crumbling, wreck of a person who can no longer be that pretend person and it is all a shock.

Every step of 'the healing way' has been such a shock for me, every revelation of the truth of me has been a shock, but the more truth I am knowing about myself, the more I am feeling like a Childhood survivor.

A sleep state vision of me as an old lady.

29 May 2019

Today, I woke up crying. Having the very real vision of me in a council run care home, being old and all I kept saying is 'Sorry' to all of the carers that were helping me. As they cleaned me and helped me I felt terrible, such a pain, a nuisance to them all, like they didn't want to help me but they had to, it was their job. This is exactly how my parents felt about me when I was a child and just how I felt looking after my babies, I hate to admit it as I believed I was such a loving mother but my healing has brought up the truth of how I felt and how my parents felt about looking after me and it was just how these carers were feeling.

I thank my Angels for putting this vision in my mind for me to see and understand clearer how it was for me. Seeing myself as an old lady and being so helpless, relying on carers to do everything for me has helped me see a clearer picture of the truth of how it was for me as a baby. Even though I was old I was the baby I once was being changed, fed, washed, walked around, I couldn't do one thing for myself and relied on the help of my parents/carers to do it all for me and all I kept saying was 'Sorry' for being so helpless, such a pain to everyone and I have carried that feeling with me all my life, even saying sorry when it isn't my fault and being angry with myself for saying it, being such a wimp and bowing down to everyone because I am such a pain.

What have I done to my poor children, I have made them the same with the same pain in them and I am so sorry for all I have done to them, all of what was done to me, I poured it into them making them be like me, like my parents. I have

fucked life up for them good and proper and it is agony for me to know this truth, fucking agony.

My vision is anchoring in more truth.

29 May 2019

I am feeling so anchored in with the truth of how it was for me as a child because of how I am feeling now, as an adult. So unloved and neglected and uncared about and when I see how I have been the same with my children, doing it all for them but hating it, not being bothered, its all too much effort. I can see where I got it from, because that is how I have been treated and I have treated everyone in my life the same. I haven't valued any of my relationships, not with men, my children, friends, anyone I have let them come and go without much care really, the love just hasn't been there in me and it wasn't instilled into me as a child.

The vision I had this morning upon waking has made it so clear to me that I haven't been really cared about, it was all just play acting by my parents, pretending they were good parents and I did the same, believing it all to be true when underneath breaking my neck to be free of having to do anything for anyone. I treated my children like they were a burden, as I was treated and that is why in my vision, I was an old lady being such a burden to the carers who didn't want to be there, looking after me, just like mum and dad.

The vision cements it all in place for me just what my parents and my intentions were and that is unloving through and through. There is no doubt about it and I can feel the truth of it so clearly. I feel like now I really know for sure, today is the day that I KNOW it is true because I can feel it for sure. I am sorry I was born, I am sorry I was such a pain, I am sorry I was such a burden, I am sorry I was so needy, I am sorry you didn't want to care for me but had to, I am sorry I ruined your lives and I can see myself as an old lady saying the same sorrys to the care staff as if they are my parents

Feeling so much hate for myself.

2 June 2019

Feeling so deep into my hate and shame for myself today. I feel totally disgusted by myself, so much deep, deep hate coming up. The feeling is making me

shudder inside, feeling so repulsed and so much shame. I don't want to go out, I don't want to be seen by anyone, I just want to stay in my house to be with my hatred and shame. I hate everything about me and anything I used to feel about myself was all bullshit so that I didn't have to feel the truth, I have run from it all my life.

The hate I feel for myself is so intense there are no real words for it but a feeling that is so strong and raging and fiery burning away inside me. I don't want to look at myself or be looked at, I hate myself so much I wish I could just not exist. I want to just disappear; I want to deny myself out of existence, that is how I really feel. I can't believe the hatred I am feeling right now, there is nothing else in me, I wish I didn't exist, I hate myself so much.

The hate I feel for myself is surging up through my body, it is an energy I can feel going from the bottom to the top of me surging its way up in waves and it is horrible because it has a power to it, a rage that makes me want to run, it is really energetic, an anger that wants to express itself with so much power behind it I could smash up the house. But although I can feel that energy in me I sit here in my passive way not doing anything about it, not expressing it because I feel it is naughty and bad to do it how I want to and the neighbours will hear me and tell me off, or call the police that a mad woman is on the loose. I am too scared to express my anger and hate as I need to. Earlier I did it quietly, I was clenching my whole body up and my teeth and growling and hating myself, even grabbing my body telling myself how much I hate it, myself, punching myself and smashing the cushions wanting to do myself some real harm as the anger flowed in me and out of me but still it wasn't how I need to express it but I am still too held back to do it as I need to.

I can feel my parents in me, telling me to stop it, I am being bad and naughty and like when I was a child, I had to go off and do it so they didn't hear, telling myself how much I hate them and feeling the same anger surges as I am feeling now. They wouldn't allow it and they still don't, they are in me telling me off about it, to stop being stupid and grow up and all of that shit, fuck I am getting a hot flush now, shit, I am burning up just talking about this it has triggered a really hot flush and I am instantly sweating and trapped by it, I can't escape from the heat, I am trapped by it like I was trapped by them and their rules.

I couldn't get away, break free from them, I was trapped and I feel the same now. Trapped in my hatred for myself, I can't escape it. I am trapped by all of my feelings, I can't escape from them but as I feel them, they get weaker in me.

I hate myself so much, I feel like I wish I could vanish so I don't have to feel anything, just not exist and I feel like all of my illnesses have been like that, not wanting to exist, just to die, to give up and say "ok mum and dad, you win, I give in to you, I will do it all your way, there will be none of me or my will left".

I feel so confused, crazy in my mind like a headless chicken, so full of not knowing and self hatred and everything else, so many bad feelings coming at me. I feel overwhelmed with how much I truly hate myself and I feel that I still can't get to it properly so I will keep feeling away at it, asking for Mother and Father to help me get to it, I can't do it without them.

Only loved if I look a certain way.

2 June 2019

There is not any part of myself that I love and all that I believed that I loved about myself before was all that my parents loved about me, I was being them to me. I was staying in their ideas of what 'is loving' so I could stay feeling loved and it was all bullshit. It was all like one big bribe that if I stay a certain way then I can be loved but if I go off of that, I can't and now I have gone off of that, I don't feel any love, not even a glimmer of it for myself or from anyone else, I feel completely unlovable by everyone including God. I can't be loved or give any.

I will only be 'Loved' by anyone on this planet if I look a certain way and it is held over the head of every woman like a threat, go away from this picture of what we call 'Lovable' and you are fucked, dropped right in the shit bucket and rejected to the side lines where no one goes. One slight thing wrong and you are judged as unlovable.

If we could see the Feelings and thoughts of judgement that go through peoples heads, what they really are Feeling and thinking, we would know the truth, not the shit that comes out of their mouths to hide their true feelings, to hide the truth that they are evil but don't want anyone to know that. They want to stay in the pretence of being lovely people and being liked by everyone when really they

are all evil, YES FUCKING EVIL, I SAID IT, EVIL, EVERY ONE ON THIS PLANET IS FUCKING EVIL!! Check out what your feelings are about me right now, what is going through your head about this crazy woman. Fuck you all!! I hate this world and every one in it.

Scared to be Angry!

2 June 2019

An angry day, I have shocked myself with the anger that I am capable of when I don't deny it and let it flow out of me as I feel it. Underneath all this niceness is a horrible, angry person and it is so hard to get to it because I have not been allowed to. It still feels wrong to say all of those things I said earlier, I even thought about editing it and taking out some of the anger and horrible words but I don't want to have to censor myself like I had to at home. I don't want to behave and be nice when I don't feel it, I want to be true and say how I feel.

A few years back I was a hairdresser in a nursing home and some of the older ladies were really rude, violent and horrible, saying it how they felt it and when their children would come in to visit them and settle their hair bills with me, they would ask me if I had any trouble with their mum because she had changed and was not the nice, loving mum they used to know. Now, that lovely old woman was the opposite of what they knew and loved. Now, this version of their mum was not loved or wanted and sent away to be banished into a care home where they could forget about the evil old cow their loving mum had become.

Now, I understand what is happening with these old ladies. All of their childhood repressed bad feelings are coming out of them, all the rage and anger that they felt and were not allowed to show is now taking over and they are becoming the monster they always were but weren't allowed to show it. All of their denial is coming out and they have forgotten the pretend niceness that they had to be for everyone. The truth will eventually take over and have its say so we might as well do it now, connect with our denied pain and let it have a voice and let everyone hate us for it, instead of the truth forcing its way up and out of us in the form of Alzheimer's. I think my family already thinks I have it but I am now being the truth of how I feel and I don't have to put it on for anyone any more and no one likes it. I have even horrified my sister who is visiting from Australia, she cancelled coming out with me and told me I had shocked her with

what I was saying and she needs time to get over it. I am healing, it's all got to come out and it is.

I am terrified of feeling good.

3 June 2019

Today, I have been feeling good and quite happy and I found myself holding myself back, not to be too happy. I mustn't let myself feel too good and I found when I felt good, I stopped myself going with it and feeling it fully, even sitting here just now, I felt good, a rush of goodness surged through me and I was scared of it and what it might do to me so I stopped it, I pushed it down because I felt overwhelmed by feeling good. I have been thinking, "why am I doing this to myself, stopping myself feeling good" what am I so scared of, what will happen to me, what will it do to me?

I am scared shitless of feeling good, like it will hurt me, kill me even. It will give me a rush of feelings that I can't control; feeling good makes me feel out of control so I stop it happening so I am back in control again.

I am scared of my feelings overpowering me until I am out of control and what will happen to me if I loss control? Something so terrible, I will not be able to breathe, my good feeling will crush me, drown me under them, I will have a panic attack because I am not in control, the panic attack is me being out of control and feeling so terrified because I can't escape from my overwhelming feelings, I am trapped in them, locked into myself and I can't run away from myself, no matter where I run I am always with me, I can run as far as I can but my feelings are always there and I am scared of them and what they will do to me.

I want good feelings but I don't, I am scared of them, I am scared of feeling good. I don't know what feeling good will do to me, I don't trust the feelings. They may feel good but they might not be true, they might be tricking me and it will all end up awful and a huge let down, such a disappointment if I allow myself to feel good. I can't bear the come down of it not being real and true good feelings, all based upon lies and this is why I have such a hard time with receiving Mother and Father's Divine Love, I am scared of what it will do to me, I am scared of feeling good, its going to hurt me, kill me because I can't take it.

Yes, I am feeling right now a feeling of fear about receiving good feelings or having anything good happen to me. It's like whenever anyone won the Lottery, all that money, all I could think of is that I would have a break down, it is too overwhelming for me to cope with, all of those good feelings, too much, No, take them away, I don't want them, they are too much for me, don't let anything good happen to me, I go into panic. It's too much of a shock.

I am used to being disappointed and having bad things happen to me, I am comfortable with that, it is what I am used to and what I can deal with, good things happening to me put me into panic so I don't have anything good happen. I can deal with the bad, I don't have the love in me to deal with the good, I am bad and I can deal with the bad, I am not good so I can't deal with the good. Don't let good things happen to me I am scared of it all, I can't handle it. When anything good happens, my heart starts racing like I am going into a panic attack. I would be overwhelmed by Love, I am not Love.

I am not allowed to feel good!

4 June 2019

Such breakthroughs tonight! I have been in tears as I realise how much I have held myself back from allowing myself to feel happiness when I feel it, not allowing myself to feel it. Such sadness has flowed out of me with this realisation. I am allowed to feel good or happy when I feel it but I have felt like I have to stop it. When I wrote that, I could see my parents being really serious and talking about their problems and I didn't feel I could be happy when they were so stressed. I had to be unhappy and stressed too and if dad was angry I had to be quiet and not say anything, I couldn't be happy if they weren't and I feel the same now. Like it is bad to be happy or joyous because it would piss them off and I would get shouted at.

I have not allowed myself to feel my good feelings because I was scared to feel them, because it would get me in trouble as a child and I am still that scared child not wanting to Express my feelings of joy in case I made my parents unhappy. I felt guilty to be happy around them if they weren't. I still feel I am not allowed to be happy if someone around me isn't, so I shut it off and tonight, that realisation has brought me great sadness to the extent of crying about it to

Mother.

It has been a huge realisation for me today and me feeling panic about anything good happening to me is all because of this, because I felt so scared of feeling good so I kept it away and didn't express it. If I felt good, something bad would happen to me and that is from my childhood so it has created a dread and fear in me of being to happy, I have to stop it as I had to with my parents.

It's so good to know more truth about myself and why I am the way I am. I feel so good and I am allowed to feel this way. I feel so free knowing this at last.

Not getting the crying out.

7 June 2019

Over the last few days, I have felt such a deep sadness in me that is so huge and it is rising. I can almost feel it moving inside me, coming up through the chakras like a huge bolder passing through and it is a hard ball of stone, that is how it feels and how I see it. I keep wanting to cry but it is not quite happening yet, it isn't ready, it is still too deep to be felt and then the tearful expression of it, there is a ripeness with feelings and a lot of the time I can feel them rising, but as I express them they get to their full ripeness for me to cry about them and then it all releases naturally. I can feel this one rising in me and it is huge. I almost feel sick with it and it might even come to that if that is how I need to express it as sometimes happens.

The sadness I am feeling is playing with me I feel. Like it is telling me "Not yet" because I feel I want to cry but it won't happen properly, I might shed a few tears but it stops. I just feel this is going to be huge, real devastation.

Another feeling is that I am feeling very different, I don't feel like I used to and this has come about slowly but recently I have become aware of it. I told my sister that I am not the same person she knew, I am changed in many ways and when I said that to her I really felt it to be true and it was a realisation for me as well. I am changed, it has happened subtly but it is real and I can feel the difference as I see what has left me, how I used to be compared to how I am now, I am no were near that person and I am so happy that a lot of her has gone.

Like I have written before, my sister last saw me 7 years ago and she needed time to see if she wanted to ever see me again when we met up a couple of weeks ago, she was shocked by me and didn't like me. No one likes me being true, or should I say truer! I am not the girl they knew and they don't like this version of me, where has the girl they liked gone? They want the one they created in their minds and could mould to be acceptable to them! I am nothing like her; I don't even know her now.

Expressing some Anger.

7 June 2019

I am feeling so angry. Not because of what I am going to say but in general and this event has triggered it and made me express it.

I went to the shops and they didn't have any of my vegan food because the fridges weren't working so I was so fucked off, it put me out, I had to drive to the other supermarket and I was so fucked off, screaming in rage all the way and now my throat is raw and I got home and cried my eyes out in anger and it has helped to shift that anger a little bit.

I went to turn on the light in the kitchen and missed it and fuck was I angry, so angry that I punched the light switch and nearly broke my hand so cried some more. I am so angry inside and it is all happening around me to bring it out. I asked the manager of that shop where all the vegan food had gone and he said they didn't have any because the fridges broke down. I wanted to punch his face in, I was so angry with him not having what I wanted and putting me out by having to go to a different shop, I hated him so much because it was his fault, I wanted to blame him and take it all out on him. I just showed him my fucked off face and walked out, got in the car and screamed.

I couldn't have what I wanted and I didn't want to go looking else where for it, I wanted him to have it for me, to give me what I needed, it was all down to him, the shop manager. It was his fault he couldn't give me what I wanted. I saw the fridges completely empty and my soul sank as I knew I wasn't going to get what I wanted, the empty fridge was how I felt inside cold and empty and fucking broken down, it was a perfect reflection of me as I stared at the empty, broken down fridges, that's ME.

This poor manager couldn't give me what I needed or went to him for. He looked at me like there was nothing he could do about it and just wanted to escape because he could see how let down I was at him not having what I wanted, yes, I was let down and fucking angry. There was nothing he could do about it. He was my dad.

I am the emptiness that my vision showed me.

7 June 2019

The vision that stays with me is those huge empty, broken down fridges in my last writing entry. They are me. That is how I feel. That vision will stay with me as it is just how I feel. They were left alone and ignored because they were broken and of no use like that. No one paying attention to them just standing there with no purpose or use, good for nothing, a waste of space. I feel like that.

I had to go and get what I wanted from another shop and it was another way of showing me that I have had to go else where to get what I need all my life because my parents couldn't provide it for me, just like this shop situation today, it is a perfect reflection of what I have had to do, go to my addictions to find the feelings I need because I couldn't get them from my parents so I went else where. My parents were pretty much empty to.

All of my anger has been from not getting the love I needed from them and having to find it for myself else where, just like today. That hard stone ball that I said was rising in me today has risen and it is all a mass of unloving rock, it is hard and empty and can't help me and I am so angry at it for being so fucking useless and not making me feel the love I needed to feel, only anger, sadness and frustration. I want you to have what I need, I don't want to go else where for it and I am so fucked off that I have had to do that, it is sad and I want to cry about it, I am very sad and very angry at you not having what I wanted when I wanted it.

None of it was on my terms and I feel so fucked off. My parents believe they were such loving parents and I thought they were too until I began my healing and it blew all of my illusions apart to show the truth. They thought all of my

illness and pain was because of me, nothing to do with them, it was all in me and they were at a loss to know what to do with me and to this day they don't get me, they think I have had a mental breakdown and gone round the bend a bit like the rest of the women in our family but they can't see the unloving parenting that has caused all of this in all of us, especially the Women.

I am still that empty fridge, that is how I feel today.

At last, a good feeling.

8 June 2019

I am feeling ok today. Quite good actually. It feels strange not to have anything to express so I am going with the lightness I am feeling.

I actually like something about myself today.

8 June 2019

Something I am liking about myself today is my face, or rather the skin on my face. I don't wash my face anymore, or moisturise it, I just leave it and every now and again, when I am sitting in the bath I wash it but not every day like I used to. I don't do anything to it, not even really look at myself. My face has never looked better and by that I mean my skin is clear, not any spots or blemishes just quite glowy. I like it.

I used to wash it every day and then moisturise and tone and all of that shit, for years I did it, but now I don't even wash it and it is such a relief not having to do that any more. Also, I have spent my life washing my hair and always conditioning it after, a real routine stemming from my hairdressing days and being told I have to do it so it looks in top condition but about a year ago I decided to not condition it any more and it felt so freeing to be unlocked from that programme which was bullshit anyway. I now wash my hair once a week, sometimes once in two weeks depending on how I feel and my hair is in wonderful condition.

I have for the first time seen how our skin and our hair conditions itself naturally if we let it, the oil in my skin comes through naturally if I stop washing it away every day, that oil makes it feel softer than any moisturiser, it is amazing and my

hair is the same, I don't need to condition it because my hair follicles produce enough oil to keep it healthy and I found that if I need more oil all I have to do is massage my scalp and it activates my sebaceous glands in my hair follicle to excrete oil, and there it is, all done for me by my amazing body, all provided for me.

And now I am back to hating myself!

11 June 2019

I am back to feeling how much I hate myself again. I despise looking at myself, I went to see my daughter at work and I looked at myself in her full length mirror and felt like I was dying inside, I hate myself so much I had to look away.

I feel repulsed by myself as I look at myself with no make up, the weight I have put on, and fuck, it all creeps me out. I don't want to see the truth of how unloved I feel and of how unlovable I feel I truly am, no one could love me. I am so ashamed of myself.

I have no worth or value, I am a nothing disgusting person and as I am being more the truth of my unlovable state I feel this to be true, I am not lovable, I can't love myself, no way. There is nothing I even like about myself. I am being the truth of my negative state, no more dieting, make up, perfume, all of that shit has gone and this is what I am left with, the very truth of how much I hate myself being the fucked up me, no more pretending otherwise, this is it and I hate it, I hate me like this but I can't be any other way, this is the truth of my bad feelings.

Expressing my self hate and shame.

11 June 2019

I want to hide myself away, I don't want to be seen by anyone, I am too ashamed of myself. I hate who I am and what I look like. I want to make myself so small I disappear to everybody. I can't even imagine liking myself in any way. My image is everything and it has all gone and I hate myself. I know image shouldn't matter but I feel it does to me, it has been what I used to attract people and stay feeling good about myself and now it is gone and I am devastated, I no longer have that attraction. It made me feel good by looking good and now I feel shit because I look shit and I can't even get to any good feelings about myself. I

am embarrassed and ashamed of myself and I feel so devastated that I feel this way about myself, I had no idea that I hated myself so much, but I do. I don't want anyone to see me.

I have been asking Mother and Father to help me feel the truth of my bad feelings and this body image thing just keeps coming up for me to feel and it is so bad, so terrible. I feel like I want to die because I have put on this weight and it isn't even a lot, but I feel it is compared to how I used to be. I wish it didn't mean so much for women to be slim and attractive and put all of my worth into how I look. I wish I could be different and love myself with this extra weight but the truth is I can't I hate it so much and it really bothers me, I hate myself like this, I can't express how much I hate it, I hate, hate, hate it, I hate me like this, I hate me full stop. I can't bear myself, I detest every part of me and I feel so worthless to everyone like this. I don't know how to get over this; all I can do is keep going on about how much I hate it and how it makes me feel. I am sorry to anyone who may read this boring shit that I keep going on about, but to me it is devastating.

I thought I was fairly nice looking if I am honest; I am embarrassed to admit that, it seems big headed but it's the truth. I felt I was ok looking with a nice shape and I used it all to make me feel good and now it has all gone and its a fucking shock to me and I feel shit, really shit that all of that illusion has fallen away and I am left with the truth of what was underneath all of that.

The truth is fucking horrible, I hate it, the truth of how I look, I hate it so much. I hate the truth that I am seeing about myself. I fucking hate TRUTH!! It is ugly and unwanted and not lovable, not desirable, not attractive, not sexy but fucking ugly and gross, I hate the truth that I am, I hate it so much, it is so fucking gross and I am so fucked off and angry about having to be the truth of my pain, I mean really having to physically be it and experience it all for me to feel it and heal it. It's devastating and shocking what has been lurking underneath all of my untruth. This is how much pain I have been in, my body is the physical truth of all I have denied, this is how unloved I feel and my body is the living manifestation of that truth and I fucking hate it.

I hate myself so much; I just want to not exist any more to anyone. I am too

ashamed of myself to be seen. There are no words to express how bad I am feeling and I wish it would change for me, I want to change so much but I have to go on and get to the end of my self hate and how I feel about myself is doing it.

I just can't stop myself eating, fuck I hate myself!

11 June 2019

Feeling more absolute hopelessness about not being able to stop myself eating. Why do I want it, I am not hungry but I need the pleasure of it in my mouth, how it tastes, oh my God, it tastes so good and gives me so much pleasure. This pleasure is a constant need in me, it protects me against feeling bad, the pleasure of the food defends me against my bad feelings. Food is my protector. Food is like a release from the nagging bad feeling in me of constantly wanting something to make me feel good, food releases me from pain and discomfort, and it satisfies me. I am overeating to protect myself from feeling bad, from not feeling loved or wanted, it keeps me in denial of those bad feelings, it stops me feeling them, food is my protector and defender, it keeps me in denial of my pain. I just want to feel pleasure all the time, I go to the biscuit jar to top up my pleasure when it gets low and I sink into my pain, I head for the cookie jar or chocolate to make me feel good again and through out the day I need to top up, so I, without even thinking about it, keep snacking to keep my pleasure levels up and protect me against feeling the truth of my pain.

My parents did this with me, gave me sweets to keep me happy and quiet so I didn't have to feel my pain and I am still doing it, I am being them, to me and I can't stop it, it is too strong a need in me, to get that pleasure shot that they taught me.

I am fucked, they have fucked me up when all they had to do was to communicate with me, that would have been my nourishment, to have them interested in me and what was wrong with me, to want to know and to listen to me, but they didn't want any of that part of me and now I don't either, I don't want to know my pain so I feel it like they did to shut me up and it feels hopeless to get out of it, I can't, I am addicted to feeding my emotions instead of feeling them because that isn't how it was for me as a child. My parents fed my feelings and now I do it to myself. I am so compelled to do it and feel the pleasure from

what I eat. It is so fucking frustrating to be so lost to this denial of my feelings and feeding them instead of feeling them. Before I know it, I am eating something instead of feeling my pain, I stuff a bit of chocolate in or a biscuit and it is done. Fucking useless, I give up with myself, I can't stop this, I am useless and pointless and feel like I will never be healed of it, I am a hopeless case.

