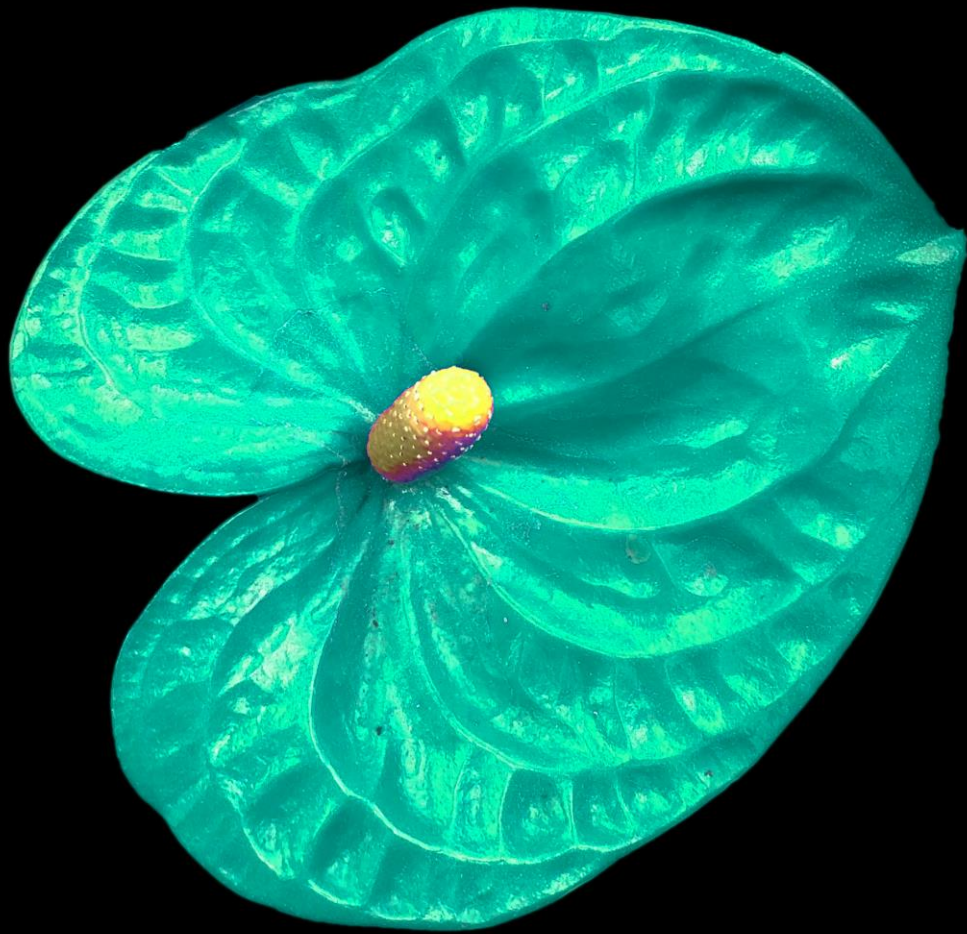


Parenting  
&  
Feeling Healing



Book 8

Samantha McCabe

# SAM'S BOOK

## Parenting and Feeling Healing

### Book VIII

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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*

## The illusion of my childhood.

29 September 2019

Today, I am feeling the shock that my childhood was nothing like I lived it, I lived it all in denial of the truth of how it really was for me and only now am I connecting with that truth. I thought it was all right, ok, quite good really but my feelings were telling me the truth and I wouldn't listen to them. I was in so much pain but wouldn't let it have a voice, denying it all and pushing it away as me being stupid and mum would often say to me that I was being silly or stupid when I voiced my pain so I thought she was right and didn't bring it up.

I am in shock at how much I denied and it was all still inside of me making me ill, sick as a child and so ill as an adult, never feeling well and at the moment I am waking up every day feeling ill. This is how I felt most of the time in my life and I just thought I was a sickly person, always going to be ill like some people are in life. I was one of them, ill all the time, a hypochondriac, mum used to say to me "Stop being a Hypo!", shit, where do you go from there?? Not even having your mum to confide in about how shit you are feeling, it makes it a very lonely life for a child and adult, no one ever listening to you.

I feel really sorry for myself, poor me not having anyone to confide in about how I feel and I still haven't, if I did I wouldn't be putting it all on here. It is just the same for me now as it was then. I grew to feel silly about my feelings, they were a weakness, me being soft and pathetic instead of the strong girl my parents wanted, I was a worry to them so I kept it all in as to not make them feel bad but I was dying inside, that didn't matter though. They never seemed to be concerned about me, sitting down with me and wanting to know about how I was.

I am always sitting with my children and talking about how they feel, even though they don't want to do their healing yet, I have made expressing our feelings a normal thing and it readies them for the day when they may want to do it fully. They both know how important expressing feelings is, they have both felt the release of it, but my parents never were interested in me in that





way. It would have never occurred to them that they were being bad parents, they thought and still do think they were the best parents to us because they provided us with what they thought was love and protection, bringing us up to be good people, but the truth is all four of us are fucked because of our parenting and it is so obvious how bad we are but the other three won't see it, they think I am mentally ill, being like I am in my healing.

My sister came over from Australia lately and she asked me if I believed that she loved me, I responded that I was certain she didn't and she was devastated at this. After this she emailed me and said that she thought she should not see me again as she was 'stirring me up'. I didn't know what she meant by that, I wasn't stirred up at all because I knew the truth, now she has gone back to Aus and she keeps trying to do things to make me feel her love for me, telling me that I am her darling sister and it makes me feel quite sick to be honest because I know it can't be true, we weren't parented like that, we were never told we were the darling children of our parents, its all just her fears of not feeling loved, she has to prove it to me but she doesn't at all, I don't mind and I would much rather the truth.

She feels like she has to love us all because she was made to be like that with mum and dad, she had to love them and show it and now she feels she has to be like that with everyone. She has to be the one that 'LOVES'!! That was her job to make my parents feel loved and it is too much responsibility to put on a child; 'as our first daughter and child YOU will LOVE us above all else'. It's too much and now she can't take it when I say I don't believe her love for me, it crushed her, that was her one job and she has failed, it means she is no longer loved in my parents' eyes, she has failed the task they gave to her at conception; 'You will love us'. Shit, it's all too fucking much of a demand.

I don't want to be loved by anyone, that is how I feel right now; it's not real or true, so fuck off with your love. I just want truth! I want you to say to me 'No, I don't love you, I can't love you', that would be so good to hear because that is how I have always felt, I don't want to hear how loved I am and always have been, it's fucking bullshit and it repels me. Tell me the truth, that is all I have ever wanted





to hear 'I don't love you, I can't love you, I don't have love in me to give'. Stop the bollocks. I feel like screaming with it all. I don't feel love in me, I don't feel love inside of me, I am dumb to feeling loved, it is all words to me with no feeling just as it was for me as a child. I can't feel it or give it.



**I abuse myself because I wasn't taught to love myself.**

29 September 2019

If I felt loved I wouldn't be hurting myself constantly, abusing myself, treating myself so unlovingly. I can only treat myself how I was treated as a child and by the way I treat myself as an adult, I can see the truth of how I was parented, if any of that makes any sense.

I was taught to not love myself and I have done a fucking great job of it, I am fucked, as fucked as I was as a child. I treat myself as unlovingly as I was treated as a child. I hate myself as I was hated, I despise myself as I was despised, I don't look after myself, just as I wasn't looked after.

I have spent all my life making myself do things to look after myself, good healthy diets, good hair, make up, gyms, all the usual bollocks but that has all gone and all that's left is the truth of why I did all of those things, so I didn't have to feel the pain of the truth of how I wasn't looked after, or truly loved and when this truth comes into the light and you begin living that truth, all the falseness drops away. All those things I used to do to pretend I was something I wasn't, leave, and the truth is left and it is ugly and shocking and very dark.

It's a fucking risk doing this healing, you risk not being loved as you become the truth that every one wants to deny, you become the walking truth and no one wants to know it or you, they want you to keep them in their fantasies, they want you to still be that fantasy because it makes them feel good about themselves. For my parents to look upon me like this I can feel their horror as I am no longer there pretty, well polished girl like you see in the cover photo of me, I am the opposite and it kills them. I am bringing it home to the just how they parented me, to look at me is to look upon the truth of their unloving parenting and on some level they know it.

# The Drama of Life:

'I had a pretty good upbringing' in comparison to other people!

- Parents have NO understanding of Love.
- Parents have NO understanding of Law of Free Will.
- Parents have NO understanding of blocking emotions.
- Parents have NO understanding of causal / core emotions.



**Feeling  
Unloved  
and  
Unwanted**



**EMOTIONAL  
ABUSE from  
PARENTS**



We, as parents, were born into the Rebellion and Default, having no idea it existed or what it was about. The Rebellion and Default formally ended on 31 January 2018. We now understand that through suppressing our children's true personality, having them live through their minds rather than through their soul-based feelings, this suppression and repression practiced worldwide has induced universal depression. Only through Feeling Healing, longing for the truth behind all feelings, both good and bad, and expressing all that comes to us, will we free ourselves of these errors and heal ourselves. Vibrancy and truth is our destiny!



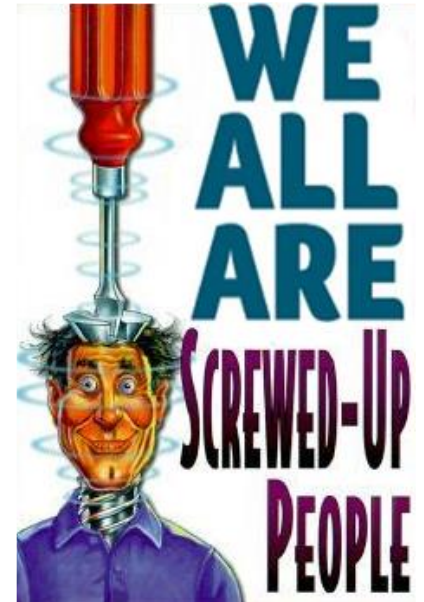
**Suppression & Repression = Universal Depression**

**I can only know the truth by being it.**

29 September 2019

I can only treat myself as I was treated and all the pretend good treatment of myself has gone. I am left with the truth, the bad treatment of myself. I want to see the truth of how it was for me as a child and how I was really treated.

I stuff myself with chocolate and shit like that where as I wouldn't have touched it before, I wanted to stay skinny so I lived on diets to make sure I was loved by everyone, if I looked good. That has all gone now, I am being the truth of how unloved I was, I have put weight on and I hate myself because I don't feel anyone will love me or want me like this and it is the truth, no one likes me like this, but it is the truth of how much I hate myself, of how much I was taught to deny myself and my pain.



I can only know the truth by being it and I feel so against myself, hating myself so much but these feelings were always there underneath the pretty, skinny girl, dreading ever being the truth and being so rejected for being it, now I am there, now I am being the very thing I have dreaded being, hating myself fully, being ashamed of myself for not being perfect and acceptable to society and my parents.

They taught me that unless I was perfect, I wouldn't be loved and accepted and that scares the shit out of me, I am ashamed of myself just as they are and always have been. I haven't put loads of weight on but enough for mum to tell me that I have let myself go and she disapproves of how I am looking so the whole world disapproves of me and I feel scared to go out, scared of anyone seeing me because I am not perfect to my parents.

Any one who knew me before wouldn't recognise me as I was always perfectly made up, great hair, clothes, good figure, I was acceptable to everyone but to see me now, it would be a shock as I am stripped back to the truth of my pain. There is nothing of that girl left as all I want now is to be the truth and heal all the pain I feel from being that. I have to be it to heal it.



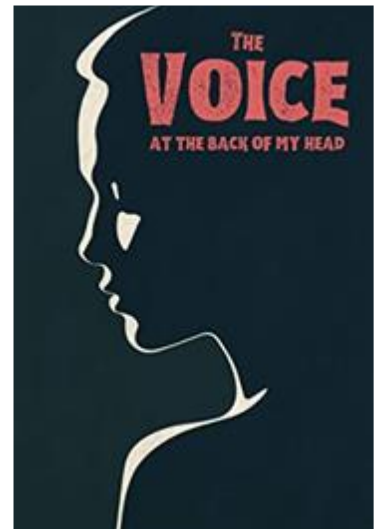
**I so need a treat!!**

29 September 2019

Every time I write like this I understand more about how it was for me. It all seems so much clearer. I can see that my life now is just how it was back in my childhood and it is all so clear. I can know the truth of my childhood through how I am now, how I feel. It is no different really.

I can see that I use food as something to look forward to, it's my excitement, to know I have chocolate in the fridge is exciting, it's a good thing, something to look forward to because food was my excitement as a child. At school I would hate my lessons but look forward to break time and dinner so I could have my yummy food and treats from the tuck shop and when I was younger, having the sponges after my school dinner, it was something to look forward to, something nice and I still feel like that.

Even after my dinner I want something sweet to look forward to, a treat for eating the horrible bit, my dinner. Now as an adult I can have it whenever I want, all day if I want but I have my parents controlling me still, I can feel them telling me 'NO' so I hold back, ration myself, they are still controlling me. I can say 'Yes' to myself where as they said 'No'. I am not controlled anymore but really I am, they are still in me telling me NO!



I constantly want something to look forward to because I am so bored with life and food is my excitement in all the boredom.

I was a bored child constantly looking for excitement so I created fantasies of such an excited life I would have, to get away from this boredom and mundane life with my parents. My life was going to be nothing like theirs in my fantasies. My life has always come back to how it was at home with them and anything I did was only to escape being like them, but I am like them and my healing has brought me right back down to that boredom of my childhood and the fantasies I created to escape the truth.

I wanted excitement all the time and tried to create a life that would be exciting but the most exciting thing in my life now is knowing I have some chocolate in



the fridge, it gives me a little spark inside, a little rush of excitement. I have it, then it's gone and I am back down to my emptiness and boredom, just like it was at home.

### **Hearing my Mother's voice (God).**

29 September 2019

I have been hearing the quiet voice of the Indwelling Spirit of God talking to me in my despair. It's My Mother's voice I am hearing, a female voice confirming all I am feeling, telling me what I already know is true but giving me that confirmation which helps me so much.

She told me that I don't care or love myself because that is the truth of how it was with my parents. She has confirmed it all in her quiet loving way. I can't care or love myself any more than my parents did so the truth is, they didn't because I am treating myself without any care or love, this is the truth of how I was parented and Mother has confirmed that as a truth, I felt it solidify in me today and with that came the voice of Mother.

Today, finally I feel that truth is so grounded in me, that there is no doubt in me as to how I was parented without the care and love I needed, I am being the living proof of that now I have stopped being the false personality they created me to be, the Sam they felt they could love. I am now being the cold hard truth of my unloving childhood and today, that has become the clearest truth in me. I feel good about knowing and feeling it as a truth, I am being it, living it as all my falseness drops away and today I felt it as the complete truth. It feels so good to know it is the truth and I am being it, finally, I feel it, finally I know it is the truth. I can't care for myself any more than they did and it isn't a lot! This unloving being I am now being, is the truth, I can't be any other way and if I am then I am being it with my mind, making myself be a lie, better than I really am, it isn't the truth.

I am the truth, this hateful, uncaring, unloving being is the truth of my childhood, and this is how it was. This is the truth my parents have denied to themselves and to me but I always felt it, I always knew something was wrong.

**INDWELLING SPIRIT, THOUGHT ADJUSTER,  
MYSTERY MONITOR (all being the same):**

The external elements, instruments of the Father, do not form attributes of our own soul upon its initial creation by our Heavenly Parents, these are the Spirit of Truth, the Indwelling Spirit, and Divine Love.

The Holy Spirit, conveys Divine Love to your soul should you earnestly and lovingly ask for it. This is the only function of the Holy Spirit – Acting Spirit.

The Indwelling Spirit becomes present when we are around the age of six. This means that the unseen helper of the Father and Mother – the Indwelling Spirit – can always interact with the mortal soul and to be of service so that eventually the leadings from the Spirit may be the catalyst for that soul to seek our Parents.

The Indwelling Spirit reveals intrinsic workings of Father and Mother to your soul.

The Indwelling Spirit functions in much the same way as the Holy Spirit, ask and it will provide support and guidance.



The Indwelling Spirit / Thought Adjuster only works with us on the mind, feeling and psychic levels directly with our personality on conscious and unconscious levels of reality. It is the Divine Minister with hands-on help from our attending angels that do the actual adjusting of our mind circuits – of all our circuits, even the physical if need be.



Spirit of Truth becomes active more so when you connect to our Heavenly Parents and receive Their Divine Love.

You are a spirit person having a physical experience. Your physical body is encased within your spirit body.

The spirit body only exists because our soul wants it to. In the fullness of love, even all our encrustments and wrongness is not actually bad, they are just the nether side of love.

So evil is literally a state of mind, and once you heal it you even feel love for your wrongness and even no longer hate it – that being full self-acceptance. But you can't contrive these feelings or level of awareness, it has to come of itself and will through the higher levels of your Healing.

I am the living truth of their unloving parenting, my children are the living truth of my unloving and uncaring parenting and it is horrific to watch them bring that truth to me every day, the truth of what my unloving parenting has done to them. I see it all, they don't so much and to see it as I do, as an evil, unloving, uncaring parent is torturous. I feel like I am having my nose rubbed in it every day as I watch them hurting themselves because that is the truth of the way I hurt them. Now I have to watch it all and feel the consequences of my unloving parenting.

### **The crippling truth of my terrible parenting.**

30 September 2019

I have been feeling the pain and terror of being cut out of my parents life like I didn't exist, I was there, around them living a family life but I wasn't seen, it's hard to describe. I felt like I was just an observer in my family life, watching it all going on around me like I was invisible, in it but not of it.

As I was feeling my way through this pain the sudden and shocking memories came to me of how I treated my own children in the same way, I had them, they were there in my life but I didn't connect with them emotionally, it could only be the same as my own childhood and the devastation of what I have done has really hit me today.

I was under the illusion that I was a good mum just as my parents believe they had been but, shit, the truth is crippling. I was a fucking awful parent and I have been in bits today as all of the memories come flooding back to me like a film of my time with them and what I did. It is so awful to watch it. To see myself in this way, to see the truth of how I parented my children, I can't put words to how sad I feel for them, so much sorrow and pity for them having me as a parent, and they think I was such a great mum, even now my son won't hear me say anything to the contrary and I wish he was open to hear the truth but he isn't and I can't interfere with that.

I watch this filmstrip that is continuously playing in my mind and I can see the pictures of me with them and it is just like a real film and it won't stop, even now as I write this I am seeing more of how I was. I can hardly bare to watch it but it is there in me and it won't stop.

I am feeling so devastated today, I am feeling like I want to say to my children that I am so sorry for how I have been with them, how selfish I am and was, always putting myself first, having power over them like I was some sort of boss, like I was God. I can hardly bare to be with myself right now, I feel like I want to die, it all hurts so much. I have done the damage to them and I can't fix it for them, I can see how it has effected them and the terrible ways they treat themselves, which is just normal living, but I see it as abuse, its all so anti them, so unloving as my son tattoo's his whole body so there is none of him left, covering up the real him that I didn't want, killing it off and hiding it under ink so it no longer exists, killing the boy that I rejected and now he is rejecting himself, getting rid of that boy and covering it over with pictures, with the only bit of power he feels he has, to do what he likes with his body, deny that poor little boy I rejected ever existed.

He has created a fantasy, a façade covering for his body to deny who he really is, as I denied him. It fucking kills me to see it all going on with them both in their different ways, but it's all my doing, all the consequences of my unloving parenting of them. Everything they do is rubbing my face in what I have done to them and they have no idea really that what they are doing is the results of how unloved they feel, trying to deny it and pretend it isn't so. I see it and it hurts to see what I have done.

There is no pain like this, my own healing is so hard and at times unbearable but this, it's absolute fucking torture, words can't express how I am feeling as I see more of what I have done to them. I just saw another scene from my life and it was when me and my son went to get some balloons blown up with Helium for my friends little boy's birthday, they were Thomas the Tank ones. My son was holding two of them and he let them go, he was only six. I was so furious that I screamed at him, I hated him right there and then, he had ruined everything and I can see it as clear as it was happening right now. How I scared him, to see his little face as I screamed at him because all I was wanting was for my friend to be so happy with me at buying these balloons and now it was all over, no surprise and all of my good feelings I needed to get from her, gone, as I watched the balloons fly up and up. I was a fucking horrible cow, I see my anger on that day and my son's fear of me and confusion at why I was so angry, and he must have been terrified.



I can't stop seeing these things I have done, I can't stop it running in my mind of the awful unloving ways I have treated my two children. I wish I could go back and change it all. I feel like its ok feeling so devastated now about it all but it means nothing because I have done it, I have been that awful mother and harmed my children and nothing I do now can change that for them.

I have just felt my Angels impressing on me this is them showing me this film of my parenting, they want me to see it as it was and they want me to watch it as an observer so that I get to feel it as if I was there again and it was just happening. They want me to see this, the truth of how it was, how I was made to be this unloving, uncaring mother. All the little things I have done to my children in the name of 'Parenting'. How it has affected my children is irreversible.

**I am so terrified of myself.**

5 October 2019

I am so scared of myself, it is like I am the one who I have to be scared of, I am not to trust myself as it will all go wrong and I will end up in pain. I am bad, I am the enemy, it is all me, and this has come from my parents making me believe I am the problem, not them, never them. I am the one who I have to beware of, I will hurt me. I am scared of myself, of every feeling and sensation I get, I go into shock with each new sensation, it is going to be bad, even kill me.

I went out and dropped my daughter into town and all the way I was scared and I know I have always felt like this, I have known it but shrugged it off, denied it, stop being stupid Sam! I am so fucking scared about going out in case something bad happens to me, in case I feel ill and no one is there to save me. There is no where to go, no safe place for me, it is all so scary out there and all I want is my mum, she will make it all alright and I am being that person to my kids, making it all alright for them so they don't have to suffer like I have. I want to save them but I can't. If they go out into the world, they will feel pain like I did and they have to feel the pain because I put it in them, my unloving parenting hurt them both and life will do all it can to make them aware of the truth of that pain until one day, they get it.

I feel so scared and that fear is now coming out and slapping me in the face, I can't push it away any more because every time I do, everything brings to me the truth and that is I AM FUCKING SCARED OF EVERYTHING INCLUDING MYSELF!!!!

I am so scared of my feelings and what sensation might come up next, a feeling in any part of my physical body that is not normal and I am going straight to terror. Something really bad is wrong with me so I have noticed I am now getting weird feelings more often that trigger my fear of something being wrong with me and I am so scared of there being something wrong with me, something so bad it could kill me.

Today, I got a weird feeling in my throat, like a burning feeling and I couldn't speak without coughing, it was like dust in my throat and I couldn't clear it so I started to go into panic. 'What is wrong with me, has something poisoned me, is something melting my throat away, am I going to die like this, is this it for me, how bad is it going to get, how painful will it be, shit what is happening, it won't go, I feel awful, my throat is burning out, I am going to die, this is so weird and I don't know what is happening to me'.

I felt so weird, in shock as my throat burnt in that moment, I really didn't know what was happening to me, and I realise that I spent most of my childhood like that, in a state of confusion and shock as I never knew what was going on, I couldn't trust myself to know any truth, I needed someone to tell me. I couldn't trust my feelings, didn't think they were of any importance and should be banished but once I stopped panicking I realised that by going to my feelings they were telling me this is what I always did, panicked at any feelings, felt they were bad, the enemy that must be denied and not felt so I am still shit scared of my feelings, that is the truth. I have always wanted to escape from my feelings, run away from them in my fight or flight panic attacks instead of running into them and listening to all they have to tell me about my self.

