

Parenting
&
Feeling Healing



Book 10

Samantha McCabe

SAM'S BOOK

Parenting and Feeling Healing

Book X

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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.

Published by:

2023

Pascas Foundation (Aust) Limited
 ABN 23 133 271 593 Not-for-Profit
 Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia
 On behalf of Samantha McCabe

Cover graphic: Samantha McCabe

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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 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 \(freeforums.net\)](http://freeforums.net)
and

[Divine Love Spirituality – free books and Padgett Messages – Divine Love Spirituality – God is Personality \(weebly.com\)](http://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 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 Mother and Father, to give them all the importance.

Samantha

Am I feeling a bit of my true self?

17 October 2021

I am feeling good, really happy. I feel like I have a bit of a cold about me, a bit achy, but inside, I feel so good. I have physically been feeling very weak and so tired, but I also feel so good, so excited and happy. Is this a glimpse of how a healed soul feels? Is this the real me? I might wake up tomorrow and feel bad again, but I am enjoying feeling happy.

TERROR TERROR TERROR

6 January 2022

I am overwhelmed with terror and have been for a month now. It has always been in me, but I have refused to feel it and now it is here with me in every moment. I feel like I am going out of my mind with it, fear that is on a new level and I am terrified of feeling it, all of my addictions and false self have kept me away from this terror I am going through right now.

I thought I might be drawing to a close with my healing and I prayed to God to help me bring up what is left to feel and BANG, I woke up on the third of December with bleeding and I am a few years into my Menopause. I have spent all of December in Terror with violent shaking fits and uncontrollable crying and screaming. I went straight to the worst scenario of having some sort of female reproductive Cancer, fuck! I have been in a constant state of terror.

I have been going through feelings of Guilt, Shame, Self hatred, Self anger, Hopelessness, Despair, why me, Regret, Loss, Lack, Terror and Fear, Despondency, Giving in, I am no good and so much more. This bleeding has brought up my terror of dying and it wouldn't be so bad if it was just me, but I have children and the thought of leaving them kills me.

I have been writing about my feelings since the beginning of December so I will copy them below. It might take some time.

It's all so invasive

8 January 2022

I am feeling anxiety ridden today; all that is on my mind is having things done to me that I don't want. I don't want a fucking PCR test, but have to have it before they will let me into the hospital. The thought of having that thing stuck deep into my nose, NO, Fucking NO!! And then the same stick making me gag in the back of my throat, NOOOoooo. It is all so against my will, but what the fuck does that matter to anyone. I don't want the operation but what choice have I got? I have these growths on my cervix and in my womb and they are bleeding and could be infected. My womb is rotten, they said it is an inhospitable place and needs to be fixed. I hate seeing the blood, it reminds me that I am rotten inside, my womb is rotten, is going to kill me if I don't let them fix it. I am in shock every day that this is happening to me. I still can't believe it. I am fucking terrified every minute of every day. What the fuck is happening to me? I feel like I am going around like a headless chicken, bumping into everything with no idea of what direction I am going in; just running around in a blind panic, screaming my head off and constantly crying.

My whole body feels like it is shutting down. I don't know if I am dying anyway, it feels like it!! I feel like I am shutting down, but I have felt like this before in my 20's, I couldn't do anything, I was powerless to function and riddled with anxiety and panic about life; just living was too much for me and it is the same again, now!!

I have no control over what my body is doing to me, it wants to kill me and there is nothing I can do about it. I have to give in and let it. I have to let the doctors tell me what is going to happen to me and what surgery they are going to do. I have never been asked by them if I want it, it is just what they do in these cases. I feel like another number, another case, another fucking Vagina to look into and fix. Yuk, fucking Yuk, it makes me cringe and shudder with disgust.

I don't want a PCR test, I don't want a fucking needle in the back of my hand to administer General Anaesthetic and I don't want this operation; but I can't fight it, because I don't want to die, I might not anyway, but my feelings are that I am going to die without surgery. I have never had anything so bad as to have an operation and I am fucking freaking out. I feel like a little child who is being forced into having to do something that she doesn't want to. I am scared like a

little child, terrified of dying, terrified of having something awful done to her, wanting her mum and dad to save her from the terror she is feeling but no one comes. There is no saviour for me.