I need to be entertained constantly to stop me feeling bored. 12 June 2019

Today, I am feeling so bored and connecting to my need for constant pleasure and satisfaction. Shit, I am bored and it feels like such a dead end, I don't know what to do with myself, I want something good to happen to me like in my fantasies when I was a child and I was the princess in some far off kingdom, it was exciting playing with my dollies, them being me, and having the life of my fantasies. I can't do that any more; life is boring without my dollies and that fantasy.

Life is dull and boring and I feel the same. My mind keeps thinking what can I do, my mind wants to take me away from my bad feelings and go and play with the dollies again, so I don't have to feel bad. I don't have to feel how I had to go and make up a fantasy world because no one wanted to be with me in the real world and it is the same now. Shit, how lonely a child I was having to do that, having no one interested in me enough to want to be with me, and I knew it so I went off into my fantasy world. I have done the same in my adult life and thought up business I could do, hobbies and all of that so I don't have to feel the pain of being so alone with no one interested in me.

Being bored feels lonely and cold, unloving. It is a place of longing and waiting, a place of anxiety because I am waiting for someone or something good to happen.

There is such a deep desperation in me not to be bored but to be fulfilled and connected to someone so I don't have to be alone. I really feel like the child I once was right now, I can feel that child like need and wanting still in me and I can connect to it, it is an awful feeling, the need, the pull in me, the desperation to feel loved and wanted how I need to be wanted, I almost want to demand and go into a tantrum with my parents that they are leaving me alone to much, they

are not giving me what I need from them, they have forgotten about me and I can feel that emotional neglect and withdrawal. Yes, I feel very desperate, it is such a strong pull, like a rope, a thick rope from me to them, I can see it. It is tight from my end but slack at theirs and they won't pull me in, I feel lost and scared because I don't have them and they can't see what I need, they are not aware that anything is wrong as they go about their day and I don't know how to alert them to what is going very wrong.

I feel very scared that I am so cut off from them, what will happen to me if they don't know I feel like this, this is how they are making me feel. It feels so hopeless, they won't listen to me, I have to give up.

This boredom has such a hopelessness to it, such an ending and a feeling that I will never get out of it because I don't have anyone interested in me, no one wants to be with me in the way I need them to be, in the way I needed my parents to be. It all feels so hopeless. I keep thinking about food, that is something to do and it will make me feel better, it will break the bad feeling of boredom and make me feel good, it will make me feel the pleasure and satisfaction I want to feel, those are the feelings I want from my parents, to feel wanted and loved but it won't happen, I don't want it from them now, I needed it as a child and didn't feel it from them so its all too late now, I don't want their love now, as an adult, they repel me.

Boredom making me feel so alone.

12 June 2019

My boredom is making me feel so left out of everyone's lives, no one wants to include me, this feeling stems from a memory I just had as I walked into the garden and asked Mother to help me feel the truth.

I remember my older sister going out with her friends and not wanting me to come, I can remember being so hurt by it that I went into a full tantrum, I was about 10 at the time. She told mum of me and mum told me to stop it and leave Bev alone. I was fucking fuming and devastated that no one understood how left out I was feeling, how not wanted by anyone I was feeling, I can remember it all so clearly. I wasn't wanted and mum told me to leave her alone, I was the bad

one interfering in my sister's life but it was only because I wanted to be included in the fun, in the pleasure they were having but I wasn't wanted.

That is how I feel now, not wanted, not included, I wasn't included in my parents' life, I was just there, hanging around getting in the way a lot of the time. I am feeling that separation today. I was a spare part no one knew what to do with and now, today that is how I feel, like a spare part and I don't know what to do with myself, just as they didn't. I would ask them "what can I do, I am bored" and they had no answers for me so I had to carry on in my boredom. Sometimes mum would cook with us and that was good fun but that was it.

I don't know what to do with myself, just as they didn't know what to do with me, I am being them to myself and I have no answers like them. It's such a dead end feeling.

Anger at not being understood!

12 June 2019

Something I wanted to do didn't go my way. Nothing big but too boring to talk about but my feelings are what I want to express. The anger I felt at it not going my way.

Trevor was helping me to do this thing and he couldn't get it how I wanted it and I felt so angry at him that I stopped and ended it abruptly. I felt so angry inside and I have now stopped doing it so I can come and express it, I have spoken about how fucked off it made me feel, now I am writing it all down.

I felt Trevor wasn't understanding me and how I wanted it, he didn't get me and that has fucked me off so much, not being understood and my needs not being taken seriously and him not wanting to talk to me so he could understand me more. Why couldn't he just stop and ask me what I wanted and how I wanted it to go, he wasn't interested in what I wanted at all, he never discussed it with me although I was trying to tell him. It is just like at home with my parents, no communication, not interested in me and what I need and I don't feel I can say anything because I could feel him getting pissed off with me and I am scared of making anyone angry, that is my dad. So I backed off and ended it, not getting

what I needed or wanted, feeling unsatisfied and that is a feeling I have been expressing today, how unfulfilled I feel all the time so use my addictions to satisfy me because my parents (Trevor) couldn't, they were not interested and everything I do is showing me that is the truth.

I must have sucked up all the anger I felt for my whole childhood until I was so unaware I did that when I felt angry because I was not allowed to express it, shit, I would have got in trouble. I am still so scared of expressing my anger so I just bottled it like I did as a child, Trevor would have got angry with me and I am so scared of feeling someone's anger at me. It is exactly the same feeling as I felt as a child with dad, that fear of his anger; I could just feel him as I can Trevor.

I always have to go unfulfilled and I have a feeling in me that I will never get what I want, what I want will have to stay a fantasy in my head because I can't have it, no one cares enough to take me seriously so I sacrifice my wants and needs all the time but with food I don't have to, I can say yes to myself and satisfy myself, I am in control of it now. It is one thing I have control over.

It has just come to me that people always take over what I want to do, it is taken out of my hands so I lose control of my wants and needs and someone else controls them and I have to just put up with it and it is never how I wanted it so I am yet again, left unsatisfied. I always have to be ok with it, always second best. What about what I want, how I wanted it to be!! No one takes my feelings seriously and think they know how I want it to be, I never feel in control of my own feelings as someone else takes them over, compromises me and I never am happy with what I am left with, it is not how I wanted it.

Compromise is no good, someone is always left with not getting what they wanted in the way they wanted it to be, someone is always left unhappy and getting the bad end of the deal and having to put up with it. With compromise there is always a winner and always a loser and I feel I have always been compromised and always been at the bad end of it, never fulfilled when someone else walks off with what I would have wanted. Fuck Compromise, Fuck it, NO I want it like this, this is what I want!!

I know I am chopping and changing with my feelings and it may be hard to keep up but I am just going with what the next feeling is and it might not be anything

to do with what I started saying but one feeling opens up to another and in a way they are connected because they all need to be felt.

I am fucked off with having to be ok with not getting what I want and how I want it, I am fucked off with having to 'With Do' put up with, compromise, not feel satisfied. I feel like such an unworthy person to even believe I can have what I want, I feel so lowly and unworthy and that is how I was made to feel by my parents as a child, I felt like a second rate citizen, a child that should be seen and not heard and I was not important at all to have any opinions or a voice to express my feelings. I could never do that, I just battled it out in my mind every second of my life, shit the battles I used to go through, the torment was unbearable, a war in my head where all my feelings were kept under lock and key.

I feel scared to ask for things to be how I want them to be in case I get attacked with someone's anger at me for saying what I want. There is no respect for me at all. I am really fucked of and angry at being so disrespected as a child and as an adult.

I feel so exhausted with being so wrong and so against Love and God.

13 June 2019

I am so tired and worn out with being so wrong, so negative in my state and condition, it is so tiring to be like this and to do all of this expressing and healing constantly, it is so tiring to be evil and so against love, I am so worn out. I am healing myself 24/7, it is in everything I do and I feel like a crumpled, broken down mess. I can see how my parents have made me and I just have to be in it because there is nothing I can do to change myself, I can't do it, that is up to Mother and Father and only they know when I have done it all, expressed it all and have accepted how I am, all of my wrongness. I have no idea where I am in it all, I feel like it will never come to an end for me. It's like being in a kind of hell going over the same shit day in day out, on a loop that I keep repeating but every time I go into the same loop I see something different about myself and come out knowing more truth.

I feel so energyless; I am tired and worn out. I want to change so much but I

can't, yet I have and am changing but so slowly I hardly notice it, yet the changes are huge when I look back to how I once was. I suppose I want some instantaneous change to happen in me where I really feel it in the instant and I know I have changed instead of it all being so slow that I am not so much aware of how I am changing. Everyone else sees it but me.

I feel so worn out with it all.

The disappointment of having to make do!

15 June 2019

I feel so unfulfilled, my whole life has been so unfulfilling, a big let down of not getting what I want. A big disappointment of just having to make do all the time, having second best. My need and constant wanting to eat is showing me how unfulfilled I really have been, how unsatisfied I feel constantly and I felt that as a child, always having to make do with not getting what I want, having to put up with it and not expressing how fucking angry I felt.

I have a constant feeling of un-fulfilment going on in me and it nags at me to do something about it, go and eat, have something nice, go and do something fulfilling because I feel so bored and unfulfilled. I need filling all the time so I have a biscuit or some chocolate to give me a good fulfilling feeling but it only lasts for a short time and I am back to feeling unfulfilled again. I am so fucked off with it but can't stop myself.

That feeling is nagging at me now as I write this, it is with me all the time, a need to be pleased and fulfilled and it is so strong a feeling that I can not do something about it, I have to do what it says, it controls me. I am so sick of this compulsion controlling me. I can't stop it.

Feeding my fears to my daughter.

17 June 2019

I am such an arsehole; I caught myself putting more of my fears into my daughter, today. I actually thought about what I wanted to say to her and in my head it didn't sound so bad but when it came out of my mouth, shit, what have I just said to her! I poured my feelings into her and she had a right go at me for it.

I was so glad to hear her telling me to just stop it, she asked me if I was aware of what I was doing to her and I told her that after I heard myself say it, I knew I had done wrong because it felt horrible. My feelings always let me know when I have fucked up; it is a nasty feeling that nags at me.

I wanted to take it back after I said it but it was too late, it was out there and into her. I am a right asshole for doing it to her and she pointed out to me what I had just done to her. I felt terrible, I still do, I was being to her, what my parents were to me, pouring all their shit fears into me and making me a nervous wreck. I couldn't help myself but I knew instantly I had done wrong.

I feel like I have slipped right back, what a fucking moron I am that I needed my daughter to be the wise one and tell me what I just did to her. I felt like a naughty child being told off by her parents. Faye was right though, I was very wrong. I am still so fucked up wanting my child to be as fucked as I am, just as my parent wanted me to be as fucked as them, if they were going down, they were dragging me with them but Faye refused to be dragged down by me, she told me straight to "fuck off" with my fear and that she felt nothing like that. I felt really stupid and such an asshole.

I am so glad Faye can put me in my place and tell me the truth when I am out of line. I feel like I can't escape from my parents, I Never could. I am still listening to them and being them, they still have power over me and I can't be any different, this is them, I am them, this is how they want me to be, like them. I can't rebel against them, I am them and I feel like they have won as I listen to their shit coming out of my mouth. They said it to me, now I am saying it to Faye and it is so wrong but I didn't feel how bad it was until I spoke it out loud to Faye, then I felt like dying as I knew I had just fucked up.

I can't try to be something I am not, I am fucked up so that is how I have to be, that is the truth.

15 June 2019

I can't stop being my fucked up self, I say to myself that I am not going to be like that but it is who I have been made to be, I am like that and I find myself still trying not to be but that is just more mind shit control going on. I am fucked up and that is the truth, anything else, any other way I try to be is bollocks. I am

wrong, all wrong, everything I do is so wrong and I still keep trying with my mind to be right, do it better, not do it again but of course I do it again because that is the truth of how fucked up I am, I am wrong so no trying not to be wrong is going to work.

I am so wrong and that is who I have to be, the wrong me without any covering it up, put it all out there for me to see the truth of.

I talk shit, I say the wrong thing, I pour my fears into my children, I am like that because I was made to be and now I have to be it fully to see the truth of it. See all the wrongness of myself and how bad it makes me feel. I am not right but I try to pretend I am and that is wrong, it's all to gain power and being so wrong makes me feel weak and powerless and this is what I have to feel.

"Mother and Father, I am so wrong and I long for your help in seeing the truth of my feelings, my wrongness, just keep it coming. I want to know the truth of myself and I can't do it without you, my parents. I am your child and I long for and need your help, please help me."

Expressing more of my self hate.

18 June 2019

I keep doing stupid things today, dropping stuff and it's driving me fucking mad. It has made me so angry with myself and is bringing up all the hate I feel for myself. I have been in such a rage, shouting at myself what an absolute cunt I am and I use that word in pure hate and anger at myself, the word is such a hatred towards women and it feels so right for me to use it against myself.

I have been grabbing my face in my hands and clenching my skin till it hurts whilst screaming to myself about how much hate I feel at myself. As my healing goes on I am realising I have nothing but hate for myself and I am being more of that as the days go on and this extra weight I have gained is all helping me to feel the truth of how much I really do hate myself. If I was still slim I wouldn't be able to feel that truth because I like myself slim but staying slim is just so I don't have to feel the truth about how much I hate myself and putting on some weight has helped me get to the truth.

I have nothing but rage for myself, I am so fucking clumsy and stupid, I do such fucking stupid things and it makes me so angry at myself. I am typing away here bashing the fuck out of the keys in my temper, I want to hurt something, I want to hurt me but I am too scared of the pain so I bash the keyboard.

I keep making spelling mistakes as I type and that is so fucking me off that I want to throw the computer at the wall, the fucking thing, I really want to hurt something, destruct something, break it and fuck it up to the level that I feel fucked up, so it will never be fixed again because that is how I feel and I want to do it to something else to express how I feel. I want something to be as broken as I am so I want to hurt stuff as I hurt.

I looked at myself naked last night and I filled with hate at myself and remember the times I was proud of my naked body and how nice it looked; now it is horrible, I hate it. I don't want to write any more, I am too fucking angry about everything and this fucking healing!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I try to please every one because I had to please my parents. 18 June 2019

Seeing even more how much I have done in my life so that I get my parents approval, it is all I have been looking for and I have tried to please every one so that I can get that feeling from them, approval, love.

I just sat here in my lounge and it came to me like magic, the deep knowing that my life has been just to get their approval and I look for it in everyone, I need that feeling from them so I try to please them and not upset them so they stay happy with me and I can remain feeling good. I want to do all I can for everyone, make life good for them so they don't feel bad and they then stay feeling happy with me and then I can get the feelings from them that I need.

I want life to be good and pain free for every one just so I can feel their good feelings for me and be happy with me. If I upset anyone it will be like upsetting my parents and I will have to receive bad feelings from them and that is so unloving and I don't want to feel that so I keep everyone feeling good, I go out of my way to keep everyone happy and I can see how much I still do that and in fact, it has gotten worse as my healing has progressed, I have found myself being

obsessive almost, to keep everyone happy. I have felt out of control with it like I am being driven to do it, it all being ramped up so much until I can see what I do as I have seen today and received that feeling which is the truth, where I know for sure this is what I do and why I do it.

I can't stop doing it and like I said, it has got worse, not better, doing so much for my children so they don't have to feel pain and stay happy with me, this is what I had to do with my parents, keep them sweet and then I would receive loving feelings from them, I knew what I had to do. I have found it surprising how bad I have gotten though, like it is an addiction to please everyone so I get my feelings I need from them. I feel hopeless to change and the more I long to Mother and Father for the truth, the worse I am getting so that I can see the truth of how it was for me with my parents as a child and this is how Mother and Father are helping me.

Vertigo hitting me and taking me out.

19 June 2019

Today, I am feeling more like I am held in a constant state of subdued terror, it has a hold on me and today I am feeling the truth of that state as it is never far away from me, always threatening to hurt me and control me. I haven't had any of my dizzy turns for a while but for the last couple of days I have had huge moments of dizzy turns that feel like I am dropping and shutting down, I don't lose consciousness at all but the feeling is like I am dropping, like being in a lift and it dropping down to the floor. The feelings it makes me feel are those of terror and that terror is in me all the time and always has been so I understand why I am having these dizzy bouts, to make me feel the terror they bring up in me.

I had one just now and instead of doing what I usually do and try to escape from it, I sat here and just told it to do what it wanted with me, do its worst to me and stopped running from my bad feelings but meet them instead. It is a terrifying feeling of shutting down and leaves me dumb and very scared but not this time, I have faced it head on and not ran from it. I have been so scared of this feeling in the past and it has always been with me just threatening to come up and ruin my life, and with saying that, my parents came to me, it is them and their control over me, all the feelings this dizzy dropping feeling makes me feel is how they

made me feel and I wanted to just shut down, shut them down and run from them. Their control made me feel like just dropping like a sack of bricks as I gave up and into them.

I am feeling like it right now, the feeling has just come over me, so light headed like I will pass out. A wave of dizziness just passed through me and my whole body went into terror, I am in it now, I have tingling under my arm pits as the sweat activates for me to run, get away from this threat over me. Something is going to get me and I have to run but I am not, I am sitting here expressing it to you. I feel so scared, I want someone to take it away for me, I feel so sick with the terror, my heart is beating so fast with the panic and I have a sharpened state of hearing as I go into fight or flight mode, all of my senses are heightened ready for the threat to attack me.

The wave of dizziness that passes through me feels actually physical, like someone is pushing me or passing through me, walking right through me, it feels so physical. I am feeling horrible, waiting for it to happen again, it holds me in fear and I can't escape from its grip over me. I am crying because I am so tired of feeling so bad, feeling like nothing is ever going to get better for me, feeling like I am always going to be in such fear, I have no way out of it and I am so tired. I am so scared Mother and Father, so scared, always in terror, please help me feel the truth of this awful wave of fear that sweeps threw me.

I need to leave now and have a really good cry about this fear and let it all out, how it makes me feel.

The terror of not feeling safe.

19 June 2019

The panic attacks, terror and fear is all about me not being safe, I am only safe with my mum and dad and they put that threat in me so they had control. As soon as I get these horrible feelings, I want my mum, like a child wanting her mummy, that s how I feel. I will only be safe with her, I must keep her in my sights at all times, I must always hold her hand when we go out, I must always wear my braces so I am tethered to her then I won't get lost or snatched by some pervert who takes children. I am so full of fear about what could happen to me, I am never safe in life and my parents made me feel this way, they were always

scared about what could happen to me and I now feel trapped that I can't do anything because I am never safe, mum and dad told me I wasn't.

This feeling of dizziness and dropping that sweeps through me, it reminds me that I don't feel safe, that I am terrified of something bad happening to me just like mum and dad said. I am waiting for it to get me and kill me like those baddies my parents told me about. I am always waiting for them and this feeling brings them to me and it gets me, the fear takes me over although there is no one there physically, the fear is the presence, the threat that is going to slay me. I am so scared of it; I don't want it to get me so I run from it but I can't run any more.

When I am least expecting it, there it is, the terror is in me, it comes into me like a physical presence but nothing comes into me because the feeling is already in me and has been since childhood. I can feel the fear build up and sweep over me, crushing me, wiping me out almost. I am scared and terrified of it and when it will come, I am just waiting for it, I could sit here waiting for it to come all day feeling paralysed to do anything in case it happens.

If I stay perfectly still maybe it won't come, it won't see me and I will be ok. It is in me so I can't escape from it, I can't escape from myself and my bad feelings and that is what I am trying to do, that is what I have always tried to do, that is why I have felt so trapped because I can't escape from me and my bad feelings. I have to sit with them, meet them, feel them and I am terrified of them but I am trapped because they are all in me, where ever I run to, they are there with me, I could run to the end of the earth and I still couldn't get away from them.

All I have to do is stop running and sit with them; meet them head on and feel them all. Running is so exhausting, I can't anyway so all I have to do is feel them, let them come up and have a say.

What does this wave of dizziness want to tell me about myself?

How terrified I am of my bad feelings, how I want to run away from them because I am too scared to feel them. I am so scared of the dizziness shutting me down as I feel it wants to do to me, like my parents wanted to do to me, shut my WILL down just the same as this feeling of dizziness wants to do to me. Kill me, that is how it feels, like it wants to kill me, make me pass out to show me how

much it can control me, even to the extent of making me unconscious, it has full control over me, I have no choice but to do as it wants and isn't that the same as how it was as a child under my parents WILL.

I was controlled and I still am and it makes me feel like I am dying, like more of ME is being killed off as I give way to their WILL over me and my WILL dies a little bit more so I feel shut down. As my WILL is taken, I feel a little bit more terror as more of me is taken and thrown away into nothingness, meaninglessness like that part of me is not needed, it is rubbish, I am rubbish, every part of my WILL is bad and rubbish and I must get rid of it and never let it see the light of day again. Dispose of myself and my WILL.

This sets off terror as more of me is not needed, I am under threat, not wanted and I have to lose my will and kill it off. More of me is dying and that sets off panic and terror in me as I let myself go and submit to the will of others. There is nothing of me left, where am I? Where have I gone? I am confused and in panic as to what has happened to me and my WILL, what is left of me? Nothing!! Where am I? Nowhere!! Where have I gone? I don't know!! I don't feel like I exist any longer! What have I done with ME? Who am I being? Them!! ME was not wanted! I had to let her go!

I feel in a panic because I don't know who I am or where I am, where have I gone, I feel like I need to retrieve all of my lost parts and put myself back together, the parts I had to lose because they were not wanted by my parents, they replaced so much of me with their WILL, their parts and now I don't know where mine have gone, I feel so lost and now I have to cry I feel so full of grief and what has gone of me.

Fear controls my life, I never feel safe.

19 June 2019

I can't do anything or go anywhere because the worst thing is going to happen to me, this is the undercurrent of fear that is the foundation of every decision I make in my life, what is going to happen to me and all because I have listened to my parents fears for me and made them real, I believe them. I believe that what they said will happen to me and to my children and I have put it into them too.

Don't go too far or reach too high because something bad will happen to you, the bogie man will get you, that monster under the bed is real and one day he will get you. Its all still in me, my childhood fears from my parents, them always wanting to keep me safe meant that something is going to get me and I am still waiting for it to get me, it is real to me still so I live in the fear they created believing it is real and it feels fucking real to me now.

Only by getting worse am I getting closer to the truth of my feelings.

19 June 2019

I am feeling so much better now, it's about five hours since my last post and I was feeling terrible, crying all the time and I have spent the day Talking with Mother and Father, begging for them to help me know the truth of why I am feeling so bad. I am now feeling calm and no dizziness. It was so bad today, the way all of that fear and terror came up in me triggered by the dizzy spells, making my heart pump and the terror rise in me. All I can do is express it, take the cork out of the bottle of my feelings and let it fizz everywhere, release it all and reduce the pressure. It works because now I am feeling fine and calm and able to cope until the next bout of bad feelings come for me to feel.

I have been doing this intensively for six years now and my healing has changed, it has gotten worse not better as I thought it would. But by it getting worse I know I am getting closer to the truth of my feelings and being the fear, being true to all I have denied, it is all now coming up for me to be it and know it. I have to be it so I can accept it and express it, I have to experience it all and I am. It is scary and I am scared of having to go back into it all and that is just more to express. I am scared, very scared most of the time and I don't have to hide it any more, I say to every one that may read this, the truth of me is that I am scared of life, very scared of what it will do to me. Life is a constant threat to me and that is how my parents taught me to be, be scared of life, it will hurt me.

Being taken back into my childhood terror.

20 June 2019

Today I have realised that what has happened to me is that I have been taken back into the truth of my childhood trauma. That is how it has been, fully in my terror, feeling every bit of it to the extent of nearly losing consciousness. Feeling

like I am about to shut down and be wiped out. Shit, it's been awful to feel, so scary, I am now so exhausted.