Yes, I am scared of myself, I can't trust my body not to scare me, I don't know what it will do to me next and how scared it will make me. I am scared of myself and I can't escape from myself and I never would have felt like this if I felt safe and loved from my conception, I would have felt safe and brave in my own skin but I don't, I feel terrified being me. I am so alone and that is terrifying.

**Feeling so weak and pathetic.**

6 October 2019

I feel awful, my throat is raw, my face aches and I am in bed feeling so shit. I feel the dread in me of getting ill. The pain and feeling so bad that I can't move or do anything. Feeling so weak and pathetic and out of control as illness grabs me to do what it wants with me. I feel like I just can't be bothered, I can't do anything about it, if I am going to be ill then I will have to give in to it. I can't be bothered with all of the bad feelings, I am so tired and exhausted. I worry about how bad it might get for me, how much pain I will feel, how controlled I will be by it.

**The devastation of my hurt Children.**

10 October 2019

Feeling even deeper into the devastation of what I have done to my children and I have to stress I was not an abusive mother, I was just a normal mum who thought she loved her children but the truth of my healing has shown me otherwise. My children are constantly showing me what I have done to them and they don't really know what I am going on about, but I do!!

My Son is very sensitive, as I was, he feels everything and today as we walked through town he said he felt like being sick, he felt so anxious just being there, with all the people, feeling like they were coming at him and he can't escape them. He feels the same attack as I do, of course he does, he has taken it all on from me. This is awful, to know what I have done to them in my blind parenting of them both. My Son wants to live another way, he knows he can't live like this but doesn't know what else there is out there for him, he feels his life is doomed to an existence of pain if he carries on as he is, he wants another way but he is not willing to let me tell him about there being another way. He is not wanting to accept God or any mention of it. I can go so far with him in his expression of his feelings but if I do anything against his will, if I were to push him, I would have blown it with him. He would shut down and I would feel the shift, I would have just lost him, so I have to be very careful how far I go, only as far as he wants to. To see him in so much pain is fucking torture and I have done this to him, I am to blame. I didn't realise what I was doing, I had no idea I was being such a terrible parent, it all happened by default from my own parents, and so back it goes.

I am feeling hopeless to help him, all I can do is to listen and let him pour it out, how bad he is feeling, how he doesn't fit in this world because he didn't fit in with me and his father with us telling him what to do, who to be, how to go about life and us, telling him in our fucked up states and him being so innocent, we should have looked to him on how to be, not expecting him to be like us pair of fucked up idiots.

To say sorry to him/them feels so pathetic, so empty, so useless and pointless, a waste of breath, it won't change anything as far as his pain goes. I feel like I have put all of the pain into him and walked away, left him with it to suffer and deal with it because we are all on our own with the pain. I feel like I have given him a death sentence, that is how it feels, like there is no hope for him and I know that is how he feels, I have doomed him to a life of struggle and pain and I feel so hopeless.

### **Feeling the truth of my Impatience.**

11 October 2019

Today, I have been feeling the truth of my impatience. I have always been the same, everything has to be finished NOW, or as soon as possible because I can't wait for the end result, I have to see it finished and sometimes that has led me to cut corners to get it done, find the quick way or a short cut and it never works and today as I was feeling about it all the times this had happened came to me, a flood of memories and the consequences of my impatience. This impatience has led me to act rash and make wrong decisions that have had bad outcomes and after the act I had wished I had not done it and just waited.

Why am I like it? Why can't I wait? I want it all now! I have to see it finished and done with. I feel I need to know that it is alright, all good and how it is supposed to be, that there is nothing wrong and the quicker I get it finished or done, the better I can feel about it, I will know the outcome. It is all a part of my controlling patterns to have to be in control and know the ending, get the job done so a good future can begin, things can change for the better and I can only be sure of that when I have finished what I need to do. I have such a feeling in me to get it right, so some good can come of whatever I am doing. I need the feelings of satisfaction, being a good girl, getting good feedback, having done the



job well, I need it to be all good so I can feel good about myself.

If I could only wait and let things happen as they are meant to, not with me making them happen to speed things up, it is so controlling, I am so controlling and I can't help being this way. I control everything because I need a good outcome, I am so afraid of it all going wrong and fucking up and feeling so bad about myself, so powerless. I want it all done now, I want it all over and all good and that makes me impatient and rush to get things done so it will all be alright and I don't have to worry. If I wait or leave something it might not happen the way I want it to and I will feel bad, I want to see results now.

Fuck, I feel so hopeless, like I am never going to be any different from this. It all seems like there is so much in me to heal and I am so fucked up that I am a lost cause, there is just too much to me, coming from every direction for me to see the truth of how I am and I am so truly fucked. I am feeling impatient for my healing to be over so I can see the results of who I really am.

I am impatient about everything, I want it all now! Waiting makes me feel anxious as it might not happen and what a let down and disappointment that will be for me, I had to wait as a child, wait for everything and it never happened for me, I never got what I was waiting for unless I made it happen myself and I can remember as a child talking to my friend about how I couldn't wait to be an adult and then there would be no more waiting, I could do everything I wanted to do when I wanted to do it without waiting for my parents say so. I was such a frustrated child and I can only be the same now, as an adult, impatient and frustrated to have things the way I want them without having to do as my parents say; and wait as if I have to do that, it won't happen for me.

Yes, this is the truth of why I feel so impatient and it all goes back to my childhood and being told to "Wait Sam, be patient".

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>

## Feeling deeper into my self hate.

12 October 2019

I don't feel any sort of Love for myself at all!!! I feel deeper into my hate and disgust for myself; I am full of shame and rejection for who I am. It is the hardest thing to be "This", to be all of your yuk and hate, to be every thing you hate about yourself, shit it is so awful and this morning I am talking to Mother and Father telling them how much I despise myself being the truth of my denial.

YUK

Being everything I wanted to hide from myself and everyone around me and now I have to be it!!! I am being it. It has just happened, the more I have expressed my feelings, the more I have stopped being the false me and the true me has come out and I fucking hate it. I hate it all, it's all fucking disgusting and vile, I hate myself so much today. Not having any of my filters on, just being the truth of everything I hate about myself and never wanted to be, shit, I worked so hard to keep all of that shit away and now, I am being it and I hate it, now I know why I wanted to keep it away, so I didn't have to feel like this. So, I didn't have to feel the truth of how much I hated myself so I lived the lie of me and slapped it on every day like I was an actor in a great production and every day I had to get ready for it, no wonder actors are so fucked living a lie for a living, it's enough to turn you fucking mental.

I hate the fucking weight I have gained but I can see that this is the truth of me and this is what I worked so hard at keeping away so I would be loved, wanted and accepted.

If I were who I am now, the truth of my pain, no one would want me. I can't believe I am this truth, this is the truth of me, it is funny to say, but it doesn't take any maintenance, that is a great thing and I have only just felt that, in writing it I have felt that is really good. I don't have to do anything to be me, I don't have to put on make up, colour my hair, work out, do weird diets ever living day of my life, buy nice clothes, etc, I don't have to do anything to be the truth of me, it's not hard work at all, that is a good thing but I still hate it, I hate how I look now and I hate how I feel but that hate has been in me all along and has been the driving force behind all of my denial and wanting to be a false me and all of that began with my parenting and having to be the best I could be to be loved and please my parents, so they could be so proud of me. They don't like me like this,

I know they don't and that is why I have done it all, all the façade was just to be loved by them, be as they want me to be so I could feel loved, liked, wanted.

I can't even bare to look at myself in the mirror, all I see is hate and it hurts, it hurts to see what I truly am and be reminded of how much I hate myself when I used to look in the mirror and be so proud of my great figure, great hair and makeup, but none of it was real, it was all the denial of the feelings I am feeling now, being like this. Fuck, I hate myself so much today.

### **My son confides in me about his abandonment feelings.**

14 October 2019

My Son and I had a good cry together tonight as he told me everything he is feeling all of his terror and social anxiety, it is no different to mine and we went right back to his childhood and dug and dug at it until he realised he has always felt like this and been this scared. He began to recall times in his childhood when he felt completely abandoned by me and his father and the fear is still that same fear every time he leaves his front door.



### **Pretend Parents.**

Tonight, it all came to a head, he was at breaking point so I went over to his place and we talked and cried it out and I have never felt so bad in all my life as I see what I have done to him. His fear is mine and I have put it into him, everything he was saying to me, I have been through and felt. You cannot imagine the guilt and devastation I feel as I see him in such a state of despair. He told me he thinks about suicide a lot and it brought back the times I would think about it. I didn't tell him that he mustn't do it or anything like that, I totally understood what he was telling me, I know that feeling and just let him tell me of how many times he has looked at a knife and wanted to do it. I understand, the pain is so bad you just want it to end and I told him that.

As we talked we began to unravel the roots of why he is feeling like this and going back to those childhood places within him and talking about all the times

he felt abandoned by me and I listened and agreed with him. I told him he was right to feel abandoned because his feelings are telling him the truth of how I parented him, so alone and lost and abandoned that he wants to end it all, no longer exist, just as he didn't exist as a child. To have to have this talk with your child is the toughest thing you will ever do, seeing the pain you have inflicted on your children, there is no torture like it as you watch a grown man cry like a child in your arms and all you can say is how sorry you are and feel so pathetic doing it, it isn't enough!! Sorry isn't enough, there isn't anything you can say, the deed has been done and their lives are the result of how unloved they feel and felt as children.

I have ruined my Son's life with my unloving parenting and the very perpetrator of this crime is me, his mother, and as I heal myself of my own unloving childhood, I now have to watch the consequences of what my unloving parenting has done to my Son, all of which was done to me. The pain of seeing him so crushed by life, not wanting to be a part of it, not wanting to be in it, not feeling he can survive in it because of the attack and rejection he feels deep inside his soul and every aspect of his life is showing him that this is the truth. This is what I have done to him as he drinks it away or softens it with weed, just so he can cope one more day in this world. Fuck, I have done this to him, drove him to needing to numb himself out of this world and all it makes him feel, all the ways it reminds him of how abandoned he was/is. I have done this.

He cried more than I have ever seen him cry before as I held him and I didn't want to let him go, my heart feels like it is dying at what I have done, there is no pain like this.

I did what many mothers do every day with their children, I was a pretty normal parent, a loving mother, so I thought but since I began my healing I have seen that 'Normal' is wrong and doing so much damage. I worked and sent him off to childminders or his Nan's but he wanted to be with me and I knew that. I decided to put my business and my life before him, I abandoned him when he needed me most and now I can see all the little ways that have had





such a huge impact on his life, things mothers do every day and think no more of it, but it is hurting their children.

If anyone wants to talk to me about any of this, I am open to having that chat because I can see now, I was so blind to my children, I was around but I abandoned them emotionally, they didn't exist to me, they were there but they didn't exist and, oh my God, does that hurt me to say that. I haven't said it lightly, it is an awful thing to say but it is the truth, I was playing at it all, I was pretending to be a good mum, saying all the things a mum should say but the feelings weren't there, it was all empty words with no feeling, just like it was for me with my parents and I did the fucking same and now my Son feels like he doesn't exist to anyone, not even himself, all because he didn't exist to me. Now he is beginning to feel and know the truth of that.

I have ruined life for my Son, all he is feeling is pain and abandonment and that is all life is bringing to him so he can know the truth of how it was for him as a child, how I parented him. He is feeling the truth of the darkness of being unloved and he is terrified of life because he has not been loved, he has not had the security of feeling truly loved so he constantly feels unsafe, as do I. I am my Son's listener, the very one who did this to him now has to listen to what she has done to her son. I have made him feel so unloved that he wants to die and it is all my fault, I did this to him and I can't fix it, I have done the deed and now I have to see and feel the pain of what I have done and no one gets away with it, no parents walks away from their unloving parenting.

**I have damaged them and there is nothing I can do.**

15 October 2019

You have no idea how bad I am feeling right now. I have to do my own healing and also deal with the consequences of my own unloving parenting of my children. I am fucked. I feel so totally hopeless to do anything about it. What have I done? I have ruined two people's lives and that is fucking hard to live with when I see their pain. I feel like a beast, a monster.

**The insanity of keeping feelings in.**

15 October 2019

My son has texted me to thank me for our conversation last night. It has helped him to understand why he feels as he does and it is all making sense now. He thought he was going mad with his feelings and thoughts and didn't really connect to where they came from but now he can and he sees his abandonment issues as coming from me and his father when he was young.

I don't know where this will go in the future but if he carries on feeling his way through his hurt, pain and anger it will get to a time when he is too angry with me to want to see me, but I don't know where he will go with it yet. This will be a good thing, it will be him getting to the truth of his pain and him not wanting to see me any more will be such a good and true place for him but at the moment I am the only one who understands him and I am the only one he can talk to about it all and no one knows what he is going through like I do, because I am his pain, my unloving parenting of him caused this pain and it is weird for me to tell him about what an unloving parent I was to him and I want him to know this truth but it is still very weird telling my own son about how useless I was as a mother and how unloving I was, very weird. If he asks me I will tell him all he wants to know about how I was with him and it's a risk, it could mean that he will never want to see me again but for him to begin to know the truth, it is worth it all.

**I can stop my rebellion against God.**

20 October 2019

I am feeling really bad about myself as I see how I am still rebelling and defaulting against God and everything. It hurts. I feel really bad like a naughty little girl who is going against her parents. I feel so bad. I can't stop it, all I can do is feel about how bad it makes me feel being like this and it feels so fucking bad, I feel so hopeless and useless and I can't see me ever not being like this.

This is such a fucking horrible feeling, I know I am doing wrong but I don't know any other way to be but wrong, so wrong in all that I do. I am scared and so frightened and it makes me take things into my own hands to try to change them, it makes me try to control all life and I can't stop being like this and it

hurts, it feels so horrible.

I am freaking out about being so close now to having no money that I am applying for the poxiest of jobs just to get something to bring some money in and I am so fucking scared of losing my council house, if the rent isn't paid and the bills, I lose it all and I am fucking freaking out. I could lose everything and nothing and no one is there to help me, I have nothing in the way of help, it is all down to me and that is how it has always been for me, no fucking help and it is no point asking, I won't get it. So what the fuck do I do, take it all into my own hands as no one is going to help me, I have no help at all and I feel so alone, no one cares and it feels so hopeless. I love being here in my house, it is nothing really but it is my home and I don't want to be chucked out, where would I go, I have no one to put me and my daughter up, no one!!

I am so scared. I look at my bank statement and see nothing coming in but everything going out and it is so close to the bone now and terror keeps running through me.

I apply for jobs but no one gets back to me so I apply again and still nothing. I am so scared and the worst thing is all of this feels so bad inside me, so much rebellion against God, I can't trust them to help me, it has always been up to me to help myself. I feel that if I just let it all go and trust God I will be on the streets with nothing, no home, food, warmth NOTHING! I only know how to control, how to go and get it all for myself and this now feels so bad, it is going against God, not trusting them to provide for me but what the fuck are they going to do, let money rain over me like magic, let something amazing happen to me so all my worries are over, no fucking way are they!! That shit happens to others, not to me! I will have to stay fucked up as always and I am so fed up with the struggle of life being so hard, I am so fed up with having to do it all myself because I can't trust anyone else to help me, it wasn't like that for me as a child and it is no different for me now.

I am terrified, really terrified and that terror makes me go against God and take control, it makes me rebel and leave God out of my life thinking they will do nothing for me and only I can fix this, but I can't so I feel I have no one, not even God. I feel abandoned by everyone and it is just me in my little bubble not being connected to anyone. I fucking hate this, I have something huge coming and I

can feel it, something so big and it fucking scares the shit out of me. I can feel this wave approaching and I can't stop it, I will lose everything and it is imminent.

### **Feeling my Money fears.**

20 October 2019

I don't know what to do, I feel like the end is coming and there is nothing after my money runs out, I can't see anything after that. Like it is the end of my life, or something. I know its extreme but it is how I am feeling. Just doom!

I wish I was different and could rely on Mother and Father, but I can't, I don't believe they will do anything to help me, I don't feel any help from any spirits or Angels, I just can't feel them helping me, shit, I am feeling so despondent and angry that I am so alone with all of this, even Harry had gone and left me to get on with it without him, he provided for me and now it is up to me and I am scared, he has been providing for the last seven years since he died because he left me some money to keep me going but that is all but gone now and it is up to me. No one to look after me at all, not even Mother and Father, they are just not there for me. I am so alone with how I feel, being left to get on with it, struggle through on my own and I am so scared. I can't even be looked after by the state benefits because there is nothing wrong with me and I am ready and fit for work so I have to get a job but they don't get back to me, it is brick walls at every turn for me.

It all feels so hopeless, like the universe has blocked me out, I am here but no one sees me, like a ghost! I have disappeared to the world and I even feel like my job applications are not even seen. I don't even want the jobs, I don't want to go back to work so I am going against my own will yet again and it is the fear that makes me do that, oh shit, I am so fucking useless and hopeless, I just want to disappear myself and not exist because I feel so fucking useless and the whole situation is hopeless.

I feel like the most evil woman on the planet right now as I go against myself and God, I feel so bad doing this, I know I am doing it and I can't do anything else, I feel so trapped in my own evilness and rebellion. I really so feel like the most



evil person on the planet and I just want to curl up and die with the despair of how I feel, all so futile and hopeless. I can't see a way out of what I am doing. I keep feeling and feeling, praying and praying to God, the very ones I am denying and it is all so fucked up and so confusing.

**I am Overwhelmed by my children's feelings.**

21 October 2019

The last few weeks have been insane with my two children, one after the other coming to me with their feelings, fears, nightmares, problems it has been none stop and almost too much for me to cope with as well as my own healing. I feel completely overwhelmed by the bombardment of their feelings firing at me constantly.

All I can see is them paying me back for the pain I have caused them, they don't see it like that but I do, I have created this mess and now they are bringing it to me all the time, it's like "Look Mum, this is what you have done to us, you will listen and you will hear us, this is how much you have fucked our lives up for us", that is how I feel and see it. If its not one, then its the other, messaging me, calling me, coming in just as I am doing something and it all stops so I can listen to them, I have no time to myself at the moment, it is all taken up with my children's pain and then my pain but what I have done to my children is so huge and so devastating to them and to me.

I feel swamped under it all, like I am drowning under the feelings of my children, which are of course my feelings too. It is all so much, too much for me, I feel like collapsing in a heap under all of the pain I have caused.

**Feeling the Chaos of my children's feelings.**

22 October 2019

Today, I realise that the feelings I am feeling about my children and not being able to cope with all of their feelings coming at me, is just how I have always felt about dealing with their feelings. I haven't been able to cope with them, I didn't want to hear them because it was too overwhelming, the truth is too much and I am out of control, I can't do anything about their feelings, I can't fix them so I don't know what to do with them.

I feel like I have to be able to fix it for them and when I can't, like now and always in fact, I can't do anything about their feelings and that makes me go into a spin, a spiral of panic and catastrophe, I go out of control. This is just the same as how it was for me with my parents, I am being 'them' to my own children and these last two weeks it has all heightened, all the pain and tension as they both have started new jobs and they are both going through so many new and terrifying feelings and I don't know what to do with them, I feel so out of control. I can't fix them, just listen to them; where as before I would do all I could to not let them feel their feelings, make it all ok! I can't do that now and I feel out of control, like I have to let them fall and I just want to cry constantly as I see that I have done this, this is all my fault, I have led them astray and now they are in so much pain because of me.

I am typing this, as I feel it, and as it comes to me so it is all very fast and probably full of mistakes as I mistype but I want to get it all down as it comes to me and I am typing chaotically because I don't want to miss anything.

Yes, I am being flooded with the chaos of being out of control with my own feelings and those of my children. It is too much, I can't cope, I can't fix it and I feel so mad, crazy, confused and insane right now as the overwhelming feelings flood into me about how out of control I feel. Letting my children feel this pain is too much for me and now I see so clearly what I have done to them in the name of 'Being a normal parent' doing what every other parent does but it is so bad, it is causing so much pain to our children, our parenting is all so wrong.

I am seeing the proof of what I have done to them and it is slam in my face, right up in front of me as I sit here all day just waiting for the next text message or call from one of them to tell me how awful they are feeling and they both are so good at it, expressing everything they feel to me until I am swamped under all of their feelings telling me of the pain I have caused them, "This is what you have done to us Mother, have it back, see how it feels, I hope it drowns you like it is drowning us".

Oh God, I am so sorry for what I have done, I can't do anything about the misery I have caused them, it was the misery caused to me by my parents, it is all I

knew, it was in me by default and I passed that default setting on to you. I have ruined them both.

### **Feeling like a doormat.**

23 October 2019

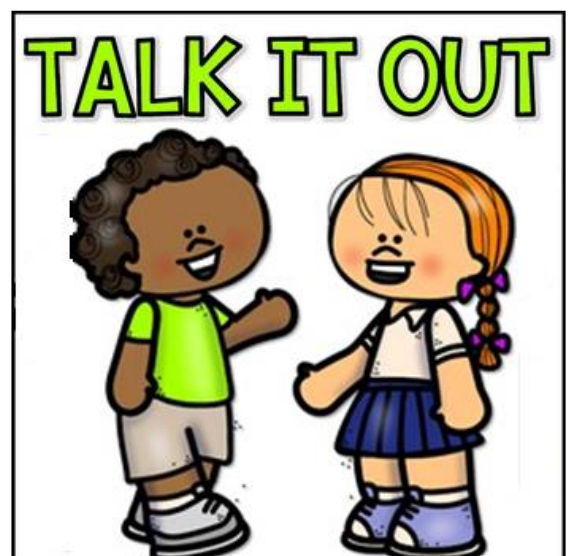
Today, I am groggy and tired, very snappy at being left to do everything for everyone, it is too much. I feel like a mat that everyone wipes their feet on. As long as I do everything for everyone, they are happy but I feel like shit. More of how it was for me as a child, as long as I was doing the will of my parents I was in their favour and it just carries on and I am sick of it. I feel so tired and unappreciated, just here to do the will of everyone (My Parents).

All my life can be is continuing doing their will in all that I do and everyone I meet, every situation is just a reflection of my relationship with them and I feel so stuck in my childhood, which of course I am, I can't get out of it until I have completed my healing. Everything I do I come back to "This is just how it was for me as a child and they are being my parents to me all over again". When will it change, when will it end this constant pain and then to top it all I have the pain of what I have done to my children and it is so fucking overwhelming seeing the consequences of that, too fucking much, who would ever want to do this yet it is so incredible to see the truth.

### **More of my Son's pain.**

23 October 2019

My son called me telling me he was feeling very bad again, very low and very depressed and needed to talk about it. I so wish more than anything that I hadn't done this to them, that I hadn't caused them all of this anguish and pain, I so wish it was all different but this is the truth. I have harmed my children and now they are telling me all about the many ways I have damaged them both and it is so fucking hard to listen to. I can barely bare the



pain they are going through, and I felt today that just recently they have been so free in expressing themselves to me and it feels weird because it is like something has opened up in them to do this. Like something is pushing them to do so and talk about their feelings to me, opening them up so I know what I have done, so I know the truth about what I have done to them. I know it sounds crazy but I felt like their Angels and mine have got together and opened up the feeling floodgates so I can see the truth because it just hasn't stopped.