I keep feeling waves of terror wash over me, it's fucking horrible. I am so terrified, I have to force myself to eat when my body begins to shake with lack of food. The stress and anxiety has made me lose my appetite. I feel so powerless, so helpless, like a child who keeps getting passed from person to person to sort her out and she has no voice. Nothing is going to change what is about to happen to me and this terrifies me. I am powerless to make any changes to my body, I can't make it behave and do as I say, or to fix itself. They are going to cut chunks out of my womb and cervix, and I can't stop them. It was like being a child and having to go to the dentist because mum said I had to! I had no say in what they would do to me, and I still have no say. I don't have the power, I have none; they have it all and will say how it goes for me. Nothing has changed since I was little; I am still just as powerless over my own body.

The PCR test

11 January 2022

Well, I have been completely overwhelmed by my terror today. I went for my PCR (polymerase chain reaction) test at the hospital and was physically shaking with fear; I thought I was going to pass out with the terror. I told the nurse how I was feeling, literally telling her every detail of my fear and she said that she would have a go at getting a swab from my throat. It didn't happen. I was gagging so she stopped and said it was distressing me too much so told me to spit into a flask, up to 1 cm so they could get a good reading and in future to let them know that I don't have a nasal and throat swab, but to use a flask.

I had been terrified about this being done to me. I am scared of gagging; it hurts and stresses me too much. I don't want the pain of a swab going to the back of my nose; it terrifies me to have that done to me. I don't want to be hurt, I don't want to be frightened, I don't want someone doing things to me that scares me. It is all so against my will, I feel so powerless against the people who are doing it to me, like I have to do what they say, and I have no choice.

I felt like a child and could hear mum in my head telling me to stop being silly; I was embarrassing her and myself in front of the nurse. I even said I was sorry for being so silly about it and that is because I had mum's voice in my head telling me to say sorry. I felt like a naughty girl, and it brought back all the feelings of terror I had as a child going to the dentist or doctors or school. Having to do what the authority figure tells me to do. No one ever took my terror seriously, mum said I was being silly, but my feelings weren't silly, they were real and fucking terrifying, just as they are today, they have gone nowhere, they are still just as strong as they were back then.

All I kept feeling was that I don't want this woman to touch me, I don't want this horrible thing happening to me, stay the fuck away from me. My tongue wouldn't let her get near my tonsils to take the swab; it was quite incredible how my tongue reacted as she went into my mouth. She said can I put my tongue flat, but no matter how I tried, it was guarding my tonsils and wouldn't let her near. My whole body was in terror of this, what felt like, attack. I cannot believe the extent of terror I have been feeling this past month; the terror that has been with me since childhood, but gone denied and suppressed.

The relief my body felt as she gave up and handed me the flask, no need for swabbing my nose or throat, just spitting into a flask to get my coronavirus Covid-19 results. All of that terror I had gone through of someone interfering with me against my will, when there was another option.

The whole experience terrified me; it did its job well and got me to feel more of my denied and suppressed terror. Without going through this, I wouldn't know this part of me, it would stay hidden; so it's wonderful really that my soul knows just what I need to know the truth about myself and my childhood.

Feeling the grief of the fear of dying

11 January 2022

Over the whole month of December, since I began bleeding, I have felt like I am slowly dying, like this is it for me, I am being annihilated. I have felt that feeling so many times in relationships where I haven't felt wanted or loved. It has killed me inside to feel the lack of love; it is the same annihilating feeling. The lack of

love has made me feel like I am dying, and the feelings are the same as how I have felt this past month. I have denied these feelings as a child, they have been in me all along, since my conception and only now am I truly feeling the truth of them; how it felt not to be loved how I needed to be by my parents. I did such a good job at hiding these feelings as a child, there is no way I could let them be known to myself back then, but I am feeling the truth of them now. This is how I felt as a child, the sadness I have felt is the sadness of little me not feeling loved. The deepest grief I have been feeling has been the grief I felt but denied as a child. The grief has been absolutely tortuous, black and bottomless.