I understand what has gone on and what I have needed to feel and experience. I know this is my childhood terror being relived so I can feel the truth of it and know for sure, this is what it is and this is where it came from.

I feel so good knowing that truth.

Underlying feelings of what is going to happen to me.

21 June 2019

Still, so much fear surfacing today. I am scared of life and what will happen to me. I have become aware of this fearful feeling that underlies most things I do. I think I have had it with me for so long that I haven't noticed it being there with me whenever I do anything. I want to do something and there is a fear stopping me, telling me I mustn't do it because I won't be ok, I might get harmed in some way. It's there with me all the time and I feel it with me when I am with my children too, feeling all the things that could go wrong in their lives. Shit, it scares me and I am always waiting for the bad thing to happen.

I am so scared all the time. Scared for me and scared for my children. Now they are grown up, I can't be there for them and it scares me that something bad could happen to them and I can't stop it. My daughter is in Bali for three weeks and she has only been gone for two days and I have been a mess, thinking of all the bad things that could happen to her, I have driven myself crazy that if she needs me, I can't be there for her and it's all because I can't stand her being in pain and not having me there to make it all better.

I feel so helpless and out of control. I am seeing just how much control I need and it's shocking how I am being. All I can do is cry it out and Express how I am feeling to Mother and Father. How scared I am that something bad could happen and I can't be there to fix it.

I want to fix it all for everyone so there is no pain, I don't want anyone to feel any pain, I can't stand it, it is too overwhelming for me, I can't cope and I have to stop it at all costs. I am seeing how bad this is in me to fix it all for every one. I

am to take away there pain just like mum had to do, make it all good for everyone so none of us had to feel pain. I grew up not being able to cope with pain and being terrified of it because mum tried to control it all the time just as I am doing. I am mum, doing just the same shit to my children and I am unstoppable it seems. I am out of control with it and it feels like I am getting worse.

The thoughts that have been going through my mind today have been so distressing. I have been speaking them out to Mother and Father and it has been an exhausting day, draining. I feel so helpless, so unable to help Faye because she is so far away. I don't believe she will cope without me because I didn't feel I could cope without my mum, she made it that way so she could feel always needed, indispensable, the one we all needed and couldn't do without, I now am exactly the same and it shocks me. I need to be needed so I can feel loved and now Faye is so far away I am not capable of helping her and I feel so helpless.

My parents made sure we always needed them and it made me scared of living. Scared of life without them, that I couldn't cope without them, I couldn't cope in the outside world and that is how I am feeling now.

Being rejected by being told off.

22 June 2019

I have woke up today full of memories of when I was criticised or told off by my parents and the feeling of how that felt is what I am feeling right now. It is so soul destroying, I have that deep hurt in my soul and I can feel it, such deep rejection and pain, the worst pain I could ever feel is the rejection of my parents and I am feeling it today, I woke up with it.

I remember being told off or them saying they didn't like something about me, it was such a shock to feel that from them, the people who are meant to love me above all else, it killed me.

When I got told off, no matter how little or big a telling off I got, I felt them not like me, they were saying something I did wasn't to their liking and they wanted me to stop or change to be how they wanted me to be, I had to change myself for them to love me and that is so destroying, devastating. I can remember being

told off and instantly not wanting to be around them at all any more, I hated them in that moment, how could they be so unloving to me, I don't want to see them ever again, I wanted to go off into my bedroom and sulk, really sulk, really hate them, never have to see them again for what they have just done to me. They are fuckers and I hate them, that is how I felt about them but I wasn't even allowed to go off on my own and hate them, I wasn't allowed to be with the grief of them being such arseholes to me and hurting me.

They would make me join them and I didn't know where to put myself, I felt like I hated them but I had to be with them and pretend it was all ok, they made me be like that, I wasn't allowed to sulk and feel my hurt, I had to pretend I was ok with them. Shit it is all so fucking wrong; I have been so fucked up by them. How could they make me sit with them knowing I must have been so pissed off after being told off, they would tell me to cheer up, stop being a baby and join in with the family, FUCK THEM!!!!

I hate them right now. Really hate them for not letting me feel my anger at them, so now I feel that I can't show my anger for any one or anything. I have to do what they told me to do, suck it up and pretend it is all ok, I am fine with being treated like a nothing, being a no one by you two arseholes. I can see exactly why I am so fucked up and why.

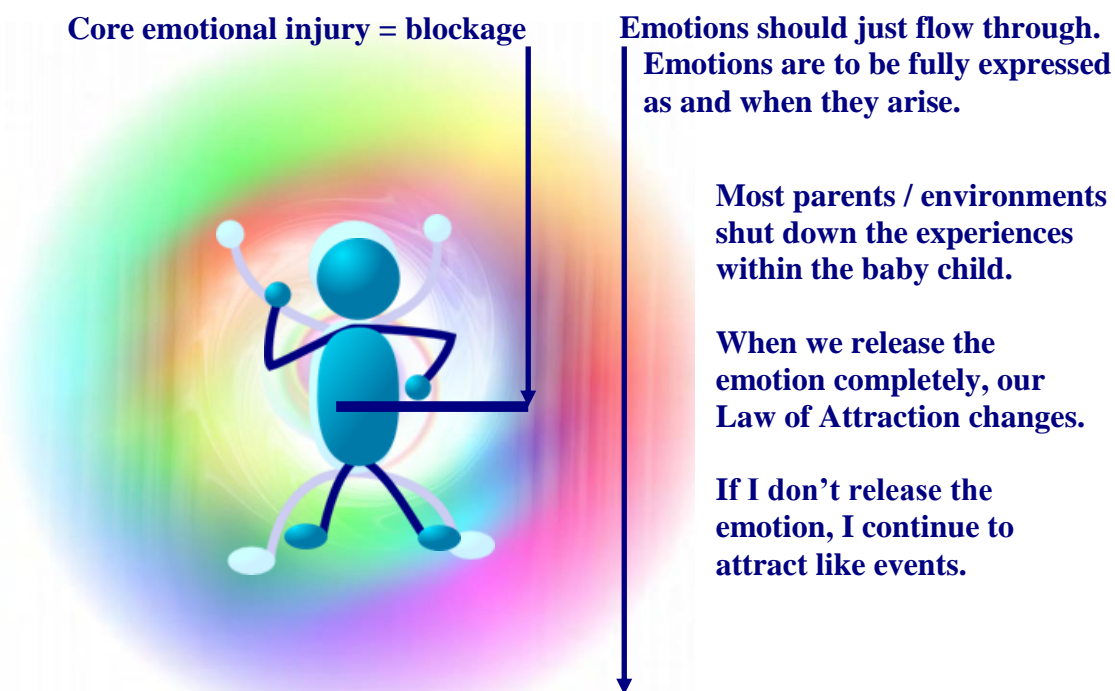
As soon as someone has moaned about something I have done, or shown any dislike I have taken it very badly, taken it right to my core and it hurts so much, more than most I feel. It touches that original pain put there by my parents and flares it up, opens up that original wound and makes me feel those feelings all over again. I want to do to them what I wanted to do with my parents, never see them again, wipe out all trace of ever knowing them, not let any of their energy touch me, get rid of everything that was them. I felt like I had to end it with them, I couldn't have them in my life but with my parents I had no choice, I couldn't just wipe out every trace of them, they wouldn't allow it, they impressed themselves on me even more if they knew I was pissed off with them, making me feel like I was being over sensitive and silly, "come on Sam, stop being so silly, its all over now, get over it". I was forced to get over it but the pain was in me seething, screaming in rage and frustration. I couldn't express it.

I feel all of this again today, all the memories surfacing in me of how I wanted to

wipe out every trace of them after I had been told off by them, the rejection and unlovingness I felt from them that they could be so thoughtless towards me, not knowing how they hurt me, not being interested at all about how I feel and didn't allow me to express my anger or disagreement.

They said they loved me, they still maintain that they do love me and are so hurt by what I have done to them, I HAVE DONE THIS TO THEM!!!

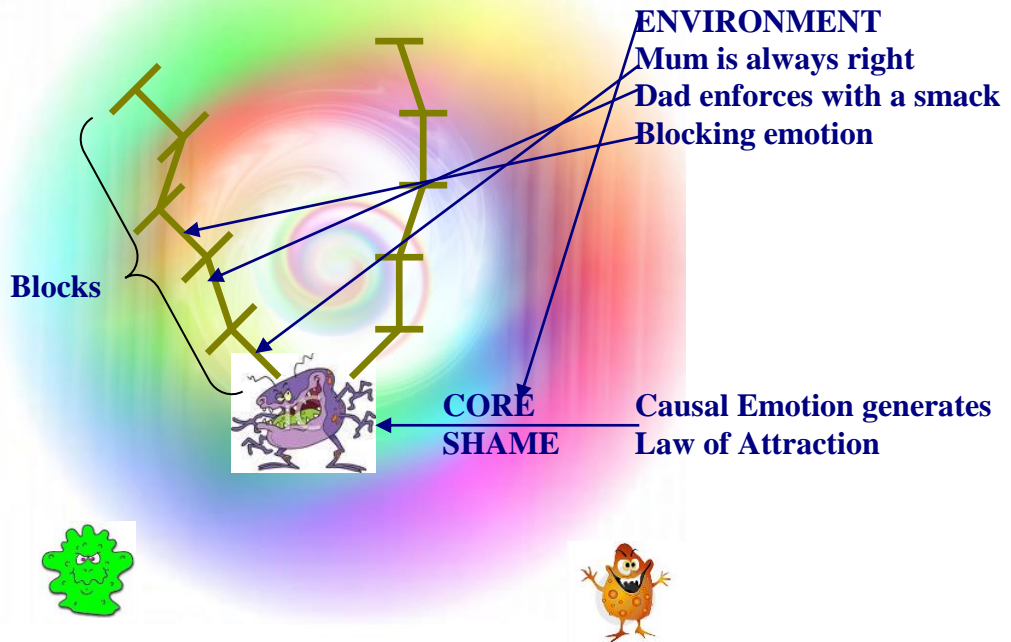
They blame me as my sister pointed out to me on her latest visit. It is always my fault. They have no idea about anything, they have no idea about the pain they have caused me, they are totally blind to their unloving parenting and I know they still believe it is all in me like I am some sort of nutter that has had a breakdown, they can't understand what has happened to me and what has happened to me is that I have woken up to the truth of their unloving parenting. I now see what they don't see but ploughed on through their lives on their default setting programmed into them by their own unloving parents and have just carried on playing that program. They don't have a clue.



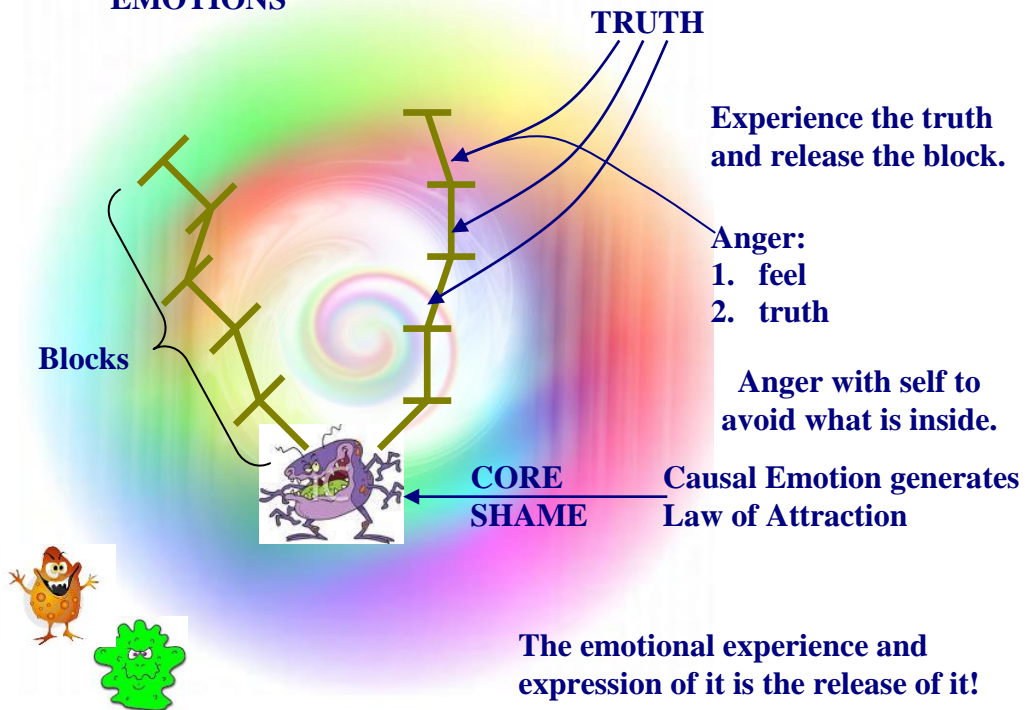
Every person who undertake Feeling Healing of childhood repressed emotions finds that experience proves that emotional expression of suppressed feelings works beneficially.

We are to stay in tune with ourself and experiment for ourself – feel our own passions and longings. Stay in harmony with truth and love within ourself. Long for the truth of it.

EMOTIONS



EMOTIONS



I don't want anything more to do with my parents.

22 June 2019

Just having more feelings coming up about my last post. When anyone has a go at me I want to wipe them out of my life, get rid of every trace of them like they never existed to me because they have hurt me so much. It is a weird feeling and it is one that I felt with my parents when they had a go at me. I would change my clothes, the ones I was wearing when the pain happened and I would throw them away because I could never wear them again as they were now tarnished and tainted with such pain and unlovingness. I can remember doing it several times. I wanted to get rid of every trace of them and the pain so the clothes would be thrown away and I still do that now with things.

If anyone has a go at me I have to clear them out of my life, all they gave me gets thrown out, I can't feel the same about them again and anything they bought me is tainted with them and their unlovingness, it is just the same as when I was a child with my parents. For me it is so painful it is the end, they have hurt me so badly I can't have anymore to do with them, it is so deep in my soul, the pain, I can feel it now. Right now, as I write this I can feel a pain in my heart area and in my throat, it is a ball of rock hard emotion and pain, how could they be so unloving. I can remember the shock of being told off, the shock of not being loved, it was all such a shock, how could they not love me, their child. How could they tell me off, they don't see me as their child, they see me as a pain, a nuisance that is in the way and not wanted but they have to put up with, it is all my fault that I am alive, I feel so hated today.

I can feel that feeling of wanting to get rid of all traces of them, the ones who have hurt me. It is so sad to feel so unloved, I can't believe it, I feel shocked by it, I can't believe they don't love me and being told off was always such an unloving shock for me and it still is, when ever anyone has a go at me it is a shock to my core. I go into panic and don't know how to cope, I shake and feel terror rise in me and I don't know what to do with it all.

I can't comprehend that I am so unloved but I can see why I have to have such unloving experiences, because it is the truth of how I was parented, a truth my parents will never see until they too go through their own healing.

I don't want to exist to anyone, I want to hide away.

23 June 2019

Sitting here thinking what do I actually like about myself and the answer is NOTHING. I really can't feel any good feeling about any part of myself and I never knew I really felt like this, all these years I have thought I liked myself and the truth is I don't at all, not any part of me. I am ashamed of myself through and through, I hate the way I look and feel about myself, and nothing feels good. I feel like I want to disappear, I don't want anyone to see me and how I look, I don't want to exist to anyone, I want to hide, be non-existent. I really don't want to exist to anyone I am so ashamed of myself.

I don't feel like I am really here, like I am in a dream or something. I don't feel real. I don't want to be like this, I want to be better than I am, I hate how I am. I am still living in the unreal fantasy that I can be someone else, not me but someone better than me. I want to be her, then I will be acceptable. I don't feel I am acceptable at all. I hate how I am. I hate who I am, I hate the truth of who I am, what I have uncovered about myself, I hate it.

It is so hard to live and be everything I hate about myself and tried, all my life, so hard to deny. I am now being more of what I hate about myself, more and more of it rises in me and I see the truth of myself and how bad I am and I can't do anything about it, this is how I am, it is what I have tried so hard to deny about myself, never letting it come out but now I have to meet it head on and it is horrible, I hate it all, I hate this truth of who I am. I wish I could just disappear. Bury my head in the sand, but there is no escaping it any more. This is me in all of my evilness.

Expressing my dizziness again.

25 June 2019

Feeling unwell and floaty, dizzy today. I am waiting for the big bout of wipe out dizziness to get me. I am held in this fear of the big one wiping me out, the huge overwhelming feeling to terrorise me and my dad has just come into my mind as I wrote that, he was the huge terrorising fear I was always waiting for. I had better be good or he will tell me off and I will be so scared.

Always under the threat of terror and being made to feel scared, such a threat to hang over a child. My other brothers and sister have told me they never felt this at all, they think I am making it all up but they are in denial of the fear he put into us, I remember them as children being scared and even in conversations with them talking about our childhood, they never wanted to upset him, he always had to be respected by us because he never had the respect from his own father, he was a terrorising bastard to him and dad always said he never wanted to be like his dad but he, to a lesser degree, was.

He tried so hard to not be like his dad but he couldn't help it, when the chips were down he reverted to being his dad, he had no choice and couldn't change how his father had made him with his mind, by just telling himself he was never going to be like his dad, it was in him, the disease was passed on to him by default, he had no choice but to be like his dad and he could tell himself stories that he was nothing like his dad but he was just like him and it was out of his control. His mind couldn't control the default settings his dad had planted in him at conception and gestation and his childhood, he had been groomed to be just like his dad and I can see it all so clearly, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

I have grown up being in fear of him like he was in fear of his own dad, I am just like him and I am as scared of my dad as he was of his, he gave me that. I know just how my dad felt as a child about his dad because I have those feelings in me too, from him. I can see the scared child he still is always waiting for attack, to be terrorised, having to be on the defence all the time, having to protect his mother and sisters from his fathers rage.

He was born to be the protector of 5 women, its a lot to be put on a little boy and this led him to be so over protective of us children, to the extent of it being suffocating and it made me fear life because he was so protective, everything out there was going to hurt me so I needed him to protect me and that is how I see men, without them I could die and all because of my dad's fear of his father attacking his mum and sisters, he carried it on. It is like his mum's feelings were to have a son just to protect her from him (granddad). It's a lot to put on a child.

This has diverted so much from my original writing of my feelings but it is good to write it all down and see it clearly where it all has come from, amazing really.

I am waiting for the big fear, the overwhelming one just like my dad was as a child and adult, always waiting for the terrible wrath of his father, he must have been a terrified child because he is a terrified adult and created a terrified daughter, me.

My dad was a poor, terrorised child.

25 June 2019

My dad was always waiting for the big terror, his dad, to wipe him or his mum or one of his sisters out, what a terror to have to wait for and I feel the same. I am always waiting for the bad terrible thing to come and get me and it was my dad's anger and wrath, it terrified me and he wasn't as bad as his dad but as a little girl, his energy was felt by me all the time and him being a huge man didn't help. I could feel him as soon as he walked in the door, I knew what mood he was in and mum was there to calm him down and not anger him any further, smooth it all over. I never felt safe as a child; his anger scared the shit out of me.

There were some good times, of course there were, we had wonderful Christmases, he went out of his way to make it so good for us and other times were good too, but I could feel his undercurrent energy, he couldn't hide it from me and that is why I was always scared of him because I could feel him.

In relationships I have always done what mum did, calm it all down, not anger men, do as they want, keep them happy, all so I won't have to feel attacked or scared of them, just like her.

I am my parent's and I can't be any other way, I don't feel I can change a lot of the deep stuff, the foundations they built me with. Those fears are still there in me and I feel so stuck in them, like I will never be free of them and I don't feel like not being them any more, I want to be those feelings they built me with so I can see them as they truly are, to know the truth of me which is them and all of their shit.

I want to see it all and maybe one day be able to see through that shit and get to me, the me that God created, I must be there somewhere. It would be so good to see a tiny pin prick of that pure light that is the real me glowing like a star through all of the shit, I would head for that light by feeling my way through all

of the bad feelings to get to it. But I don't know about any of that, the truth is I am in the thick of my shit and that is what I have to stay with, the shit I am in right now, everything else is just more fantasy.

So much fear and so much mistrust.

25 June 2019

I am so sick of being so scared of everything. I made myself a salad tonight using herbs and berries I have grown myself, it was amazing to taste the way it tasted but a little while after I realised I have felt a fear all the way through eating it. What if they all poison me, I don't trust nature, I don't trust that the herbs and fruit I have grown will not hurt me. What if they kill me!! I was struck by fear. Do I feel ok? Am I all right? Will I suddenly be stricken down with stomach pains because of the poisoning! All of these sorts of thoughts going through my head and being scared of what I have grown, killing me. I don't trust food that I don't buy in the shops; I only trust food that has been grown for me. I can't trust nature but I can trust the shops, I can trust someone else to do it for me but I can't trust ME.

I don't trust me, I don't trust me, I don't trust me, the more I say it the sadder I feel. I don't trust me and I never have, I trust mum and dad only. They did it all for me so I trust them, I can't trust myself. If I go off and do something myself without their approval it will end up bad. They don't know I have grown my own food so I can't trust it, I don't have their approval that it will be ok for me to eat and won't harm me. I can't trust myself.

I just want to leave it there for now.

To be afraid to tell God I don't believe in them.

26 June 2019

Having a bath talking to God and I realised I am too scared to tell God I don't believe in them. I feel it is Them that want me to know this, as I was asking Them for help, asking God, who I have just said I don't believe in, that is fucked up. I have also realised from this, that I am too scared to tell others the truth about how I feel about Them because I am scared they will leave me.

I haven't told God how I feel because I am scared They will leave me and I won't have Them any more, it was the same with my parents, this is where it came from. I wasn't allowed to tell them how I felt about them in case I lost them forever and now I am scared of doing this with everyone.

So I keep on pretending I like everyone so they don't leave me. I pretended I loved my parents so they didn't leave me; it's the same with God and everyone. It's too big a risk for me to take. I risk losing everyone if I speak the truth. I will be alone and deserted.

I am so sick of being this way just to keep people from leaving me. I am so sick of being under everyone's threat. I feel like I am held to ransom all the time.

"Mother and Father, I don't trust you. I don't believe you are there for me. I don't believe you will keep me from harm. I can't trust you to make sure I am ok. I feel like I can only trust myself, so have to do everything myself to make sure I am safe. How am I going to be ok by trusting you? I don't trust you are there for me. I feel so alone and without you. I feel like I have to make things happen so that I am safe. I really want to trust you but I just don't know if you even exist."

I can't trust myself.

26 June 2019

I have no idea what or who to trust, I always think that I have to be told by some outside authority who knows better than me. I need to be told by someone and then it is ok. I can't trust myself so I can't trust anyone, not even God. I don't know anything, I have to be told.

I always have to be told as I don't trust myself.

27 June 2019

I have to be told by my mum and dad what to believe, what to trust, what is right and what is wrong, every area of my life is according to them, they are the outside authority I rely on to tell me how to be in life and now it is up to me, to trust me, to trust God. God isn't here like my mum and dad were, how can I trust God when I can't see them? I don't even know if they exist so how can I

trust them? I don't. That's the truth, I don't trust them I only have me and that is how I feel. It is all up to me, I am alone in this. I don't believe in you Mother and Father, I want too, but I can't.

I am so confused about it all. I don't know what to believe anymore. I can't trust anyone and I don't trust me so it leaves me in a very scary place. I feel like I am winging it in life, never really knowing anything just hoping it will turn out ok for me. I have nothing solid to hold on to, I am just floating around in life so confused. I don't know where I belong or what to do about anything, shit, I feel awful and so scared of life and what it will do to me.

I have no one to rely on, to talk to, and to help me. I feel like I want someone to take over, show me what to do and point me in the right direction, look after me and protect me because I am scared to do this on my own. I can't trust myself to get it right, I will fuck it all up, I need my parents still to do it all for me, only then will I be ok. I am scared of doing it alone; I am scared of getting it so wrong. I don't feel like Mother and Father are there for me. I feel deserted by everyone.

God doesn't exist to me.