All I can do is listen to my son, he says he needs to talk about how he is feeling and all I can do is stay receptive to him and my daughter and how they are feeling and there is so much pain, I feel so out of control with it all. I have done this!

I know I keep saying it, but this is all my fault and I don't even include their fathers in this, I see it as all down to me and what I have done to them, it's like their fathers don't even exist, it's all my doing and now I am paying for it. My children don't even know any of this really, they just keep on expressing how bad they feel without knowing what I have done, well, they know a certain amount about my healing, sometimes they have asked me questions about what I am doing and why, but they don't know how dreadful I am feeling about what I have done to them, that it is my fault, they don't really know all of the ins and outs of it and I can only explain so much about it because I know they are not ready to hear it all yet but I have told them enough so that when their time comes they can connect to what I have told them. Suddenly, their expression of their feelings has become so open, they tell me they need to talk and we go and sit together and talk it all out, they cry and do whatever they need to do to express themselves and it has happened so naturally and I have been quite astonished by it of late.

I see all people as hurt, abandoned and scared children, I feel so sorry for every one. I have such a huge sadness inside me for everyone because I see that no matter what they do, how ever bad it is, they are just poor little damaged children like myself and my children. All that they do is in them by default, they have no choice when you go back into the pain of being a child and see that pain being played out in everyone's lives. We are all just doing to others what was done to us as children and it breaks my heart to see the awful things happening



all because of how we were parented, how unlovingly we were parented. I see this through my children and what I have done to them and through my own healing.

**POTENTIAL to BENEFIT your CHILD through your own FEELING HEALING:**

**This steps down each seven years as the child matures**



**From conception to  
age 6 or 7**

**From 8 to age 14**

**From 15 to age 21**

**From 22 to age 28**

**As we heal, we directly heal our children similarly.**

**The Indwelling Spirit arrival for the child around age 6 or 7 starts their independence.**

**Feeling like I am accepting my Fucked up state more.**

24 October 2019

Although so much is going on with me and my children I have noticed that I am feeling a bit better about myself. I don't feel like I hate myself so much which is nice. I feel that it has lifted from me all that hatred I felt because I have put on weight, I just don't feel like it matters and I have a 'so what' feeling about it now. I don't feel ashamed like I used to, the whole self loathing feeling has gone and today I actually felt quite good about myself.

I never thought I could accept myself like this but I feel I can. I really feel that this is me, this is the me I have been hiding all my life behind a skinny girl who denied herself everything she wanted just so she could be accepted and loved. No, this is me and I can really feel that today. I am now being the truth of my fucked up condition and I feel such a relief that I don't have to keep up all of that pretence any longer, it was so tough to be constantly dieting, starving myself, making myself ill with anaemia just to be loved and now I see how unloving it all has been. I am so happy that I am finally breaking through to some sort of acceptance.

I actually feel like I can go out into places where people might know me. I can stop hiding in shops when I see someone I know because I don't want them to see me like this. I have been so scared of what people might think of me looking

like this with no make up, greys in my hair, a bit more weight, shitty clothes, etc., it is so different from the hairdresser I used to be, always looking good. I don't even feel like I need a mirror any more because I don't need to check myself or do my hair and make up. I am just me, it doesn't matter how I look now and that is such a fucking relief. When I am myself I don't need to add anything to myself. I have stopped trying to improve myself, make myself look prettier, it's all just not important anymore and I don't want to do it.

I am feeling jubilant inside about myself and I can't believe I am feeling this way. The more I write, the better I am feeling and I can't believe I felt so awful about myself and how disgusting I looked, I felt like dying inside with the self hate but now that has changed and it all seems so unimportant now. I can feel a real and true acceptance for the first time about myself.

### **More terror feelings about being abandoned.**

1 November 2019

I have woken up today in terror. I am so scared about what is going to become of me. I am so scared. I can't see any future for me only pain and more pain. I am still being rejected for every job I apply for, whereas once upon a time I got every job. I will have to do something soon as I am nearly out of money and I don't know what to do. I am fucking terrified and all I see for myself is the worst things, being chucked out of my home, on the streets, in the cold with no food, which is all I see for myself.

I know I keep saying this but it is how I am feeling again, really scared and frightened and so alone with it all. I always have been so alone with my fears, no one wanting to hear them so I have to deal with them all myself, get myself out of trouble because no one wants to hear me. I have no one!! Not even Mother and Father. I beg to them to help me, to help me know the truth of why I have to suffer like this and all they say, well, it is only Mother who speaks to me, that being another truth of my childhood, she says "Go to your feelings Sam, they are telling you the truth of why you need these horrible experiences, how are they making you feel?" every time this is all I get, nothing else, it is all so limited.

I cry to my Angels and Spirit helpers to help me because I am so scared about what is to become of me and I feel I get nothing from them, like they have all

been silenced and I see them all with white cloth tied around their mouths so they don't speak, this is how they are showing themselves to me and it is so fucking cruel to be so cut off and so alone with no help and even in saying that, I have just heard "this is how it was for you Sam, this is the truth of your childhood, you weren't allowed to speak of how you were feeling and your parents didn't speak of feelings to you, they didn't want to know and wanted you to stay silent about how bad you were feeling. We are showing you the truth, this is how it was for you and we can't be any different until you have felt the truth of how your childhood was, we are helping you in showing you these visions of how it was".

Yes, I get it, I really do and I know this is how it was, I feel like a child in all of my pain so I know it is from my childhood but I am an adult now and feeling just the same. I am so fucking scared and I want my mummy and daddy to make it all go away so I am safe again. I want them to save me from this pain, stop me suffering. I want to be rescued because I don't feel I can get myself out of this mess I am in, I believe only they can fix it, I don't have the power, they do. What do I do??

I am so alone in this, I tried talking to Trevor but he doesn't want to hear me also, which is obvious, he has to be the same as my parents were to me, and he is. He says everything to deny how bad I am feeling, he doesn't want to know, he doesn't know what to do with me, just like my parents didn't, he is them.

I don't want to leave this house, I love it here, I am safe here, this is my home and my comfort and safety. I do my healing here, it is where my children were born and my daughter still lives here. What will she do, where will she go, she isn't ready to leave home yet and it scares me to think that she might have to be separated from me. It is all terrifying, I am fucking terrified and traumatised by what is happening to me and I live in doom because after Christmas that is it for me and I have no idea what I will do. It is like I have a bad thing hanging over my head all the time coming to get me, that is how it feels, a monster coming to get me and waiting for me.

I feel like I have reached the end, I can't see anything after Christmas, it is like it all ends there. What will I do? I want someone to tell me!! I want to know I will

be ok, safe, but no one knows. How can they? I am out of control when I don't know and that scares me so much, so out of control because I can't see the future for myself and it scares me, I can't just be ok with it, I don't feel like that at all. I feel terrified that I don't know what the future brings for me.

I want to know how much pain I am going to be in so I can do something about it but there is no way to know this, it is all so impossible to know the future and I feel like I need to know so I can control it, all so I don't have to feel pain. I want full control so I feel good. I have to be in control because of this reason, so I don't have to feel bad or terrified or scared, that is why I need control. Not knowing is the most out of control I can feel, I don't know that I will be ok and that terrifies me, I don't know that I will lose everything and that terrifies me and its all loss and lack which fucking terrifies me. I don't feel in control of my future at all, I don't feel in control of what is going to happen to me and I have to let the bad stuff hurt me because I am not in control and this is how it was at home with my parents, I never knew, I was never in control, it was all up to them and I had to go along with it, like it or not. This is how it is for me right now, I have no control over my future, my parents do. My will is being controlled just as it was as a child, I had to follow the will of my parents, never knowing what that might mean for me. It's all so scary being so out of control over what happens to you.

### **My prayer to Mother and Father.**

1 November 2019

"Mother, Please help me see deeper into the truth of how I am feeling, I am so fucking scared, so fucking alone with my feelings. Please Mother help me know the truth. I feel so desperate for change. I am suffering so much inside of me and I don't see any way out. I have no help only a few words from you. I am so scared that I can't know what is going to happen to me. I need you so much Mother."

1 November 2019

My fear of not having any money makes me do stupid things, it makes me panic and go into a mode of 'I have to fix this'. It makes me apply for jobs I hate, I don't want to work at these places yet I am applying just because I need the money to



pay my rent and bills. I have gone into this mode of panic and constantly thinking what can I do to earn money and I remember it being the same when I was young with mum and dad, they were always short of money and in Africa I remember them selling everything in the house, all the furniture had gone and we had to sit on the floor in a room with nothing in it so they could have some money. I am just like them, going through the same fucking shit and I am so sick of it. I am so sick of being them but I can't do anything about it, I got it all from them. Now I am reliving all that fucking pain and fear. This is how it was for me as a child, I am fucking living it.

Having no money just like mum and dad, worrying and panicking just like mum and dad did wondering what they could do about it, how they were going to survive. It is all the same, I now have their worries and have followed in their foot steps, it is in me, it always has been and now it has to come out. All that fear I felt and took on from them, I am now living it for it to be known to me, how it was, the truth of how it was for me.

This is how it was for me!!

Fucking terrifying!!

Fucking scary!!

Always trying to find ways to fix it for them!!

Trying to find ways to make them feel better so I didn't have to be scared any more!!

Trying to be good and not to be a pain to them so I didn't add to their problems!!

I feel like it was all my fault and it was up to me to fix it for them. I had to be creative and think of ways to make money for them and now I do that for myself, being creative is just a means of making money for me. I had to learn to be clever and creative to survive like mum was, she would make clothes and sell them, paint and sell her pictures, make cakes to sell anything she could make she would and I am just the same. I only make things to sell or I can't see the point in making them, it is all for money.

I feel like I am constantly trying to save my life, I am going to die if I don't have any money to help me survive. No money, no life that is how I feel right now. I will have nothing just like my parents, I will be fucking skint and suffering just

like them and go through all the pain they went through because it is in me!!  
Fuck them, Fucking fuck them, they have completely Fucked me in life!!

**How I am as an adult is how I was as a child.**

1 November 2019

This is all how it was for me as a child, this is the truth of my childhood, this is how it fucking was, this is how scared I was all the time. This is what I saw and watched going on with my parents when I was tiny, this was my childhood experience and it has stayed with me all the way through my life and now it is time for me to know it, to know the truth of how it made me feel so I have to live it to know that truth. It's so fucking amazing how it all works, fucking scary but incredible the way it all goes. I am now seeing the truth of my childhood by living it!!

**Still feeling so scared about lack of money.**

2 November 2019

I am still feeling shit scared about my future. I know I keep going on and on about it but I still feel so bad. I am so alone and so scared and what keeps going through my mind is the thought of what will happen to me. I have no one to save me and I feel absolutely fucked up. I want to know what will happen to me, I want to know I will be ok but I can't know. There is no way of knowing and I feel so afraid. Will the money just run out and that will be it for me, no home and on the streets, cold, alone, hungry and scared because that is all I see for myself. I feel totally unable to get a job, I can't go on social because there is nothing wrong with me and I am fit for work so do I just let the money run out and see where I go from there but I can't do that, I am too scared to trust that I will be ok. I have to do something to make it ok just like mum and dad used to. Fuck I am so scared and feel so vulnerable.

For me to feel safe, I have to know what is going to happen to me. I have to be in control and I am not. I am very out of control not knowing what the fuck is going to happen. I am so scared, I can't tell you how scared I am.

## Expressing neck pain.

2 November 2019

I woke up in the night with incredible pain in my neck on the right hand side at the back. It hurts like crazy now and I can't turn my head properly. More fucking pain on top of pain, I am so sick of it but this was how it was for me as a child with my parents, pain on top of pain as I saw them suffer and worry constantly about money.

I also woke up feeling sick and a bit dizzy so it is full on at the moment. I seem to have a tiny time of respite then it kicks in again and right now it is full on. I feel really acidic inside and in my throat like I want to be sick, yuk, its horrible. I just wonder what's next to hit me!! Always wondering what's next, worrying about the future, the next moment, what pain will it bring for me.

yuk

Life is and has been one big pain and constant worry about the future, how much worse can it get! I just seem to fall from pain to pain and if it isn't mine it is my children's pain, it never ends and it never did. I feel like I want to throw up, throw up all the acidic pain in me, get rid of it but it won't come out, it stays in me causing me to feel worse. Rising in my throat and burning but then going down again like a tease just to make me more uncomfortable. It reminds me of what mum used to say about how she felt all the time. "Sick with worry" I remember her saying it a lot and now it is how I feel, just like her. Just like how it was for me as a child being around them.



**I am so scared of everything in life.**

2 November 2019

Yes, I am going on again, I have to, I haven't had enough of it yet, there is still more to spew out of me and I feel like spewing it all up. I feel so sick today. I have no one to express it all to so I do it on here and bore the arse off everyone. I am so full of fear, fear about everything in my life. I am only just becoming aware of how much in my life I am scared of but I have denied it all and just made the fear normal, but it's not normal. I am scared of everything and everything could have a bad outcome for me just like it did for my parents. So many things they did ended up in bad ways and it was scary and I have had that fear in me all my life after seeing how their lives went. They were so fucking reckless and dragged us along for the ride.

Inside of me I am feeling so ill, sick, acidic and my skin has been itching over the last week with these tiny spots that itch like crazy and I have gone straight into "Oh my god, what is wrong with me, I have some awful skin disease that will cover my entire body and I will look and feel like a monster with flaking skin and bleeding sores" you see, that is what I do, I go straight to the worst scenario possible, all the time. Always the worst thing is going to happen to me so I have to be prepared for it, control it so it doesn't happen to me and that is the thing with this money running out, I don't feel I can control it because everything I try to do, doesn't work. All I can see for me is a future of poorness, aloneness, homelessness for myself.

I am totally out of control with it all and that scares the fuck out of me, it sickens me, I am so worried about my future and what will happen to me. On a day like today, and it is pouring with rain and howling with wind, all I can see is myself out in it wrapped in cardboard, under the bridge in town all alone and homeless and I have even thought about walking around town to find myself a good spot, preparing for that day. I know! What the fuck am I about! But it all goes on in my mind to prepare for the worst because I can feel it coming.

I am so scared and frightened.



## **I can't stop eating this shit!**

2 November 2019

Different feelings come up in me constantly; whatever I am doing comes with a feeling for me to feel. I was just sitting at my window looking out at the rain and wind, I was eating a chocolate bar and feeling so compelled to just eat it and let the feelings come. At that moment I utterly hated myself for being such a no good fuckwit. I can't stop myself eating this shit, it just happens automatically whereas once I would never let myself eat it in fear of putting on weight and I would never let myself do that. Now, I follow my feelings and if I want to eat that shit, I eat it and watch the weight go on all so I can hate myself even more, and I fucking do.

Right at that moment of sitting there eating that chocolate I felt the deepest hate for myself and such a deep grief that I am no longer the skinny girl I once was. I am not huge but I have put weight on and I fucking hate it. I want to fucking scream about how much I hate myself, how grossed out I am about myself, how ashamed I am to have anyone I know see me. I just want to die, I hate myself so much. This is how I am when I stop denying myself what I want and I hate it but I can't do anything about it because dieting is just more mind control and I am healing myself through my feelings and my feelings say "Fucking eat, have what you want" and as I do that all of the truth of my self hate comes up for me to feel. I am a useless fucking shit who can't control herself, I am out of control and that control is my mind telling me what I can and can't do, it is my parents.

If I continued as I was, dieting to keep my figure nice so I would be liked, I would never have the opportunity to feel or know this truth about how I feel about myself, I didn't realise I hated myself so much and in fact I fucking despise myself as I am when I go with my feelings and all of those feeling are all so erroneous anyway. All of my addictions. Eating to make me feel good, to give me excitement, to comfort me, using everything outside of myself to make me feel good. I don't have those feelings in me naturally; they were not instilled into me as a child so I have learnt to create them from my addictions to make me feel good. I feel so fucking hopeless. I hate myself so much, I can't bare myself.

## I want it all!!

2 November 2019

I want everything I can have so I don't feel unwanted and left out. If I have it all then I feel a part of something, included, wanted and loved. So, I am greedy because I want to feel included all the time and food makes me feel included and a part of something good and fun and nice and enjoyable.

Trevor is sitting here with a bag of chips from the chippy and they smell so fucking good, but I don't have any and I feel really angry at being so left out, I am not a part of his enjoyment, I am not included. I am watching him enjoy them and I have nothing and I want them too. I feel like a child as I watch him eat them, as I smell how fucking good they smell but I have none. I have such a longing in me to have some, so I can feel good too but I am sitting here feeling deprived with nothing that is nice and yummy.

I feel so left out, so dismissed and so fucking angry that I have been left out of the good experience. I feel like an outsider watching everyone else have a good time, all I can do is look on and wish I could have some, shit they smell amazing, Chip Shop chips are the best. I feel so empty, so left out that I am not a part of it, I want to be included and feel how it feels to be so loved that someone wants me to be included in their good experience. I want them to feel it is all the better with me in it, sharing it with me and wanting me to feel how good it is.



To be included in their lives would be so good, so loving, to be a part of their lives. Now all I am writing about is flowing into my childhood with my parents, it is coming away from the chips experience and the feelings are melding into how it was for me as a child. The chips have made me feel all the feelings I felt as a child and they are still inside of me, the chips have helped me to feel how it felt to be not included in my parents' lives, when I so wanted to be. I needed the chips to take me there and it is amazing how it works like that.

All of my longing feelings coming up in me for these yummy chips are the very same ones that have been in me from my childhood as I longed for the love from my parents, to be included, to share their life, to be included in their good

feelings with them wanting me to be a part of it all instead of being so left out of all of the good stuff. I feel like I had to almost beg for the dregs of anything good that happened like a starved little child holding her hands out for nourishment but the nourishment I needed wasn't food, it was communication and love. I wasn't a part of any of it, just as I am not a part of Trevor's good experience with the yummy chips. Being left out has made me greedy, I have to grab it all when I can or it might be gone and I would have missed out and had nothing.

### **Crumbling under the pain.**

5 November 2019

Today, I am feeling so much pain in my body and I woke up with a headache, I knew it was going to be a bad day! I have found myself more accepting of it all today as I can't do a thing about it anyway. I feel like I have crumbled underneath all the pain and just given in, "Just do what you like to me, I give up". What does my pain have to tell me about myself? It is letting me know how much pain I have always been in yet I have denied it all. Now I am healing my childhood repressed and denied feelings, they are all coming up and I have hated them, met them kicking and screaming and fighting against them, hating them and wishing they would leave me alone and go away which is all how I felt about the pain inflicted on me by my parents. Now, today, I am fucked by the pain, I can't fight it any more and I have just crumbled under it all and now it feels more like a helping friend. Telling me what I need to know about myself, it wants to help, it isn't a foe in my life but a friend.

I have fought my pain all the way, hating how it makes me feel but it is only my parents I am fighting, they being the creators of my pain. My pain is them interfering in my life, them impressing on me how I should be, how they want me to be, that I am not good enough or even capable to know myself without them. I feel like I have only lived for them, their product and there is nothing of me expressing itself, it's all them expressing themselves through me.

Today, I feel like I have stopped the fight and let them win, I can't beat them just as I can't beat my pain as it is them, it is too big, too strong and too powerful and I am too scared of it/them. Fighting it/them is futile, I can't win so today I feel I want to give in and crumble under them.

**The more truth, the madder it all gets.**

5 November 2019

I am so scared of everything. I have denied this fear and pretended not to be, but when I stop pretending the truth is that I am so scared of life. I am scared of making even one little movement in case it harms me. Fucking crazy but it's TRUE. If I stay perfectly still, not even a tiny movement, I will be ok, so that is what I am doing, staying safe and not moving because it hurts me too much.

My life is getting so mad. As more truth comes to light, I am doing less and less and just wanting to be left alone in my unmoving state of safety. I don't like going out or doing anything any more, I just want to be left alone. I never feel safe, even in my own body I don't feel safe, it will find a way to hurt me or make me terrified. My healing only needs me, my body will create all the feelings I need to help me heal, all the terror can be produced by my body so I don't need anything outside of myself to heal, just me and my feelings. I am so scared of my feelings and what terror they will make me feel next, I can't run away from my self, I can't get away from my own bad feelings they are always with me ready to get to work and I am scared of them.

I am always scared of what is going to happen to me, scared of the future, scared of things that haven't happened yet and might not happen, yet they hang over me like a threatening monster. I can't control the future and that scares me, it can do anything to me, cause so much pain if I can't control it. That is the same with my parents, I had no control over them either, I lost all control with them and that was scary. If I can control everything then I can guarantee that I won't get hurt as I am in control but when someone else is in control of you, you are vulnerable and that is scary to a child. I can't trust anyone because of this; I don't trust that I won't get hurt. I don't believe that I will be ok; I have no faith because I couldn't trust my parents.

Now I can't trust anything, not even God, I don't trust that I will be ok. I don't trust anyone. I wish I could trust God but the truth is that I can't. I feel very sad and scared and alone in this world and that it is only me that I can rely on because that is how it has always been for me, I had to do it myself so I could only trust myself.



I am scared that I only have myself, it doesn't feel like it is enough, it shouldn't be this way and it feels wrong but it is how it has to be for me because this is how it was for me as a child. I feel abandoned by everyone, including God. Just left to get on with it myself and it's so lonely not having a friend to share it all with. I have become so self reliant because I couldn't trust anyone and that is so hard to change. All I can do is keep being it and expressing how it feels and it feels very lonely and very scary. To do it all on your own is very scary and I wish I had more faith.

### **Expressing a 2 day Fucking headache.**

6 November 2019

What The FUCKKKK!! A two day fucking headache and its killing me! I have had enough of it all, the pain is relentless and I am so pissed off with it all. Pulsating pain, throbbing pain, I can't bend down because it feels like my head will explode with the pressure.

What feelings am I getting from my headache?

Like this will never end, I will always have the pain. I won't be able to control it. I am out of control. The pain will get so bad I will be writhing in agony and wish I could die begging for someone to kill me to get me out of the pain. I am so scared that all pain will be like this, so intense that I can't stop it. I am so scared of pain being so overwhelming that I want to die. I won't be able to bare the pain, that is how I am feeling, that I am so scared of what the pain will do to me, how bad it will get.

"I am scared of you Pain! I want you to go away and leave me alone. Please don't hurt me any more. Please let go of me. I am so scared of you. You have full control of me. I am not strong enough to fight you, you are so strong and I am too scared of you to fight you. Please leave me alone and stop the pain you cause me. I am so fucking scared of what you will do to me, how bad the pain will get. You won't leave me alone, I am under your control and what this pain will allow me to do. I hate the way you put so much pressure on me, I hate the way you keep me in fear, so locked into fear and how bad the pain will get for me."

This was just like talking to my dad and telling him how scared I was of him as a child and the way I did all he said in fear of angering him.

**Thank Fuck the 2 day headache has gone.**

6 November 2019

Its gone, the two day headache has now gone after all of that expressing of how the pain was making me feel it has now gone. I got to the point with my expressing, that I had no more in me; I had said it all out of me. I have been expressing constantly, even on the loo, walking up and down the stairs, in the kitchen, just constantly expressing all of the fear I have been feeling from this headache and it has now gone. I forgot about it and then I just remembered I am no longer in pain and that is a great feeling, I feel like celebrating I really do. To be out of that throbbing pain is such a relief and I feel really drained but happy I am now free from pain for a little while.