I have been made to feel like I am dying because that is the denied and suppressed truth of how I felt as a child and it is so fucking incredible that I have hidden it away for 54 years and it has taken this terrible experience to help me know the truth of how I felt as a child. Fuck! It is so incredibly the way that God knows what their child needs to help them heal. I have felt like a lonely, helpless, terrified child throughout this experience because I have always been that child, she never grew up or changed, she has always been with me, in me, waiting to be heard. This is all of my childhood terror finally being accepted, expressed and the truth of it finally known to me, it's amazing.

Grieving my own death

11 January 2022

Woke up today feeling sick again and unable to eat. It is all worry about the operation on Thursday; I am terrified at what they will find. I have such huge grief in me, like I am grieving someone's death, but it is my own. I can't see the point in doing anything until I know whether I am dying or not, even getting up is pointless to me. Dying is so against my will, I don't want to die but nor did all the other women who have children but still died. Why should it be any different for me?? No one is going to save me; God isn't going to save me and God is the only one who knows what is going on with me and when I am going to die, but won't tell me. That is so unfair, having a parent who keeps their children dangling in pain while they know the answer, they have the control and I have none, nothing at all!! What fuckers they are to do this to me, it feels like I don't even matter to them as they watch me in my pain and emotional trauma. I have no control at all; they have it all, they are in charge of me. It feels like a sick

game with my parents controlling me and holding my strings and when they want to let go, they will and can. They can finish and end me at any time they choose and there is nothing I can do about it. So fucking powerless! I feel sick inside constantly with the fear of what is happening to me.

I no longer feel like myself, I feel like a physical body that is not connected to anything at all, just connected to me terror every minute of the day and night.

I had the same reoccurring dream last night. I was in a hotel with Trevor, and we had a beautiful room and I decided to go out of the room and have a look around the hotel. I got down to the lobby and went outside and the hotel was so beautiful with the sea in front. I went back in and I didn't recognise the hotel lobby, it was different, I had entered a different hotel but how could that be!! I went up to the third floor and didn't know our room number, so I went to where I thought it was but didn't know. I was so lost, it might not even be the right hotel, I was totally LOST! Panic set in and I began to cry in panic that I couldn't get back to Trevor, back to safety. I had no idea where I was. I began to walk back down the hall to the lift, and I was inconsolable with terror, like a little girl who has lost her mummy, her safety. All of my safety had gone and that is how I am feeling now, that I can't get back to feeling safe. I got back down to the lobby and a nurse came out of some swinging doors and said she has come to get me, she put her arm around my shoulders and led me into a ward that was in the hotel to show me all of the rows of patients in beds with their happy smiling families around them. She said to me "See how happy these patients are? They all know that their souls are always safe, just as yours is, forever". I looked at them all and they were all so happy recovering in the most beautiful ward I have ever seen? Had I gone into spirit to see the recovery rooms up there and, even though these people have died, they were so happy? Had spirit tried to help me trust that whether I live or die my soul is always safe!!

Whatever, I am still so frightened that I might be dying, I don't want to, I don't want to leave my children, I feel desperate to be with them and feel I can't bear the grief I would cause them by telling them I am dying. It sickens me to even think about it; such a deep sickness that I can hardly cope with feeling the pain of it. The sadness and grief is too much for me to bear.

Back into terror

11 January 2022

I am sinking back down into my terror again. After I got over my PCR (polymerase chain reaction test) terror yesterday, I came home and felt normal again, ate like normal and felt great but today I wake up back into the terror. I feel like all hope is lost for me, there is nothing that can be done, and I am going to die and it is so unfair, I don't want to die, I want to live until I am old and ready to go, I am not ready to die, I want to live. Please God, don't make me have to die, please don't make me have cancer and have to leave my children, I want to be with them for as long as I can, I love them so much and want to be with them. Please God don't make me die yet, I don't want to go. But does this matter, does it matter what I want, NO it doesn't, did it ever matter how I feel, NO it didn't.