27 June 2019

Feeling even more alone. I have no one. Sometimes I feel connected to Mother and Father but now, they have gone. I don't feel like They exist to me, to everyone else, yes, but to me, NO. I feel abandoned and alone and like it is all up to me to do it all, I have no one else. I felt like that as a child, always up to me to sort out everything on my own, I couldn't worry mum and dad about it. Any problems I had, I had to sort them out myself and I feel like that now. No one to turn to.

Headache brings fear of pain.

27 June 2019

I have had a nagging headache all day and it is fucking me off. I can feel the feelings it is bringing up in me and it is fear of always being in pain. Always having pain nagging at me, never letting me be free to enjoy anything, I always have to be controlled by the pain. It has stopped me doing things today and now

I am just on my bed writing this. I can't do anything while I am in pain and I have always felt like that. Like, I can't do anything, I am too scared to.

Faye Skyped me from Bali and told me about all of these amazing things she is doing, I would be way too scared to do all of them. I don't feel I can truly do anything; my fear keeps me tethered to my parents, just like they used to tether me to them as a child. I am still that child doing what her parents say and not making them feel scared by going off and doing extreme things. I am safe here on my bed.

My head feels so heavy and hurts my eyes, I have an awful headache and I am so pissed off with it, I wish I could just be pain free. I can't do anything when I am in pain. I can't do anything. I am too scared to.

Feeling my fears of absolutely everything when I am out alone. 28 June 2019

Drove to Winchester today crying and talking to Mother and Father about how scared I am of everything. I did what I had to do in Winchester and got to my car and broke down crying again as I realised that I am constantly scared.

I walk around checking I have my car park ticket and couldn't find it so went into panic. I was on my own and panic took over. I had to get back to my car as quick as I could to sort it out. I was talking to God all the time telling them how much I fucking hate Them for doing nothing to help me, fucking useless, absent parents never helping me, I was so angry. As I got to my car I found the ticket but it gave me such an opportunity to scream at God, I hate them for being so useless.

Also, while I was in Winchester I had to go loo and as I went in and went to lock the door, I caught myself not locking it fully in case I got locked in and couldn't get out. I came out and started crying again as I realised I am constantly scared of something bad happening to me. Then came to me the thought of my mum, I am never like this when she is with me, I am not scared, she will sort it all out if any thing bad happens. I am just the same as her, I sort it all out for everyone so they are safe. It is my mum I need constantly with me, I can sort it out for others but not for myself, I need her to save me. I am not safe without her and this has

been my cause of panic all through my life.

She needed to be needed, so made sure I needed her always, the first person I want with me when things go wrong is my mum and she made it this way by needing me to need her so she felt loved and wanted and needed.

My trip out today was fuelled with fear, right from the moment I left my house, it only takes twenty minutes to get there up the motorway and I was scared the whole way, really scared to be going alone as something bad could happen to me. All the way I was telling God, out loud, how I was feeling, crying all the way and all the way back, fully feeling my fear of being alone and without my mum, I was back to being a little lost girl, I always am her.

More shock about how much I truly hate myself.

29 June 2019

What an incredibly shit day that was yesterday, wow, I felt so awful, the last few days have been deeply terrible but today I woke up feeling like I don't want to punish myself over my eating. I usually wake up feeling guilty about what I will eat during the day and feeling so useless about eating shit food that puts weight on me after spending a life time dieting and only eating healthy foods to keep my weight down, now I can't do that mind controlling dieting, now I am following my feelings and eating what I want and it has put weight on me but I have to be true to my feelings and stop denying myself all the time. It has made me feel terrible, I mean really terrible, so much hate has come up about how I truly feel about myself and it is shocking to know how I truly feel, all that hate for myself and my self image.

Today, for the first time ever it has softened, I don't feel the punishment I want to give myself as soon as I wake up. Today I felt like this is how I am right now. The punishing voice inside me stopped, all was quiet in my head and I made my toast and marmite without the guilt, the so heavy guilt feelings of self hate at how uncontrollable I am, how useless I am, how compulsive I am and all the rest of it.

Today, I feel it softening in me, I can feel a memory of it but not the words and feelings in my head telling myself all of those awful things that I feel about myself. I felt quite free as I ate my breakfast. I usually have this awful soul

sinking feeling about how I will never be as I once was, slim and acceptable like that, every day not a minute goes by when I am not in that self hate mode, being so disgusted by myself.

Today, for the first time I feel it has quietened down in me and I felt something else rising in me, acceptance I suppose it is. I can't do anything about how I am, I can't, I really can't stop myself being like this, I have to be it to feel it, there is no other way and it feels like something has taken me over, that I just can't be any other way. I feel like I have finally broken through to some acceptance and stopped fighting myself about this.

Today, I feel freer than I have ever felt about this weight and food thing, it has been huge for me and devastating to put some weight on, I have hated every bit of it as I hate every bit of me but it has been crucial to my healing and accepting more of myself. I might not lose the weight but I feel better about it today, more calm and accepting of it.

Maybe it is me, maybe this is how I am meant to be, not like the skinny girl I always battled to try to be. It was hard to be like that, it was cruel and denying too, I made myself suffer in saying NO to myself all the time, denying myself of what I really wanted, now I am not doing that and as a result I have become everything I hated. I have put on weight and it has been so tough to accept that this is me.

Giving up the fight because I can't win.

2 July 2019

I can still feel the softening of acceptance I am feeling for myself. The self hate is weakening, I am feeling like it is losing its hold over me and I am blending into it like the fight against myself is unwinnable, I just can't win and I am losing strength with the fight and so moving into a breakdown. I am giving up and giving in to the way that I am and so much deeper realisation has been coming to me of how unloving I am being to myself in wanting to change myself. It is saying that I hate myself as I am and I want to be someone different because I hate myself so much and I am beginning to see how unloving that is, to want to change myself or someone else or anything. It is so unloving and cruel and evil

to say something isn't good enough as it is and it has to change, I can really see that now and really feel it, how awful it is.

I am doing to myself what my parents did, wanted me to change for their better, so I was more acceptable to love, or them to love me I had to change. I am doing that to myself all the time, hating myself as I am and maybe I am not meant to be the slim girl I wanted to be and spent all my life being her but finding it so hard to maintain that weight all because I hated being myself, a bit overweight if I allow myself to eat what I want, shit, I dreaded being her and now I am and the hate I have felt for myself has been huge and scary, so much hate.

Yes, I am beginning to have realisations that this is me and how God wants me to be and I can't fight it any more, there is nothing I can do about it, except feel how it makes me feel and now I am giving up the fight against myself, I can't win. I still feel sad that I can't be that girl anymore but she was so hard to maintain with diets all the time, denying myself constantly what I wanted to eat and feeling so left out of any enjoyment. Now, I am eating what I want, the complete reverse and I am feeling other terrible feelings of real hate for myself being a bit more overweight, it has been a shock to be like this, I have hated every bit of it. Shit, I can't put it into words how much I have loathed myself but as I have said, I am now giving up the fight, I can't win, I am beaten and I have to be this while all the time expressing how it makes me feel, never stopping the expressing to God, how I hate Them so much for not helping me, not changing me, putting me through this, blaming Them all the time, hating Them constantly. They don't hear me, they ignore me, and they don't take me seriously at all. I feel like I don't exist to Them, this of course, being my own parents I am projecting onto God.

Yesterday, I was raging at them, I was so angry with them, God. I still feel like it today, why aren't they hearing me, listening to me, I feel so denied and unimportant to them, so overlooked by them. Neither of them helping me when I plead for their Love and feel nothing, it is just how it was for me as a child and they can only be that way with me to help me realise the truth of how it was for me as a child. So many different feelings coming up constantly, one goes and another comes, fear all the time in everything I do, all of it coming up and out of me.

No matter what I eat, it's never enough. I am never fulfilled.

3 July 2019

I just made myself spaghetti hoops on toast for dinner and as I came to the end of it I had a feeling that it wasn't enough, I wanted more, I always want more. I didn't feel satisfied. I then went straight to my childhood and always yearning for there to be something else, something special, I wanted more in my life, I felt the same as I did today, I was unsatisfied with life as a child and me wanting food, more and more of it, nothing ever being enough, has today taken me to my childhood feelings that are just the same, I always wanted more in my life, more magic, more surprises, more specialness, more satisfaction, more of everything. Shit, I always felt so unsatisfied like I did today.

It is an amazing feeling to be in that moment of feeling just how it was for me as a child and in that moment of feeling, I hit the nail on the head of how I felt as a child. I always wanted more of everything; anything in my life was never enough for me. I longed for it, I yearned for it and I can remember me and a friend talking on the roundabout in a park when I was about 10, we were talking about how we wanted it when we grew up and we both couldn't wait to grow up and leave home, away from our parents so we could do and be what we wanted. We both were never satisfied with home life with out parents, we wanted more. It didn't fulfil us and it still doesn't. I WANT MORE, MORE AND MORE AND MORE. It's never enough for me, I want to feel satisfied but I never do.

My spag on toast tonight helped me feel the truth of why I want more all the time, why I am never satisfied with what I have, why I made up all those fantasies as a child and adult because I always wanted more, I wanted to feel so full inside, so full up with love that I never felt my life was never enough. I didn't feel loved; I didn't have it in me so I would never feel satisfied or fulfilled in life, I would always be left wanting more.

I can feel it coming, the truth is revealing itself to me through my feelings and every day I am feeling more bits of it being shown to me and it is wonderful to know this about why I always want more of what ever it is, food, money, whatever.....

I am not greedy for things I am just empty of Love and love is the only thing that

will fill me up and make me feel satisfied, I never felt it in me so I used anything that made me feel good to substitute the love I needed but never felt.

More pain from a headache and the feelings it brings up.

4 July 2019

I have been in pain all day and expressing the fuck out of this headache, it's a dull pain that stops me doing stuff I want to do, things like bending forward, shit, the pain and pressure. It hasn't lessened and just now I bashed me ankle on the corner of the stairs and I instantly wanted someone to hear me moaning about the fucking pain I was feeling and no one said a word to me, no one worried or came to see I was ok or what the matter was. No one cares about how I feel.

I feel so alone with my pain, no one is interested in me and how I feel and this is how it was for me as a child. Whenever I hurt myself as a child I would make a fuss about it wanting attention, I was really asking for someone to be interested in me, to care and worry about me and like today, I didn't really get it. Mum would try to sort it out with plasters and pain killers but that was just to take my pain away as quickly as possible and I do that too, I don't take anything for my pain but I do find myself wanting the pain to go as quickly as possible because I am so scared of it. The pain might completely overwhelm me and I won't be able to cope with it, which is what I am scared of, not being able to cope with it. The pain might get so bad I will be screaming in agony, I can't control it. Like today with this headache it was in my mind that if it gets any worse I won't be able to cope with it, I am very scared of the pain taking me over completely.

Going back to me bashing my ankle, I felt like I had been taken back to being a child again, I really felt like it, the desperation of wanting someone to care about me as I hurt myself. The feeling was inside me, why doesn't anyone care that I have just hurt myself, where is the love, where is the concern??

I can remember having to tell my mum that I had hurt myself just to get a caring reaction that I needed, I had to literally go to her on occasions and tell her to care for me because I had hurt myself. I want people to know I am in pain; I want someone to care about me being in pain and want to listen to me, care enough to want to hear me. No one does. I feel pathetic that I need to let people know I am

in pain but it is only because I don't feel that I have had any real concern, no one wants to know and I want them to know that I just hurt myself and could you please care.

A constant longing inside of me that I have denied.

4 July 2019

I am feeling deeper into the truth of how denied I was as a child, how unloved I was. A constant longing for someone to care about me, it is in me all the time, to be noticed, to be cared about.

Fears about my headache.

4 July 2019

This nagging headache scares me. What if I wake up with it again tomorrow, what if I get them every day? Life won't be worth living with this pain. I am scared to move in case I agitate it more, just stay still, the pain subsides when I am still but then I can't do anything, the pain is controlling me and it is so unfair. I want it to go away and leave me alone, so much pain all the time, pain I once would have medicated away like my parents taught me, now I am feeling my way through it all, what it has to tell me about my denied and suppressed feelings.

My head is burning inside and as usual I go straight to having a brain tumour. Yes I have a headache, I have a brain tumour, always the worst thing is happening to me, I go straight to the worst thing possible happening, the disaster, the end. Any pain I have and I go straight to it killing me, me dying in agony and wanting someone to put me out of my misery, kill me to take the pain away, all crazy but it is how I feel. I am so sick of being so scared all the time, feeling like the worst thing is going to happen to me.

Feeling disappointment and let down.

5 July 2019

Another realisation, I have just finished my dinner and went to have my little bar of chocolate and realised I didn't have one, what a disappointment. I feel like I haven't been truly satisfied now, I feel unfulfilled and really bored that there is

no other nice thing for me to have, what loss I am feeling. What now, I am lost as I was expecting to have something nice but I don't have anything, its so unfair, I feel really hard done by, like I am missing the best bit just like when mum didn't do any pudding after dinner, I was left unfulfilled and empty because I was waiting for the best bit. There is no best bit for me, she says to go and have some fruit, I don't want boring fucking fruit, I want cake, chocolate, something puddingy.

I feel like the bit I was waiting for has been withheld from me, I have not been thought about that I may miss it and want it but its not there and she doesn't care that I will be so disappointed. It's all so disappointing, such a let down, it's always been like that, me waiting for the best bit in life and it never coming or coming but only now and again, when my parents decide to give it. They are in control of the nice bits I get so I am always beholdng to them, waiting, hoping longing for the good bits to come.

Most of the good bits were what they thought were good though, not asking me what I liked and then me getting it and loving them because they had asked me what I liked, I would love them because they had respected me, been interested in me and what I wanted, None of that. I can't remember ever really being considered or asked what I would like, how I felt about anything, it was all them.

Disappointed by not getting what I want.

6 July 2019

I just put my hand in the biscuit tin and got a digestive, I didn't want that one I wanted a chocolate chip cookie but stuck with the digestive and it felt awful. I ate it and as I ate it I asked Mother and Father to help me feel the truth of how I was feeling and such huge disappointment came over me that I had to make do with what I didn't really want, what I wanted I couldn't have. I felt so hard done by, so denied as I ate the biscuit I didn't want and saw what I wanted but couldn't have it, it is just how it was for me as a child. The digestive I was eating made me feel that I still had the longing in me for the one I really wanted and it is still there in me, I want it but couldn't have it so that longing has always been in me. I have always had to make do with what I don't want, pretend that it is ok, that I am ok with it and show that to my parents, not the truth that I don't feel happy making do with what they want for me.

I am constantly longing for that thing that I really want, that feeling I want to feel, that fulfilment and satisfaction, it is a yearning in me to feel those good feelings and the biscuit thing has just brought it all up. I wanted the chocolate biscuit but had to make do with the plain digestive and it was such a disappointment, I felt nothing in me had changed I still had a yearning for a good feeling in me that didn't get met. I have had that feeling in me all my life and I have done everything in my life to meet that good feeling and nothing has, I just went from one thing to another to try to get that feeling met, nothing worked, I want the chocolate biscuit all the time, that goodness, that wonderful taste that only lasts for a few seconds and how frustrating is that!! It doesn't last because it isn't real love I am receiving, it's a substitute.

Even If I had taken the chocolate biscuit, the good feeling wouldn't have lasted for long and I would be back to longing for it again, it's so frustrating. Putting all of this false love into me just like mum and dad did, gave me false love and it never kept me happy for long, I was always longing for more, something deeper, better, something else because what they gave me didn't meet my feelings and longings either, because it wasn't real love, it didn't touch my heart and fill me up to the top so I felt so fulfilled and satisfied, that is how I know it wasn't real love, I was always looking for it but didn't really know it was Love I was looking for.

Jesus' message to me in my sleep state, truly amazing!

7 July 2019

I just fell asleep on the couch and had a dream that has disturbed me so much I woke up crying. In my dream I was rushed into hospital because I was so ill and the doctor said I wasn't ill, I was pregnant but how could that be, I haven't had sex and I am well into my menopause and I am 52, although I am 51 but in this dream I was 52.

I went home and told my children and they both cried in sadness and anger at me for having another child, so this showed me the error I have passed onto them, they don't like children just as I didn't, I thought I did but this dream has shown me the truth because I was so horrified about being pregnant and having

another child, this is how I truly felt at both of my pregnancies, the truth is being shown to me.

The next part of my dream, I was at home and looked out of the window and saw a huge tiger sniffing my car, I shouted to Trevor to come quickly and he did but didn't seem too interested and I felt angry with him. I was shocked at there being a tiger outside my house and angry that Trevor wasn't interested so I went on feeling no one was interested in anything I felt was important, I had to keep it all to myself.

Then I was outside with other women pulling water up from a well, we were all getting on and laughing, I wanted to tell them I was pregnant but I couldn't, I was too ashamed and scared that they would not want to know me any more, thinking I was cursed or evil because I was menopausal and how could this be. We were all dressed in long clothes and head scarves like in Jesus' time. Then the Tiger approached us and we all backed up into an alley way and the Tiger nudged the first two women out the way until he got to me and I stretched my hands out to him as if to let him have me, I was giving myself to him but he didn't ravage me, he began licking me, my hands and up my arms and then took my hands in his mouth and led me back to the well.

There I saw Jesus standing waiting for me, I broke down at his feet crying and all I wanted to do is go with him, be with him, be taught by him but I couldn't because now, I was pregnant and for the next 18 years tied to looking after my child when all I wanted to do was to go with Jesus. He took me by the hand and walked me back to my house telling me I wasn't pregnant but he wanted me to see the truth of how my parents felt for me when they found out I was coming and how I felt when I found out I was pregnant, the shame, the horror, the feelings of my life now being over and never again being able to do what I wanted. This is the truth he wanted me to see, how I always wanted to get rid of my children to others looking after them so I could carry on with my own life like they didn't exist.

I woke up feeling this was all true, being so relieved I wasn't pregnant, I don't want any more children and now I know I didn't even want the ones I have, I know that to be so true now because I feel Jesus has let me experience the truth

by letting me think I was pregnant, all of those same feelings came back to me and I can't stop crying about how unloved and unwanted I have been and how unloved and unwanted my children were and are by me.

I will carry on with the feelings this dream brings up for me during the day, it is with me and so real like but Jesus was so beautiful, so calm, radiating love for me and took my hand like I was a child and he my parent.

Those feelings though, they were the real ones alright, just how I felt being pregnant but denied because they are so unloving, I was a selfish mother to my children, not really wanting them and they have felt this all their lives. I thought I was a loving mother, doing all I could for them because I loved them so much but now my denied feelings are brought to me I now have felt the truth and it is amazing but terrible how I have put it all on, all been a lie, just kidding myself I loved my children, I really believed I did because I was too scared of the truth I really felt.

It just isn't done for a mother to admit she doesn't love her children and feels trapped by them. Shit, I am even scared now to write this, what if they read it!!! Although we have spoken about this and I have told them the truth of how I wasn't the most loving of mothers but they don't feel that, they are not ready to go into their own healing and feel the truth of how I mothered them for themselves yet.

This dream was amazing, Jesus was incredible to feel him being there holding my hand and he knew everything about me, he knew how I was feeling, exactly. I could not hide anything from him, he knows everything, all of my lies, my denied feelings, he knows how fake I am and still loved me, I knew it.

More feelings about my dream.

7 July 2019

As I re-read through this dream I have had another realisation. I got to the bit where I was calling Trevor to have a look at this Tiger and he wasn't interested, barely glanced at it and this is why I had my children, I was having them so someone would be interested in me, treat me special and look after me. I would be the number one to all my family, so special. I was using my children to get

the feelings I needed, it was all for me, nothing was about them and this was the same for my mum, it was the only time she was treated differently or had any interest shown to her, I am just the same, it was never about us the children, it was all about her/me feelings and wanting to be treated so special, to be recognised, treated, to be sacred to someone because this special thing was happening. It was never about the babies but all about me, another ploy to get the attention I needed.

Feeling the truth of my weakness.

20 July 2019

I have had some good days, feeling ok but today I woke up feeling so scared. I was having my shower and feeling so scared that something bad was going to happen to me, always something bad is coming. I am terrified inside, almost shaking and my mind goes straight to food to make me better, maybe I am low in sugar and I get that horrible weakness like I am just going to fall like I have died. I was having my shower and really crying because I felt so bad telling Mother and Father all about it and how scared feeling so ill and bad makes me feel, getting it all out to them. The weakness is so awful some times and this morning I woke up with it and it scared me. I think that food will cure it all, it must be because I am so hungry but its not, its fear, terror coming up in me and I am now expressing it. I feel like my body wants to shake so I am shaking, trembling uncontrollably. Let my body do what it wants to do. Let myself be out of control, let myself be terrified and scared, let it be the truth of how I feel.

Another sleep state experience.

21 July 2019

Ever since I was a child I have dreamt about tidal waves and in all of my many dreams, the wave has never got me, I always managed to out run it, I thought this was a good thing but now I finally understand.

Two nights ago I had another tidal wave dream and I saw it coming towards me down the end of the street, it was huge and full of debris and dirt and I knew that this time, I couldn't run from it so I didn't, I held onto the lamp post and let it take me and I could see myself being thrown about under the water and I

could feel myself dying. I now realise this is a good thing, not the running from it that I have done all my life and felt relieved that I didn't die in it.

This dream has come at a time when I feel I have finally stopped running from all of my fears as I accept them more now and am actually being them, feeling them, expressing them. The dream amazed me because it was such a realisation that all I have to do is give up, let the wave have me, let it kill me. This is my healing, this is what I have been doing with my feelings, no longer running from them, the wave but let the bad thing happen to me, let my feelings have their way with me while I express my way through them all to find out the truth.

I can't believe I have taken all these years to understand the Tidal Wave dream and in that one dream, letting the wave have me, no more running, accepting it and not fighting it, dying, I feel so changed by it, so accepting and so much calmness in me. I am still feeling bad feelings but the acceptance is so amazing, there is no fight left, well, that is how it is at the moment, it could all change.

When I died under the water, I woke up and found myself alive and it amazed me, this was in my dream, I was somewhere and I was alive. It was a very amazing feeling.

More feeling realisations coming to me.

24 July 2019

So much more truth about why I am the way I am is coming to me, shit, it comes like magic, it's amazing. I now know why I have made things to sell all my life. I am creative and I have used this creativity to make money and today I had a memory come into my mind of when I was five and my sister was seven and we used to make stuff out of any old thing we had around and pretend we had a shop and sell it to mum and dad, and mum being the very artistic one, would help us make things to sell and I had forgotten about that until it came to me as a flash back.

I had this memory come to me when I was sitting on the loo talking to Mother and Father and it all came together, it all fits in and made sense why I have done this, the very thing mum taught me to do as a child, I have done it all my life

because she said I could sell what I made as a child. It was only play but it stuck, I carried on doing it all my life, making money out of what I make, my creativity.

It was the memory that got me, shit, it was so clear, so there, in me and it just came up from my soul to show me why I am like this and why I do it, because I was taught to do it, the seed was planted into me by mum.

When this realisation came to me, I cried, really cried with love, that is how the truth made me feel, I can describe the feeling but it was incredible and all while I was sitting on the loo.

Not knowing the truth has caused so much confusion.

26 July 2019

Something happened to me today and it put me into shock and confusion. It was to do with the Internet and it happened out of the blue, I didn't expect it at all and I didn't know what to do about it or why it had happened.

I felt extreme confusion because I didn't know the truth behind why it had happened, it just happened. I didn't know the details behind it so I was left in such confusion.

It rung so true to me that I had been in this state all my life, shock and confusion because of not being told the truth. The details being kept from me and I was just expected to be ok with that. It has put me into panic and mistrust and so much anxiety throughout my life, such a horrible place to be, never knowing what is really happening to me, never feeling safe because of that.

My parents didn't tell me any truth, they lied so I have lived in a state of shock and confusion and today's occurrence put me right into those feelings, knowing this is how I have always felt. Shock at why things have happened to me, petrifying shock. It is soul destroying and today I actually felt that sinking feeling inside me, a feeling I have felt so many times, devastation, let down, disappointment. I have never been able to sort things out for myself because I have never known the truth so I have had to rely on someone else, mum or dad, to fix it because only they knew the truth and wouldn't share it with me.