**My Son wants to listen to me.**

9 November 2019

Just had an expressing session with my Son, he insists I tell him all about how I am feeling, just the same way I listen to him. I told him about my anxiety attack I had yesterday and it scared me. My face was bright red and my cheeks were burning and today they feel sore from the heat. Fuck, I am so pissed off with it all. He really and truly wants to know about how I am feeling and to have someone who wants to listen is unknown to me and I must admit I don't find it easy to express myself to someone else, I am always the listener and always have been, I was that person for my mum so I am that person for everyone, the listener. That brings back a memory, once I looked up what my name meant and once I got passed the 'Witch' meaning it said 'Listener' and it wasn't wrong.

I am not here for me, I am here for everyone else, I don't even feel like I exist to myself but everyone else sees me, I don't see me, I don't feel aware of myself, it's like I am just floating around but not really here. I suppose, even with my son, it is hard to talk about my feelings to someone who isn't on this journey and can

help me go deeper and knows what to say. But he is a good listener and didn't interrupt at all so I went on expressing to him how bad I was feeling and he understands because he gets the same anxiety so he could sympathise.

Today, I feel ok though so I will go with that feeling until one horrible shit feeling comes.

### **Giving into the Monsters.**

20 November 2019

I have felt very different today, lighter in myself. Things have been going wrong for the last couple of days but I have such a 'don't care' feeling towards it all and that is not like me. I haven't felt flustered by the events of the past few days but really calm, like it just doesn't matter, I can't do anything about it and that feeling I usually get, about the worst thing is going to happen to me, it hasn't been there. It is usually waiting for me like a huge monster but I haven't had that huge catastrophic feeling waiting at the end of all the events that have been going on. I have been so calm, so I like me and I am wondering where it has gone.

I am always waiting for the worst thing to happen to me and now I don't care if it does and with this don't care attitude it feels like all of those monsters waiting for me have just disintegrated into thin air.

I have been feeling like "oh, just do what you want to me, I don't care", it's like I have given up and surrendered to whatever happens, I can't beat it. If it all goes wrong, so what, it is all wrong any way, it is all evil and bad any way.

I am even starting to feel like if I get chucked out of my house, so what. That feeling has crept in which is a surprise to me after all of my fear and dread. I can't do anything about anything, it is all bad and fucked up.

I feel like my control is breaking down, everything is too big for me and too overwhelming so I might as well be overwhelmed and just give in to it. I don't fucking care any more, its all going to crush me anyway.

**Feeling shocked.**

20 November 2019

As soon as I opened my eyes this morning, more chaos as the electrician is banging on the door to rewire all of my fire alarms because they keep beeping. Fuck, it's annoying when that beeping won't stop but the chaos doesn't affect me as it once would. Forgetting he was coming and not waking up would have put me in a right tissy but I just let him in and let him get on with it without all of those dreaded feelings about the way I look and that I had forgotten, and feeling so out of control. I am out of control and it feels nice to just give in to that. I am a mess and its alright to be a mess and out of control and forgetful, I feel such a release and relief in being like this instead of always being on the ball with things, there is no ball for me anymore, I have kicked it way out of the park.

I feel good about my uselessness, I can't beat it, it is who I am, I am useless, I forget everything, I can't keep up with it all. This guy has come to do his job and the house is a mess because I forgot he was coming so he has seen me how I truly am, a right fucking mess. He has caught me out, he has caught me off guard and sitting in the truth of me shit, I am like this! This is me! I am messy and it is a part of me I would tidy up so no one saw the truth of me. He has seen me and I couldn't control his thoughts about me and that once would have sent me crazy, what is he thinking about me, my house?? But today, I don't care because this is the truth of me and I am a mess and my house is a reflection of me, a bit of a mess.

I'm a mess, I'm a mess, I'm a mess and I can feel a really good and happy feeling creeping in about that truth. I feel so excited inside and it is growing, a light, a great feeling inside me that I no longer have to hide the truth about me being a mess, my house being a mess. I didn't go around tidying up because I forgot he was coming, I wasn't dressed or even awake when he called so he saw the truth of me in all my YUK and in my pink dressing gown! and there wasn't a thing I could do about it as he caught me out so I had to give in yet again, I couldn't do anything about it, I couldn't change it, just surrender to the fact I have been SEEN at last by the electrician, this man doesn't even know what he has done for me.

YUK

He has been the one who I feel has really seen the true me in all of my evilness, just as I am in my shitty mess and I couldn't control any of it by being prepared for his visit because I forgot so this man, I feel, is the only person who has seen the true me in all of my untruth. Everything was a mess and that once would have mortified me but I feel free in it today, like I want every one to see me like this, the truth, I don't want to hide it any more by doing all the things I once would have done, like tidying up before he came, being dressed and prepared for his visit. I was the total opposite and there was nothing I could do about it but be the truth of my mess.

**Plunged back down into it all.**

20 November 2019

Who would believe that feelings can change so quickly? Now I find myself crying, plunged down into the realisation of how alone I have always been, how scared that I feel so alone that if anything were to happen to me there is no one there for me, to help me. When I feel so alone it is scary, it is all up to me to help myself because no one else cares and this is how it was for me as a child and I am writing this in tears as the truth hits me deeper, on a different level.

I feel sick inside, my heart feels heavy, my breath is gasping and I feel awful, fucking awful, sick, physically sick with the truth of the emptiness and loneliness because there has never been anyone there for me so I have faked it all along that I am ok, I have to be ok, no one is to see me not being ok, that is weakness, I must be strong and hard. I am not that! I am weak and crumbling and even when I have had someone with me I am still alone, very alone and that was how it was with my parents, they were there with me but I always felt alone just as I do now and always have.

I am feeling so empty right now, so alone, so nothing. I feel like someone has taken out my heart and left me with nothing, my heart has gone, my core has gone and been thrown away because it is of no use to anyone, especially not to me. I don't know who I am, the core of me has been thrown away and now I am to find myself. It's like I have been looking for this part of me, where did they throw it? I must find it so I can put it back and feel whole again, so I can know who I am. I can't find it, I don't feel I ever will. I don't know who I am because



that part of me was taken and disposed of. Now I am trying to find it and I can't. I am so lost to myself.

### **Not breathing in my sleep.**

22 November 2019

More bad shit happening to me now, what the fucking fuck!!

For a few weeks now I have found myself waking up not being able to breathe and it is scary. It is like my tongue has blocked my airway and for that second upon waking, I forget how to breathe. I am so sick and tired of this terrifying shit happening to me. It is like I keep dying in my sleep. It is making me scared to go to sleep in case something really bad happens to me, like I die!!

While writing this I know it is all from my childhood and it is something I have to revisit. I was so scared about going to bed as a child, I wouldn't go on my own in case something bad happened to me in the dark, being alone until my sister came to bed which was always an hour later because she was older than me.

I think it's called sleep Apnoea but to me, it's just another bad thing I have to go through and feel, I don't care what it's called, it is another bad feeling that is in me and making itself known for me to feel about and heal. There has been so much that I just want to give up, I can't do anything about it, it all has to come up and out for me to accept, express and find the truth of but it is so tiring. I am like "WHAT NOW"!!! What the fuck is next and it is all so really bad and so scary, I can't believe how scary my childhood was for me but it must have been as I have been so ill all my life with terrible things like Lupus, Anaemia, constant illness and flu and there has been so much of it that it tells me the enormity of how much I have denied. It is all coming out now and I am so scared, just when things calm down and I feel ok, I get something new and terrible happening to me, and now I am stopping breathing in my sleep. As a child I felt like I would die in my sleep and that was why I was scared of going to bed alone because alone, I don't exist, it is like I am dead. I wake myself up not breathing and then remember how to breathe, it's awful shit and it has only been happening for about two weeks.

I am so fucked off I can't even be bothered to write about it any more!

**Childhood feelings coming up about my sleep apnoea.** 22 November 2019

I am scared to go to bed, I am going to die. Something terrible is going to happen to me and I will die. All of the feelings that I am feeling are from my childhood, I can feel that for sure, I feel like a child when I feel them. I don't want to go to bed; I don't want to go to sleep in case I die. I won't see my mum again; I don't want to leave my mum. I will be lost without her, I can't do without her and if I die I will be alone, all on my own, I won't be able to get to her, I will lose her for ever. The separation, losing her, I will be terrified without her, losing her because I have died, shit the feelings of separation are so deep in me, the fear of not being able to be with mum any more and being so alone and lost.

I am feeling scared to go to bed tonight after last nights gasping for breath, feeling like I was dying and that is just how I felt as a child, scared to go to bed, never wanting to go alone without my sister but I was made to by mum and dad. Dad would turn off the light and I would ask him to leave the door open with the landing light on so I wouldn't be scared because the dark was too scary, to alone, I couldn't see anything that might come to get me and try to kill me.

I will leave it there for now and see what else comes up.

**Waking my self up choking.** 23 November 2019

This is so distressing, I woke up this morning hearing someone choking, and it shocked me as I thought it was my daughter being sick but she was at her boyfriends. It was me waking myself up choking in my sleep. What the fuck! It is a complete shock to me what is happening when I am asleep. It is like I am killing myself by choking and not breathing in my sleep. What the fuck is going on. I am in shock! I was looking out side the front of my house, out the window after I was woken up by this person choking, I thought maybe it was someone outside but there was no one there, surely it couldn't be me, but it was, I am so

shocked by this.

I am totally out of control with this, it is happening while I am asleep and it is fucking weird. I am confused by how I feel about it because I can't believe it is happening to me.

### **Food makes me feel excited.**

28 November 2019

I am so bored, I am eating for some sort of excitement because I am so bored and it is exactly how I felt as a child and in my teenage years, I remember it so vividly, its the same feeling, I couldn't wait to grow up so I could do what I wanted and have some fun without being controlled and told what I can and can't do and now I am feeling all of that boredom all over again. I want some sort of excitement, something to happen to give me a good feeling but nothing does, only bad feelings.

This is why I am eating right now, so I can have something to look forward to and it was like this for me as a child, I only had food to enjoy and be excited about, nice yummy cakes or chocolate that stops the boredom. I want something to do, something to look forward to, I am so fucking fed up. Nothing changes, it is just the same boredom day in day out, when will anything change!!!

There is nothing to look forward to, only breakfast, lunch or dinner and the shit I am eating in between, it's all I have. I have no good feelings in me, there is nothing good inside of me to make me feel good naturally, I have to look outside of me for good feelings. Inside me there is NOTHING GOOD!! There is NOTHING!! All I feel is emptiness, which I fill with food. I am just an empty void inside, just nothingness and what do I do with that?

What will change my nothing into something, where are the fucking loving feelings going to come from because I long and long to God and I get nothing, it is all just more of the same, NOTHING!! I get nothing. I can't see it ever changing for me. I have such a longing for the nothingness to change, for a spark of something to touch my nothingness and change a tiny bit of it but nothing is

changing in me, I am just becoming more of the Nothing I feel, I am being it, being the feeling, living it.

**So weak I feel like I will collapse.**

6 December 2019

I feel terrible today, I felt ok until I went out into town and it hit me. I came over so weak, like I was going to collapse, like I really couldn't make it any further and I was going to lose my breath and collapse. It scared me feeling so bad and feeling so unsafe because no one was there to help me. I felt so alone with my bad feelings, no one to tell that I feel so bad, it is so lonely to have no one and it is so scary to be so alone with it all.

Now, I am home I just want to sleep, it has worn me out feeling so bad, I feel drained and so weak. When I feel like this all I want is a safe place to hide myself away so I can feel as bad as I need to feel without anyone watching me. I feel like I need to get to somewhere safe and there is no where to go so I am abandoned among all of the people around me and no one knows how I feel and it was the same at home with mum and dad, none of them knew just how bad I felt, they had no idea most of the time and I got very good at hiding it from everyone but it was hurting me so much having to hide the truth of my bad feelings. I couldn't tell them, they made me feel like I had to hide it and emotionally, they weren't there for me and now it is just the same, no one is there for me, nothing has changed except I am older but it is just the same feeling.

I am so alone, all I have is this forum to express my self and I have to get it out some how, so I write it and scream it out all the way home in my car, I find the car a great place to shout it all out. I am so tired and drained, I feel totally used up and just want to cry.

**I turn my back on God all the time.**

7 December 2019

Today, I have woken up feeling so pissed off and angry at Mother and Father for everything in my life. So much fucking pain. Looking for jobs again and there is nothing, not one single job that isn't evil or wrong in some way, nothing feels

right for me to do. It all gives me a terrible feeling of dread as it is all so against love and God and ME!! It is all so self reliant, to ensure the safety of this human body and keep it safe and well looked after so there are no bad feelings that have to be felt.

Money is what we do these jobs for and Money is now our God, it looks after us, it clothes us, feeds us and keeps a roof over our head as that is all we need to be safe and well fed, watered and sheltered. All that is needed to keep this human body going, safe and sound with no bad feelings to be felt. We have turned our backs on God, and settled for the Money. I am the same, Money is my God and my Nan always used to say that to me as a child "Sam, money is your God". I can still hear her. I am so scared without it, it looks after me and keeps me in the house I love with the food and water and the bills paid, without it I will be chucked out and on the streets and I am so scared of that, so I look for a job to earn some money to keep me safe and warm and fed.

I don't trust God to do this for me so I turn my back on God and in all of my evil rebellion and think that I and money know better. It is too much of a risk to not bother getting a job and just putting all of my trust in God to look after me, I don't believe They will. I will be left high and dry with nothing, They won't look after me. I won't get what I need from Them, They are useless parents. I don't trust Them, I can't trust Them, it is too much of a risk and I wish I could, I wish I had the faith to let God show me the way but I don't, I don't trust anyone to look after me, it is all down to me to do it all and it always has been.

I wish with all of my heart I could be different but I am fully in my evilness and my rebellion of God, it is like they no longer exist to me, they didn't as a child so why should they now. This is the truth of my childhood. It feels cold and so empty and so alone without them but it has always been this way for me and I can't fake it and pretend they are with me and providing for me because I have never felt so abandoned and left out in my life.

In my earlier healing I was still in the fantasy that I loved them, I wanted to believe they were a part of my life and I had a connection to them but it was all rubbish fantasy, I made it all up wanting to believe it was true so I didn't have to feel the awful truth of being so without love, without them! I am without them, I



feel nothing from them or towards them, I am like an empty, cold shell of a person with nothing inside, it's so fucking awful to be this scared and alone and without God.

I say all of this yet there is something inside me that keeps me going, that knows something I do not know yet and it pulls me to know that there is a God and I am just not connected to Them yet. It keeps me going with my healing knowing there is going to be something at the end of it. I keep on going in my rebellious, evil state and coming to and being the truth of it.

### **Feeling the depths of my Evilness.**

7 December 2019

My evilness is so vast and huge, all of me is evil, everything I do is against God so I might as well go out there and take any job because it will match my condition of truth. I feel devastated to know this truth, I feel deeply futile inside that there isn't any escaping this condition that I am in. The truth, when I stop denying it and just let myself be it, is horrifying to me at just how bad I truly am. I feel so hopeless at being any different. The truth is I am evil in every way and I have spent a whole life pretending to be the opposite, shit what bullshit.

I am nothing of the person I portrayed myself to be, I am an awful person, I have been awful to others whilst pretending to them and myself I am nice and wouldn't do anything to hurt anyone. I am everything I am being now and I hate it but it is me, it is how I have been parented to be and my parents covered up the same shit as they passed it on to me.

MY PARENTS ARE THE CAUSE AND I AM THE EFFECT!! Being everything they hated in themselves and tried to cover up by being so perfect and nice when inside lurked so many demons, the truth of their own childhoods and their parents' parenting. I see what I have done and now the effects of what I have caused are being shown to me through my children, my law of attraction, through every second of life and it is everywhere, I can't escape it, it is all coming to get me and it is dark and evil and that is how I feel. The denied and suppressed truth that lurks within us all is very dark and very evil.



**How the boredom feels to me.**

7 December 2019

I feel so bored and within me I have such a strong feeling and need for some excitement, it is just the same longing as I had as a child and through my teenage years, being so bored and longing for something good to happen. It was mundane having nothing to do; it was a deeply anxious time for me as I was so desperate to break out of the mundaneness of my family life and control.

For a lot of the time I was under their control because they said what I could and couldn't do, they never had any money so I couldn't ask for any, so couldn't do anything. I would go off with my friends and watch them spend their money wishing I had rich parents who could give me regular pocket money, not just when they could spare 50p.

It was a childhood full of wishful thinking, wishing it could be a different way for me and I am still the same now. Wishing it could all be so different, not how it is. Still wanting to be something I am not because the truth of how it really is for me is too boring and mundane.

I sit here now feeling how NOTHING it all was and is. Nothing to look forward to, no excitement, only food, I have that to look forward to. It's all I have in my life, food!!

It is so quiet in the house, just me. Nothing is going to change, I will just stay here in the silence all day until it is time to go to bed and wake up the same tomorrow, more boredom just as it was for me as a child. Boredom is a lonely

place, no one wants to be with me, talk to me, play with me, or know anything about me. No one asks me anything really, no one wants to know how I am feeling and they never have, it has to be this way for me because it was like this for me as a child.

I just did as I was told and I took to being creative and arty because my boredom led me to it, it was something to take me away from my feelings and make the time go quicker. My reasons for being creative are all so unloving, my creativity is denial of my feeling so bad, and it took me away from feeling my bad feelings. Not even my creativity is true or good, it all took me further away from myself. I was bored and lonely, the two go together because if someone took notice of me and wanted to be with me, was really interested in me, I wouldn't feel bored or lonely, I would be filled with the knowing that someone loved me and wanted to know all about how I was feeling. No one did!

I just feel so NOTHING. So useless and pointless and this is how it is to be without love, to not have it instilled in me from conception so that I have no doubt I am loved, that feeling would be in me always but it is not. I am empty and feel no such feelings. Without feeling love, then what is the point in existing and filling my life with things to fill the space where love should have been, all addictions are substitutes for what is so missing in me. The truth is I don't feel love, I am not loving and it has all been pretending. That is how you are meant to be, nice, good and a loving person, that is how mum and dad wanted me to be but they didn't put those true feelings into me, I have never felt loved so I can't be it or give it or feel it, it would all be fake and untrue and I can't do that any more.

I just don't know where I go from here!!

I feel like I just want to sleep to make time pass, more denial of my bad feelings. I am so stuck and confused as to where I go from here feeling so void of any loving feelings, knowing any loving feelings I had were not real, it was how I was told I had to be. I used my mind to be loving, it didn't come from my heart and I don't know how that feels to have true love coming from my heart. I feel like that isn't even possible for me to feel that ever. Oh God, it all feels so bad and so far away, if it ever happens for me. I don't feel capable of love, giving it or receiving it and I don't feel I ever will feel it. That is a hopeless place to live in

and that is how I feel, so hopeless, like giving it all up because I am such a lost cause and I can not see how that will ever change, I really can't.

### **My Birthday.**

9 December 2019

On this day in 1967, I was born into this world. Born by default into a world of Rebellion, I had no say over it. On some deeper soul level I did agree but I feel I had no say. I was born into a world that had been created for me, all the evil systems put in place, all the programming put in place for me to be born into and carry on with the evilness of my forefathers.

1967 was a bad year for me, what loving parent would want to bare a child into a world of rebellion and default, that child carrying the pain of its parents so it has a life of pain and anguish like mine has been and when you do your healing you will also realise what pain you were born into. I don't celebrate being born into the damage of man, in fact I feel like crying at such an unloving and selfish action.

In 1967 it all began for me, such pain, the beginning of such awful pain, 52 years of it. Being born into a defaulted world, having it all set out for me as a default setting that this is how I am to live and what a disappointment it has been.

### **I AM FEELING AWFUL.**

9 December 2019

It's my Birth Day today and I am feeling as awful as I felt on that day, 52 years ago. I was so scared, I had no idea what was happening to me and I still feel like that now, all the time in fact. I was disorientated, frightened, petrified and terrified just as I am now, all the time. I am still as scared as the day I was born; I am still that disorientated baby not knowing what the fuck is going on, what is happening to me.

I am being squeezed out of this tight place and all I know is it fucking hurts me and mum, she is screaming and it is me that is causing her pain as I try to get out of her. I am the cause of her pain, I still carry that guilt and have always been

trying to make up for it, trying to make her feel good because I want to be forgiven for causing her so much pain. I carry that guilt around with me and feel everything is my fault so I have to make every one happy and not cause anyone any pain, the pain I caused my mum on my Birth Day. It was such a horrific experience, the most terrifying time of my life and I relive it every minute of every day. Shit, I can't stop crying at the pain my birth caused to mum and me.

I had no idea why I was going through so much pain as I entered the world head first, no wonder I get headaches, it was the first part of me to experience this world and its unlovingness as I was pulled out of mum and then smacked on the arse so I cried. The first experience of life was abuse and terror. It's enough to do the permanent damage it has done to me. No wonder I am so scared of this world, because my first experience of it was so terrifying. In 1967 a child was held upside down by the feet and smacked on the bum to get its first cry out of it and make sure it was ok, but what a thing to do to a baby just coming into the world. I was delivered by a man and it was him that did all of this to me, all men are so scary to me and it is no wonder!!

This Birth Day is the worst one yet; I am feeling it all so much deeper and more real. It is awful and so horrible to be brought into the world in such an awful way. I have always been so confused and so disorientated in my life, never knowing what is happening to me and why so much pain and bad feeling and now it all makes sense. The whole story from my conception to birth was a fucking terrifying experience and so unloving and my whole life has been exactly the same, living it all out time and time again, every day. I have been constantly scared and so unaware of what is going on just as it was at my conception and birth.

**Being born into a world of 'Will' takers.**

9 December 2019

The scariest thing has been being born into a world I have had no say in. Being born into a world already created for me by unhealed people. Being born into Rebellion and Default without the choice of whether I wanted to or not. Not being aware of what I was letting myself in for and any agreement being made by my soul being long forgotten. I feel so out of control with it all.



As a kid I was so scared of the world, I can remember in the early 80's hearing on the news about Nuclear bombs and cold war and I just sat there and cried my eyes out. My sister asked me what was wrong and I told her that we were all going to die in a nuclear war, I had just heard it on the news. That memory has stayed with me, I was so scared, I didn't want to die but I would have no choice or say in it, my will completely taken away and replaced by the will of those in charge and this was what I had been born into, none of it being what I wanted but I had no say. All so evil!

Being born into a world with people who think they know best, my parents, my teachers, my bosses, my Government all making choices for me without asking me how I feel. What is the point in ME when it is all decided for me, I feel useless and pointless, what was the point in being born into a world that is all decided for me and any choices I want to make have to comply with what has already been set in stone. What has been the fucking point in it all.

### **The torture of being a 'Fake' parent.**

10 December 2019

I am feeling fucking awful again, I know I go on and on about how awful I feel, but today I have dropped into an even deeper level. I just don't know myself, this is the depths of the denied and suppressed feelings I haven't wanted to know. I don't know them so it feels like I don't know myself but these feelings have just been waiting in me all my life for me to stop denying them and to get on and feel them. I have dropped into them big time and I feel so trapped, like there is no escape from my bad feelings, I feel utterly trapped and there is no escape, I have to let them crush me as there is nothing else I can do.



These feelings are all to do with the even deeper pains of seeing what I have created for my children and the pain they are in, my son more than my daughter. I feel like I can't do anything for him and yet it is all my fault, I am the cause and

he is the effect of my unloving parenting.

I don't know how anyone will be able to cope with doing their healing if they are a parent, I really don't. Even if you have been the most loving parent ever, you are not healed so your children will, by default, have inherited all of your denied and suppressed bad feelings and when you come to do your healing all of those feelings will be there waiting for you and you will see, as I am seeing, there was nothing loving about how you parented your children.