I had to do what my parents told me to do, which crushed me a little bit more every time my will was taken, it felt like total annihilation of my soul, you know that terrible sinking feeling in your soul when you get told NO! Or you have to do something you don't want to do, it felt crushing as a kid and it feels like that to me now. I am being annihilated all over again, I don't want to do any of this, I don't want these polyp things inside my womb removed, the cysts on my ovaries removed, I don't want any of this invasive surgery done to me; and then I have to wait for 3 weeks to see if they are cancerous, what sort of fucking torture is that!!! Having to wait on death row until they find the time to tell me whether I live or die. The doctor then turns into the executioner. I am fucking sick with worry, literally sick with it.

I don't feel that any expressing of how all of this is making me feel is going to make it any better, I am expressing it 24 hours a day and the same shit comes up, terror, fear, crying, shaking, reaching, nearly being sick, waking up in the night crying uncontrollably, dreaming about it. I feel so exhausted but still I carry on expressing.

Having this operation is making me feel like a loser, like I have given up with my healing and none of it works, but I also know that this experience is a part of my healing; it is what God wants for me and they have orchestrated it for me to experience all of the terror that is in me and this operation brings it up perfectly.

I wish someone else could do it for me, go in my place, so I don't have to go through the terror. I have always wanted someone else to take my pain away and mum usually did it. She made it all alright and sorted it all out so I didn't have to do the thing I was scared of. I am exactly the same as her, doing all I can to save everyone from their pain; I do it constantly in life. I do all I can to save people from any pain, but no one can save me from this. I wish God would just change it all so I didn't have to go through this, make me all alright and not have to go through the operation, change me somehow but that will never happen. This is going to happen to me and I just have to go through it. Everyone keeps telling me to give in to it, surrender to it, because I can't change it, but there is no way I can. My feelings are so strong about this, there is no surrender for me, I feel like I am fighting for my very own survival and all I can do is keep expressing all of my terror and fear. How can you just surrender when your feelings are telling you the truth of how you are really feeling, fucking terrified, and I will just surrender with my mind while denying the truth of my feelings, fuck them for telling me what I should do. If one more person tells me to 'give in', I will tell them to fuck off, let them go through it and fucking well 'Give in' while the terror is raging in you. No!! I am fucking terrified and that is all there is to it, terrified to the core of having cancer, that it is eating my reproductive organs away and then it will get the rest of me until it has consumed me completely, like my parents did, they consumed my will, they are the Cancer.

Choice or no choice!

11 January 2022

I am feeling tired, weak, and aching all over, I feel like I am being annihilated. This is the most powerless I have ever felt in my life, well, that I am now aware of anyway. All of my blood tests I had to have done came back normal, except a bit of a low B12 level. My coronavirus Covid-19 PCR test came back negative, but I feel like I am ebbing away and feel that will come to a precipice late tomorrow night, just before my operation when my will is completely taken by General aesthetic and I am OUT!! I do have a choice, I could say no to it all, but I don't feel I do have a choice, because everything in me wants to live and is afraid of dying so I am fighting it, doing all I can to stay alive, fighting God; God is bad; they are trying to kill me and I am fighting them all the way to my last breath, just like I fought my parents, not outwardly but inside. I was fighting and

rebellious against them continuously to get my way, it very rarely worked, only if I deceived them and went and did things behind their back. I had to become a liar just to get my own way and do things they wouldn't approve of.