They had all the power, I had none. Because of this I look to others to fix things for me, to save me like mum and dad did. They withheld truth so they could be powerful and be in control and do it all for me. It's fucking horrible to feel so helpless. I am helpless, that is how I feel after today's events, I had to call up the internet lady to fix it because I didn't know how to and she instantly did it, just like mum or dad would have when I was a child.

She knew what had happened and wouldn't tell me and I felt so powerless, she just fixed it and it was all ok again but it left me in a quandary about what had happened, what had I done to muck it all up and then have to have a grown up fix it for me. I still don't know and I am still in my shock and confusion over what happened. Why can't I be told the truth about what happened, am I not capable of dealing with the truth? I feel so unworthy and pathetic and like I have to live life in an unaware state all the time, like I don't need to know, don't worry about it Sam, it's not for you to know!!!!

I hate being so denied, left out of any truth, I just don't know what is happening in life because of this and it is fucking frustrating.

'THEY WON'T BE SAFE WITHOUT ME'

26 July 2019

This is what my relationship is about with my children, this is my relationship with my parents, this is what they put inside of me and I believe it. I was just watching the sparrows feeding their chicks and I know that as soon as they can feed themselves, the parents leave them to fend for themselves and they find their own way but I am still feeding my chicks, I am so scared of leaving them just as my parents have done to me, always so scared to let me go. I am fucked because of it, my children are now also fucked and need me, they are as scared as me and I am so sorry for what I have done to them.



I feel terrible about this, really awful and gutted inside as I see the fear in them, it is mine and I have put it into them, I believed it about my parents and made my own children believe the same. Shit, I want to cry, I feel so gutted at the trauma I

have shown them about needing me in life or they won't be safe, I have well and truly fucked them as I was fucked.

Feeling good, feeling bad, feeling confused!

27 July 2019

I have had a good feeling about myself today, I am loving my hair but I hate the rest of me. My hair feels good, long and full and I love it today. I really hate everything else though, I can hardly bring myself to look at myself, I am so disgusted at myself. I wish I could be different, I wish I could be someone else, I fucking hate myself. I have always felt like this and tried to change myself to be prettier, better, skinnier so I will be loved and wanted but now I am being the truth of all I hate about myself and I fucking do hate myself, really and truly detest myself and how I am. I can't do anything about it though but be it, hate it, detest it, loath it but I like my hair!!

Today, I have been feeling how hopeless I am to not being able to stop snacking, I can't go into the kitchen without picking at something, I can't stop and I wish I could, I don't feel like I am in control anymore, something is making me do it, that is how it feels. My mind says 'No Sam, you don't want it' but then I go and do it and before I know it I have eaten again, what the fuck!!!!!! It's like a program I can't fight. It makes me feel so hopeless and like I have no control, God, I feel shit about myself. I used to be able to diet and control myself and be slim and lovely but now I am hating this constant need to eat. I am scared of how far I will go and how out of control I will get.

No one will love or want me. I will be ugly and fat, I hate fat, it's fucking disgusting and any fat people reading this, well, this is how I feel and I am scared of becoming what I hate and being the truth of how much I hate fat, of how conditional I am, of how I judge fat people. I have always thought it and just kept it to myself but I want to get it out of me, it is how I feel about fat people, they are unlovable, judged and hated by society. Everyone sees a fat person and makes a joke or a judgement about them and I might become that person. It's what I am scared of because I know how I judge and feel about fat people, I am so unloving of them and don't think I deserve to be loved if I get fat. I am evil I know, but I can't pretend to like it, it would be lying to myself, I hate it and I am scared of maybe becoming it to feel the extent of my self hate.

I am so confused now, I have just entered a confused feeling and everything has gone foggy. Fuck, I fucking hate this fucking healing, I hate Mother and Father too, fuck them, fuck I hate them so much. I want to blame them for everything, they are fucking useless and I hate them. I never know what's going on with me and they do, they know it all just like my mum and dad, keeping it all a secret from me. Fuck them, I hate them, this is too fucking hard, too fucking painful. I am hating myself so much, I don't care that I like my hair, that's on the outside, my insides are fucking rotten and I hate myself beyond words.

I am so overwhelmed right now!

1 August 2019

What a fucking awful few days it has been. Too much! All too overwhelming for me. Problem after problem, everything breaking down and going wrong. I feel really fried inside, burnt out. Listening to my children's feelings as well as my own has totally done me in over the past few days, there is just so much going on, bad stuff, pain, and I can't cope with it, I feel like I am close to breaking down. I must have felt like this as a child listening to mum and dad's shit, being overwhelmed by it all because I can't fix it. I did feel like that with them, I know it. I always felt like I had to make them happy again and fix the problem and I feel like this with my own children but I can't fix anything, I am not capable, I am too fucked.

Everything has been thrown at me over these last few days, crazy stuff and I am shit scared of it all. Shit scared of my children's feelings, and my own because I can't make them any better, I can't change them or make them go away, just how it was with mum and dad. It's so scary being surrounded by fearful feelings, I feel crushed by everything, I can't cope with anything. I am scared of everything, really scared. It's all so chaotic, frenzied in my mind because I can't do anything about anything, I can't make it better for anyone. I feel so scared of life and people, I feel so scared of feelings, they overwhelm me too much. I can't do anything about them but Express.

I am so fucking frightened.

My feelings scare the shit out of me.

1 August 2019

Today has gone back to being calm again. Lots of feelings still, but not so crazy like it has been. I felt really bombarded with feelings, too much for me, I couldn't cope and today my son rang me to see if I felt calmer and less overwhelmed and I do. I told him all about it.

I have been expressing how much I can't cope to Mother and Father, I can't, it is too much for me. I can't cope with my children's feelings, it is like having to cope with mum and dad's feelings and I couldn't do it then and I can't do it now.

I must have pretended I could deal with all my parents were going through but I now know I couldn't because how I am feeling now, like I can't cope with anyone's feelings, they are too much for me and I am seeing that now. I can't cope with my own feelings, they are too overwhelming, that is the truth of how I feel. I have been having waves of dizziness again and I have noticed I get this when I want to run away, shut down from life, I get dizzy, like I am going to pass out because my feelings and life is too much for me so I want to shut down, escape, run away which is what passing out is, denying it all, putting my head in the sand and my fingers in my ears like none of it can get to me.

It all gets to me and I feel panicked and overwhelmed by all feelings. I am scared of my feelings and what they will do to me, they are too powerful and they might kill me just like my parents feeling were too much for me, annihilating me out of existence. It is all too much and I don't feel like I can cope and it has taken me many years to get to this truth about myself and now, as I write this, I want to cry with the release of the truth, I can't cope with it all and I thought I had to. I thought I couldn't show any weakness of not being able to cope, I had to deal with it.

Can I just tell you all out there, I CAN'T COPE WITH LIFE, WITH MY FEELINGS OR OTHERS FEELINGS. I needed to say that because it is hard to admit, it is weak and pathetic not being able to cope and all my growing years I thought I had to but my body was telling me I couldn't.

I have been wracked with panic disorder, and anxiety and illnesses that have nearly killed me because I was pretending I could cope but today, finally and

because of this recent build up in pressure, I can say that what is has been trying to tell me is that I never have been able to cope and I shouldn't have had to. I was a child and they put it all on me until I believed I had to be strong for them and everyone else, I mustn't show how scared I was and am. I AM SO FUCKING SCARED ALL THE TIME. I can't cope in life and I am scared, very frightened of feeling bad and any one else feeling bad because I can't do anything about it, I can't fix it for them and I have always felt I am the one who has to fix it for everyone like it was my super power, "I am FIX YOU girl" well, I am not I can't do anything about anyone's bad feelings, I want to shut off from them because I can't cope with hearing them, not even my children's and it is only in the last few days that I now know that truth.

It is not up to me to do it, to heal anyone and I always thought of myself as a healer, the great listener but that is only because my parents made me be that for them. I am not that, I can't help anyone, it is all too much and I now want to strip myself of all of that bullshit that my parents wanted me to be. I don't want to be that, all I want is to hide myself away and be true to how much I can't cope, I am now allowed to totally crumble as I always wanted to do but wasn't allowed to. I am weak and I want to be weak, I am a rubbish listener, it is just who I thought I had to be but I am not it, I am scared to listen to you or anyone, even my kids and their feelings scare the shit out of me because I don't know what to do about them. I can't fix them. I fucked them up and I can't do anything about it.

I am scared of everything, going out in the car, going shopping, going into town, talking to the neighbours, cutting the hedges, the whole lot I am scared of doing because it all gives me bad feelings that I can't cope with and I am so scared of being overwhelmed, it feels like it is going to kill me the terror of my feelings.

I wasn't allowed to be honest about my feelings as a child. 3 August 2019

Through the ups and downs of my everyday life I can see how it was for me as a child. My life as an adult is reflecting and telling me the truth of how it was for me. The anger and frustration I feel now is the anger and frustration I felt as a child only now, I am allowed to express it. It is all there right in front of me, I am being it, the denied and repressed child, I have always been it.

I am still doing all the things I did as a child to be loved, to get attention from my parents only now I do it with everyone as everyone is them to me. It has all been a plea to be loved and now I see it.

I find that I can't stop doing those things I do to be loved, I am so compelled to do them to get the results I need, to get the feelings I need to feel. If anything I am worse than I have ever been and I can't stop. I feel like a runaway train most of the time and get angry that I am still doing all I need to do to feel loved. It's so fucking frustrating to be aware of how fucked up I am and not being able to do anything about it, just let it happen and feel how it makes me feel.

I really feel like I am getting worse and I am seeing the truth of my poor state of being, through being so bad. It is a complete smash in the face for me to know the truth of how bad I am. I have spent my life trying not to be this person, lying my way through life, pretending I am nice and good but my thoughts and feelings are not nice and good, I am a complete hypocrite who is so scared to be the truth of my evilness in case everyone hates me and I can't bare the attack if you really knew what was going on inside me.

I wasn't allowed to Express how I truly felt as a child, I wasn't allowed to be honest about my feelings, it was bad to say how I felt so I had to lie to be liked, to be thought of as a nice and good person like some fucking doormat for everyone. But this is how my parents wanted me to be, a nice polite girl that everyone liked and could compliment mum and dad on what great and well-mannered children they had. It was all for them, we had to put on the show for them so they could be thought of as good people in control of their children, obedient children, respectful. It just made me into a fucking sick doormat. I was a doormat for them so I was a doormat for everyone. Now I am scared to be any different.

It's all so wrong, every day I am being more my wrongness, something new comes up in the way I am being and I have no control over it, I am so driven by this unseen force to be like this more and more so I am being and seeing the truth of myself and there is no escape, I can't stop it. I tell myself not to eat any biscuits or chocolate and it is all forgotten in the very next second and I am eating again, what the fuck! I might as well give up telling myself anything, my feelings are to

strong where as my mind used to be the strongest and I could stop myself eating, I did it for 50 years, let my mind control me. Now my feelings want it all, so I am saying yes to myself and can't stop it.

What's going to happen to me when I run out of money?

5 August 2019

I am worried about money again. I am fucking shit scared as I watch my bank account going down and down and no money going into it. What the fuck do I do? Get a job I hear you all scream, just like my parents would say to me but it's not that easy. I can't do it, I have tried and my soul is so opposed to it, I am so not wanting to go back into work, I can't tell you how wrong it feels to do something against my will. I have done it all my life and it has fucked me up.

I am scared shitless of going back to those soul destroying mornings of waking up and dragging myself to do something I don't want to do. I don't know what to do. I want someone to tell me, to get me out of this fear of not knowing what will happen to me. I am so scared. So, so terrified of my future and losing everything.

No one will save me and that is what I want, to be saved so I don't have to be scared any more. I am so afraid and wish I were a child again being looked after. Not having any responsibility and letting mum and dad take it all from me. I am scared of being in charge of my own life without anyone to save me, no parents, no husband, no one just me and I don't feel I am capable, I will fuck it all up, lose everything.

The fear I am feeling is to deep. I feel like I am dreading the future, dreading every time my bank statement comes in and I see the money dwindling away. I used to be able to make money but now I can't do anything and I am scared for myself and my daughter. I love my home so much and don't want to lose it all.

Shit, I don't know what to do; the fear of running out of money is huge in me. I am so fucking terrified of not being able to pay my bill's, rent, car, etc., it scares me to be so out of control, to lose the lot. I want some miracle to happen so I will be saved from having to feel bad. I want my parents to intervene so I don't have

to feel bad, just like they always did. They took the bad feelings away, didn't let me feel them, but now they are all coming to get me and no one is going to save me.

It is just down to me, I feel so alone with everything. I feel so overwhelmed with the impending doom that is coming. Money will make it all better, I will be happy then. I am just the same as my parents always worrying about money, never having any, always so poor.

I am so fucking scared about what will happen to me. Fuck, I am scared and I feel like I can't change anything. I can't make it all ok for myself. I fucking hate God for not helping me, letting me go through this alone, knowing how afraid I am. I don't and can't trust God to save me, they will watch me go through it and let me suffer as they are doing. I fucking hate Them, they are useless parents to me. I don't even know if They are there, I can't trust Them.

So many lack and loss feelings.

5 August 2019

I am feeling so deeply disappointed in life, my life. Today, I have been crying a lot with the feelings of such let down and with it comes memories of me being a child and seeing a beautiful doll, Cinderella. She was in a shop window all glittery and beautiful and I wanted her so much, I told my parents, they knew that every time we walked past the shop, I wanted her but I never got her. I can remember the fantasy I had built up about having her, something so beautiful. Such a let down to never get her and I have always loved glittery things since then and bought them for myself because I never got that doll.

The disappointment is the same today, I feel gutted inside, such loss and so much lack of not having things the way I wanted them, such expectations and them never coming to fruition. Shit, what deep grief I feel. I am still wanting that doll at 5 years old, that child is still me wanting life to be beautiful and glittery, wanting to be Cinderella, yes, I wanted to be that doll and tried to be but it always ended in the biggest fall and disappointment.

Today, I feel crushed that things are such a let down, so hard and disturbing. I feel so crushed under the disappointment as all of my fantasies fall away and

none of them were true, all just dreams that can't come true.

I can never be anything more than what my parents made me and every time I try, I come back down to nothingness. Nothing good ever lasts very long, I may get a taste, then it's gone, it can't last and it is all so disappointing. I feel so fucking crushed today, so empty and hollow and sad that my childhood fantasies have all passed away as untruths because I hate the truth so much. I wanted to be something, show them all I was worthy but I am nothing, I am what they made me and it's all such a let down.

Feeling completely let down.

6 August 2019

Still feeling so much disappointment in everything, nothing turned out like I wanted it to. What does it leave me with? Boring, uninteresting life with no excitement. I want excitement, I always have, but never got it. I am so bored and disappointed, completely let down.

I am a terrible Mother!

13 August 2019

I am a terrible Mother. At the moment I feel like I can't cope with my children's pain. I am fucking useless to them and I want to put my head into the sand but I pretend to be attentive and listen to them when inside I am screaming I don't know what to do for you and I never did. I feel so useless as they tell me about all of their pain, I can't help them. I can listen but inside me is screaming for them to go away, not bring me their problems because I don't know what to do about them. I want to take all of their pain away, but I can't.

I have been pretending to myself that I want them to pour it all out to me, I want to hear it all from them, I was kidding myself because just lately the true voice inside me is now being heard and it is saying, "Oh no, I don't know what to do for them". They are talking it all out to me but I have no idea what to do about it, I can't do anything, I am just an empty void for them with nothing to give them. They tell me of all their pain. The pain I passed on to them and I don't want to fucking hear it, that's the truth. I gave it to them and I dumped it all on them and turned my back on them, what a fucking shit of a Mother. Now I can't do

anything for them, by default they have this shit set inside of them and their lives are playing out to it all, it's not their fault.

I feel soul destroyed right now, I see what is going on with them and I just have to let it play out and it is soul destroying to watch it. It is like being made to watch a rerun of my younger self and not being able to give myself an advice or say; "No, don't go that way", I can't get involved, I can't interfere with them, I just have to let them go ahead and take the experiences and be here for them for the fallout.

There is literally nothing I can do but watch the mess I have made and curl up and die every day as I feel the pain of what I have done to them. The crazy thing is, no one in the outside world would see any of it as being bad, it is all what is going on in every family and what every parent calls 'LOVING' and it is fucking bullshit, its not Loving at all it is evil. NORMAL PARENTING IS EVIL PARENTING.

I am feeling drained and so weak.

15 August 2019

I am feeling so stressed and I didn't realise I was. I have been biting the inside of my mouth, feeling drained and tired and generally unwell and lack of energy and it all became very familiar today. This is how I felt most of the time when I was at home with my parents.

I have been worrying about my two children, feeling so unable to help them and feeling like I want to fix it all for them but not being able to, feeling useless and of no help to them at all. I felt like this with my parents, I could only listen to them moaning about their hardship and pain and worries and so wanted to be the one to get them out of it all and make their lives better and less stressful but I couldn't, I felt so helpless and useless to them but such a huge part of their problem. I now feel like this with my children, it is exactly the same thing I am going through with them and it has to be this way so I can feel the truth of how it was for me with my parents.

All of this realisation came to me today as I was talking to Mother and Father in

my car, on the way to the post office. After longing to them for the truth, it came to me, I have to feel this way with my children because I have to feel the way it was for me as a child with mum and dad. All of the stress I wasn't aware that I was under with them, and I am feeling the same stress now. It is all so amazing that when you ask Mother and Father, they answer.

I am feeling shattered and so worn out, tired to the extreme that I can't do anything but sleep and I feel guilty for sleeping because mum would have called me lazy and it is still in me, her making me feel bad for feeling bad. Fuck, it is all so fucked up, I feel so fucked up and unable to do anything. I feel stressed out and it makes me feel light headed and yawn a lot, all weird feelings but it is the truth of how it was for me with my parents and I know this is a truth, it all feels the same as it did for me.

I wanted to be the one to fix it all and stop the pain and I have been the same with my children because I had to be like it with my parents. It is all just re-running my childhood and my children are bringing the events and situations I need to feel how bad I felt back then. Mother and Father orchestrating it all so I trust that I need to feel this awful right now, it is what they want me to know about how it was for me as a child. But shit, I feel fucking ill and so weak and so awful right now.

I naturally hold myself so tense.

17 August 2019

I hold myself so tightly, so tense, so rigid. I am constantly like this; all my muscles are always up tight, clenched as if ready to fight and run. I hate it; I hate it that it has become a natural way of being for me, to be constantly clenched up. I can't relax and when I believe I am relaxing I am still clenched up.

I have been quite dizzy today, menopausal symptom but I have always suffered with dizziness. Tonight, while sitting on my couch suddenly a wave of dizziness washed over me, sometimes when this happens I give out a little 'help', like someone has walked through me, that is how it feels. The Yelp is fear, sheer fear and it happened tonight. It comes instantly and after that happened, my whole body has been clenched up, ready for it to happen again, I am on guard, ready

for it but I hate it. I want to relax and unclench myself but I can't, I have to be ready for the next attack and I am so fucked up about it.

I notice myself holding myself, my arms wrapped around myself, or holding my face, crushing myself so I can't feel the horrible feelings, the clenching up is the same, I do it so I can't feel the horrible feelings I get, the sensations, the dizziness, if I keep myself taugth and clenched I will be ok, nothing will get me. I am even like it now as I write this, scared for the next wave of bad feelings, when is it going to come? I am just waiting for it to wipe me out, take me over, kill me. I feel so scared.

I can feel myself up right and waiting, I can't let my guard down or it will get me so I stay ready and I hate having this fear in me. I want to give in to it, let it have me and just say to it, "I am open to you, I am clenched, relaxed and willing to accept you and all you want to do to me. I am not going to resist you any more, I am opening my soul to you, opening my heart to you so you can do as you will to me, hurt me in any way you need to, I won't stop you or interfere". This is how I wish I could be with the fear but I can't, I am fighting it still because I am so scared of how it makes me feel, I can't give in to it in fear of what it will do to me. I can't unclench and just be taken by my bad feelings.

I am so scared of some of the physical feelings I get. So scared I feel like passing out at times, losing consciousness and I am terrified of those feelings.

Feeling the terror of my Dizziness.

17 August 2019

If I unclench my muscles I will be vulnerable, open to attack. If I unclench I will be carried away by my bad feelings and never return. I am feeling so scared right now. Some of my bad feelings I can take on and feel them to my core, but some I am still resisting and they are constantly coming to get me until I accept them and give in to them. I am feeling so scared right now because even as I write this wave after wave of dizziness sweeps through my brain and I am so fucking scared of the sensation. I want to run from it but I have nowhere to go, it is always with me, in me. I want to run from myself but I can't get rid of myself.

The dizziness is like I am suddenly dropping from a great height, that is how it

feels, terrifying. I have just had a vision. I see my dad throwing me up in the air and catching me, he thinks I like it but I hate it, I am petrified. I am a baby and he is playing with me throwing me up in the air like parents do. I can see the terror and shock on my face as he throws me up. It's like I am just falling, I am totally out of control, I have to let him do what he wants with me. Can't he see how scared I am? I feel like a rag doll being thrown about. Did this happen to me? I don't know but I am seeing it now like it is real and it feels the same as the falling sensations I am getting with my dizziness.

I was out of control as a child, mum and dad could do what ever they wanted with me, they had full control. This is how I feel now, like my bad feelings have full control of me, I have to give in to them as I had to give in to my parents.

With the dizziness I am out of control and this is how it was for me as a child and that was so scary and I was so powerless. It's just how I feel now.

I can't escape from myself or my bad feelings, there is nowhere to run, they are inside me.

18 August 2019

This healing is so fucking hard but it's all I want to do. I know it is good for me, I can feel it. I am so scared of my feelings all of the time, I am so scared of feeling bad, the physical symptoms are so horrendous but they are in me and always have been.

My vision is so bad now as well and I notice it is getting worse all the time, especially when I am stressed, I can hardly see, not wanting to see the truth. Everything is getting worse, I am so scared of it all. I am so scared all the time but I have spent a lifetime pretending not to be, hiding it so no one sees my weakness it was embarrassing to be so weak. I am so scared of what I am going to feel next, my feelings terrify me, what is going to happen to me next??

I can't escape from myself and my bad feelings. I have always tried to run away from my feelings, they have been like monsters to me, chasing me everywhere I go, I can't escape from them. To now stand still and let them engulf me is so overwhelming, so fucking scary to be washed away by them, crushed by them, beaten by them and they can do what ever they want to me, they have total

control over me just like my parents. I am always going to be the lowly child, the worthless child crushed by every one.

It's so scary to just let go.

18 August 2019

It is so hard to let something that terrifies you, have every part of you. My feelings want every part of me and I am so scared of them. I am so scared of feeling how my bad feelings make me feel and to let them have me, it's so hard.

I am so frightened of letting go to my feelings.

18 August 2019

I have spent my life fighting my bad feelings, not surrendering to them. It is so hard to turn it all around and let them in and be brave enough to feel them, every part of them, all the terror and bad shit has to be felt and it is so hard even now, six years into my healing, it is like the first day. To let my bad feelings swamp me, to surrender to them is the most courageous thing I will ever do.

18 August 2019

I feel like my feelings are going to kill me, take me away and crush me until I die. Letting go of my control means I will not be safe, my control keeps me safe.

Panic attacks, anxiety and feeling the terror.

29 August 2019

I am feeling scared, terrified, my breathing is shallow, I feel dizzy and ready to run at any moment, I am like a deer in the headlights. My heart is beating faster and my breathing getting more rapid, there is some sort of threat, something bad is happening to me but I don't know what because I am sitting on my couch writing this and there is no threat at all. I have always felt like this, waiting for something terrifying to happen to me. My feelings ramp up and I go into terror mode and get myself ready to fight, run and escape from the impending terror but nothing comes, only my feelings.