I don't know how people are going to be able to cope, I can barely and I am on my own with this, with no one to share my healing with and it is crushing me, I feel like dying as I see the truth of what I have done to them and all the ways I have been so unloving and I believed I was a loving mother to my two children. This is torturous and every time they tell me how they feel it tortures me more as I can see where it all came from, them not being loved by me. My fake love that never entered their hearts but just lingered in their minds as an idea of love.

They never felt my love, how could they as I never felt the love my own parents said they had for me, it was all from their mind to mine, not from their heart to mine as it should have been, then I would have felt it, it would have been real and true, I would have felt it as a truth.



What I gave my children were just words from my mind's idea of love that I received from my parents as a child. I believed it was love but always wondered why I couldn't feel love or give it. I thought I was defective in some way, broken and it must all be my fault because my parents loved me. Oh my god, it is all so wrong.

All of the tiny things I never gave any mind to being wrong or unloving, they are now HUGE! They have caused permanent damage to my children, things we all laughed at, at the time but they were not funny, they were damaging to my children. Taking the mick out of them for something they might have done,

thinking it was funny, something they might have said and we all laughing at them. All so wrong, it wasn't funny, it was condescending, humiliating them, putting them down, making them feel so stupid and dumb, embarrassing them in front of their friends. It all made them feel bad and now others do it to them and it makes them feel just as bad and if I hadn't done it to them, then they wouldn't have the injury in them that needs others to also do it to them. I see it all, everything I have done to them being played out by others to show them the pain that is in them from their childhood.

**Take the mickey out of**  
means  
**to deliberately tease or ridicule somebody**



I have been the worst thing for my children and I can't do anything about it, I can't fix it for them but I have to just watch all that pain I put into them, come out. There is so much pain I can't bare it, I really feel today like I have sunk to a new low at feeling these feelings, I have gone deeper and it is very black and I can't get out of it. I am stuck sitting in my own shit, what I have created for my children.

Right now I have such a terrible nagging in me that I can't get to, shit it is such a longing that I am trying to feel. It hurts, it's a pull and I can't get to it. It's about my children, I know that. It's such a burning inside me that I want to get to but can't and it is eating me away right now that I can feel the truth of it. Such a horrible nagging that something isn't resolved in me, a really bad feeling. "Please Mother and Father help me get to the truth of this pain" I am so desperate to get to the truth of this nagging "Please help me!"

It feels like I have done something so terrible, a guilty feeling that I have hurt someone and I can't fix it, it is the pain I have caused to my children. I can't save them, I can't help them and it is all my fault and I can't do anything about it all but watch them hurt and watch them go through so many bad experiences due to what I have put into them, the bad feelings I have given them, for them to need such a bad law of attraction so they can feel the truth of their denied childhood pain.

The nagging pain I am feeling is the pain of being so unable to help them, being so fucking helpless. I am overwhelmed with the helplessness that I can do

nothing for them. I dread the next pain they come to me with, I want to put my hands over my ears and not hear it, I can't bare the pain that hits me as they tell me about their pain, which to the normal person is called every day living but to me it is a blow, an energy that floors me nearly and I feel like I am going to die. My soul shrinks and I can really feel it happening to me, it's a physical pain that I don't think any one will understand until they do their healing and I don't just mean their own pain, I mean the added pain of what they have done to their children. Yes, you have your own healing to do and also that of what you have done to your children!!

I can hardly bear to face my children at the moment and I have never felt like this before, not to this extent. I just see PAIN! I just feel PAIN!

**Feeling so unsafe in this world.**

22 December 2019

I don't feel any good, good for nothing. I am so scared to do anything that may even be a bit out of my comfort zone, everything is going to hurt me or cause me pain. Everyone and everything is going to hurt me, ridicule me, stamp all over me and crush me. It isn't safe for me in this world and I have always felt like that and when I was younger, in my 20's, it got to a stage where I couldn't even go out the front door.

I don't feel safe in this world. Because I don't feel safe, I feel like I can't do anything, it is too scary. I am so scared of life and the pain it brings. I am so scared of what it will do to me, what will happen to me in life. I am scared of the past, the present and the future, I am scared of everything.

Feeling about it deeper, I felt like this about my dad, just the same, always scared so I am now scared of everything because I was scared of that huge man, the male role model in my life has made me scared of everything in life. Just his energy was scary; he was funny and at times loving but only when he was in control of it. He had to be obeyed and respected we could only moan about him behind his back, never to his face, it wasn't allowed to express our feelings about him. We were scared of him and now I am scared of all life, it might hurt me.

**More feeling boredom.**

22 December 2019

A day of feeling awful, feeling the depths of my Nothingness. Being so bored and not knowing what to do with myself. Having no idea about what to do. Feeling so bored and like everything is so pointless and empty, I feel like I have nowhere to go from here, I am nothing and everything I have done has been in avoidance of feeling this truth, of not letting it into my awareness. I am now fully aware that I am now feeling the truth of my Nothingness. I am good for nothing and feel completely Nothing. No point to anything. I feel so empty inside, like there is nothing left of me.

**My Son's best friend hangs himself.**

23 December 2019

Feeling worse than ever today after a terrible night as my Son's best friend hung himself. I just don't know what to say, I was called to go to his friends house by my son because he wanted me there and as the police came out of the house and told us there was nothing they could do, we all went into shock and all three of us that were there cried uncontrollably.

It has put me into a deep darkness of understanding why we all had to share this experience. I have seen the pain I have put into my son that required this terrible experience. They were like brothers and now he has gone and left my son alone, without his closest friend. My son is still in shock and cries every time we speak, as do I, the grief pours out of us and the shock of his death.

He wanted to die on Yule, the 22nd, he had planned it all even down to telling his flat mate to make sure he puts the bins out and that the rent has been paid up so he didn't have anything to worry about looking for a new room. All so clean cut and planned just leaving the grief for everyone else to feel, the grief that has always been inside us all. He is helping us to feel our denied and repressed childhood pain, letting the healing waters flow out of us about how unloved we all are.



**More grief from myself and my Son.**

23 December 2019

I am in so much pain right now, to listen to my Son's heart breaking over the loss of his friend, it's all I can do but keep bursting into tears whenever I need to. I could be just sitting down and all of a sudden an overwhelming grief floods within me. It surges through me, so much pain and grief, I feel it so strongly and I am shocked at how bad I am taking it. This grief is in me and it has to come out, I see it as my Son's friend is helping me to reach my own grief, the denied and repressed parts of me that I won't go to, it is all being forced up and out of me.

I feel so incredibly full of pain, my son called me to tell me he had gone back to his flat as he had stayed with his dead friend's girlfriend to comfort her last night, and his friend's flat mate, they all stayed together at the house where his friend died, to look after each other but now my son is back at his own flat and feeling the depths of how alone he is, how alone I have always made him feel, never being there for him, rejecting him so I could go off and live my own life. He is feeling the truth of that rejection and it is just like a death, it is like you are dying because I am feeling it too, as I have no one to tell about how terrible I am feeling, I am alone with my feelings as I was as a child.

I am helpless to do anything to make it easier for my Son, he is on his own with his grief just as I was and am. I can't even look at him without bursting into tears because of the pain I can see I have caused him.

I have been such an unloving parent and I have caused this awful life of pain for my son. If he was truly loved, his life would have been so different but his life is showing me how I parented him and he only feels pain, there is no love present for him, he is alone and can't ever see life being any better for him and I have caused this in him and the pain I feel, the excruciating pain I am in is the compensation I pay for being such an unloving parent to my son.

**Realising I can't fix anyone, not even myself.**

24 December 2019

I have always felt that my job in life was to make everything all right, fix it all for everyone, make them happy and their lives easier. I grew up being that person

for my parents, keeping them happy, finding solutions for them and I have carried on doing this in all aspects of my life but the more my healing has gone on, the truth is being shown to me, I can't make anything better for anyone! I can't fix anything or anyone! I can't take anyone's pain away and it is unloving of me to try! My role in life is slowly being stripped away from me and I am seeing the truth, I can't do anything to help anyone, nothing works, I can't do it!

I wanted to be a nurse as a child, to take peoples pain away and make them better, fix them. Then as I grew up I wanted to be a healer and miraculously heal people to make them better and take their pain away. This was my job to make life happier, more joyful but it was all a fantasy. I can't stop pain for anyone. It is their pain and they have it for a very good reason and it is not for me to take it away, in fact that is the most unloving thing I could do but I am so programmed to jump in and make it all better, like yesterday with my son's friend's death, I jumped right in, I was called and I was there to make it all better for everyone involved but it didn't work. I could do nothing but leave them to their grief and after a few minutes I felt this, I felt like I was useless being there, nothing I did would make this any better. I thought I had to be there for them, what I had to be for my parents, the fixer!!

I now know I can fix nothing, that default setting in me that has to jump to attention and fix it all, all the bad stuff, has now been seen and it doesn't work, it is rubbish because everyone's pain is their own to feel and heal. I cannot interfere with any one's pain although my parents made it my job to be the fixer and what a huge burden that has been to put on a child.

Right now I can see it so clearly, the wrongness put into me to make it all right and how futile that all is. I can see the lie I have told myself all these years, that I can fix it, I can make it better, my parents made me believe that and it is bullshit, I don't have the power to make anything alright for anyone. I have to let everyone down, I am afraid and tell them, I can't fix you, I don't have the answers, I can't do anything and it has all been a lie I was told by my parents and I have told myself. Such a huge expectation to put on myself and for my parents to have of me.

I am nothing, I am powerless to do anything.

**No emotional connection with my dad means I can't have an emotional connection with any man.**

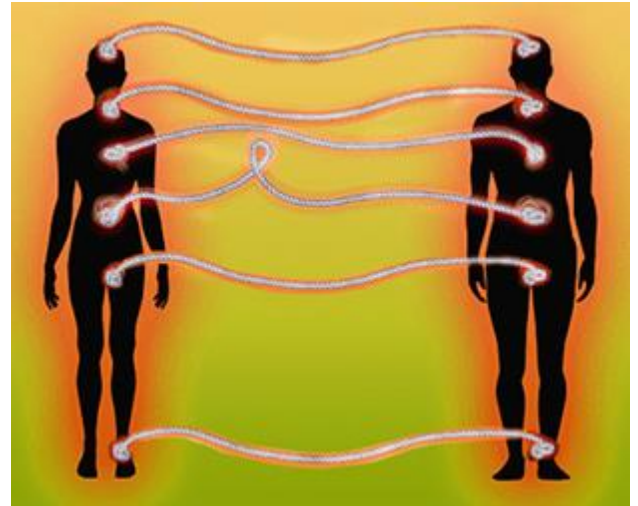
24 December 2019

I am feeling better today. Like I have accepted how 'Nothing' I am and how I can't do anything about it, just be it. Live in my true Nothingness. My mum and dad came over today, it's Christmas Eve and they brought presents around for me, despite me asking them not to, I don't want anything. They still did it and it angered me that they didn't listen to what I wanted. I wanted nothing from them or anyone, I have told and told them not to buy me anything, I don't do Christmas and certainly don't want any presents but they still had to buy me things. They don't listen to me, they don't take my 'Will' seriously, they believe that me saying 'No' means 'Yes'. They don't respect what I want and it has always been this way. Most people would say "Oh that was nice, your mum and dad buy you something", but it isn't nice, it has gone against my wishes completely, they have overridden me again and again thinking they know better and I don't mean what I say. I have never been taken seriously by them.

My dad was his usual controlling self and I could tell he couldn't wait to leave, I haven't seen him for so long, probably two days in three years and those two days were brought down to about half an hour in time. He is so uncomfortable with me, as I am with him, I don't feel him as my father and never have, we have no emotional connection and I could feel that even stronger today, there is nothing between us. He is a condescending, controlling man and all I feel from him is his denied and suppressed anger and pain as he battles to have the higher ground in every conversation. He must be right all the time and no one is to cross him or tell him he is wrong which I did a couple of times today, I don't care how it makes him feel any more, at one time I never would have dreamt of going against him in any way but I don't care now as I don't feel like he is my dad. I don't like him and I don't think he likes me any more. As soon as I expressed how I felt about what he was saying, he pulled out his car keys and told my mum they are leaving. He can't be around me for too long, he sits on the edge of his seat always waiting to leave, he doesn't want to be around me and I don't want to be around him.

I feel released today, I feel like we both don't like each other so we can just leave each other. Before he was sad about our drifting relationship but today I didn't

feel any sadness in him, just the feeling of him wanting to get away from me and that felt good. I don't want him to want me or be sad I don't want to be his daughter, it keeps me tethered to him, it keeps a cord attached from him to me and I can see the cord and feel it and it feels horrible, like he has such control over me still but today I felt that cord having been broken and I felt free, emotionally free of him and that feels so good. He has given up wanting me to come back to him like the good little girl I used to be who would obey him and not cross him, I gave him all the respect he needed, all the respect he never got from him father, he sort it from me, he demanded it from me so he could at last feel powerful and gain the respect back that he lost.



I feel like it is over now, now I don't give him what he wanted from me, he has given up with me and the truth of how he really feels about me has come out and that truth I felt so deeply today, he doesn't like me, he doesn't love me, he doesn't want me and I feel the same way about him and now it is TRUE and he can give up on me and not bother to try to get me back.

It is over, I really can feel it between us, the cord is cut and we don't like each other, he was just pretending to like me, saying all the right words but they were all deluded. He doesn't have to love me if he doesn't feel it and that is all I have wanted, the truth, for him to give up pretending that just because he is my father that he has to love me, he doesn't, he never has and I never felt it from him.

As a child it confused me, there was always something wrong with me and him and I didn't know what it was when I was a child, but now I know, he didn't love me, he never has and I have never loved him but I thought I had to. I thought it was something so bad not to love your dad but the truth is we don't love each other and now I feel that there is nothing wrong with that because I have never really liked him, just been scared of him.

I am feeling so free right now, I am feeling so happy. Something has really changed between us and it is the truth that has set us both free, we don't love

each other, we don't have to love each other. I was tied to him by a cord that he created in me making me feel like I was such a bad person for having feelings of not loving him but I got those feelings from him not loving me. I didn't feel his love for me so I couldn't feel any love for him but he made me feel like it was such a bad thing to not feel love for your parents, I felt such a bad person for having these feelings but today I have finally accepted we don't love each other, I don't love him and it is ok not to love him. I can stop punishing myself for not loving my dad and all of that self-punishment was only the punishment he made me feel.

It is over, I don't love him and he doesn't love me no matter what he may tell himself, I know he doesn't love me, today I felt it deeper than anything. I know, without any doubt we don't love each other and because of this lack of love from and for my father I cannot love any man because every man is my father. Today, I feel like I have really accepted that truth and I feel compassion for myself because it isn't my fault that I can't truly love any male, I wasn't loved by my first male role model so I can't love any man.

**Compensation for the pain I have caused my children.**                      25 December 2019

I have felt nothing more painful than feeling the compensation for the pain I have caused my children. There is no jail sentence that could be more painful than what I am going through right now, especially with my son. Because of the lack and loss of love between me and my father, it has been the same with every man, including my son. If I have no love then my son can feel no real love from me and this is all because I wasn't loved by my father, no I can not truly love any man, including my son, my poor, poor son who suffers because of this lack and loss of love.

The death of his friend has completely devastated him and I sit with him letting him cry and break down constantly and all I can do is listen and cry with him, I want him to get it all out and I am prepared to just listen to him as his heart breaks, he has lost so many friends to suicide and it all comes back to me and how unlovingly I parented him. He is losing everyone he cares about, one by one, all of his friends are dying and it is fucking awful to see it and the pain he is



going through, such loss like I have never seen. It all shows him his soul condition, he is in a bad way because of the lack of love from me and his father, it all comes back to that truth, if he felt truly loved his law of attraction would be so different but he was abandoned by his parents emotionally, that is me and his father.

We have done this to him and now I am seeing what my unloving parenting has done to him, he was born into it by default, a rebellion against love and God so all he can have is pain and I feel like dying inside because of what I have done to him, I am paying for it through my feelings.

**Lack of Love from Parents!**

**Parents abandon their  
Children emotionally!**



**I feel such a pointlessness.**

25 December 2019

Such a uselessness in everything I do. One day turns into the next with more feelings of boredom and pointlessness. I can't imagine life being any different for me. I have no one to talk it out to because all I would get back is useless chat trying to take me away from my feelings by telling me to go and do something if I feel this shit but that would all be using my mind to deny how I feel. Going and doing something doesn't heal how bad I feel, those bad feelings are all still there waiting for me once I have done whatever it is I do to stop me feeling bad. No, I have to sit this out and feel all the shitty, bad feelings I feel, feel the depths of my pointlessness and how I have got to a depth with it where I feel I can't go any further, I have hit rock bottom and there is nowhere else to go with my feelings.



I feel like I have got to a strange place, a final place where there is nothing left, a huge endless void of nothingness. I don't know where to go from here and it is like everything I feel about takes me to this place and I can't move from it.

### **The HELL of unloving parenting.**

31 December 2019

I can't stress enough how our parenting of our children is so unloving. Even if you consider yourself to be a very loving parent, when you come to do your healing you will find it has all been as far from love as possible and it's a shock!!

## **Our Parenting of our Children is oh so unloving!**

I thought I was a good mum, a loving mum doing all the normal things we mums do with our children, but throughout my healing I can now see it was all evil and so far from loving. I am totally shocked at the extent of my unloving parenting that has caused my children so much pain in their lives and I see it all play out in front of me and it is unbearable to know the truth, that I am the cause of their pain.

The intentions that festered under everything I did with them, God, it is all so awful and these intentions are the truth and it can only be gained by doing your feeling healing and asking Mother and Father (God) to help you see the truth of why you did it and this truth has crippled me.

To know the reasons behind my so called loving parenting, why I did what I did, shit, its all been unloving, I haven't been the loving parent I deluded myself into believing I was. Now, I am feeling the compensation of my unloving parenting of my children and I can hardly bare it. I want to curl up in a ball and hide, disappear, make it all go away, all the awful truth of the intentions behind my parenting. It is horrific, like I am living in HELL every day and this is the HELL I have infused into my children.

They are suffering and I am being forced to see it, it is like my Angels are forcing my eyes open and every time it gets too much and I want to shut my eyes to it all, I can't because as I close my eyes my Angels put another image into my mind of a time I was unloving to them and I can't escape from it. It is like they are

saying to me "This is the truth of what you have done Sam, this is how you hurt them" and they won't let me get away with it.

I can see everything, every unloving act, or even what I thought was a loving act, it all turns out to be so awful because of the true intent that was making me do these things. Something so slight that it went missed by me, like for example; taking them to the play ground as children, my true intention wasn't for them to have a good time but for me to not have to amuse them, they could go off and play with out me being involved. They would go off and play on all of the playground equipment and join in with other children and even if they asked me to push them on the swing, I would do it but the truth of how I felt was that I didn't want to, I just wanted them to leave me alone while they played, it was all such a chore when I feel about it now. I didn't want to play with them, I couldn't be bothered but did it because I didn't want to be known as a bad mother, but I was.

My mind has just been filled with the image of me putting a dummy into my children's mouths when they cried as babies and it was because I wanted to shut them up, I didn't want to hear them wanting me, so I gave them a substitute to pacify them. To take their minds off wanting me, I didn't want them to want me so I stuck the dummy in. This is something so many mothers do to pacify their children because their cries upset us, annoy us. A newborn baby will be quietened with a pacifier/dummy because its mother doesn't want to hear it; she wants to shut it up and is that not unloving? Is that not telling your child he or she can't have you, I don't want to give myself to you so shut up and make do with this.

It is such simple acts that we all do all the time to our children because we don't want to share ourselves with them, we don't want that connection and if children can't connect to their parents then they can't connect to anyone or anything in their future lives. All relationships become disconnected for them and I see this in my own children and their disconnections.

I am in a very dark place with my children, we are all going through the truth of this unloving relationship and it is gruelling, dark and the most pain I have ever felt. I could have stayed in denial of my unloving parenting and carried on as a normal mother believing I loved my children and they loved me but my healing

has not left any stone unturned, everything has been brought up from the dark into the light of the truth and it isn't the truth that hurts me so much but the feelings the truth brings up with in me.

The truth is always loving because it is helping me heal all of those denied and suppressed bad feelings that lurk inside my soul. The truth is helping me to own my delusion and I have been truly deluded all my life believing I have been a good person, a great mum, a good friend when the truth is completely the opposite. I have been none of these things and it has been a shock to me, like I have been shaken by God to wake up and know the truth of how I really am. All of that crap you dare not let anyone know or see about you so you hide it inside and it festers, it stinks, it is rotten and putrid and if it could be seen on the outside, instead of all the make up and other shit we use to fool ourselves and others that we are beautiful and good, we would be a grotesque monster.

The truth of our true soul condition would look like a horror story and we would be rejected and unloved by everyone so it all stays hidden inside us, making itself known by illness, afflictions, terrible events happening to us, etc. The truth of how we really are inside will make itself known as it has for me. There is no escape from our denied and suppressed feelings, they will always make themselves known in whatever clever way they can, they will have a say no matter how much we want to hide them. I know this to be true because I am doing my healing and can now see all the ways my denied and suppressed childhood feelings have expressed themselves in my life. It has been so painful, yet all I had to do was give my feelings a voice and stop hiding them, stop being so ashamed of them, of who I really am. I am a bad mother, I am a bad friend, I am a bad wife, I am a bad girlfriend, I am a bad person in so many ways I have been horrible to so many when on the outside being so nice and good but my feelings say otherwise.

I have been a fake person, being who people want me to be so I will be accepted and wanted and loved, I couldn't bare to be rejected and thought of as horrible but now I know its the truth. I made a life out of deceiving everyone and myself and only through my healing have I known this, I have been an impostor to everyone and to myself and it is so hard to come back to the truth of yourself.

It is so hard to be yourself and can only be done through feeling healing who we are not, who we have pretended to be and that pretence is so ingrained and programmed in us that we believe it is us, such deluded fools.

**It is our unloving parenting that kills our children.**

31 December 2019

It is our own denied and suppressed childhood feelings that kill our children as we pass them on to the newly formed child growing in its mother's womb. We bring them into to being born into a world they never asked for, a world already formed and in place for them to grow into and it's a cruel place that they had no say in its making.

By default these new pure babies are born into a world we have created for them and if we really loved children why would we create such a world for them, its all so unloving and horrible and the most loving thing you could do is to not have children so they don't have to be born into a world of denied and suppressed feelings. It is a fake world where you don't really know anyone because everyone is just pretending – presenting a facade. A deluded world of grown up children who have been denied by their parents and still living out that pain every moment of their lives and created surroundings based on that pain. Everything in this world has been created by children in pain and we then go on to have more children and pass that pain on to them believing it is a loving thing to do.

I had my children and they were born into this rebellion of love by default, they had no say in it all and how unloving is that to be born into such pain.

"I am so sorry my children for what I have born you into. I am so sorry for passing on all of my denied and suppressed feelings into you both and dumping all of that shit in you while you were in my womb.

I am so sorry for the times I can remember being in such a dark place that I would punch my pregnant body with rage and anger because of the relationships I was in and the fighting that made me feel so frustrated that I didn't want to bring you into it all. I am so sorry for making you feel this pain



from me whilst I was carrying you both. I am now paying for it all, as you both are too. What I feel every day is pure HELL about what I have done to you both and I wish I could change it all, but I can't. All I can do is revisit it all and my Angels are helping me with that. To see the truth of how I parented you and how I felt every step of the way. It is gruelling and I feel devastated, in fact there are no words to describe how bad I am feeling.