My parents approve of me going to the hospital, they think I am doing a good thing, everyone around me does but I don't. I feel terrible about having to go to the hospital and get my problem cut out of me; it is just what my parents want me to do. I am still doing their will, oh my God; I am still doing what they want me to do, what they tell me to do. I am still the little girl doing the will of my parents and being so scared of not doing it, it will mean I won't survive if I don't, my survival depended on doing their will. They would never have killed me or anything like that, but in me was the fear of that, I just didn't know, and it terrified me, so I always did as I was told. I am doing the same now. I am doing what they want me to do, and I can't do anything else, or it will mean I die. Was it really that bad for me as a child? I got smacked by my dad twice that I can remember, he was very big and not to be messed with, as a child I had to obey him and it scared me if I didn't. Shit, I must have been terrified of him, well of course I was or I wouldn't be feeling this terror now, the terror of facing a life or death situation. Was this really how I felt as a child, like it was always life or death with my parents? I was scared of my dad, and I still am, I can feel the terror in me right this moment as I wrote that. I have had terror attacks all my life and they were all of the fear of my childhood trying to let me know the truth of how I felt as a child with my parents.

This is Hell!!

11 January 2022

More terror being felt, fuck this is terrible! I am feeling sick all the time; I am so dizzy and feeling faint with the terror. I feel like I can't go on like this, it is horrific to experience my terror. I feel shaky all the time and can't even cope with normal everyday tasks. I can't do anything that I used to do. I am having trouble even going out to do the shopping and feel like I will just collapse because I don't feel safe going outside; something terrible will happen because I feel so weak right now. THIS IS ABSOLUTE HELL!!

I don't know if I am dying or not, do I have Cancer? I don't know and I won't

know until three weeks after doing a biopsy on the polyps they are removing. Three fucking weeks, what the fuck? That is torture for me and my children. I could be facing my death and they can't tell me for three fucking weeks, it is cruel and inhumane. I am so terrified and going out of my mind with worry and stress at the thought of dying of cancer.

My Operation Day

14 January 2022

I got through it, and I am so fucking relieved. The trauma I was going through early this morning was off the charts. I had to go through it alone as no one is allowed on the wards but as I said to Trevor, I am used to it, going through all of my terror alone.

I was talking to God and my Angel's the entire time, needing so much help to Express this fear and terror, it all came out as the anaesthetist put the needle in the back of my hand. I told her how terrified I was feeling and how powerless and out of control I felt, and she replied by saying that she and her team had all the control that was needed and I didn't need any, I was to leave myself with them to make me better and this is exactly what my mum and dad would say to me. That was my terror, right there, mum and dad not letting my experience my pain, taking it from me, leaving me vulnerable to it constantly. They would say it was their job to fix me, just as that doctor said, leaving me powerless and feeling so vulnerable to attack.

I feel like I know so much more about myself now.

Another wonderful thing about it was as the nurse was calling my name, I could hear her and feel the pull to come back but as I was coming back, I was looking back at the most incredible group of people who were all shimmering golden colours and smiling and waving at me with so much love in there faces. They were saying goodbye to me like they had kept me safe and now it was my time to leave them and come back. As I watched them, they were moving so far away into the distance until all I could see was a golden glow and then I opened my eyes. I only have the last few moments with them as a memory, but wow, they were incredibly. I woke up crying and the nurse asked me why I was crying,

and I am still not sure if it was the sadness of leaving my Celestial spirits or the relief of coming back and it all being over, but I feel it could have been all of it.

Day after Operation

14 January 2022

Well, I can feel what has been cut away in my womb and cervix, ouch. Lots of blood coming out but I was told that will ease up. What an experience that was. One of my biggest fears in the world has now been faced and thoroughly felt through, fucking terror like I never knew I had in me, and God sure does know what I need to get my stubborn denied feelings coming up for healing.

This was the biggest ever, to be forced into facing my terror, my death and going through a scary operation. I thought I was going to have a fucking heart attack every minute of every day. The nurse said my blood pressure was too high, well, what the fuck does she expect, I had gone through a month of terror and got to the precipice of my feelings, shaking, nearly passing out with fear, having my body cramp up in agony and being frozen in terror constantly, until I couldn't breath, and Trevor having to talk me round to breathing again or I would pass out. I knew I had terror in me, but to that extent, I never knew.

It in now the next day after surgery, the general anaesthesia has worn off and I do feel raw inside. All I have been able to do is to stay with my feelings throughout the whole experience, it hasn't really been about the experience, but about how it has made me feel and I can truly say it has been the pinnacle of my powerlessness, loneliness, weakness, terror, pain, fear, surrender, lack of control, vulnerability, embarrassment, humiliation, every thing I have been terrified about has been experienced in one day.