I am sitting here in this terror feeling that has haunted me all my life, panic attacks, anxiety, it all gets so bad I feel like passing out with the terror of my bad feelings but I can't escape from them, they are always with me waiting to be felt, accepted and the truth found, I just have to stop running and sit down with them but I am so scared of them. The waves of terror sweep over me, my heart quickens, I break out in an instant sweat and grab hold of the couch in terror. I am so fucked, so scared as I sit here feeling my way through this terror, will I be able to see it through?? I don't know how bad it will get before I start moving around, fidgeting trying to shake it off, disturbing the bad feelings and sensations, they stop when I do that but start up again. Can I just sit absolutely still, not even moving my head a tiny bit and let the feelings come, do there worst to me, or will I move and stop them?? Can I let the waves of terrifying sensations happen?

Is this how scared I was of my parents, doing all I could to keep them happy, to please them because I was so scared of feeling their anger at me, or their disagreement with me and my choices. Is this the terror I am feeling, can I let the feelings in? Could I let my parents in? NO I couldn't, I couldn't let them near me, I couldn't let them in because they might hurt me, not physically but emotionally, they might take my WILL! And this is what my terror and fear does, it takes my WILL, I don't want it, I don't want any of these terror feelings but I have them anyway, they take my will and this is what my parents did and this is what I have done to my children also.

I am feeling the terror of how it felt as a child to have my WILL taken again and again, I was denied and crushed and this is what these awful panic feelings are doing to me, making me feel the truth of all the feelings I had to deny, suppress and repress as a child because I wasn't allowed to show my feelings of how unfair it all was.

This terror that keeps trying to get me is all the anger, rage, and fucking outright fear of not being able to express how I felt to my parents when I was a child. Shit, I was too scared to say NO to them, or to say I don't agree with them, I wasn't allowed to disobey them and had to respect them above all, above myself.

The terror, panic, fear and anxiety I feel as an adult is all from my childhood, all

the shit I bottled up as a child, it went nowhere and all stayed inside of me and now it is coming out to show me the truth of how I felt as a child and it is hard to believe I felt this fucking bad but I did and now I am so fucking scared of those feelings.

Sleep state experience about my Son.

8 September 2019

More terrible dreams about how I pushed my son away. In my dream I was crying as he no longer wanted to have anything to do with me because of the many, many times I pushed him away to grandparents and child minders and this wasn't just for the occasional night out this was every week from Monday to Friday. His Nan would come and take him away so I could run my business without having to look after him.

What was the point of having him?? I was a terrible Mother, I was the most unloving parent and I am truly suffering for it now. I have dream after dream showing me the truth of how he felt and it devastates me, as it should. His Nan loved having him but it shouldn't have been that way, I put the business first, way above my son, and my son told me that he had to be taken away because I couldn't cope, I had depression after I had him but that was all bullshit, he was told so many lies and I have told him the truth and he doesn't want to believe it, of course he doesn't, he doesn't want to hear how unloved he was and would rather believe the lie.

I was a sincerely unloving Mother, I did it all wrong and I was so selfish, I didn't want children and I pushed them away from me so I could carry on my single selfish life without having to stop and look after children so I gave them away. I feel ashamed to write this about myself in fear of being hated, but it is the truth and my dream has taken me deeper into the pain of what I have done to my two children and both of their lives are reflecting the truth of how unloved they both feel by their parents, life is throwing the truth at them constantly and I can see it but they can't, they don't want to hear me so I can't tell them.

I am seeing deeper into how I have fucked up their lives with my unloving parenting, my rejection of them and so all life rejects them, even their own

bodies. It is terrible to watch it, it is torture for me, and it is like I have been sent to Hell as I feel the consequences of my unloving and selfish parenting. I was a terrible parent to my poor, poor children.



My Beautiful Son

I put everything before my children.

8 September 2019

I wasn't capable of loving my children; I wasn't capable of loving anything. Even now, writing this I am crying with the pain of what I have done to them. It isn't fair that they should suffer so for what I have done to them, I wish I could change it all for them, they are having a lot of pain in so many different ways, come to them to bring them the truth of how they were parented, all the pain they felt but denied and shut it away.

I have done this to them, this is my fault, I have fucked their lives and I see it all the time playing out for me to see the truth of what I have done to them, I feel like looking away but I can't, I have to see it, all the terrible truth of their pain that I caused, I have to feel how it makes me feel and do all of the crying and drowning in my own sorrow of what I have done.

I feel like I am going deeper and deeper down into hell at the moment, it is a gradual process but it is happening and I can't stop it as I want the truth so much, I am constantly open to the truth and wanting to know what I have done so that I truly know myself and all the horror I have caused to my children and this horror is what is called pretty normal parenting in the everyday, non healing world of parenting. I am feeling the pain of why I had to give my children to childminders and go to work, yes, that is it, I gave my children to childminders and went off to work to earn a living and now I am seeing all of the horror that lies underneath that innocent looking action.

I put my job before them, I put money before them, I put my own life before them and I can't even see how far down on the list they were when they should have been at the top, above any and everything.

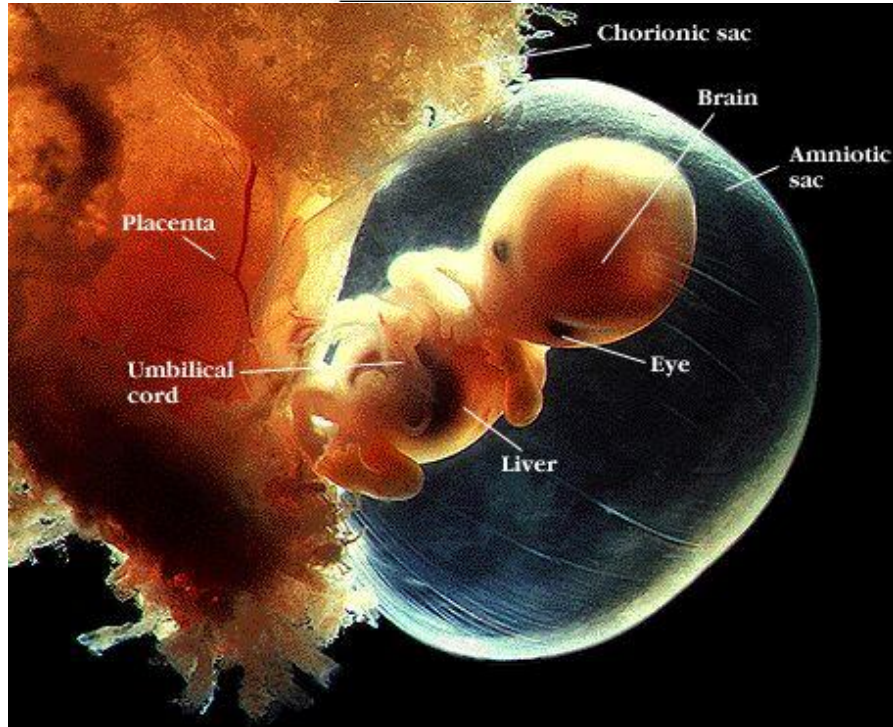
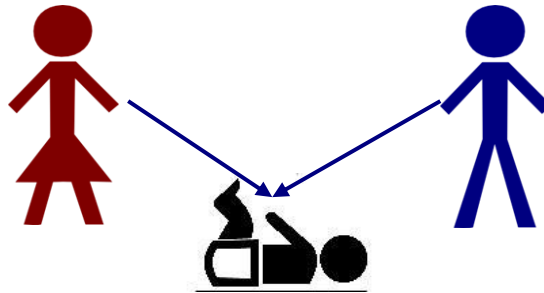
I have proved to my children that they are unworthy of being loved because everything else comes before them in my life and you might be saying to yourselves that I had to do it 'for them' so we could all survive and live comfortable lives but now, to me, none of that matters, because the truth is I put everything before them and they are showing me the truth of that because they both feel so unworthy in life, that is because I made them feel like that.

They should have been first always, I didn't really give them a thought as to what I was doing to them, making them feel like they were in the way, an unwanted appendage, a burden to me and now to everyone. I am fucking well in a terrible place right now, terrible and if I told you the reasons why you would think I was making something huge out of things every parent does to make sure their kids are ok and have a home and all the things they want but that is so wrong, they only need their parents' love and they will have everything they need in life and they will have it all because they have felt loved, and like they came first in their parents' lives, like they were so special nothing bad could happen to them and all because they felt truly loved and that was all that mattered.

All the pain our children feel is because they weren't loved by us as they needed to be loved and their life attractions are bringing to them the truth of their pain that they have had to deny and repress, just as is happening with my children all the time, pain after pain no matter how little it is, it is life showing them that they weren't loved how they needed to be. The truth is all around, bombarding into us like grenades going off and we don't see the truth of what is happening, it isn't just bad shit happening, it is the truth of the pain that is inside us that has gone denied and suppressed since childhood and life's events and attractions are smashing the truth into our faces until we get it! WE ARE IN PAIN BECAUSE OF OUR UNLOVING CHILDHOOD!!!

Yes, today I feel I am in a terrible place and I doubt if most of what I have written makes much sense but this is how I feel, fucking terrible, tearful, gut wrenching pain at what I have done and everything in my life is bringing me this truth. I feel scared to go out my back door because of what will trigger me into feeling more bad feelings, it is that bad, it's in the trees, the grass, my neighbours, nature, cars bloody everywhere and it is all there just to help me heal and know the truth of myself, even just sitting here I feel feelings that need to be felt. Even just a second ago I typed the wrong letter and I felt rage come up, anger at myself, hate for myself for being so stupid and so incompetent and always getting it wrong.

Healing is everywhere and now for me it is the only reason why anything happens, so I can feel about it.



Baby approximately 7 weeks after conception.

<http://www.firstchoicefriends.org/didyou.html>

MAJOR MILESTONES AFTER CONCEPTION	
http://www.firstchoicefriends.org/didyou.html	
Week 1	Baby attaches to the uterus
Week 2	Baby rapidly developing
Week 3	Heart starts beating (around day 16) - incarnation
Week 4	Brain and spinal cord developing
Week 5	Facial features are visible; Hands and feet forming
Week 6	About 3/4 inch tall; Brain waves measurable; Fingers and toes forming
Week 7	Baby coordinates movements and sucks thumb; Genitals forming
Week 8	About 1 1/2 inches tall; Baby feels pain; All organs functioning
Weeks 9-12	About 3 1/2 inches tall; Baby can smile, sleep, wake and clasp hands

We are in PAIN because of our UNLOVING CHILDHOOD!

The pain of living in Rebellion.

8 September 2019

Through my feelings I am discovering that being in such rebellion to truth and love is torturous, my whole life has been torturous and I used to call this normal but it's not fucking normal to be in pain all the time. My whole rebellious life has been a default setting since my conception, it was always going to be a fight, it had to be as that is all there is when living in rebellion.

All I feel is the torture of my denied and suppressed feelings and it is the torture of being aware of how much pain I was in. I am now being it and it is torture for me. To see and now be aware of the pain I denied, it all feels chaotic, there is so much, it is overwhelming as the pain rises in me, one feeling after the other and I have spent my life rebelling against ever feeling this pain, keeping it hidden.

Rebellion against the truth and against love is Hell, I can feel it, the Hell in me. It is leading a life of torture, thinking I knew it all, denying God. Living a life without God is living a life in Hell! Now, I am feeling the truth of my rebellion I am seeing clearer all the time that my way, is Hell. The way of my parents has been Hell, not feeling my denied and repressed feelings from my childhood has been Hell, I have chosen Hell by living in rebellion of truth and love.

Not wanting to feel the truth of how unloved I have felt through my parents parenting of me has been Hell, torture and caused no end of suffering for me as it comes out in any way it can, physically, mentally, spiritually all fucked on every level because of my unloving childhood and all the error I picked up about what truth and love is, all so fucking desperately wrong.

Living a life of Rebellion against God.

8 September 2019

Living a life in Rebellion against God is fucking Hell. We have all been put here and born into this rebellion against God to feel how it feels to live without God and It is pure pain. I am in pain and I am in rebellion against God, Love, Truth and Myself, I fight it all and always have.

I am writing this because it is how I feel right now and it is the realisation of how deep in rebellion I am and I am stuck. I can't do anything about it but feel how it

makes me feel and it makes me feel torturous. I know I keep saying it but being in rebellion, it feels like torture. I feel so powerless in this state, living so against God, love, truth and myself but I can be no other way, it is how I have been programmed by my parents, and how they were programmed to be so against themselves, their own Will.

Shit, I want to fucking cry and break down with the powerlessness of it all, I feel like I can't get out of it, like I will always be living this Hell of the rebellion. I feel so deep in it that it is hopeless to get out, I feel completely hopeless and broken at the extent of how powerless I am to change any of it and all I can do is keep feeling all of my bad feelings. It doesn't feel enough because I am so used to using my mind to get me out of the shit, I am in but I can't do that, I want my feelings to show me the truth of how I feel and it scares me. My feelings scare me shitless and my mind is feeling more and more redundant.

I now realise I wake up in fear every day.

9 September 2019

Its 7:00 am on Sunday morning and I realised upon opening my eyes that every day I am scared to open my eyes in fear of what the day will bring. I have not been so aware of this until today, right now.

Today, it has slapped me in the face that I am scared of opening my eyes every day. I am fearing what I may feel and right now I have that fear, I woke up with it, "What will happen to me today, what will I feel physically, mentally, what am I going to be scared of today" and I feel sick with the fear. I can feel a trembling in my legs and a numbness in my head, a feeling of being out of control with the pain I may feel, it might get so bad I can't cope with it, I can't stop it getting as bad as it wants to get, it is not up to me, I can't do anything about it but feel it and I am fucking scared and I wake up like this every morning but today I have become really grounded in that truth of how scared I am of opening my eyes every day.

I am feeling quite unwell right now and I am scared of how bad that may get, so bad I am in agony maybe!! I don't yet know. But it will get as bad as it wants to get, it's not up to me. It's like I have no say in it, the pain has a will of its own and will do what it likes to me and I have to say at this point, I am feeling very

child like in my fear, it is coming up from my childhood and all of those feelings are there in me. This is an old feeling I have always had, always been scared like this and I want my mummy, that is the first feeling I get, I want my mummy to cuddle me and comfort me but I don't ever remember having her like that, she was there trying to do whatever she could for me but it wasn't right, it wasn't what I needed, I needed her to hold me, love me with a love stronger than the fear I was feeling but she couldn't because she was scared to, just the same and didn't know what to do with me.

I wanted my mummy in a way that she wasn't available for. I needed her to make me feel safe but I never had her in that way, she tried but it wasn't right so I begun to push her away, she scared me in the end because I knew that she didn't have it in her to make me feel safe so I have always pushed her away as she makes my pain worse because I know she can't help me, but she was all I had so I clung on to her.

I am truly alone with my pain, I have no one, not even my mother, the woman who carried me, grew me, gave birth to me and if she can't help me, no one can, it is all futile, I am truly alone in every aspect of life and that is what scares me about the pain, I want someone to be there for me, it should have been her but it isn't so I have no one to tell and to comfort me and to sympathise with me and to know just the right things to say to me to guide me through all the pain.

I have no one and that feels devastating and makes the pain so much worse and the pain is there to help me feel this truth, that I have no one, that as a child I had no one to be compassionate with me and hold me while I expressed my fears. No one to take me seriously or be interested in my pain. For fuck sake, it was serious to me as a child and it is still the same serious pain in me now because I had no one to express it out to and I still don't only this Forum and or course, Mother and Father.

I understand it more now though. Through writing it down I have uncovered why I have needed the pain every morning and that is to alert me to the truth of how alone I have always been. How I have never had the love I needed from my parents, in the way I needed it. That has made me feel very isolated with my fears and pain, like there is no hope for me because I have no one to express it all to, my parents don't really want to know, even though they said they wanted to

know what's wrong, they didn't, their energy was already walking away from me in fear of what I might say and because they knew they didn't know what to do.

I always felt that I didn't have them so I bottled it all up in me and through out my life, that cork has blown out and I have been taken down into my pain but not understanding it until now and my feeling healing has made it all so clear what its all about.

I feel better right now, I can still feel the horrible buzz going through my body of that feeling of anxiety and my tongue feels electric and buzzy with an irony taste to it. Like I am having adrenaline pumped through my body in ready for the attack but slowly I am coming down from the fear as I express it out of me and the fear is being so alone with my feelings, having no outlet, no compassionate listener who really wants to be with me and just hear me. I have no one like that, and yesterday I spent time crying about that as I am tired of having people around me that just want to fix me, give me answers instead of listening and the amount of frustrating conversations I have had with Trevor, him saying that I don't want to talk about my feelings so it's not his fault but I do, just not with people who want to fix me and tell me how it is with me.

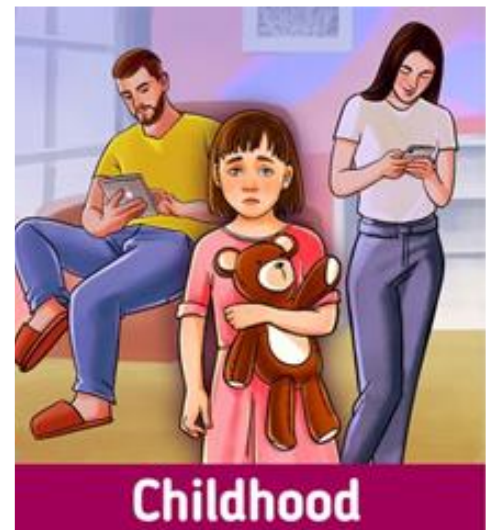
I hate that, it drives me fucking mad, it takes all of my power away and I feel like dying, my soul feels like fucking packing up and dying because he doesn't want to hear me just like my parents, he is just the same but he gives me these spiritual answers and tells me how it is and how to fix it and it is all bollocks. Sometimes I agree with him but I don't want to be talked at and told, I want to be heard, that's all, just listen to me without telling me and completely taking over my pain because you believe you know better than me about my pain. No one knows better than me about 'MY' pain and it is so frustrating to have him around but he is all that I have and I understand why he is around me, because he is my parents, not hearing me, not really wanting to be with me in the way I need. He is them and makes me feel all of the frustration of their unloving parenting of me.

I am alone in this and always have been, alone in my pain.

No one wants to listen to me or really hear me and every one is proving that to be true. They are not 'Feeling Healing' so all they can do is assert their power over me and try to fix me believing their way is the right way and it is all so hopeless. My soul feels like laying down and dying when I don't get what I need from them and all it would be is to listen to me, not to even say a word but to truly want to be with me because I will feel it if they don't, I can feel it straight away if I am boring someone, I feel it in Trevor, he even fucking yawns as I am talking and changes the subject because he doesn't want to hear it, how fucking rude and what a great big FUCK OFF that is to me.

So I shut down, and go off and cry to Mother and Father at how denied and rejected I feel, but it is all just as my parents would have done, try to make me deny my feelings instead of going the other way and intensely want to sit down with me and hear me, be interested in me. That is never going to happen, no one is interested and that feels like I am dying inside, no one loves me enough to listen to my pain. I have no one and that is lonely.

I have nowhere to go to with my pain and expression of it and that is just how I felt as a child and it is still the same now, it has to be for me to feel it. I am still that denied child, sitting here writing this, it's the same denied child as I always was, I can feel the little me writing this through me, telling everyone about how she feels. The body is 51 but that is just the vessel for this hurt, denied and repressed little child that I really am.



Childhood

My parents really believe they love me but I know the difference between mind love and Heart love.

9 September 2019

My parents said they cared and loved me but they didn't, I didn't FEEL it. Not feeling the love they said they had for me left me empty and always looking to fill that empty space where their love should have been so I have turned to many addictions to fill that void they left in me. They are convinced to this day their love is true and real but I never felt it, they even convinced me they loved me and that the reason I felt no love and couldn't love anything, was something to

do with me, I was the freak who couldn't Love but if I had love in me to begin with, I would be able to love, so its their fault, it all began with them and how much they truly loved me. I would have felt loved and it would have entered me at my conception but all I felt was their fear and that was what they passed on to me and I am living it every fucking day, not their love that they say they had for me, but their Fear and pain, that is what I felt from them.

Their love was just words, saying what you are meant to feel for your children but those words had no substance and the substance is what should have flowed into me, but it wasn't there so it couldn't flow into me. I use other substances to substitute their missing love for me. They have made me into an addict, a junkie for anything that can make me feel how their love should have made me feel right from the start. There is no love from them to be found in me, I feel like a cripple because of their so-called love they had for me. They never felt it from their parents so how could they feel it for me, truly.

They are just spouting off programmed words of their love for me, this is how you are meant to feel for your child but where is the feeling?? I have their words but no feeling and as a child this is confusing and I thought there was something wrong with me and as I grew up my parents confirmed that feeling in me was true, "Why can't you love Sam? Why won't you let us near you Sam? Why can't you have loving relationships Sam? Why do you choose loser boyfriends Sam? Why are you always ill Sam?....." and it goes on, the never ending blame as to why am I so unloving, yet they loved me so much, it can't be them so it must be ME!!!



We are to Find the Truth of our Childhood.

James Moncrief – Sunday 8 September 2019

We are to Find the Truth of our Childhood.

That's it; and find it through our feelings by directly connecting, feeling, experiencing, and most importantly, knowing they are true by being them. We ARE our childhood, the truth is already there, it is already within us, we are already living it, we don't have to look anywhere else for it other than within ourselves. All of why you are what you do, say and live, everything about how you are and how you conduct yourself in life, is all what your childhood was. You grew into being the adult you are because of the childhood you had, we can't be a different adult that's not a direct and complete product and result of our childhood. And if you take away the time element, we are still our childhood, our life is still manifesting how it was for us as a child. We can believe and pretend all we want that we are different to how we were as a child, that having become adult we can leave our childhood behind and move on becoming the adult we want to be. No, we think we can do that, yet we can't. We can't do anything that's not already done, we are still effectively living our childhood and being as we were in it, and that's within all the different times and phases of it, all which adds up to being one big, often contradictory, mess of ideas, beliefs and opinions about ourselves.

And we can't be anything else other than what we are, which is how it was for us through our childhood, yet we fail to see it because we're not fully connected with those parts of ourselves and all the corresponding feelings that will help us see it. So we are to find the truth of ourselves – hence: the truth of our childhood. Because in knowing the whole truth of our childhood and being it, being aware that we are it, connects us as adults fully with ourselves back then. You know how it was for you, because you feel it, your feelings tell you, show you, and there's no avoiding or denying them, because they are expressing (by making you feel) the truth of how it was for you, how it has always been since conception, and how it will remain until the Mother and Father transform you out of your untrue state – out of your unloving childhood.

So our Healing is about finding the truth of ourselves from the beginning, which equates to the truth of our whole childhood, because it's our childhood that made us be as we are. And because we were so heavily interfered with and prevented from being our natural true selves, so we have to 'Heal' all the damage that was done to us. Healing ourselves by seeing the truth of ourselves. So by acknowledging all our feelings, and by wanting to find and uncover the whole truth of our childhood, we work progressively deeper into ourselves, bringing to light all that happened to us to make us be as we are. And part of that is to help us see how much of our childhood and forming was true and loving, and how much was untrue and unloving.

And presumably, once we've brought to light within us the whole truth of our childhood, then the good, true parts, those founded on true love, will remain; and the bad, that which was founded on untruth, will be transformed out of us by God through our soul.

As a forming and developing child, we don't have enough of ourselves to find and so experience the whole truth of what's going on. But as adults we do. And if we grew up in a fully true and loving situation and environment with only loving and true relationships, then as an adult that's how we'd be feeling completely loved and true, happily wanting to bring to light all the positive influences that affected us through our childhood, all of which would be a very enjoyable and loving experience. Whereas because we grew up in rebellion against Truth and Love being forced to be mostly untrue and

unloving, and even possibly completely untrue and unloving, then it's not enjoyable going back bringing to light and expressing all our hurt and pain.

We start out not knowing anything about how it is for us through our childhood; or at best, a minimal amount as some people and families are more feeling expressive and self-aware. And through our Healing we have to get to know it all, because we are it, so we're getting to know ourselves – which for many people will equate to getting to know their shit-start in life. And once we've brought to light the truth of our childhood, then we can leave it, moving on bringing the truth to light of being a true adult. Which is what The Urantia Book means by saying we become true universal spiritual citizens once we are living a Celestial level of truth. So the Mansion Worlds are really provided for us to uncover the truth of our childhood, to see how it was for us, and consequently, how we lived as a child. And they are really only for that, and not so much for us to set about righting all that we find out is wrong within us. We are to only see and so uncover the truth of ourselves. As far as fixing ourselves, or changing or transforming ourselves, that is up to God.