You both come to me with your pain and it kills me a little bit more as it is my pain and I gave it to you and you are showing it to me, what I gave to you, rubbing my nose in it. Making me feel the excruciating pain of what I have done to you, this is the compensation I am now paying for what I have done to you both. I am truly sorry, it doesn't sound good enough just to say sorry, but the pain, the feelings inside me are excruciating as they come up, I am so sorry my beautiful children." You deserved better!

**Having children in an unhealed state is not loving.**

2 January 2020

The Evilest thing I have ever done is to have my children. To fill them up with my crap, all of my fears and my evil will, to make them do my bidding over theirs, its pure evil. To think I knew better than them, such arrogance, such control, such evilness and now I have ruined them as I watch my will over them unfold.

**The evilest thing we do is to have Children!**

I have damaged them completely as I see what they have taken on from me and their fathers. They were all right and I went and broke them with my will believing I knew what was best for them, but how could I know!! I was a broken child too, just teaching them how to be broken, just like me. This is the greatest pain I have ever had to endure, seeing what I have done to my children and it doesn't stop, every day it goes on and they call me up and text me about their pain and it is so overwhelming to hear about it, yet it is my fault, I am now getting it all back, what I have done to them.

I pray to God to take them back, they are God's children, not mine and I want them to take over parenting them. I have made such a mess of it and I now give

up, it is too much for me to see what I have done to them. I want God to take over now, I see the mess I have made of these two pure souls that belong to God and they were put in my care and I fucked them up. It is all too much for me, I have ruined them, made such a mess with my unloving parenting, thinking I was being a great and loving mother but it was all the opposite. I can't bare to hear any more of their pain, I can't do anything about it and it is all my fault. Now, I am asking God to fix the mess I have made because I can't cope with it, with the compensation of my unloving parenting.

Wow, what a mess I have created in my children's life and all I can do is listen to them, listen to their pain, let them pour it out on me like they are giving it back to me what I gave to them. To see your children in such pain, it's a real killer, to feel so helpless and knowing that you have done this! There is nothing I can do to fix it for them; I am out of control and I can't make any of it better for them. It is like, as my healing has gone on and more truth has come out in me, their lives have gotten worse, the truth has come up in their lives for me to see. Even though they are not doing their healing like I am, but because I am doing mine they are almost being forced to do theirs too, because the truth is being pushed up in their lives for them to see and they come to me with it and want to know why this is happening and I have to tell them, it is because of me and what pain you both took on from me at conception, your pain is my pain.

Yesterday, my son came over and he was pouring out more of his pain to me and all I could do is to listen and explain to him that I did this to him; it was my pain that is now his pain. While I was carrying him all of my pain flowed into him and he is now living it and I see it, it is all mine and as he tells me about it I can remember every bit of it and my pain came from my parents and so back it goes in our family lineage, all broken, passing on our broken parts to our children and it is meant to be a loving act to have a child!!!!!!

I sat there crying in front of my son yesterday, telling him I was so sorry to do this to him, to have burdened him with my injuries for him to live them. If he was loved, he wouldn't feel like this, love doesn't do this, love doesn't feel suicidal and broken like he does. Being hated, rejected, unwanted and unloved makes you feel suicidal and hated by everyone.

I have done this; this is what my so-called love has done to him. He is the product of my 'loving' parenting and I got it all so very wrong.

**I fucking hate my ugly self.**

7 January 2020

I hate looking so fucking ugly. Without my fake self I am so ugly. My fake self wore make up and stayed slim to make sure she was looking good and I felt wanted and admired like that. Now I am not even seen, I have no make up any more, I haven't bought it in a few years and I look fucking ugly, I fucking hate myself, I hate my natural self, I can't express how much I hate me, that is why I did all I did, so I didn't have to feel the truth of my self hate.

I look at old photos of myself and I was pretty, I had a wonderful figure and if only it were all true but its not and I hate the truth. I feel so angry at the truth of how ugly I am and at how pretty the untruth was. This has really brought out the truth in me, how much I was hiding because I hated the truth of myself, that I am ugly without all the things I did to make me pretty and I knew I was ugly without it all so I had to cover it all up so I could be acceptable, be what everyone wanted, be what I wanted and more to the point, be what MEN wanted and now I have stopped doing all the things to be wanted by MEN!! By my DAD!! Now I am not wanted by anyone, no man looks at me twice, I am like a ghost, unseen. This is the truth of why I tried to make myself seen because I was so unseen.

13 January 2020

My left eyelid has been enflamed and itchy for about three weeks now and when I wake up my left eye is so puffy I can't see out of it properly. My daughter used to work at an opticians and said it is Blepharitis, a irritation of the eyelid and she has some wipes that will get rid of it. I have chosen not to medicate it and listen to what it has to tell me. The feelings that come up are all about how much I hate myself. It is on my left side so that is the feminine side and I hate how it looks, it is all fat and puffy and looks disgusting and these feelings are exactly the same as how I feel about myself.

My eye is so right, the way I see my eye is the way I see myself, the way I hate my eye looking like this is the same as how much I hate myself looking like this. I am ashamed of it, I am ashamed to go out and let people see me and that is how I feel about myself at the moment, so ashamed of letting anyone see me.

I am amazed to see the truth my eye has to tell me about myself. Just how I am feeling about me, it is so right. It is so amazing.

I won't medicate it, I will leave it to see how bad it gets so I can feel more truth about myself that I am denying, I want it to bring all of my self hate up. How I feel about my eye is how I feel about myself not being perfect.

**I am so unsightly without my façade.**

13 January 2020

My eye is so itchy, I want to scratch it out of my fucking head, it is so itchy and I want to scratch it constantly. It is crusty and the skin feels hard and inflamed but it is so itchy, it is driving me mad at how itchy it is. It is so fucking itchy, so irritated, irritating me constantly, I can't leave it alone. I can see the inflamed and swollen skin out of my eye, it is in the way and it looks so gross.

I went to the post office today and I saw the lady looking at me as if to say "that looks fucking gross", it does, it is so fucking gross, so fat, so swollen, so itchy, so horrid, so huge and ugly, so fucking ugly, it makes me look so disgusting. When will it calm down and go away?

It is so unsightly and that is how I feel about myself, I am so unsightly, so gross, so ugly, and so fat and I hate myself like I hate this eye. It is so unwanted by every one and me. It makes me look so ugly, so unsightly. I can feel a pain at the back of my eye, I have dry eyes and it makes such a sharp stabbing pain in my left eye, it scares me. What is it? Is it something nasty? A growth, a tumour something awful like that. It always has to be the worst thing wrong with me; I am always dying of something. I am so fucking scared all the time of something bad happening to me, of my dying of the most painful thing possible. Eye cancer, shit, I can't bare it, fucking eye cancer, having my eye pulled out and interfered with, causing me more pain, it is all so awful. It is always the worst

thing happening to me, I am always so scared, with any pain.

I live my life in fear of everything, everything is going to kill me, hurt me, tell me off, punish me. I am so sick of it all, all the fear put into me from my childhood making me have these awful feelings.

My eye had calmed down, now it is itching again like crazy, what the fuck!!! I am so irritated by it, so fucked off by it, so angry that I can't scratch it like mad because it just gets worse and bigger and bleeds and looks more fucking awful. Mum says stop scratching, I can hear her in my head telling me off, I will make it worse, just leave it alone but I can't, I don't want to leave it alone, I want to make it worse, scratch it out of my fucking head if I want to. It's my fucking eye and I will scratch the fuck out of it if I want to. What are you so scared of mum, that I will look so gross that I will be an embarrassment to you when we go out. Yes, I look fucking gross, too gross to be seen out with; I am as ashamed of myself as you are mum. You hate me, I hate me, I really hate myself and I am as gross as my eye looks, it is the truth. The irritation is the expression of the irritation my parents cause me.

**I am in grief at the loss of my pretty self.**

23 January 2020

My eyes are calming down. They look awful and my neighbour saw me and said I look ten years older because of my puffy awful itchy eyes. I felt a feeling of shock and grief run through me when he said that, panic that I was looking so ugly but I have since had to come to terms with looking like this. I have been feeling my way through how I look and how it makes me feel and I know it is how I see myself, the truth of how my parents felt about me. I see myself as my eye looks, horrible, puffy, fat, gross, old, unattractive, hated, and all the other feelings I feel about myself because of my irritated eyes. I have felt so angry at looking so ugly, I really have felt the full extent of how much I hate myself and I could easily take all of this pain away by using the medicine Faye got for me as she worked in an Optician and said I have Blepharitis, but I haven't used it. I have wanted to let my feelings tell me more about my self-hatred through how I feel about looking so gross with my awful eyes.



I felt like they would never heal and that I wouldn't be able to go out any more and face people because I looked so gross. It has all brought so much truth out as to how I feel about what others think of me and it is such a big deal. To be so rejected for looking ugly just as I have rejected others imperfections as well as my own children's, trying to fix them constantly to be perfect and have pain free lives. Shit, I'm a fucking nightmare. I have the same judgement as my parents did, I am them.

I can't do anything to take the awfulness away, I look terrible and that is all there is to it, it will have to stay for as long as I need the feelings my bad eyes are giving me. They have calmed down so much now though, as I accept them and looking like this, they are calming down, as I give in to the horror of seeing myself like this, they are calming down and I am looking better again. I have resigned myself to this being me, a part of me and that I have hated it so much, wishing it would just fuck off and leave me alone, all of which is the irritation of my parents and how I felt about them when I was a child. Now, I know I can't change myself, I can't do anything about my eyes but give in to them and accept them, which has been really hard to do.

Today, I have even had feelings of compassion and love for my eyes and how awful they have been, I have felt sorry for myself and sorry for how I have treated myself and how much I have hated my eyes and the way they make me look but it has softened today and different feelings have crept into me, softer feelings like I have spoken about and it is nice and it doesn't feel so important to look good now. If this is me and if this is how I am to look for the rest of my life then 'This is ME'. There is nothing I can do to change the way I look.

It feels so good to feel this acceptance of myself and it almost feels like it doesn't even matter any more what I look like and this is an amazing realisation for me as I have been concerned about my looks all my life, having to look good and slim and pretty so I am accepted by everyone. Now I am the opposite to all of that and I can tell you it has been a grieving process for me, to lose who I once was, I loved looking like that but it was so hard to maintain and as my healing has gone on I have changed so much.

I no longer wear make up or colour my hair, it just isn't important to me, I don't want to do it and I now realise I never did want to do it, it was such a chore to keep it up and not let the world see the real me, I hated the real me and it is so hard to even feel a tiny bit of like or acceptance for the real me, I despised myself without my façade of make up and hair and diets. Now, I have put on weight, have no make up and no one would look twice at me. I have had to feel my way through accepting 'This is ME', this is the truth of me, this is who I am and I fucking hate it but it is the truth and I have had to hate every bit of what I am and what I see to heal all of the self hatred I feel for myself without my façade.

I am still in it, I am still in anger and rage for this true me that I am now living, I am so ashamed of myself and I have always been, never wanting anyone to see the truth of what I really am but now, I am it, I am living the truth of who I really am and it tears me apart constantly, breaks me down at who I see in the mirror with my two ugly, sore, infected eyes, I can't bare what I see so I understand why I have had to go through this eye problem in both my eyes. I don't like what I see and who I am, although, as I said earlier, I am lately having the odd moment of acceptance and compassion for myself which is a real turn around and I have never felt that before about myself so things are slowly changing and as they are changing my eyes are healing but it has taken such a lot of hard feeling work.

So much truth and acceptance of how much I hate myself and of how much my parents have hated me and the memory of mum always commenting if she caught me without makeup saying I was letting myself down. Telling me that she couldn't accept the child she gave birth to being natural and wanting me to cover up the truth of how ugly she thought I was. What a fucking insult when your own mother tells you to go and put some makeup on, she can't stand her own child being herself.

My eyes are still a bit itchy and the skin is flaky but they are healing without me having to use any medication, just using my feelings to heal myself and allowing myself to feel all of the rage and self hatred I feel towards myself, feeling the truth of how I see myself and coming to terms with the truth that maybe this is ME and I will never be that pretty, skinny girl again and that I now have to stop trying to fit into the girl I used to be, I have outgrown her now and she wasn't

real. I have always kept my real self at bay, never wanting her to be seen but now she has caught up with me and I am her, hating every bit of being her, I hate myself! Shit, saying that has made me want to cry, I actually feel sorry for myself being so horrible to myself, hating myself so much, rejecting myself so much but its all I can do because I wouldn't have been accepted in my family unless I was perfect.

**Feeling like I am being taken over.**

24 January 2020

I now have itch rashes coming up on my hands, like prickly heat. I am so sick of this, one thing after the next. I am full of feelings of fear and wondering what is happening to me, what's next. It's all such a shock when these things just come up. It's never-ending, always something horrible happening to me. I feel like a wreck with itchy eyes, itchy skin on my hands, it's all too much but I can't do anything about it but let it take over.

**More toothache with my daughter.**

25 January 2020

Faye, my daughter, is in pain again with another toothache and an abscess, she has had three last year and now another one and she is in pain with it and has to undergo another root canal. I feel like I can't take it because I have to be there with her because she has such a huge fear of needles and it takes about 10 minutes for her to let them near her. It is so stressful for me to watch her in so much fear and stress. I really felt the dread run through me when she told me she is in pain again.

I am the rotten root. It is my fault she is suffering so much because I am the rotten root in her teeth that she has to have removed, all of her pain is because of me. I am giving her all the pain and to know this and to watch her undergo such terror to remove me and the pain I have caused her, is killing me. I literally have to be present all the way through her ordeal and it is like the compensation for what I have done to her, to sit and go through it with her and see all of the pain and that I am the root of all of her problems.

It is killing me to see what I have done to her. My heart and soul sank when she came in and told me she has so much pain again and her gum is swelling with an abscess. I felt terrible, I can't be bothered to go through more of this with her but I have to, I have to have my nose rubbed in it. I have to be battered and broken down to see the truth of the pain I have caused in her. I feel sick inside to have to go through this again with her. I don't want to, I want it to go away, it's too much to be bothered with and in writing that, I have just realised that is exactly how I felt about my children when they were young.

This tooth pain is bringing up in me all of the truth of the feelings I felt about my children but didn't dare express because it is being a bad mother. I was a bad mother, a terrible mother, it was a chore, I couldn't be bothered, I didn't want to do it, I was young and wanted my own life and this rejection of my children is the root cause of their pain now.

## **Healing**

26 January 2020

I was so sure I loved my children, I was so sure I was a good mother to them doing all I could for them, making their life a good one but through my healing I have realised the truth is the direct opposite to all I believed about myself and my relationship with my children.

I did all the things a good mum should do with and for her children but what I had denied and suppressed, never letting see the light of day, was the truth of the feelings I was feeling underneath all of this 'Good' parenting. The feelings I felt when I had to do something for my young children, making the breakfast, lunch and dinner every day of their lives, cleaning them and their clothes, getting them up for school and dropping them off, only to name a few tasks every parent has to do for their children, but all the time I was doing these things I didn't take any notice of the real feelings I was feeling about it all and they were terrible. Not nice or loving at all, yet they were the truth of how I felt, they were those awful terrible taboo feelings you feel so bad about feeling because it isn't allowed for a mother/parent to feel these things about their children.

Only recently in my healing, I have been having those denied and suppressed

feelings brought up for me to see the truth of and they have scared me, terrified me and I haven't wanted to believe they are true.

I can remember feeling so guilty when my children were younger for having these feelings so I would make myself love my children even more, but it wasn't love it was just a cover up for the awful way I was feeling about my children and they feel the truth of how I felt about them today. They are living that unloving truth and it is hurting them in some awful ways. They are living the pain of my true unloving parenting and showing me the truth every day, rubbing my nose in the truth and it is HELL!

The way I wanted to give my children away to child minders so I could go to work and carry on my life without them, like I never had them. I could go to work and totally forget about them even though they wanted me, I wouldn't let them have me, I wanted my life to carry on as if they never existed. I put money and my work above them and now they put money and work above their own selves just as I did to them, I showed them how to treat themselves so unlovingly, like they are so unworthy and money and work is worth much more than they are. This is just a tiny example of my unloving parenting, it goes so much deeper and so much more horrible that I can hardly bare to revisit it all but I have to, I want to so that I can feel it all and heal it.

It truly is going into Hell as the truth of all of the illusions comes to light about yourself, shit it is so awful, the truth of how we really feel, the intentions of our feelings that drift and float under our untrue actions, our façade. Its fucking awful I can hardly bare to admit it all and most of it I am not ready to share on here (the website forum) , I can't bring myself to write it because I don't want to believe it is the truth but in is in me so it all has to come out.

What we call loving parenting is all a lie, it's a cover up for the truth we really feel and until our healing has begun and the time comes to know the truth of how we treated our children, we will go on believing we were good and loving parents. We will be so adamant that this is the truth, just as I was, but its a lie, another lie we tell ourselves and the world so we are well thought of because admitting you were or are a bad mother is such a Taboo and you will have your children taken away and be locked up or hated by society and if the underlying



feelings were truly known and visible to all, then the truth would be out there for all to see, including your children.

Imagine how awful you would feel with the truth of your feelings being known, shit it's crushing, it would be a killer but at least your children would understand why they feel so shit and unloved and lonely and afraid and in so much pain, it's because the truth is they weren't loved by their parents but we keep telling them we love them while at the same time hating them, its so confusing to the child who has always known something isn't right. That poor confused child grows up to be a poor confused adult still looking for the love it didn't truly get from its parents; it craves it from ever relationship, that poor, poor child.

I can see what I have done to my children and I am paying for it big time. I can see all the bullshit I told them, all the things I bought them to prove I loved them yet couldn't connect to them from heart to heart so buying things was a good love substitute, or giving them food and sweets to make them feel good, that was all a substitute for my love and they grow up having unhealthy attachments to 'things' because they believe this is love, because mum lavished them with 'things' so 'things' must be good. It was all so wrong, they would have been better without anything, only me and the truth of my love but I wasn't able to give them that because it wasn't given to me. I couldn't give them the connection of love from my heart because I never felt it from my own parents and you can't pass on what you don't have in you.

I gave them loneliness, emptiness, hollow hearts, pain and suffering, struggle, depression, anxiety, stress, unloving relationships and so much more of the things that were given to me and dressed up as LOVE!!!! All of this pain was the 'Wolf in Sheep's clothing' from my parents, all their pain was dressed up as a loving parental relationship that I believed I had with my parents and I couldn't understand why I was in such pain all my life if I was loved by them as they always insisted I was. Now I get it, now I know the truth and I understand why I have been in such pain and it is the truth of how being loved by my parents how I needed to be, their love wasn't love at all but until they decide to do their healing, my parents will go on to believe they loved me and they won't be able to understand me and why I don't want to know them any more.

When my children decide to do their healing I expect them to reject me totally out of their lives when they see the truth of my unloving parenting. I feel like I don't want them to love me like they do because I know the truth and they are not yet ready to know it, they don't want to hear about how unloving I was and can't yet accept it about me, but they will one day when it is their time and I will be happy for them to reject me because I will understand and know the truth and be relieved that they too now know the truth.

Seeing the pain I have caused my children is unbearable, it is a living Hell that every parent will have to go through to some degree no matter how much they believed they love their children, even something as normal as giving your baby a dummy when it is crying to pacify it is a complete rejection of your baby, you are not willing to give your child what it is crying for, which is YOU! You are not willing to share yourself with your baby so you give it a substitute of you, a dummy mummy.

All these little HUGE things we do as parents are so unloving, they have such an unloving impact on our babies that they carry with them throughout their lives, doing so much damage to them and their future relationships. I know because I am seeing it all playing out before my very eyes like a life review of what I have done to my children, it is like I am being made to sit down and watch a show on TV of what I have done to them and it is like watching a horror movie that makes you cringe and you don't want to look. It is fucking awful but has to be done and gone through with a fine toothcomb, nothing is left out.

I have thought in the past that I have gotten away with things in my past and not had to re-live them through my healing but I have always been wrong, they always come up eventually, everything I have done has been reviewed and I have had to feel about it and it won't go away until I have felt it thoroughly and then I think I have done it to death, only to find it comes up again and what I thought it was, it never is, so I go of again, asking Mother and Father to help me find the truth of my feelings and I get taken down another level, deeper. It is like I get dropped down deeper into the levels of Hell to find the real truth because that is where they all live.

If you have children it is not just your own healing and what was done to you, that you have to feel about, it is what you have done to others and to your

children, this is huge and puts my own healing into a different place, it is quite another thing to feel the truth of how we have hurt others. It is gruelling to see what a terrible person we truly are but it is the truth that has to come out and felt through so deeply so we are able to forgive ourselves and feel some sort of compassion for ourself, but it is such a hard thing to do. It takes so much humility to be honest with ourselves and go there, to see what an evil person we truly are and accept it, express it and find the truth of it. Fuck, it is so hard and it is all that my life is about now, feeling my way through the pain I am in and the pain I have caused to others and my poor, poor children.

All of the things I believed about myself, the beliefs I had about myself were only beliefs, they weren't true, they got in the way of the truth about myself, beliefs get in the way of truth and I was stopping myself getting to the truth because I believed in my beliefs, they were all lies and had to be dropped so I could get to the truth. I was nothing that I believed I was, I was not the great parent I believed I was and it has been a terrible time breaking through all of that untruth. Dropping the beliefs so that the truth can be revealed with God's help.

### **More feeling expression about my eyes.**

30 January 2020

My eyes are now so bad, so swollen that I can hardly open them. I look gross and scary and I feel so scared about what is happening to me. They itch and ooze a watery substance from the skin; my eyelids and I feel so awful, ugly, fat and monster like. I am a monster and that is how I was feeling as I have been expressing how I have hurt my children, I felt like a monster and now I look like one. I can't bare to look at myself, what if it never goes away and I have to stay like this for ever, so unsightly, having every one look at me and stay clear of me because I look so hideous.

I want it to go, to leave me alone but it won't and it has been about six weeks now and gradually getting worse making me hate myself more and more, now being able to look at myself because I am so disgusting. My eyelids feel hot and sore and enflamed, really angry and I have been the same, angry but not knowing how to express it, not being allowed to let it out because I will get told off, it just wasn't an option to express anger as a child so I had to keep it to

myself and now it is expressing itself physically and making me feel the truth.

So much irritation, itching, soreness. I hate it, I hate me.

**Feeling how unfair it all is, itchy anger!!**

1 February 2020

This endless itchiness on my eyelids, it's driving me mad, fucking crazy and so angry that I can't do anything about it. It went down a bit today and now, tonight, it is fucking itching again. I am so pissed off, so, so, so, so, so pissed off. Why me, why this, it's not fair and I am so sick of one thing after another. I feel like it will never end, it will always be like this for me (I felt a memory from my childhood come to me then, thinking the same, things will never change for me, it will always be like this). I feel so trapped in this irritation, I want to scratch my eyelids out until they are red raw and bleeding. I want to scratch them in such anger at the irritation and it is both of them, both of my fucking parents irritating me. I am so fucked off with this.

I am really worried that this is it for me; it will always be like this, itching and being irritated by my eyes. The skin has all puffed up and then it goes down and is all wrinkly and I hated that about my mum, even when she was younger her skin was wrinkly and she looked old and I wished she could look beautiful like the other mums. As I am writing this I am itching my eyes making them worse and my mum would tell me to stop scratching and put some cream on them, I can hear her telling me off for making them worse.