I know that throughout my time under general anaesthesia I was in the arms of my loving soul family, I saw them and only have the memory of them saying goodbye to me as I left them, which was enough. I will never forget the smiles and the love they have for me. Trevor said to me that I won't experience anything under general anaesthetic; I will just be out of it so I wasn't expecting anything, but I was with my soul family and in their beautiful golden light. I don't think Trevor believed me, I don't know, but I was there and it was real,

even for those last few moments, it was enough and as I separated from them, they all looked like deep Golden sequins sparkling. Just so beautiful.

There were people of all ages saying goodbye to me, but I noticed the older ones, and they were all females and had grey/white hair, were at the front and they were a deep gold sparkling colour. It was like the moving light you see with the Aurora borealis, but all shades of sparkling gold. Maybe those older women had all gone through the same thing as I was going through, watching it all from Spirit, whatever, they took care of me and I felt so comforted by them.

I felt like I had been a traitor to my Feeling Healing by going through with my operation, a complete failure, but I don't feel like that now. With the help of James and Marion, such incredible support to me, I truly realised that it isn't the experience so much, but sticking to how it is making me feel.

Everything should feel bad

16 January 2022

Feeling fucking awful, I am so sick of this. I don't feel like me anymore, I feel like a different person, completely different. I feel like I am disintegrating, falling apart, breaking, being shattered to pieces. Trevor has just asked me how I am feeling today and I burst out into tears telling him: I don't feel like myself any more, I can't connect to myself, nothing feels right, I don't feel like I am here, my body feels wrong, I can't connect to it, I don't want to eat, drink, or get out of bed. I can't see the point in doing anything any more and I think that is the only thing that makes perfect sense, everything in my life has been wrong and in rebellion to God, love and truth, so nothing should feel good or right, it should all feel wrong, because it is all wrong.

I have seen the truth of my rebelliousness as clear as day and I can't go back to it but it is all I know in life, it is my life completely so what the fuck do I do now?

I don't feel there is anything to go back to now. I see how wrong it is.

The pain of my rebelliousness

16 January 2022

I am constantly crying, I don't feel like myself anymore. I can't see the point in getting out of bed. I have very little pain, a lot of bleeding, but I feel dead on every level. I feel annihilated completely, ripped to pieces, cut up and disregarded like I was nothing. I feel like I have self-destructed, my body and every level of my being having broken down. Annihilated is the word that best describes the feelings. I feel like my complete lack of love has brought me to this place, the destruction of myself. I have felt the depths of my powerlessness at not being able to help myself as I lay on a theatre trolley waiting to be violated and cut up inside and so powerless and such a failure that I couldn't get to the feelings to heal myself before it came to all of this; but this is the experience I have needed to get to those feelings, fucked up as that all sounds.

This is the mess of my untrue state, self destruction. This is the truth of my rebellion, and it has been fucking agony all the way. I see it now, so clearly. I have rebelled all my life and now I am seeing it all. I am as far away from God, love and truth as I ever could be, the truth of my rebellion is so clear in my lifetime of destruction of everything good, full of breakdown, sickness and death and it has to be all of this for it to end. The truth of my rebellion has been the most awful experience I have ever had to feel. My whole life has been it and now all of the pain makes so much sense. All of the terror is the only way it could have been for me. I have lived a life in such deep rebellion to God and love, such incredible rejection, that all I have gone through this last month has been the big push for me to see the truth of my rebellion, and I see it so clearly. What a life of terror and pain it has been, the only way it could have ever been when rejecting love.