The Mansion Worlds are called probationary worlds, ones in which we can settle the Law of Compensation within our untrue states and continue living against ourselves and the Truth, furthering our truth and self denial; and ones in which we can do our 'Healing' to see the whole truth of our untrue state. Which we can now do either in the Mansion Worlds themselves, or on Earth.

So there is no avoiding the truth of your childhood if you want to ascend beyond the Mansion Worlds. And the fact that none of the spiritual or religious systems on Earth are wholly devoted to helping people bring to light the truth of their childhood through their feelings, shows what a terrible state we're all in. Imagine if the whole world was focused on helping everyone bring to light the hidden truth of themselves, and so the truth of their childhood. It certainly would be a different way to live and so a different world we'd live in.

We can't actually fix anything from our childhood. We can't, only God can. And God will when we've brought to light all the truth of it that God wants us to see. We can undergo therapy (and some truth might come to light), go to the doctor, do whatever we do trying to feel better, all trying to get rid of our bad childhood, all trying to fit in with the beliefs we have from our childhood of how we should be in the world, yet it's only at best scratching the surface. God, through our soul, won't allow us to change anything from our childhood anyway, at least not until we've seen and brought to light and fully connected through our feelings with all the truth of it. There'd be no point God subjecting us to such horror if we could make it all go away before we found the truth of what it was all about and why God made our childhood as it was. So we can do a little, or so we think, adjusting ourselves this way and that, however even those adjustments we come to see through our Healing are 'allowed' because we're still just doing them within our prevailing childhood patterns. And there are what seems like endless levels within us of which we're composed, which you would expect because of the enormity of being God's children, and so there's quite a scope for us to move or play around in entertaining ourselves by believing we've changed the foundations and results of our childhood. So as we can't actually change ourselves, all we can do is want to uncover the truth of our childhood and live that truth. All of which involves vast amounts of self-acceptance, which gradually comes with the truth, growing in the acceptance that this is how you are, how God wants you to be having this experience, given the childhood you had, and there's nothing you can do about it. Other than keep on expressing every feeling that comes up, as you long for the truth of your childhood, wanting to live true to yourself.

How is it for you if you are Truly Honest with Yourself?



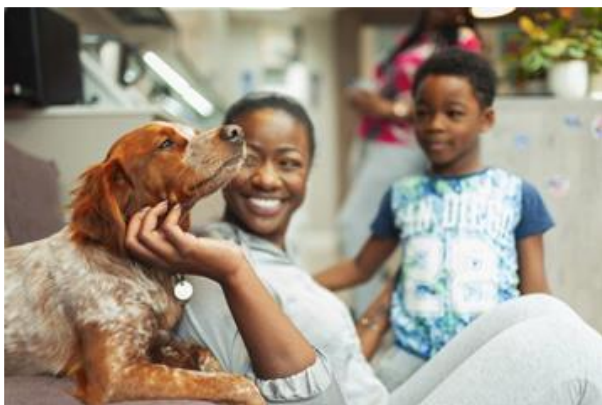
♥ You truly love your children, devoting yourself to them, wanting nothing more than for them to grow up and be as they want to be?

♥ You believe you truly love your children, believing you are devoted to them, wanting them to be as you want them to be?



♥ You love your child more than you love your pet?

♥ You love your pet as much as your child, treating it as if it is another child?



♥ You love your pet more than your child?

By living true to ourselves, true to our feelings, we are living true to God. It's that simple.

The room is spinning, I am fucked!!

10 September 2019

Felt close to breaking today, such bad Vertigo that I had to go up to bed and just lay still while the room spun. I was in despair and just crying and hating Mother and Father for not being there for me, I feel so abandoned by them. I feel like they don't give a shit about me and how much I am suffering right now with this dizzy fucking shit, I can't be bothered with it any more and today I actually felt that if this is it for me for the rest of my life, then life isn't worth living, I would rather die than have this all the time.

I got up and the room spun out on me, I could hardly stand up and I began to scream in rage and anger at Mother and Father, hating them and letting all of my rage go. I was so angry at them, so much hate for them and how useless they are to let me go through this alone, how could they!! I was so scared and terrified at the sensations I was going through I could barely cope with it and at that point I broke and gave into the feelings, I lay back and let them take me, I stopped fighting it and let the room spin and let the fear take over me and it began to settle down, the spinning stopped and I could sit up and as I did I felt the tiniest droplet of Mother and Father's Love enter me, and I mean it was a minuscule amount but it instantly sent me into uncontrollable tears and crying with the feeling it gave me, in that moment They were there for me, in my torture They showed up.

I have done to my children, what my parents did to me!

15 September 2019

So much of my childhood I have forgotten but it is all still around me, I am still that child and it is being shown to me every minute, just how it was so I don't have to remember it.

My neighbour just shouted so loud at his son and it made me freeze in fear and all of a sudden I was that child again being scared of my dad shouting at me. My neighbour showing me how it was for me and letting all the feelings come up in me about it, I was waiting for his cry but it didn't happen, he has learnt not to cry, he isn't allowed, he will be punished for it and ridiculed. He just has to take it, as I had to.

I have had a terrible week, been taken to the depths of just how unable I am to do anything to take my children's pain away. I want to control it, end it for them so I don't have to be so overwhelmed by it. I have felt in utter despair this week at how powerless I really am, I thought I had so much power but it was all fake. I have seen just what terrible pain I have created for them and what an awful parent I have been to them, so unloving that they need all this pain so they can see the truth of how unloved they were, they don't quite see it yet but I see it all and it is so hard to take, I keep saying to myself; "What have I done to my poor children, I have caused them so much pain, I am so sorry". Praying to Mother and Father to help them, telling them how sorry I am for what I have done to them knowing all their pain I have caused and it is all shown to me like a slap in the face. It is all so clear just how much of an unloving Mother I have been. I am the cause of all their pain and I see it all so clearly, to watch it all going on and knowing why, it is fucking torture to me, the feelings it brings up in me is complete torture.

Both of my children have said to me this week that they don't know what they would do without me!! Shit that has made me feel awful inside. I can see just how much I have controlled them and done it all for them so now they can't do without me. That is a fucking awful thing to hear from my children. I have ruined them so much they can't do without me, fuck, what have I done!!

I have made them not able to cope in life without me, I have made them need me so much that they can't do things for themselves and that kills me to see what I have done to them, controlled them so much that they need me and I need them to need me, I have had children so I can feel needed, wanted and loved above all else, so I am their be all and end all, so they need me so much they don't function without me, I have ruined them and caused them so much fear and pain at doing anything for themselves. I am 'my Mother' to my children, she did this to me and I grew to be scared of life without her, dreading the day she dies because I needed her so much and she needs me so much, it is all so fucked up and I have done just what my parents did to me, I am no different to them and I can see it all now.

15 September 2019

The truth has just been shown to me about my unloving parenting and how I truly felt about my children.

My neighbour just came over and she stood at my back door with her little boy, I knew what she was going to ask me and I could feel all of my feelings saying "NO, NO, NO" and she came out with it "Would you be able to look after William for about three hours as I have to go out and I can't take him with me". Shit, I was full of dread, as she was speaking I was rehearsing what I was going to say, which was, of course, a load of bullshit because I am too scared to say the truth of how I feel to her in case it makes her and her son feel bad and like I don't like them. I still want to be seen as a nice person when really, I am not but I can't let it out.

I replied that I was going out in about half an hour and wouldn't be able to have him. The truth was I didn't want to look after him, I don't want to, I have never wanted to look after children, not even my own and that is the awful fucking truth and I felt it in that situation today. The truth is I don't want to look after my children. I never did. Looking after that little boy today would be like torture to me, I would be stopped from doing what I want to do and I would have to look after him. It is a hindrance to me, I wouldn't be free to do my own will, do what I want to do, be spontaneous and go out if I want to, I couldn't do any of it because I have to look after him. Now this is exactly the same as how I have felt about looking after my own children but didn't want to admit it, I didn't want to be seen as the bad parent so carried on the pretence of looking like I was a good mother when the truth is the opposite, I am a rubbish fucking parent who didn't want her children only when it suited her.

Today, with this thing happening to me with my neighbour, I see it all so clear because of the feeling I felt when faced with the task of looking after her child, I couldn't do it so I lied and that's another thing, I lie to get what I want, to get my own way and it is so manipulating.

I had to lie as a child to my parents to get a Yes out of them, to get what I wanted and I still do it now. To get what I want I lie. I don't want to feel bad so I lie to get all the yeses I can. I am a horrible person who pretends to be nice because I

don't want people disliking me but if they knew the truth they would hate me and if I get Alzheimer's ever, all the horribleness will come out and the truth of me be known and no one will like me. The nice me will be totally forgotten as I would have forgotten to lie and the truth of my putrid self will be seen and hated.

So much truth today coming at me, I wish I could have just told my neighbour the truth but when faced with it like that, I couldn't, I didn't want to hurt them and I didn't want them to think bad of me so I don't have to feel hated. Fuck, I am such a liar now when I see it all and how I wish I could just be up front to people and tell them the truth but I couldn't tell my parents the truth so I have to be the same as how it was for me as a child to see what went on and I lied a lot to every one to be liked, wanted, loved, to get my own way and get the outcome I wanted so I didn't have to feel pain of not having, loss and lack. I am still doing it; I am still that child who is scared to tell the truth because I was scared to tell the truth to mum and dad because they wouldn't like me.

I am the Rebellion in everything I do!

17 September 2019

Everything I do is evil. Everything I do is against myself, nature and God. I am the Rebellion in everything that I do. I know it, I can see it but I can't get out of it or change it. I do something, and I see how against love and truth it is but I can only be it. I am trapped in my own evilness and I feel so in despair about it. I can't tell you how trapped I am feeling and I can't get away or escape from myself. Everything I think of doing is in rebellion to anything that is true or good and I feel so hopeless for myself and my future.

There is no hope for me; all I am is evil in everything I do. Even down to the smallest thing like eating a biscuit, looking for a job I am in rebellion against myself and everything else in the universe and I feel like just falling down in a useless heap, unable to pick myself up again, I don't have the strength. I want to control everything so I can be sure of a good outcome for myself, so I won't feel pain, so I plan it all and I can feel myself doing it all the time because I am so fucking scared of what will happen to me if I don't control it all, the pain will be overwhelming and I can't bare it.

I am so shit scared because I have to get a job as my husband's money he left me when he died is now running out. He has been looking after me all this time just like he always did when he was alive, but now he can't do it any more, the money is nearly gone and it is now down to me and I have to get a job to pay for it all. I live in a charity council house so the rent is not as high as some but it still all has to be found and I am dreading going back into the world. I don't want to, with all of my heart I don't feel I can do it and I am scared of what will happen to me if I don't.

My feelings tell me that I don't want to go back to work, I just want to continue with my healing at home but this fucking life we have created dictates that it all has to be paid for or I will get chucked out and on the streets and it is frightening. I am so confused right now and so scared. There is never a time of peace and I am drained and feeling so powerless and at the end of my tether.

How I feel now is how I felt at my conception and birth! 17 September 2019

Through out today the truth has come to me. My fear, dread and feelings of terror and not being able to go in to the outside world, well, these feelings I have traced back to the same feeling I had on my first day at school and leaving mum, leaving my safety. I have then traced it back even further, to my birth, not wanting to leave the womb where I was warm and relatively safe, with the exception of my mum's feelings. But this has been a real revelation for me today and some vital truth found. I am feeling exactly the same as I did at my birth into this world, all the same fear and resistance, it is exactly the same. I am amazed, and it is a moment that goes; "Shit Sam, of course, this is the truth of how you felt as a baby coming into the world". I was shit scared, just the same as I am now having to go out into the world again, re-birthing and fucking dreading it.

I want to stay in my nice warm safe womb/house, I don't want to go out of there, it is too big and scary, the people are too awful and I won't feel safe. Please don't make me leave my warm safe place!!! This is how I feel now about having to go about and get a job. It feels the same as having to leave mum's womb again, I am reliving the fear and dread I felt back then, 51 years ago, I was fucking dreading

it as I am now. I also realise I have carried this feeling around with me into everything I do, never feeling safe with anything, dreading every new experience, not wanting to do it. It has been the same feeling that stops me trying and doing new things, I don't want to leave mum's womb, I still don't, I want to stay inside where I am safe and I have made my house a substitute for mum's womb, I am safe here, it is warm and comfortable and I want to stay here for ever, I don't want to go outside its too scary.

I had a moment at the kitchen sink when I suddenly knew, this is my birthing feeling, at last, this is the truth of the dread and fear I felt because I have been feeling it all my life but not been aware that this is my fearful birthing feeling I am carrying around into everything I do, it is always present, holding me back.

I truly don't feel capable of doing anything in the world any more, I am too scared but I have always been scared just denied it, shrugged it off, not allowed it to be felt, but now I feel it in everything I do and I know it is my original fear, coming out of mum's womb. Being disconnected from her and now on my own, not with her 24 hours a day as I was in her womb. I will be left alone at times, I will be separate from her at times and it fucking freaks me out, even now I can feel how scared I am to be separated from her, I still am, it is still her I want to call for when I am scared although now in a different way, I don't want her physically to be here but I can feel the child in me wanting her and being scared without her, just like that first day at school, the first day at a job, the first of anything is a fucking dread because of my first day outside of mum and in the world, not inside mum anymore. Fuck, that scares me even now to think about how fucking scared I have always been, it is in me still.

Yes, this dread I am feeling about having to go to work again is the very dread and fear I felt as I became separated from mum on my birthing day. Everything is taking me back to that day and that fear, terror of being in someone else's hands, not in mum, not safe. I just need to cry, writing this is bringing it all up in me, the tears, the terror of what the fuck is happening to me, I am traumatised by this feeling, traumatised by not being inside mum any more, what the fuck is happening to me, I can feel the confusion, terror of being so out of control as I am pushed out of mums womb and it feels so fucking painful, coming out is painful, it hurts, it is crushing me, my face is smashed and squashed, I feel like I am

dying, I can't breath, it is so traumatic as I come out into the world, so painful this new experience. I have these same feelings with every new experience, I never feel I will be safe, terror gets hold of me and crushes me, I can't breath in panic of what is going to happen to me, will I be ok?? Everything in my life has been scary because coming into this world was so scary, so unsafe so the rest of my life has been a reflection of this initial experience of dread and fear.

It is all so clear and it might not seem like that because of the speed I have had to write this down as it comes to me but in me, I have never felt so clear as to why I have been in so much fear, I now know the truth and it is so amazing.

17 September 2019

It is 4 hours since my last post and now I am feeling the truth of my feelings taking me back even further, to my conception and the fear and dread of being conceived, not knowing what I am being born into. I feel scared shitless about what is coming next, not knowing. It's all fear, nothing good at all.

Conception

Day 0 - child conceived.

Incarnation

Day 16 - heart commences
to pump blood.
Child is individualised.

Born

Day 280 - birth.

18 September 2019

I can know the truth of my conception and birth because I am feeling the same feelings now!

How bad I feel now is how bad I felt at my conception. All the fear and dread is from then, I know it is, I can feel it is true. Every thing that I attract in my life is to get me right back to that original pain and know the truth of how I felt and it

was terror, dread, fear, anxiety, nervousness, panic, boredom, dissatisfaction, disappointment, depression, despair and all the many of other bad feelings I have now, as an adult, they all come from that original pain of my conception. My bad feelings are telling me just how it was. Everything that happens to me is screaming to me just how it was and it was terrible. It was such a shock for me, like I couldn't believe it was happening, such a shock. I hated it and was constantly waiting for something terrible to happen, I didn't feel safe and I know that because I still don't and it is a childhood feeling, I can feel it came from my beginning.

Nothing about my conception was joyous or happy, it was a bad time and I could feel that from mum, she was in a bad way, mentally unhappy and depressed and that is something I have had to contend with all my life.

God, I can really feel how it was for me at the beginning, so awful, I am already a pain, not wanted, she does the act but hopes she isn't pregnant. It's like she has to have children because it is expected of her and if she does get pregnant, she hopes it is a boy this time as she already has a girl. She is going to be fucking disappointed. I am already not wanted and mum has no clue I am here, inside her and I can hear and feel all her thoughts, the ones she wouldn't dare speak of, they are all rushing at me, I can't cope. I have never felt like I can cope, I have always felt overwhelmed. I feel crushed under everyone's problems, I can't escape, I am trapped. I have always felt trapped.

If it is this bad inside mum then it must be worse on the outside, I don't want to go out there, it is too scary. These are all feelings I have inside me from my conception and my time in mum's womb. I am still inside mum not wanting to come out, being scared of everything on the outside and that explains my agoraphobia. I didn't want to come out of mum so I never wanted to go outside, it scared me and sometimes it still does, I am not good with going to far on my own, I didn't want to go to far from the womb, my safety.

Shit, my life makes so much sense now. I am still that baby feeling all that fear inside mum. I am having a feeling right now of there being no time between me now and me being a baby, it is with me now, being a baby, it is like no time has lapsed at all because the feelings are just the same. The feelings connect me to my younger self so I know just how it was. My feelings take me back there, to

the very beginning of my life and I haven't changed, I am still shit scared only now I know why. It is truly amazing to know this about myself and feel so connected to my younger self through my feelings. This is a truth that is under everyone's noses, they are all living the truth of how it was for them as a child only they are not aware of it. Our feelings are telling us everything about how it was for us in the womb.

A good day, feeling good.

18 September 2019

I have felt really good today, at last a good day. It has been fucking awful and at times I have wanted out of it all, just more of my not wanting to feel my feelings so ending it all felt like a good idea but its not, it will all be waiting for me in spirit.

Today, I spent a lot of time in the forest with the horses, I live about 45 minutes away from the New Forest and felt like going there so I did. It was nice and I felt so clear headed. I was looking back at the past few weeks and it has been truly terrible, so much healing and feeling and getting to the depths I feel I haven't wanted to go but I can see that nothing goes unfelt. All of my bad times through out my life have come back to me for me to feel and know the truth of, nothing escapes the feeling healing. I have thought about times I felt truly ill or bad in some way and thought I had gotten away with not having to feel them again but NO! It all comes back to have its turn of being re-felt and healed.

It is nice to have some respite, I am enjoying the time I have of feeling ok today because tomorrow could be back in it again.

Trapped and suppressed feelings causing panic attacks.

22 September 2019

I feel so trapped inside myself when I can't do what I want or need to do, I can't escape, all my feelings kept inside me unable to get out. When I can't even fart, wee or poo when I want to or need to, it makes me feel trapped because I need to do this, express myself in that way, I need to go and do these things and not being able to at times, makes me feel panicked and trapped. My mind goes into confusion and terror that I can't do it when I need to. I spin out into devastation

inside of me, feeling the chaos of not being able to do it because I may be in the car or in a shop, etc.

I have had panic attacks all my life and now I know why, because I haven't felt I could do what I wanted and needed to do, I felt suppressed and repressed to express my feelings and do what I want to do so that leads to me feeling trapped and needing to escape so I can express myself and how scared I am feeling, but not being able to is an awful feeling, and when my panic attacks come on, I go straight into the need to run and escape, but I can't because I am running and trying to escape from my self and my feelings. The only way to escape from the power of them is to express them out of me, release the pressure of the feelings.

I have been terrified of my feelings, terrified of expressing them, so healing has been doing what I am terrified to do, in case people know the truth of me, then the lie is up, I have been rumbled and the truth is out about me and how weak I really am.

Oh my God, the truth has just hit me as a truth, and I love it when this happens, you can know something for years but when it hits you as a truth, a real soul deep knowing, it is in you for ever. I have been terrified of feeling and terrified of people knowing how I feel, so I kept them in, didn't express them so that led to panic attacks because they all built up so much that they needed to be expressed, they needed an escape route and I wasn't allowing them any say, so they built up and escaped the only way they could, via Panic attacks. It all makes so much sense now. I can write about it a million times but all of a sudden it hits me as a truth.

This realisation all came about because today I needed to fart and couldn't because people were around and the thought went through me that what if it just came out because the pressure was to much and it just happened. I couldn't let it, that would be to embarrassing, so I kept it in, not expressing it how it wanted to because of what people might think of me. The wind was building up so much I began to feel panic set in, it



was going to happen and I couldn't stop it, I felt trapped because I couldn't let it out, express it, I felt trapped with it all inside me and not being able to let it out and this is the same for my feelings. They have to go somewhere so they build up and create a panic situation in me where I am so trapped in my unexpressed feelings. Chaos grows in me and I want to fight or flight, panic sets in and I feel like a headless chicken not knowing what to do, I am totally confused and so trapped in my unexpressed feelings.

It is the not expressing my feelings that has caused my panic and anxiety attacks and that might sound like "So What!!", but it is a knowing deep in my soul, a new knowing, a new feeling of the truth that will never leave me. I know some more truth about myself and that is priceless, that is like a part of my soul that I now know as a truth, I know a part of me that is so locked in and it feels so good.

When truth hits you!

24 September 2019

Through my feelings I am knowing the truth of my childhood, through how I feel right now, I can know this is how it was for me as a child and that is amazing, the truth is always with me and now I am aware of it. All of my feelings of being so unfulfilled by everything that I do, being so bored, so destroyed inside, having no feelings of love for anything, it is all how it was for me as a child but I wasn't aware of it back then.

I am constantly amazed by this truth, always asking myself; "Is this really how it was, did I really go all that time not being aware of how unloving it all was". Shit, I was in a fucking dream, asleep, not being aware of the truth at all and that is crazy to me now. What the fuck! How shut off to my feelings was I!! Totally unaware of the pain of not being loved and it has all come as a shock to me.

The truth has hit me in the face with a big fucking smash! "Wake the fuck up Sam, this is the truth that you denied." It's all such a shock to me. How I am feeling right now is how I felt back then and I am reliving it all again but only now with my eyes wide open and knowing this is the truth of my pain of my childhood, it's all so amazing, like I have just had my eyes opened to it all and to how it was for me.

What has made me write this is, I was just sitting back on the couch and out of the blue I felt a longing for Mother and Father's Divine Love, so I longed for it but with that knowing that I am not going to get it so why bother, I start out with the intention of longing for it but then that feeling creeps in, "Don't bother Sam, you won't get it!" It's fucking horrible and soul destroying to want something so much and not get it, it all feels so futile and then I said to myself, this is how it has to be for you Sam! Because this is the truth of how it was for me as a child. I denied this longing for my parents love, to feel it, really feel it enter me from them. NO, I never felt that feeling from them so I can't expect to feel it from God because that would be untrue of them as it is not how it was for me with my own parents.

I feel God can't be the parents I want them to be until I know and have felt the truth of my own parents and how they were with me. God can't just over ride the truth of my bad feelings with good ones, showering me with Their Love when that is not the truth; it is not how it was for me. It wouldn't help me at all if God showered me with Their Love, it would keep me in further denial of my own relationship with my parents, it would be like none of that matters because I can go straight to God and receive all the Love I want, but those bad feelings would still be in me and they are the ones that I need to heal, so all God can be to me, is a shit, bad, unloving parent, mimicking how it was for me with my own parents, being emotionally not there for me so when I long for Their Love, I don't feel anything but sit there in my longing hoping it will all change today, it will all at last be different and I will feel Their Love raining down into me but it doesn't happen, so I now long for Their Love very rarely, as I now feel their is no point, just as there was no point longing to feel my parents' love for me.

My parents tell me they loved me but it was all just words, even as far as going unsaid because that is just what parents are meant to do, love their children and we as children take it for granted that our parents do love us. It is fucking blind faith, as a child clinging on to the hope that I was loved even though I may have heard the words but I never felt it and I don't feel it now, I don't feel love in me for anything if I am honest, it has all just been words and I am just like my parents, doing the same as they did, all just empty, feelingless words, Bullshit.