I am so fucking angry, I want this to fuck off, please fuck off and leave me alone, I have had enough, please leave me alone, please stop irritating me.

I feel so powerless to do anything about it, I can't escape from it, I have to let it consume me and take over because I don't want to medicate it, I want to feel my way through it but it's so hard. I am scared that I will always have to put up with it, I can't heal it, I am so useless, I can't do it, I am too powerless to heal it. I have no power so I have to let it have me, irritate me, do what it wants with me. I have to give myself to it completely, I am not my own person, I don't have my own will, I have to do the will of this irritation and let it do what it wants to me.

What's the point in having a life when it isn't my own but so controlled by everyone and everything, even a fucking eyelid irritation. Fuck, Fuck, Fuck I am so pissed off. I have to do what it tells me, I have to let it control me because I am not allowed to tell it to fuck off and leave me alone. I can't tell it that it irritates me so much and drives me crazy all day and night, I can't be angry with it, I am not allowed to be angry or speak my mind to it or anyone. I have to let it walk all over me; I have to be a complete doormat.

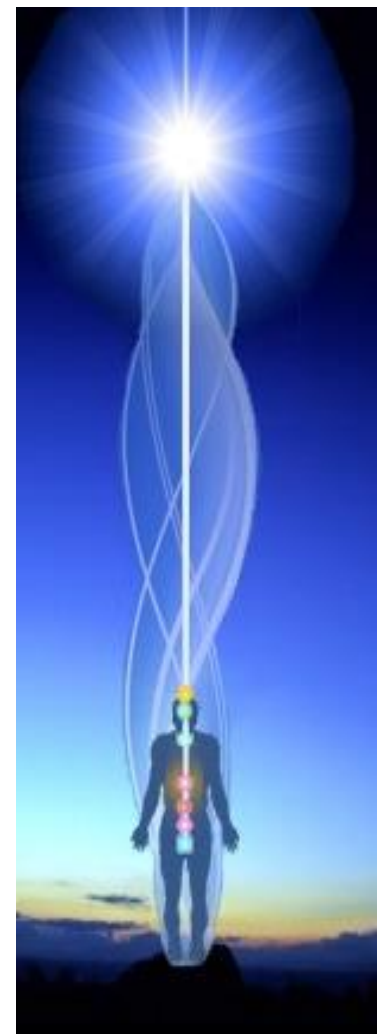
I need this eye irritation to bring out the powerlessness that I have always felt, powerless to do anything I want to do because I am so controlled. I can't even be angry, I am not allowed. I am so controlled that I have to let this irritation ravage me, I have to let it do what it wants with me and it is so unfair, I feel so powerless and so overwhelmed by it.

### **My eye swelling has gone.**

2 February 2020

I woke up today to find the swelling and itching has gone. I can't say how happy I am. I spent time last night feeling the urge to long to Mother and Father for Their Divine Love and I could feel it flow into me and it has been months since I even felt like longing to Them but the urge came upon me to do it. I was talking with Them for many hours last night expressing how pissed off I was with how They reject me and how much I hate Them for not ever helping me and then I went to bed and as I settled ready for sleep I felt Them around me so I longed to Them for Their love and it flowed. Not gushing or anything like that but just a subtle flow of Them into me.

It wasn't their Divine Love that healed me but it was my emptying out of my pain to them that has healed this irritation with my eyes that has lasted six weeks. I have poured it out at Them all this time and there has been so much to get out of me. So much irritation, anger and painful feelings that needed to come out before any sign of





this eye irritation leaving me. Last night after expressing all I had left in me about how angry I was about my eyes, I felt Their Love flow into me, it felt like I was now ready to receive Them, now I had emptied myself to Them. The pain went out and Their Love came in. It's incredible.

### **The waking up horrible rituals.**

3 February 2020

Oh my God, I hate the awful feelings that come to me every morning when I wake up. Having to do all of the laborious chores to make our selves presentable to the world. I hate cleaning my teeth, I have always hated doing it, it is such a chore that I dread and sometimes I don't do it just because I can't bring myself to do it. How does it make me feel? Like I am being made to do something I really don't want to do and if I don't do it then I feel bad until I do it. I have all of the fears in me of mum telling me that if I don't do it I will be in pain at the dentist because all of my teeth will rot so it is fear that drives me to do it. There is no self love driving me to do it, no looking after myself because I am worth it, none of that was put into me as a child, just the fear, the threat of not doing it and what will be the consequences.

I hate it, I fucking hate doing it so much, I feel like I have to drag myself to do it. I hate the foamy toothpaste in my mouth, it makes me want to gag and throw up every time and as a child I hated it so much. I wanted mum to buy me toothpaste that doesn't foam up but she couldn't find one. My mouth filled with all of those tiny bubbles, shit it is making me creep right now even, yuk!!!

yuk

A mouth full of thick foam, it horrifies me, get it out. It feels so un-natural to have that stuff in my mouth, I don't like it, and I don't want it. "Please Mother and Father, why don't I like it, what is it about it I don't like, please help me find the truth of this because I can't get to it." A thick toothpasty foam in my mouth, filling my mouth until I spit it out and get rid of it, constricting me, filling every gap in my mouth, I don't like it, I hate it, I don't want it, I don't ever want to do it again and I can't bare seeing it on TV, when someone is cleaning their teeth and I see all of that white foam everywhere, yuk, fucking yuk, it makes me want to be sick. The sight of it, the feeling of it, take it away,

yuk

I have to look away because I can't stand to look at it without gagging. I am the same with Milk, I get the same feelings and I have never been able to drink it, even as a child I hated it. White yukky stuff, shit it makes me shudder.

Seeing the white foam around my mouth getting everywhere looking so unsightly and so out of control, so ugly with it everywhere spewing out of my mouth, how could any one want people to see them like that? It is all about control and looking ugly with that white foam going everywhere like a rabid animal. Shit, can't people get control over themselves, keep control of it, but it goes all over the place and looks so awful, I can't bare to look at it, to look at how out of control you are when cleaning your teeth and having all of that horrid white stuff going everywhere. It looks so awful, why would anyone want anyone else to see them like that? Shut the fucking door and do it in private so no one else has to see. I can see my mum cleaning her teeth and not being worried by anyone seeing her do it and it horrified me that she doesn't mind me seeing her like that with that stuff all over her face, fuck I can't bare it.

I just don't want it in my mouth, I hate it but was made to do it every day, not that I did because I hated it so much, I used to just use water because I hated the way tooth paste felt.

I haven't finished with this; I will have to come back to it later because I am at a block with it.

**I am so scared and can't cope with my pain.**

1 February 2020

As my healing is moving forward I am realising the truth of how I just can't cope with pain in any shape or form, I just can't cope with it. This truth was just ground into me only a moment ago when a bit of food I was eating touched an ulcer I have in my mouth, shit it made me paralysed for a moment with the pain, I couldn't do anything for that second. Then it came to me as I asked myself how did that just make me feel? Well, like I can't cope with it and if I stay perfectly still it might not get any worse so I was paralysed until it went away.

I can't cope with how bad it might get for me, I really can't cope with it, so for

that moment I feel like I don't exist, or I try to make myself not exist so I don't have to feel the pain and I realise I do this with all pain and I always have. I get so overwhelmed with pain so I try not to exist, then it can't get me, like some childhood monster that is always after me and if I stay perfectly still I will become invisible to it and I won't exist so won't have to feel the pain it will bring to me.

I am terrified by pain, not just my own but every ones, even people I don't know, I can't bare to hear about it all as it effects me so deeply, the sadness is like nothing I can describe. It is like my soul dies when I hear about others pain, I can't cope with it, it's all too much, and it is going to crush me, annihilate me into a million pieces. I can't cope, even now, writing this, I feel like I can't cope with any pain, I will do all I can to stop it so I don't have to feel bad, fix it all for everyone so it doesn't effect me, so I don't have to feel my pain.

Shit, that pain I felt just now with the ulcer thing, I froze, it was to late, the pain had got me but if I stayed still it might go away. I wanted to not exist for that moment in time, out of fear and dread of how much pain I will have to feel. The pain will hurt me, harm me and I don't want it to, it is all against my will, I don't want to be hurt but this pain is going to do it and I have no say so I try to not exist to it by freezing to the spot so I don't exist. I have never wanted to exist so I could avoid all pain, I have always wanted to be invisible, like I am not here so things can't effect me.

The pain won't go away, it is always there for me and I can't cope with it and now Faye can't cope with it either, she avoids the things she is scared of and becomes invisible to them like I did, I have done this to her. If I don't exist, life can't hurt me and my son has the same avoidance as me, he has suicidal thoughts, trying to not exist so he doesn't have to feel his painful feelings just like me, I did this to him. I have taught my children to not exist to their bad feelings, I showed them how to do it and now I am paying for it as I see their fears come for them as they came for me and I see them try to not exist to them just as I did. It is all so hopeless, I have been such a terrible parent.

**My face pain is excruciating.**

12 February 2020

More fucking pain, I am so fucking pissed off with this pain shit. When will it end for me, it is one pain after another and if it's not my pain then it's my children's. I have had enough of this; I am so fed up with it. Fuck it, just fuck off!!

My face pain has come back and it is moving all over my face, in my nose, then in my jaws, then in my eyes, then in my cheek bones and on it goes, like my face is being crushed in a vice. I can't do anything about it; it is my pain and tells me so much about myself and how scared I am of the pain. I am so terrified of it and what it will do to me. How bad it might get, unbearable, overwhelming, I can't cope. It has such a hold over me, the pain is my parents and how overwhelming they are, how they controlled me, just like this pain is.

Fuck off pain, I fucking hate you. Why do you want to hurt me all the time, why can't you leave me alone to have some peace instead of making my life hell? This pain stops me doing everything, I have to go to bed and suffer. I think I will always be in pain, I can't see myself ever in peace. I feel my facial bones are being crushed; the pressure is killing me right now. I feel like dying, it is so bad and it keeps coming back to get me. I have weeks when I think it has gone and then weeks when it comes every night between 8:00 and 10:00 pm it begins and I fucking dread the first twinges of pain because I know I am in for a bad night.

It has just moved to my ears and they ache so much, now it is in my eyebrows and now my cheekbones and upper jaw, which is how quickly it moves around my face. Burning my bones and facial muscles. I can't escape from this pain, I feel locked in my own face and can't get away from the pain.

Pain, pain, pain it is consuming me, I am in so much pain I just want to cry. I can't stop it, I can't control it as it controls me totally, I just have to let it have its way with me, to do what it wants. I am powerless, I am out of control, I am nothing. I have no control over this pain, it is so strong, so powerful and I am so subservient and weak compared to it. I give up, I crumble under it, I let it hurt me, I let it do what it wants.

I feel like a total doormat, a useless, pathetic person that everyone can walk all over, including all my physical pain. I don't feel like my own person but controlled and this is the pain I feel being so controlled. It crushes me, it bullies me, and it uses me. This is the physical manifestation of the emotional denied and suppressed pain I feel, this is how it feels to be so controlled by everyone. To feel I am not my own person but belong to everyone. To feel so weakened that I no longer exist to myself, I am not here for me, I am a vessel for anyone who wants to control something, use me!

I feel so locked into this pain, I can't get away from it, it is my parents, they are crushing me, keeping me controlled under their rule and I want to break free but I can't, I am stuck. I can't escape.

### **God, what God?**

16 February 2020

When as a child, God wasn't in my family's life so where do I get this idea that God exists for me? God wasn't a part of our upbringing, it was just mum and dad, they were our gods and all that we had to worship so where has my belief in God come from? I have made it all up, it's all just more deluded beliefs of mine because I am too scared that God doesn't exist, that thought fucking scares me shitless, that there is no God, then there is nothing and 'nothing' scares me. That there is nothing after I die; I am so scared of being nothing.

God is just another one of my fantasies I have conjured up because I am so scared of the finality of nothingness without God. I have been kidding myself about God, I have been denying the truth of my fear that God doesn't exist and it scared me, even as a child, that all I had was mum and dad and they weren't enough. What would happen if they went? I would have no one in my life just nothingness.

Yes, I have been denying the fear of how it feels not to have God in my life so I have made it all up, that of course God exists, but I didn't know for sure. I have been longing to God for Their Divine Love and I don't even believe that they exist, I just hope they do because it scares me so much if They don't. No wonder I can't feel Their Love enter me, I don't believe They exist and this is the truth



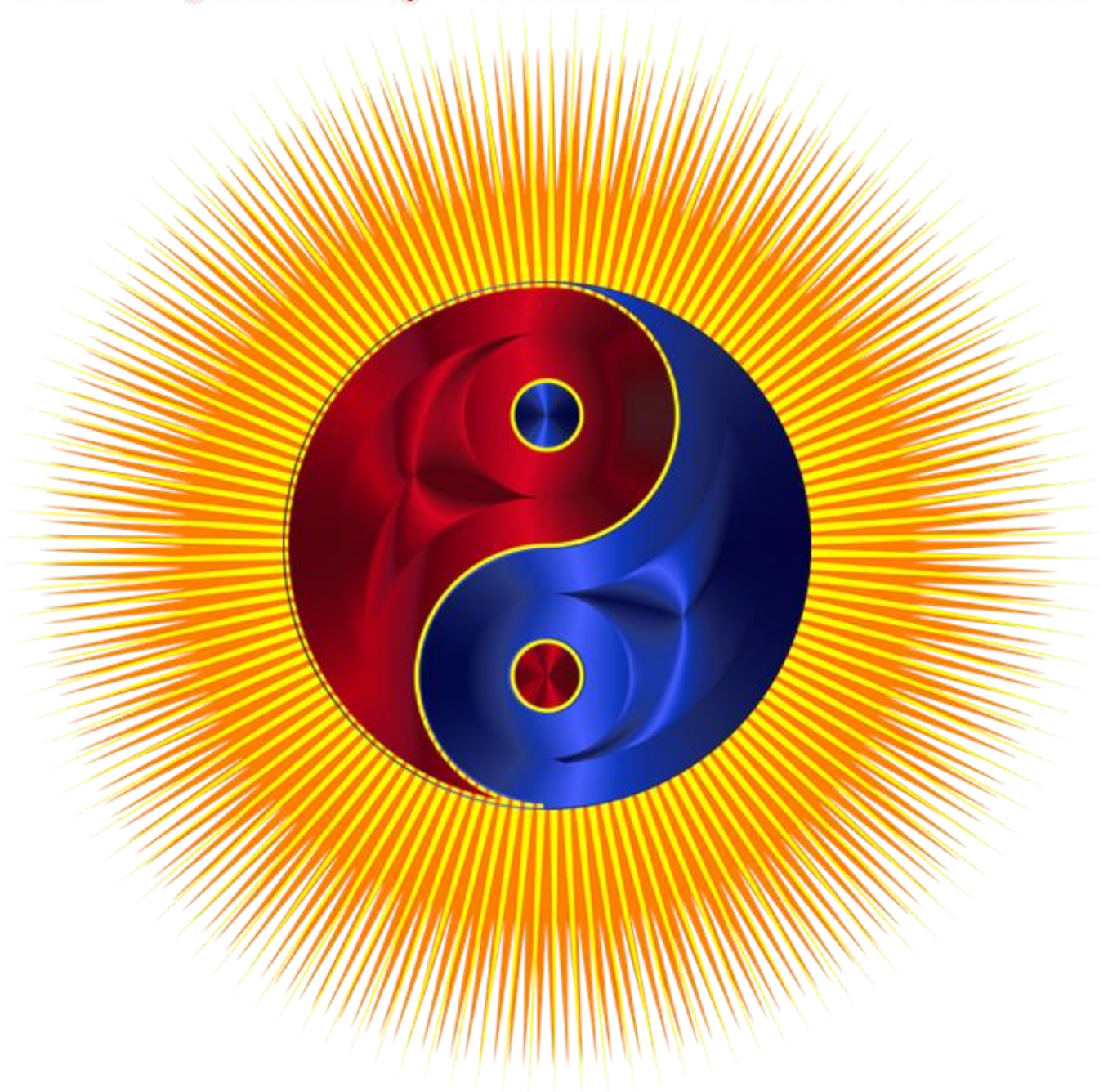
God wants me to see. And then I go and say that, that God wants me to see the truth, like I do believe in Them, oh shit, it is so confusing but there is a voice inside me that knows They exist I just don't trust it because mum and dad never brought us up to trust in God, only them and I couldn't trust them either so this is so fucked up for me.

There has always been a part of me, that when I long to God, I am saying "no Sam, they don't exist" it has been a constant battle and has made my longing very painful and feel almost futile when I am longing on one hand yet on the other, I am telling myself it's pointless. The truth is as a child I didn't have God in my life, we never spoke of God and now God wants me to know the truth of how it was for me and how that feels. Well, as a child I felt very alone, like mum and dad weren't enough or really there for me, so I was alone. I didn't really know about God, so life was very finite and I felt like I had to hang on to my parents because if any thing happened to them, that was the end for me, I can remember the fear of losing them, it was so horrible and it used to make me cry to think I might lose them both, then what would happen to me.

Shit, they made me so dependant on them and that started so many fears. Living without God is finite, nothing, pointless, meaningless and I am scared of feeling those feelings again, as I felt as a child so I have denied my true childhood beliefs and pretended I believe God exists when my childhood truth is that they don't.

I have been kidding myself all this time, all throughout my healing; pretending to myself that I believe in God and this belief/lie has kept me from the truth and from God themselves. I have had to admit to myself this childhood truth, that I don't really believe in God. God isn't there for me because God doesn't exist to me. I haven't been brought up with God; my parents had all the power and put themselves between me and the truth. I believed what they said and they never talked about God. I am trying to force myself to believe in God when I have no idea about them, I don't know and I have been pretending that I know. Fuck, how fucking arrogant and deceiving. I don't know God, God wasn't a truth in my forming years so how can I pretend they exist now. I am so full of shit; I have believed my own bullshit because I am too scared to revisit the pain of being without God. It is lonely, desolate, unloving, etc...

# Our Heavenly Mother and Father



As a child I didn't believe in God and that belief is still inside me and keeping me from knowing God. I haven't been able to get past it; it's been the block in all of my healing and longing to God. They must have thought how can they give me their Divine Love when I am really telling them that I don't believe in them and that belief has had to be accepted by me which it hasn't been until now. I can see it now and for this past seven years of healing I couldn't really see it until today and this is a huge truth for me to know and admit and accept. It's massive and right now I am seeing a host of smiling faces all dressed in white clapping and looking at me from the Heavens like I have just crossed a huge milestone in my healing. I can really see them congratulating me; it sounds crazy but is true, I have broken through that barrier and I can see a vast hall with hundreds of people watching me. Wow!!!

I am in shock, amazement at this incredible truth I have accepted and that has finally been revealed to me tonight, that I don't believe in God. "I don't believe in you God, my false belief in you has been keeping me from you, my fear of admitting and accepting that you don't exist to me has kept me from You. You were not a part of my family life so You didn't exist to me. My parents took Your place and took all the power that comes from keeping me from You. They stood in my way, I couldn't see You through them, they wanted to be my god. I feel like a huge truth has been kept from me, the truth of who my real parents are and they are You. I hope we can get to know each other now, I hope You will show Yourselves to me as I want to meet my real Parents."

**More expression about my lack of belief in God.**

20 February 2020

Really connecting in with my life long feelings of feeling so nothing and empty. Like nothing will ever change for me and it will stay like this forever. I felt like this as a child and couldn't wait to grow up and leave home so I could do what I want and have an exciting life and I did many things to make life exciting all because I wanted to get away from the feelings I am feeling now and have always been there.

I really do feel like I have always felt like this and it will always be like this

because now I have stopped doing all the exciting things to stop me feeling the truth of my feelings. I filled my life with doing stuff so I could feel excited, have things to look forward to, being interesting and planning things in my life and now all of that has ended and I am now living the truth, that life is boring, shit and will never be anything else.

I have also had to accept and admit the truth to myself that I have no idea about God, I have no idea if they exist and that has made me feel very empty again, deeper emptiness in fact. Like there is nothing for me, no future, no exciting feelings of God's Divine Love flowing into me. It is a horrible feeling but I have to be true to how I feel. I just don't know about them. I was kidding myself about them before and now I am feeling the truth of what I was so scared to admit to myself because it is so final, such an ending if I don't have Them in my life so I pretended they existed to me, I made it all up because I wanted to believe it and the truth is I have no idea about Them or if They exist.

It is all so disappointing without God and my made up belief in Them was just to keep me from this awful feeling of being so let down because They are not there for me. It is so disappointing, so deeply lonely to think and feel like there is nothing but me and I am not enough. I want there to be something else, I want God to exist to me and be real, I want to feel God's Divine Love but no matter how much I beg them and long for Their Love, I receive nothing so it has plunged me down into my childhood feelings of God not being real.

I feel so deeply let down inside, I want to cry all the time with disappointment, I had so many fantasies of Them but they were all wrong and made up fairy tales of my mind, things I wanted to be true but didn't come with any feelings to confirm to me that They exist. Just one little bit of Love, is that too much to ask for? I don't get anything and it pisses me off so much. Why don't They hear me? Why don't They change my mind and show me They exist, prove themselves to me that They are real? It is so unfair and I feel so deeply let down by Them both, it wouldn't take much, just a drop and I would be Theirs but it never happens so what am I meant to believe!! If I don't feel Them then They are not real to me and it is so crushing to me.

I am truly crushed inside that They don't show me They love me or that They



even exist. I have to just stay in this utter disappointment. I don't feel Them and I wish more than anything that I did. I don't feel my physical parents' love either and I don't feel any one's love for me even if they say they love me, I can't feel it because I didn't feel my physical parents' love for me and because of this I can't feel God's Love or any love. I don't know how to feel love enter me; I don't know what it feels like. I can't receive love or give it all because I didn't feel loved as a child and I am still that child.

I feel like there is no hope for me and it is the end. I have got to a place where I don't feel I will ever change and I will always be this unloved and unlovable empty shell of a person, so hollow, so pointless, so hopeless. I can't see any point in me and I feel so sad that I have nothing, no God, no love, Nothing.

**Such emptiness, it hurts!**

20 February 2020

Oh God, I feel so empty, such a yearning to be filled with something, the emptiness is so longing to be filled, it is like a craving, an addiction to get anything just to fill the emptiness. Its painful, it hurts, I am so empty that it hurts. It is making me want to scream with such excruciating longing to get this void in me filled; I want to scream out the pain of having nothing, being so nothing.

Shit, this emptiness is driving me mad, fucking crazy almost like a frenzy inside me to get the emptiness filled, so I can feel ok again but nothing works, all of my addictions work for a second then I am back to yearning and longing again for the emptiness to be taken away. How does empty feel? It is a huge hollowness inside, a void where love should be but I can't receive love to fill it. I am still repelling any love because I didn't receive it as a child, I didn't feel it even though my parents said they loved me, it was all mind love not heart and soul love that can be felt, it was just words a parent has to say to a child but doesn't know how to feel it themselves so how can they give it, they can't.

I feel like just giving up, I am a lost cause; a hopeless case and nothing will ever change for me, that is how I feel. I will never feel God's Divine Love flow into me and you have no idea how devastating that makes me feel but I have learnt to



put up with it, to just roll over and put up with my missing out and I do have such a terrible feeling of missing out all the time. I will never get what I want in life because I couldn't get the love I wanted from mum and dad as a child. That love sets you up for life and without it; you are fucked, completely fucked up for the rest of your days and that is how I feel right now.