I have been so busy living my life holding on for dear life to my rebellion because I have believed it is right and the only way to live. It is all I know and what I was born into, so I never saw it as being so wrong and causing so much pain, but what has just happened to me has shown me the truth of it. It is fucking terrifying. Living in this rebellion is pure fucking terror. I have held on to it all so tightly, being so scared to give it up because I believe it keeps me safe and anything else is unknown to me. God is unknown. How can I trust God when I don't know them? I trust the rebellion and Lucifer. It is all I know. It is what I have been born into and I have trusted it all my life to keep me safe, but it

hasn't. It has been a terrifying life without God, love and truth. I have been so terrified to let it go, but now I find myself in a place where I just don't know what is happening to me. I feel empty and like my life has no meaning now, nothing at all. I can't even see the reason for getting out of bed, eating or doing anything when it is all so rebellious. I don't feel like I can do anything.

I am just staying with the feelings and the truth I am now feeling about my own rebellion and the sadness of me having no choice but to be born into it by default and having to go through so much terror to see the truth of how terrifying it is to live through it. I don't think I have ever really and truly connected to the word Rebellion. Maybe I thought I wasn't that bad in it all but now I can see how immersed in it I have been since my conception and there was never any way out of it. Being as powerless as I was in that hospital, I felt the real truth of it, the most will-less I have ever felt, the most powerless I have ever been as they strapped my legs apart so I couldn't move and sedated me. I have never been so clear about my rebellion and my childhood and how it really was for me with my parents. All the time I am writing down more truth that is so incredibly clear through this experience.

The terror of being trapped in my Mother's womb

18 January 2022

I have been feeling more revelations about my recent terror experiences to do with my surgery. I realise all of the terror I have been feeling has been connected to my terrifying experience in my mother's womb. I have carried that terror with me throughout my life. Feeling my parents' terror and being trapped and traumatised by it because I couldn't escape, I was in her womb. I was stuck in there for nine fucking months. How horrific, growing bigger and bigger and not being able to move, wanting to get out, what is happening to me and feeling like I am so trapped that I will die. I am going to fucking die in here, in this awful place, get me out, someone get me out before I die. Shit, the sheer panic and terror of being so confined, not feeling safe and warm and happy, but stuck, trapped, squashed and terrified in such an inhospitable place.

Oh my God, that is what the surgeon's report said, that my womb was inhospitable and that is exactly how I felt about being in mum's womb. It was an

inhospitable place for me to grow and feel safe. It was a horrific time for me, being trapped in there and that is where my panic and terror set in. When I am in that terror, there is no escape from it, like in hospital, there was no escape. I was trapped, as trapped as I was in mum's womb and being so controlled and trapped traumatised me all my life. When I get into a situation where I feel trapped, I go into exactly the same terror because I can't escape.

The thought of being inside mum's womb fills me with dread, being stuck inside her body, feeling all of her feelings and anxieties, shit, it's too much, it's too overwhelming for me now, as an adult. It is just too scary and terrifying.

Everything I do is rebelling against my feelings

19 January 2022

I am right in my terror every minute of every day; it never leaves me and the truth is it has always been with me, only now I have stopped rebelling against it. I have let it in and now I have to be with it and know it completely. As soon as I open my eyes, I am terrified until the moment I go to sleep and then it begins again in my dreams. It is so much more powerful than me, so there is no getting away from it. I feel like I am constantly going to faint with the shock and terror I am feeling.

The doctor rang me up for a follow up call after my operation and he asked how I am doing and I told him everything, he didn't know what to say except to prescribe me some anti-depressants, which I declined. He says I have 'post operative stress disorder' but I know the truth, I am right in the truth of my rebellion, seeing it all and it is horrific and terrifying.

I can see everything I do to rebel against my feelings, against God, love and truth and it feels like there is no hope for me. I feel totally hopeless as I see the great big rebellion that my life is and always has been, and it feels like there is no way out of it. I will always be like this so I can't see the point in anything when I am in such rebellion. I feel like the worst person on the planet, the vilest, the vilest, the person who is most against God and there is no one worse than me. I am the most evil, the biggest hopeless case on the planet who is against everything good. There is no way out for me. I keep doing more and more shit that is

against myself, God, etc..... Everything about me is rebellion, I am absolutely stuck in it, in the thick of it all and I am not going anywhere.