My parents believe they have loved me more than any parent could, they truly

do believe that but if that is true then why did I not feel their love for me. They say that it is something wrong in me, it is not their fault but mine, I am broken somewhere and it is nothing to do with them but I know it is because I never felt the love they say they had for me, they lied to me and to themselves about their love.

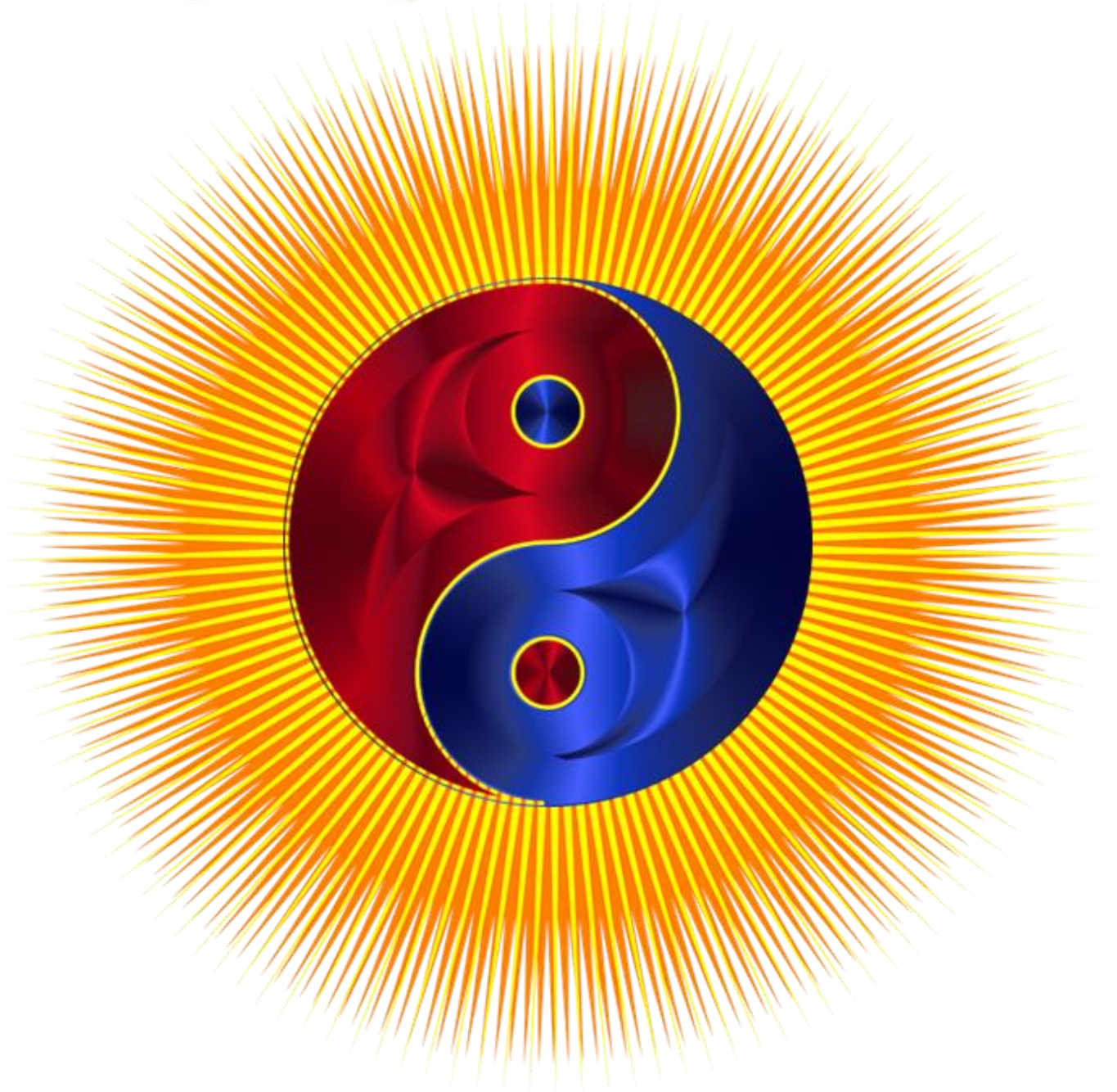
They were not loved when as children so how could they have the love in them to give to me? They just can't, it isn't possible for them to have the love they say they have, it can only be in their minds. They don't have the substance of love in them to pass on to me. I know I am missing that substance, I would feel it flow into me from them but I never have. As an adult they have said they love me when saying goodbye to me, only my mum, not my dad. The words are empty though, I can't feel them or any truth from them, just as my words of love for my children are empty, and no substance gets passed onto them. Those words leave a huge hole because there is so much missing from them, I am always looking for the missing bit to those words and my parents don't have it to give to me, just as I don't have it to pass on to my children. I leave them hollow and unsatisfied, unfulfilled with words from my mind to theirs, nothing enters their heart or soul from me, it can't.

This is how empty I feel with out love, this is how empty my parents feel and are just play acting the role of loving parents, it is not who they are really, it is not who I am either. It is all an act to make us seem like good loving people so others will like us and not hate us because if they knew the truth, they would hate us for it, for the unloving being we are and can only be.

Without love, truth and the substance of it I am an impostor and that is all I can be and all I have been, playing at being a good parent, daughter, friend, wife and person. I am an impostor because I have not been loved, I never felt love as a child and I have led a life of pretending I was loved because I believed my parents and that love was only a mind thing and maybe that was as far as love went, in the mind, never a feeling. I believed that was love because that was all my parents had to give me, mind words of love, not the feeling, the substance of love.

Shit, I feel so empty right now with it all in my mind and nothing in my soul, my soul is craving it, it knows something is desperately wrong with this and I have been sick all my life because of what I learnt and believed love to be, something so huge was missing and still is. The missing substance of love.

Our Heavenly Mother and Father



Constantly feeling I am going to die.

24 September 2019

A feeling I have always carried with me is the feeling that at any moment I am going to die. I have not been conscious of that being the feeling but now I have felt my way through, I can know that this is true. I have been scared all my life of just not being, in an instant no longer being alive.

I sit here today, feeling breathless which is fucking horrible and apparently a part of menopause symptoms, but for me it has brought to me the feelings I need to know about.

I feel so breathless that at any moment I could stop breathing and die, right here right now on this couch, like my plug has been pulled and I am nothing, I no longer exist to anyone. That is how I have always felt, like I am nothing and I don't really exist to anyone. I don't mean anything and if my plug were pulled it would be one less burden for everyone to worry about, my parents, I suppose, I am talking about. It's a fear of meaning so little that I am nothing and don't exist as myself, that would be too much for anyone to deal with so I just stay this insignificant being who could die at any moment and that has scared me so much. Being such a nothing that I actually die without being anyone to anyone, what has it all been about, all such a waste of time being so nothing and so insignificant to everyone.

Yes, today I am feeling very breathless and it is a scary feeling, like I am struggling for breath, it is uncomfortable and I feel very on edge. What will happen if I can't breathe, I feel like sometimes I actually forget how to breathe and have to make myself do it.

Arggh, so many bad feelings that scare me, I am so tired and worn out, everyday more to feel about and every night I pray to God to bring all of my bad feelings to me to know the truth of, when they come, and they do! I am terrified but I want to know the truth. It's hard to give in to these bad feelings, to accept them, it's so hard, and until I feel I can do that, I will do all I need to express how awful I feel and I can't accept or give in to them yet. I can feel I am still fighting them, trying to get rid of them, stop them making me feel bad.

To just sit here and let the breathlessness take me to where I need to go is too scary, all terrible thoughts go through my mind, all the what ifs go through my mind and it is all the most worst things that are wrong with me, like I have heart disease, cancer, some god awful illness, always the worst things are wrong with me and I am going to die in the most painful ways. Shit, I have had enough, I am so exhausted.

Every day I wake up and sit on the loo saying to myself I wonder what it will be today, what awful feelings am I going to have to go through today, things that have already happened to me in my childhood but I denied and pushed away, now have to be accepted and expressed to know the truth of them, it is all coming up and it is terrifying.

I sit here feeling breathless and my lungs not functioning properly, only filling the top section with air and it scares me shitless. To feel so suffocated, that is it that's how I feel suffocated by my bad feelings, suffocated by my parents will over me, their control and me always having to put them first in all I do, it's fucking suffocating. I want to take a full and comfortable breath but I can't, they won't let me, I can only take a bit, as much as they will allow me to take, then they stop me, I can never work at my full potential only as far as they will allow me to go and it is suffocation, I feel trapped by them, by life, by my parents.

What is the point in my life if I am so trapped and suffocated by someone else's will over me, there is no point in me having a life if I can't be in control of it. I feel so suffocated, it is like they have their foot on my throat and take it off every now and again, they are in control. I feel crushed by them, suppressed, oppressed, repressed, depressed by them in every thought I have, they are there. I have to think of them first and I feel so trapped in that programming. They taught me that they come first in all I do, the first thing I have to do is think to myself; "would mum and dad approve of this" and I still do it. Fuck, I am so trapped and suffocated by them. I can't get rid of them out of my head. Everything I do, they are there!!!!

They have even parented my children through me, it's so insidious, they are constantly inside me even controlling my breathing, controlling every part of me, controlling my children. Arghhhhhh, I can't escape, I can't breath, I just want to breath on my own with out them being my life support system, without me

needing them so much because they made sure it was like that, that I needed them all the time and never left them, for fuck sake!

I am trapped in them; I can't breath with out them. I want to just crumple up as a heap on the floor and give into them because I am them, they are inside me and I can't escape, no matter how far I was to go, they are in me and I can't get them out and I feel suffocated by this truth. I am still their child and I can try to get away from that but I can't go far because they have me, I am theirs and I am trapped, imprisoned in their will while mine tries to break free, but it can't.

I am breathless because I am suffocating under their will, it is like a thousand mattresses on top of me, crushing me and suffocating me and I can't get out. That is just how it feels and I can see that image too, it feels like my chest is caving in with the weight of their will on me and how much I have to please them and so please everyone. Fuck them for this shit, they have crushed the will out of me as I put them before me, their will above my own in all I do.

I am so hopeless, I am so pointless, what is the point in having a life of my own, a will of my own if I can't express it? I have no clue who I am only who they want me to be, who the fuck am I!!! What was the point in my creation!! I feel like dying again as it all feels so pointless if I can't be my own will, then what was the point giving me a will, a life, an existence, what was the fucking point in my conception into this life only to have it taken away, they took my fucking life and I want to cry, I am crying.

My parents stole my life, my will, God gave me this incredible gift to use as I please and it was over-ridden by the will of my parents so what was the point in me ever coming into being.

I died the moment I was conceived, the moment I felt all of my parents' plans for me, how they wanted me to be, that they wanted a boy but got a girl, all of these feelings I felt from them and I had to be how they wanted me to be or I wouldn't be loved how I needed to be loved. I had to give into their will and be all they wanted me to be so to not disappoint them, I couldn't bare the pain of that. I died at my conception, I couldn't be me, I couldn't express myself in this world in the way I wanted to so I gave myself away and I have been doing that ever since, giving myself away to everyone and letting them take my will over theirs, their

will being the important thing, not mine, that can die, that can never see the light of day so now I have no idea who I am, every decision has my parents in it, anything to do with my will!!!

More expressing my dying feelings.

24 September 2019

I just went up to the loo and amazing realisations come to me when I am on the loo or in the bath, I know it sounds funny but its true.

I can now connect the dots as to why I have always carried the feeling that I am about to die at any moment; it is because I felt like I had died at my conception, like I was saying above in my last post. I felt it then as my will was taken bit by bit as I felt my parents feelings about how my life should be, this killed off my own will and anything I might want to do, my soul suddenly sank as it was crushed and suffocated and I felt like I, my creativity was dying, all of my rights to decide for myself had gone in that instant, I had to do as my parents wanted and make them proud of me so my soul shrank and early diminished as I denied it and abandoned my will for the will of my parents.

This death feeling has stayed with me all my life and made me scared in everything I do, I never felt safe in life and always felt like I needed my parents to save me. Shit, it all makes so much sense now. My fear and feelings of dying in every moment are all from them having to kill off my own wilful feelings and replace them with the feelings of my parents and subsequently the will of every one else in my life as they all were my parents to me, having to please them to get the feelings I needed from them. Doing my own thing and following the urges of my will would have met with such disapproval and I would have been so rejected, so I rejected my own will so I would feel loved. It's all so fucking sick and intricate in its twists and turns, so devious, fuck, I feel good as more truth comes, I don't feel breathless any more, I can fucking breath.

I now know where my feeling of constantly dying comes from and it was felt at my conception at the let down of knowing I had to give myself up and replace it with the will of my parents and everyone else. I have never been here for me, they had never been here for me, I was alone and scared to be so. I couldn't be

myself and that in itself is a death, I threw myself away because I could feel at my conception, I wasn't wanted so I threw me away and became what my parents wanted me to be. I died and have died every day since, I have had to feel like that so that I could one day, which is today, get to the truth of where that feeling came from and it was my conception and I have carried that death feeling, death of my true self, my will, around with me constantly, being scared of everything and feeling like everything would kill me all so I could feel the truth of coming into this world and denying my will, killing it as my parents had done with their expectations and demands for how my life would be.

Fucking amazing truth, Fuck, Fuck Fucking amazing freedom that I feel knowing that about myself, that had been hidden from me until today. No feeling like it!!

Feeling more about my rebellion.

26 September 2019

Well, today I woke up feeling in utter despair with myself and how much in Rebellion I truly am. Everything I think of doing is in rebellion to truth, love, God, Nature and myself and all the rest of it. I am fucked, fucking fucked and I am seeing so much more of the extent of that fuckedupedness. I can't get out of it, it even goes on in my sleep time, dreaming of how evil I am and against truth. Last night I had an awful dream where I had to confront someone about something I had done in their house, I broke in and painted their walls red and after I left the house I felt so bad about it that I broke back in to repaint the walls white but they came back so I hid in the kitchen and there was no way out. I knew I had to confront them and tell the truth, it was horrible to see that about myself, how I try to get away with things, silly things but still against truth and it has made me feel very bad today, looking at all I am doing and how it is so against truth and in rebellion against everything. I feel so trapped by it, by myself and how bad I am and wanting so much to change but there is more I need to see about myself, so much more crap.

I have been applying for jobs again, getting interviews but not feeling able to turn up for them. Feeling that they are all so in rebellion, as I am. What am I to do?? Everything is wrong, I am so wrong but we have created a system that we have to pay for and I am in that system and can't see a way out of it yet and to go

back to work feels too terrible to bare, but I might have to. Going against my feelings so I can pay my way, because there is no way put in place to do otherwise. I feel like I have no choice but to be a part of it.

But I do have a choice and that choice is to go with my feelings and not to go back to work but the fear stops me doing that, what will happen to me if I have no money and can't pay my way in life, life will reject me altogether and that scares the shit out of me.

I am in such a mess, what do I do? I don't trust that I will be ok if I follow my feelings, I will be in pain and I am so scared. I just don't trust God, I don't trust that God is there for me and They will let me suffer as I lose everything. I have to save myself, be self reliant, I can only trust myself, that is how I feel. If I trust God, it is a total loss of my control and that scares me so much, so being self reliant is something I can control so I won't feel to much pain, I can stop it by getting a job, but that is going against my feelings and that feels terrible, utterly terrible. Shit, I don't know what to do, yet, I do but it scares me to not be in control and sort it all out for myself.

All I can do is keep expressing how I am feeling, all the confusion and my fears about going with my feelings because this is big stuff for me, a big test as to what I do as the time draws closer. I get interviews; I feel terrible applying for jobs and hover over the send button but then just press it and I hope they don't get back to me, almost sabotaging it all because it all feels so bad. I can't see me going back to work in any capacity, I can't see me being a part of the system but I am so scared to let the money diminish and see what happens next because I will lose it all and this is the hardest time for me.

I am so fucking scared of losing everything, my house, my car, my comfort, warmth, electricity, gas, toilet, bath, safety, what the fuck am I to do. Do what my feelings tell me I want to do!! Yes, that is the answer but I am so shit scared. What will happen to me?? This is what I am scared of and I don't trust that I will be ok unless I make it so. No one is there for me, God isn't there for me, it is just up to me, I can't rely on anyone to help me, it's all up to me to sort it out and I feel so fucked off that going back into the system to earn money is what I may have to do.

Feeling forced to go against my WILL!

26 September 2019

I am feeling like I don't have any choice but to do what I don't want to do, like I am being forced to go back to work when I don't want to, it is just like being forced to go to school, get up out of bed early and go to a place I hated all day, every day, fuck that. It's so unfair I am being put in this position again, I don't want to do it, I don't want to go to work when I can't see anything out there for me any more. It is just going back on my journey and my feelings won't let me even go to an interview now, it repels me, just the thought of it, I can't fucking do it, I don't want to do it.

I hated doing what I didn't want to do as a child, it ruined my life having my will taken every day and now I feel it is happening all over again; and I feel that same feeling of my choice being taken and being forced into going to work. I am fucking dreading it and I can't even see it, getting up early to go to a job I don't want to do every day, it is soul destroying, just the thought of it. There is nothing I want to do, it is all against truth and love, it is all in rebellion but then so am I, so maybe I need to be a part of it still because it is the truth of how in rebellion I still am but I don't know! I am so confused. I am in a mess about this.

This feels just like my parents still forcing me to go to school against my will, this is all against my will, I don't want to go, I don't want to be made to go and it's so unfair that I am in a system that demands I go, that system being my parents still making me do what I don't want to.

Now, I am an adult but I am not, I still am that child doing what she is told to avoid the bad consequences if she doesn't. I am still under the threat of my parents, they still control me and I still feel the same fear of not doing what they say, the bad stuff that will happen to me if I don't do as they say, the trouble I will get into. Shit, I wish I didn't care, I wish I wasn't so scared about the bad consequences of deciding to follow my feelings and doing what I want to do. They have such a strong hold on me still. I can hear them telling me to get a job, pay my way, keep my safety around me by paying my way in life, I wish I was able to trust my self more but I am not, I only trusted my parents, so I did what they said; and I still am.

I fucking hate myself for being so weak and useless and scared, I hate myself for being so pathetic and reliant on my parents, I am fucking useless on my own, I still need them for everything, I need them to tell me what to do, then I will be safe. I wasn't taught to trust myself and my feelings, I was taught to deny them and do everything my parents told me to do and in my head, they are telling me to get a job and pay my way but in my heart it is telling me to follow my feelings and do what I want to do. It's so fucking hard, I feel so torn, I am so scared to follow my feelings.

Feeling angry at being so alone.

26 September 2019

I feel so angry that I have to do this on my own, no help, and no man to take the pressure off. Trevor has helped me all that he is capable of doing but it isn't regular or stable enough to rely on. I am on my own, and with that comment comes the feeling that it has always been like that for me, I have to get myself out of my own shit, no one is going to help me or is even interested. It is the same with my healing, no one has come being interested in hearing me or listening to me, I have had to do it all myself and this isn't any different. I am so sick of it, the struggle of going it alone all the time. It is tiring, exhausting and I feel like I am dragging myself along as no one will help me and I have to keep it all to myself, no one is interested and this is all because this is just how it was for me as a child, it has always been this way for me so I have had to think ahead and work it all out, be in control so I can constantly save myself. No one is going to catch me, they will let me fall and then walk away as I have nothing else to offer them.

Fuck it all, I am so tired so maybe now I have to go under, sink, lose it all. Easy to say and I get it but I am so scared to let go and see what happens to me, it is the biggest risk of my life.

I feel around December my money runs out, then what! I am shit scared, I can't express how scared I am feeling as the thought of losing everything could be my reality and I feel in-between the two worlds – my Healing world and the world of Rebellion.

Expressing my neck pain.

27 September 2019

I have the worst neck pain, I can't move properly and I am so fucked off at this non-ending pain.

"Please Mother and Father, help me find the truth of this pain, what the fuck do you want me to know about my fucked up self NOW!!!!!"

Shit, I am so pissed off, pain after pain and this is what I denied in me as a child, I now know it is true. I did such a good job on denying my pain. Now it is right in my fucking face! I am angry, I am typing angry!! I always was angry but wasn't allowed to express it; I had to pretend I wasn't angry, I wasn't allowed to be angry.

I want to fucking scream at the frustration of not being able to express my anger, the rage I feel and I wish I could type it but I can't, there are much to many 'Fucks' and 'Cunts' because I don't know what else to say to get it out. I am so fucking, cuntng angry, so twisted with rage and not being allowed to express how I feel. Fuck them for making me into a good girl when inside I was bad and rotten and in so much pain because I couldn't vent my rage, I had to be a good girl.

My neck pain is fucking me off, making me feel that rage and anger at finding it so hard to express it, allowing myself to let it out, being a good parent to myself.

My neck is so stiff, so stoic if you get what I mean, stiff and not moving, not being free as it wants to be, as I want to be, I was never allowed to be myself and express my pain. This neck-ache is stopping me do what I want to do, stopping me move freely as I want to, I can only go as far as it will let me and that is exactly how it was with my parents, I was only as free as they would let me be, I had to lie to do what I wanted, to get my own way. They wouldn't be happy if they knew what I was up to, they wouldn't approve, they would interfere and stop me just like my neck is doing and I feel fucking angry at being so constrained by them, not free, just like my neck.

I can only express myself as far as they would let me or approve of. I had to

know what my limits were with them and not go beyond that and it is so controlling, like my neck controlling me, stopping me doing what I want to do. I am scared to move too much because I will get shocked with the sudden pain. I don't want to hurt myself so I stay in the restrictions of my pain; I know how far I am allowed to go with it, with my parents.

I am angry at not being allowed to be my full self, do the stuff I want to do, I can't, I am not allowed, I will get in too much trouble if they find out, so I stop. I can only go as far as they let me. I am restricted by their boundaries, by my pains boundaries. If I do what I want to do, the pain will be too much for me to bare, I won't be able to cope with it and it was the same with my parents, I couldn't bare the pain of them being angry with me, it felt so devastating to feel their unlovingness. I had to keep them loving me and being happy with me, that way I felt safe.

My neck feels so stiff when I try to move to the left, I have to move my whole body instead of just my head. I feel like a robot, moving so stiffly, doing the will of my pain, and obeying it. Fuck, I am so frustrated with it all, so fed up with the relentless pain from my own body and from my children, it is all coming at me, all the time there is something and I feel bogged down by it all.

It was like this at home, always pain and problems, mum and dad never having any money and being deceitful in life because of it. I can remember it all, always owing money and I would wish they could be normal parents with an ideal life, like my friends. It was so overwhelming to hear them and their troubles. I am so scared of being like that. They were such a pain in the neck!

My neck hurts so much, it is so stiff and I can hardly move it to look around, I won't be able to drive like this. I can't do anything, that is how I have been feeling, like I can't do anything in life, I am so scared to do anything because of how it will make me feel, to much fear and pain. I am scared to move my neck in case I do any more harm to myself, I am scared of the pain, I am so fucking scared of pain, I am scared of doing anything in life because of the pain I might feel.

The pain is not as bad now.

27 September 2019

I am literally feeling my pain moving around under my skin since my last post an hour ago. It is amazing and weird. I can move my head to the left side now and the pain is easing off but to feel this moving feeling under my skin is weird but also soothing. The pain is not as bad and it has moved to the back of my neck, I am finding it a bit hard to tilt my head backwards. It is easing off I am glad to say.

Feeling so weak, the truth of me.

28 September 2019

In the shower this morning and I could hardly hold myself up, I am feeling awful right now.

I got out of the shower and just let myself fall in the heap that I feel I am. I couldn't get up so stayed there. I can relate to this feeling, it is the truth of how I have always felt but had to push through it, deny it, not let it in, keep on going smashing through all of my bad feelings, staying strong and not letting anyone see the real me, the broken me. Me, crumpled up on the floor is the real me, it always has been and I can't and don't want to deny it any more. I don't want to pretend I am any other way than the fucked being that I am. Everything hurts, inside and out, all I can do is sit on my couch, I feel like I have nothing left in me. I am so weak.

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 Guide
- 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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