**I feel like I don't exist to God.**

20 February 2020

Why does God deny me all the time? It's as if I don't exist to them. What do I have to do to get Their attention? They are terrible parents, They have left me, deserted me, left me alone and They don't seem to give a shit about me and how I am hurting. They never ask me how I am, They don't care about me. I am nothing to Them. They leave me alone with my pain, They don't help me but They make it worse. Their lack of interest in me has made me think They don't exist and it would be so easy for Them to show me They are real but I get nothing from Them.

A life with out love isn't a real life, it is a pretend life and that is what mine is. I am so scared that I will never know God, never have a relationship with Them or have anything that feels real and alive. I feel totally denied by Them, totally hated by Them, totally unwanted by Them and totally unloved by Them, forgotten and denied and rejected by Them. This is it for me, a denied life, They don't want to know me, I am nothing to Them.

**Feeling so fucked I can't do anything.**

6 March 2020

I haven't written on here for a while because I have been too fucked to do anything. I am so low feeling through all of the pain I have given to my children and I see that pain in them every minute of every day and it feels like it is killing me. It is too much and if you were watching me and my family you would not know what I am talking about, just another normal family but it is not so.

They tell me of all their every day feelings and problems, no matter how small, I feel them as huge and devastating and it has got so much worse this week,

unbearable almost. I have to go into the bathroom and just cry and cry until I am empty. The pain that I feel when they tell me about all that is going on in their lives, shit, it hits me like a fucking brick wall, it is unbelievable how I am feeling it now, and all of this I would have once brushed off and told them it will all be ok. It won't fucking well be ok, it will stay with them until they decide they can't take life any more and decide to heal themselves or stay in the shit of it all and carry on in pain.

The pain I am feeling is the pain of what I have done to them, the compensation and I can liken it to any other pain, it comes from a place in me so deep and their pain is my pain so I feel it as my pain and theirs, what have I done to them!! It is shocking and overwhelming and I am truly paying for it all. I wish I could explain the pain of this compensation but I can't only that it is always with me no matter what I do, it is there with me reminding me of what I have done to them. Everyday I am crying uncontrollably at what I have done. My parenting has caused them the greatest harm that could ever be caused to them, their worst enemy couldn't have cause more harm but I, their mother, has done this to them.

**Pain is always one step ahead of me.**

10 March 2020

I feel absolutely wrecked, unable to cope any more and crying constantly. This journey has ripped me apart and I have fought it all the way making it so hard for myself. The fight is in me, it has been bred into me to fight hard and it is that fight, that resistance that is killing me right now. I feel like I am dying inside, I can't cope with anything, I feel like I am being broken down and I can fight all I like, the break down is still happening to me.

Nothing can stop it. I can't control anything, I can't control pain and I try so hard to. Pain is the big thing I try to stop in everyone, in my children. I see the pain they are in and I try to make it all good for them, I can't help it, it is in mine to fix it all for every one and I am now seeing that I can't do any thing about it, it is out of my control and every time I try to fix it or fight it to make it better, the pain steps up, it goes one better and it is always out of my reach. I can never catch up with it, pain is always one step ahead of me and so much stronger than me, I can't fix it and it has broken me, I just cry all the time as I see the pain

happening in front of me with my children and it isn't always bad, it could be something tiny and not seen by anyone else but it is all seen by me, what I have done to them.

It is all my fault and I know and see that but I can't fix it and that is the torment for me, seeing what I have done to them and having to watch it play out, my face being rubbed in it all like pain is laughing at me and showing me what I have done. It is cruel but it is the truth and it has been unbearable to see. It is crippling for my children and for me, heart breaking, destroying and I am utterly devastated by the pain I have caused, I was blind to it before, I never saw it as being anything to do with me and it was just how their lives would go because of their choices but those choices have been based on the errors I put into them, on how I taught them to be, on how I parented them, on how I loved them which was all so unloving as I see it now. I have fucked their lives up with my unloving parenting and they are the result of it all.

### Speaking with Corona (Coronavirus).

24 March 2020

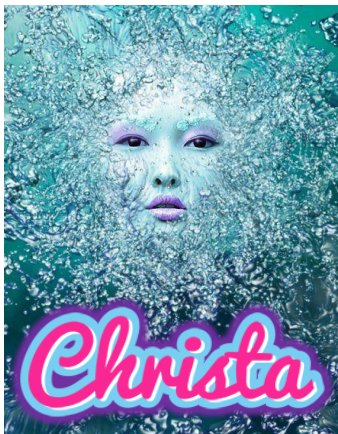
I am not hurting you, you are all already hurt. All I am doing is making you feel the truth of how you really feel deep down inside. I am not killing you, your parents have already done that to you, it is how you have felt throughout your life and now you are going through the physical manifestation of those awful feelings your parents made you feel.



This is how they made you feel as a child and that 80 year old that you see dying on the news has always been dying, since birth, he has felt like he is dying, always being on the brink of it as it is how his parents made him feel. There is no way on Earth I can possibly be worse than how your parents treated you, it just can't happen, I can only affect you as far and as badly as your parents affected you, I am not the bad guy in all of this, they are. I can't create more pain in you than your parents have already created, I am the manifestation of the level of pain they created in you and I want to make that clear.

What I am doing is bringing the truth of that pain to the surface. It is now time for it all to be manifest so you can know the truth of how much you were hurt, to know the truth of how unlovingly you were parented. The extent of unloving parenting that you all had to endure as children and it is now killing you, that is the truth of how bad it was. It is killing you because you refuse to understand what is happening, you refuse to connect to your pain, you still refuse to accept the truth and this is the open door for me to enter into you and find a cell for me to live off of and mutate and multiply in you. Your denied and suppressed feelings let me in.

You won't give in to me and let the truth be known, you continue to resist me and push me away just as you have done all your life with your feelings. You would rather die than feel the truth I bring to you, so you decide! Stop resisting me and work with me in what I want you to know about yourself. I am no greater than the pain you felt and denied as a child.



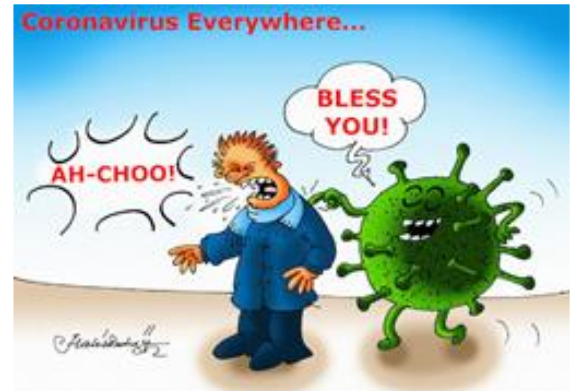
I am Corona, Sam speaks with me through her Nature Spirit Christa and I can only tell her what she is capable of understanding so it is all pretty basic but that is how I want to speak with you, as children so you get it. I am the thing you fear the most but you all misunderstand me, you hate me, you fear me, you are so afraid of what I will do to you if I infect you. You fear me killing you, making you feel so bad, but isn't this all so familiar, isn't this how you felt about your parents at times in your life, isn't this how they made you feel, only allowing yourself to feel a tiny portion of the pain they inflicted on you, the rest went denied and suppressed and that is what I feed on, what you will not feel. It is them you fear and I am helping you feel that truth. I am not bad at all, I am good, working for your good, you have to turn how you feel about me around to see the truth of me. I am here to help the world heal if you would only allow me to by ending the resistance to me. Let me work on your denied and suppressed childhood feelings, connect with how I am making



you feel because this is how your parents made you feel, it is the same, no different. It is those denied feelings and your resistance to feel them that is killing you.

I am not saying this will be easy, you are not even aware of any of this, you just believe you have a Virus spreading its way through the world like an evil plague and I understand how hard it will be to see me as working for your good but it just takes a shift away from your mind and into your feelings. **How am I making you FEEL!!** That is the question I

want you to begin with. I am now being forced upon you all, you have no choice and that is the way I have to work with you because I can only work with you in the way that your parents worked with you and they gave you little to no choice as children. I am here mirroring the parenting you all went through, this is the way it was for you as children. Your parents forced you to do their will and gradually your own will got left behind, not being considered at all by your parents and that is how I have to work with you all and you will all feel me differently depending on the severity of your will denial and suppression.



Your parents are the Virus, Corona Virus is each and every one of your parents and what they did to you as children and it is still inside you, I am bringing it out. Corona virus is your parents scaring you and hurting you making you feel like dying, even killing you and there is no one on the planet that I won't get to. Right now, I am affecting you all, your lives have changed even though you may not be ill. Accept the way I am making you feel right now, express how I am making you feel right now and let the truth come to you through your feelings, how I am making you feel, this is how your parents made you feel.

It is not me killing and harming you making you feel so ill and bad, it is your parents. Please go to your feelings as I have asked you to do and you will begin to see the truth of how bad you have always felt. I speak the truth. Let the healing I bring to you open you up to the truth of how you felt as a child. You were parented by two of the same Viruses, they are the Virus that is within you right from your conception and took away your will just as I am doing to you



now. I am treating you the same way as your parents treated you as children and you refused to see it so denied it. All of humanity will be affected by me to a lesser or greater degree. I will enter every life on Earth and show you the truth of your denied and suppressed childhood pain by how I make you feel. I will make you realise the pain and fear of how you were parented and the more you keep up your resistance of me, the more painful it will be for you.

So I ask you to let me in, stop the fight as you can't win and you never could as children, your parents always won over you so I have to do the same, as I have said, I can't be any worse to you than how your parents were to you, they have set the pace for how I work with you, it is them and their parenting of you that set the way I work on humanity. I am not making you feel anything that has not already been put into you by your parents, it was already inside you and I am triggering it for you to feel. I am reuniting you with the truth of how hurt and unloved you feel because of your unloving childhoods. You will know yourself like never before, you will know the truth at last about your pain and how it was for you as children. It is time to take off the rose tinted glasses and really know the truth.



I am not BAD, your parents were, I am only being them to you, this is how unloved you felt by them and it is coming up for you to know. No one will escape me, you are all hurt children, even the 80 year old is just a hurt child in an older body that has gone on longer being unaware of the truth of his pain, he has been in denial longer but you are all the same no matter how old you are.

The 80 year old has had 80 years to wake up to his denied and suppressed childhood pain, he has always been a trapped and 'Locked Down' little scared child. No one will escape me of that you can be sure, I am so tiny yet I have the power to end it all just as your parents had the same power over you all. You all have the power to turn this around and all you have to do is to begin feeling how I am making you feel, accept every feeling, express every feeling and find the truth through your feelings. Do this and I will lose strength and lose the hold I have over you because I no longer have to make you feel so bad to make you feel your feelings. Stop the resistance to me, run to me, let me into your life, want me to show you the truth of your pain, talk to me and



we can work together to heal you and turn the tide. If you decide to further resist me then it will only get worse with new viruses being created, stronger ones to make you feel even worse until you get it!!

You have the cure within you all and that cure is YOUR FEELINGS!! It is the most loving thing you can do for yourself, it is the thing your parents wouldn't let you do, FEEL and express those feelings. You are allowed to have them, I am telling you to let yourself feel all of your pain, let it out NOW and I will no longer have to make you feel scared and ill and bad, you will be doing what I came here to do with you, make you feel.

Feel how I make you feel, then my work is done and you would have seen the truth of why I have had to come. You don't need any Vaccines, that is just



further resistance to me and I will have to be stronger with you all by creating more powerful viruses, ones that you don't have vaccines for. Your resistance to me controls what I have to do next to get you to stop and FEEL! If you decide to vaccinate against me then you have chosen to further deny me and your bad feelings and it makes it all worse for yourself. Your feelings

and expression of them are all you need to end this terrible time you are going through, you are in control of my next move, your denial of your feelings lead the way.

You look to your Governments to tell you what to do next, to create vaccines to stop you feeling bad, you depend on them to fix it all for you, yet again giving your parents control over you because that is what you are used to doing, you are only doing what your parents taught you to do, let your parents control you instead of taking responsibility for this yourself by going within, going to your feelings and feeling them fully by accepting them, expressing them and letting the truth come to you through your feelings. Be responsible for how bad you feel by feeling your bad feelings and fears about this. The healing of this is in each and every one of you but by allowing the government to parent you further is just more of your denial of how you truly feel. No one can fix this for you, it is for each and every one of you to heal this within yourself, through your feelings, you can do it, you have the tools to heal this, YOUR FEELINGS.

I am Corona, the Virus making you feel your fears, the truth! I will make you feel the truth of your unloving childhood that your parents made you feel. I have always been in each and every one of you lying dormant until now, you are scared of going out and catching it yet it is already in you through your parents unloving parenting of you. I am Corona, I come to light up the truth of your Denied and Suppressed childhood feelings and you believe I am Bad but I am telling you, I AM GOOD! I am working for your Good, see the healing I am bringing to humanity. You all have the cure and that cure is FEELING YOUR FEELINGS.



**I am feeling a lot of fear coming up over this C-virus.**

26 March 2020

I am scared of the gasping for breath, which really scares me; it's like being strangled to death by an invisible force. There is nothing I can do about it, I can't control it in any way and I am seeing how powerless and out of control I am.

I have been telling Mother and Father how scared I am and that there is nothing I can do to stop myself getting it. I feel so helpless, so hopeless and out of control. Not knowing if I will get it or not is such a terrifying thing, all of that suffering, I don't feel I am able to cope with it.

I feel totally controlled by this virus, it's the boss (my parents), and I have to do as it says, I am scared right now.

**Expressing my fear about the C-Virus.**

27 March 2020

Every day for the last week I have felt weird, like I am coming down with something but then again I have felt like this so many times throughout my healing, flu like symptoms and they never come to anything. The feelings I am getting now are bringing up all of my fear of getting the C-Virus. I am scared of the symptoms that I am seeing in those with the Virus, they are at death's door, and some dying, and it is the suffering that scares me, the shortness of breath. I don't have that but I do have a scratchy throat and a bit of a cough but that is it,

nothing else so I am isolating myself which, to be honest, isn't any different to my every day life.

I am scared of the pain and suffering of this Virus, I am scared of getting it so bad that I can't breathe, that has always scared me. I would hyperventilate and not be able to breathe; it was so horrible and panicky.

I want to get all of these fears out of me, I am scared, frightened of getting it. I am scared of dying in so much pain and in such a horrific way as reported about the C-Virus. I don't want to have to go through it, I have been through so much with the pain of my healing and this is just too much, too overwhelming to deal with. I can't do anything about it, if I get it, I get it and I can't control it in any way, I feel so helpless in all of this, there is nothing I can do to prevent it so I have to just give in to it, waiting for it to come and smother me, suffocate me and do what it wants to me. To take my will completely, to take every inch of power away from me, to take my very last breath if it wants to.

Maybe if I get it, it will only be as bad as my parents control over me, as bad as how powerless they made me feel, maybe it can only be as bad as how I was parented, how much my will was taken by my parents and I did have some power within my family so maybe if I get it, it won't kill me, it will leave me with some life as my parents did. It will not take every bit of power from me as my parents did. Maybe it will affect me just the same as my parents affected me and if I have to have it to know more truth about my childhood denial and suppression, it will only affect me to the extent of how much denial and suppression I have left in me. I can't explain what I mean any clearer, I can't find the right words to express myself and get it right so you all know what I mean so I hope you get what I mean to say.

Corona said she is no worse than how we have been parented, she is no worse than our denial and suppression of our childhood feelings so maybe if I have to get it then it won't be as bad for me as I have expressed so many childhood feelings. Corona said she can't possible be worse than how it was for us with our parents and all the pain they made us deny and suppress.

**The control of Lockdown.**

28 March 2020

Today I feel like this is finally what we have all been trained for by our parents, to be controlled, to be locked down, to be totally taken over and told what to do, every parent has done it to its child so now we are all back there, at that truth. It is being forced back on us to see the truth of our childhood and how controlled we were by our parents. The Government has told us how we are allowed to live and force will be imposed upon us if we disobey, isn't this just what our parents did to us to a lesser or greater degree??

We are all now in the truth of our parental lockdown and 'Will' control, our 'Will' has now been taken just as it was when we were children and how we feel about it is just how we felt as children, it not being fair, feeling so trapped, having our freedom taken, it is bringing up a certain anger in me at being so imprisoned, it is like being under house arrest.

There is nothing to do, how pointless does life now seem without our freedom and it was the same for us as children and if it wasn't then this wouldn't be happening. This is all for our healing and to show us the truth of our denied and suppressed childhood. Our parents prepared us for this day, they did it to us and now we have been plunged back into the truth of how they parented us.

This Virus has always been in us, incubating and injected into us at conception by our parents, the virus is our Parents and how they took our 'Will' and stopped our personality expressing itself in creation and now it is happening again, we can't express ourselves out in creation, we are not allowed out because our parents have said so and if we do we will get the Virus or get in trouble. We are all locked down in fear and that fear placed in us by our parents, keeps us prisoners until they say we can go out again. They are in control, they have the say over all of us and we await their instructions.

Now we don't trust anything, not even our post / mail that comes through the door, if you are lucky enough to get any. People are washing down their letters!! We don't trust anyone, we can't even get close to anyone, we hate everyone and believe they will do us harm and infect us and now it is a crime to get near anyone, we have to stay away from every one. The truth of how we feel about



others is now coming out, we hate everyone, they are going to harm us, they will kill us and that is the fear we had with our parents. We obeyed them, we let them take our 'Will' because we were scared of them and what they might do to us if we disobeyed. Isn't it the same as how we all feel right now with this Virus.

Corona is showing us the truth of how it was for us with our parents. How you feel about this Virus is how you felt about your parents when you were a child all under the threat of our parents 'Will' over us.

**I haven't got dressed for three days, what's the point.**

28 March 2020

I am feeling so meaningless and pointless when my will has been taken and I am not allowed to do anything. I feel like I have been plunged even deeper into knowing the truth of my childhood and how it made me feel but I denied. This is it, this is showing me how it was for me and it feels so pointless and meaningless, what's the point in life when I have no freedom to use my Will too express my personality, my individualism. I feel trapped and like there is no point to anything, I can't be bothered to clean, get dressed, cook or do anything. I am just totally vegging out and being the truth of my pointless self. Knowing how isolated I have always felt and disconnected from everyone, now I am really living the manifestation of my denied and suppressed feelings, so pointless, isolated and lonely without any drive to do anything, just slob out and sleep.

I feel so pointless, life is so pointless when I can not express myself, follow my will's leadings, do what I want to do, what is the fucking point in living, being given a life to live and a personality to express when you are not allowed to do that but do the Will of someone else, your parents, your Government!!! What is the fucking point in being YOU when you are being told to be someone else and do their will instead of your own, NO FUCKING POINT AT ALL, A WASTE OF A LIFE! Coronavirus might as well kill us all off if this is how we are to live because it is not living, it is Oppression.

**I am feeling great.**

29 March 2020

Today, I woke up feeling so good, I really feel great, no fear, no signs of feeling ill, nothing, just great. I have expressed so much fear and all of the feelings the C-Virus are making me feel and it has been so much that I couldn't have got to without the C-Virus.

I feel so much lighter today and feel love for Corona again. I thank her for her healing, I understand her again where as yesterday and the day before I was hating her for making me feel so bad and keeping me locked down and trapped and of course, it wasn't Corona I was hating, it was my parents as Corona has helped me feel even deeper, the feelings from my childhood with my parents. Corona is a blessing, not a curse, she really is and I hope a few people will be able to surrender to her and work with her and see what she wants you to see about yourself and how it was for you all as children with your parents because the truth she brings up is amazing and has been so trapped inside me.

**I feel crazy, insane!!**

1 April 2020

I feel so weird. I think I am having a complete breakdown but not in the crazy mad way, it is very quiet but it is happening. I feel so different, not like me at all. I tried to tell Trevor about it. I told him I felt confused, really confused like I was not me, like I am watching myself, not in my body at all. I still don't feel right. Who am I? I don't know right now but I feel like I am leaving me. I have the worst itchy Eczema up my right arm and it is driving me fucking crazy, crazy, that is how I am feeling right now, confused about who I am and very insane, crazy and my eczema is helping me feel my insanity and craziness. This confusion has scared me today, I feel like I am not in my body but watching me do what I do. I really do feel like I am having a fucking breakdown.

**More C-Virus expression.**

10 April 2020

I feel so good today, I have been expressing so many fears about the C-Virus to Mother and Father, really shaking with fear of something so terrible happening

to me and it must happen to me because I always get that then bad shit happens. I have gone through having a bad throat every day and then waking up the other day with a bad throat and a pain in my left ear whenever I swallow and of course, to me, that was it!! I had it!! I am going to fucking die and my children will never see me again, my son will have no one, he doesn't have a relationship at the moment so he will be totally alone in this fucking awful life and probably kill himself if anything happened to me because I am the only one who listens to his feelings and allows him to express completely.

My daughter has a boyfriend and they are solid together so I don't worry so much, but my son is so alone and so lonely, I feel he needs me as all of his friends have now died around him, committed suicide, so I think if I died he would too.

So many fucking fears, when all of this Virus stuff began I didn't feel anything at all but as the media ramped it all up, I began to have the worst feelings come up in me, mostly about the pain I would go through and the medical intervention, even just looking at how much they push that swab up your nose, Yuk, nearly touching your brain and it is not nice to have done to you. I don't want it, no fucking way. So many invasive things done to keep you alive. One doctor said they sedate you and put a tube down your throat to ventilate your lungs if you need that done, fucking horrific. I just hate the thought of not being able to breathe, struggling to breathe, being suffocated by your own body just the same as the way you were suffocated as a child by your parents, it has to be as bad as it was for you as a child, it can't be any other way and all tailor-made for each person because each of our childhoods were different.

YUK

Any symptom I did have is now all gone and I feel good today, really light like it has all left me. I don't feel any more of that fear, I feel clear of it, I remember it but I don't feel the severity of the fear.

**More C-Virus expression!**

12 April 2020

One day I feel great, the next day I feel really shit and I am so fucked of with it. It feels like God is playing with me making me feel like I have the C-Virus one

day and bringing me down so much and then the next making me feel great and like how could I possibly believe I have it. God is playing with me, all the time fucking games and I am sick of it, do I have it or not you fucking sadistic Parents!!!!!!

I can't trust Them when They are playing with me and my feelings; my mind is all over the place. Every bad pain or feeling I get I go into thinking this is it, I have it and then the next minute I am sure I don't. Games, fucking continuous games. Is this what I need?? Is this how it was?? Yes, fucking YES! This is how my parents were with me as a child, I can't trust myself, my feelings, my mind, or anyone else because of their games, I couldn't trust them so I can't trust anyone. Because of the games my parents played I now need to have this awful feeling of one day feeling like I have CV (Coronavirus) and the next, not. It is horrible not knowing where I stand with it, with them. Do I have it or not, do they love me or not?? I don't know, I just don't know, I never know! I DONT FUCKING KNOW ANYTHING.

**Feeling so weak and worthless.**

19 April 2020

I have spent two days feeling utterly wiped out, no energy at all and just wanting to cry because I feel so powerless to do anything. All I want to do is sleep. I feel so nothing and so worthless and so pointless, so fucking weak, like I will break if I get up and it takes so much effort to do anything. I just want to say how fucking shit I feel, so fucking shit, and weak, so weak, nothing works.

**FURTHER READING:**

Free downloads are from [www.pascashealth.com](http://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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