Being in rebellion, stuck in the truth of it, with it right in my face is terrifying, yet it is how I have always been but only now am I fully awake to it all and the fear of it makes me want to pass out constantly. It is fucking awful. I spend every moment being the truth of my terror, the terror that I have spent my life denying and suppressing so I don't have to feel bad. Now I feel fucking bad!!

To live against myself is a terrifying life

19 January 2022

I deeply understand and know through the truth of my feelings that a life of Rebellion is a truly terrifying existence. It is a life full of fear and torture and not having the ability to trust anything or anyone. It is a deeply painful life to have lived.

The tidal wave of terror

20 January 2022

I feel like I am so alienated from myself, I feel totally disconnected from my soul and have never been so distant from it. I feel so alone and so terrified that I am so disconnected from myself. I am in total rebellion to my soul; there is no sense of it/me even existing. I feel shaky and trembling and like I am about to die constantly.

I have such a powerful terror inside of me that controls everything about me, I wake up in terror and I go to sleep in terror with no let up. I used to be able to deny it and make it go away to a certain extent, but now it is right up in my face. I am being it 24/7 and it is fucking terrifying to live like this, it is raw, and it is real and I can't hide from it any longer. I am cold all over and can't warm up because of the fear running through me constantly and this is the truth of how being connected to my rebellion feels, actually being it and it is like having my very own terrifying bully with me every minute of every day and night.

Last night, I had my same old nightmare of a tidal wave coming to get me and

now I know what it is, it is the impact of my rebellion. It is the wave of my rebellion catching up with me and now it has got me; before it never quite reached me, but now, it has me submerged so even my dreams are telling me the truth of my condition. I feel broken and shattered inside and out, I am crushed and in the arms of my rebellion and there is no letting go, it has me completely.

A place in the heart that will never be filled

25 January 2022

What the fucking fuck! This Feeling Healing is fucking crazy, I wish I never started it, I wish to fucking God, I never started it!!!!

You think feeling your feelings can't be too bad!! You have no idea what is in there. There are deep feelings hidden, denied and suppressed that you have no idea about and they are your worst nightmares. They are fucking terrifying and one day in your healing you have to go to that denied and suppressed terror and face it out. Feeling every piece of it to its core and it will have you in knots, tied up on the floor crying, screaming in pain and shaking uncontrollably with the terror that is staring you in the face 24/7. I am in that place, a place that feels like I will always be terrified and empty. That I will be forever waiting in that place that will never be filled.

“there is a place in the heart that
will never be filled

a space

and even during the
best moments
and
the greatest times
times

we will know it

we will know it

more than
ever

there is a place in the heart that
will never be filled
and

we will wait
and
wait

in that space.”
— Charles Bukowski

I don't want to feel

25 January 2022

I feel so fucking desolate. I feel like that empty space, the place where love should have been, will never be filled. I long and long to God for their Divine Love and I never get it, for me, it doesn't fucking exist, I hate them to Hell!!

All I have been through, all the fucking years of healing and they still deny me love, I fucking wait and wait in that fucking space and it never gets filled. Damn Mother and Father, I hate them, they are nothing, and they don't exist to me. Fuck I hate them!

I don't want to heal, I don't want to feel my bad feelings. I have been saying and believing all along that I want to do my healing and feel all of my bad feelings but I don't. More truth that has come up is that since my operation: I have realised that I am in total rebellion of feeling my feelings. I am in total rebellion against myself, so I don't want to feel my bad feelings, I am shit scared of feeling bad and I have been feeling all of them thoroughly, writing a lot of them down and speaking them out loud to God, but the truth is I am fucking shit scared of feeling my terrifying, bad feelings. That terror has underpinned all of my feeling expression and I haven't been able to access it or admit it. I don't want to feel my bad feelings and that is the fucking truth!!

The truth is I want to run as far away from myself as I can so I don't have to feel my feelings. I feel them but I am terrified of myself. I don't know who the fucking hell I am. I am too terrifying to get close to myself. I keep running from myself so my bad feelings don't catch me, but my terror has caught me and I can feel myself wanting to run from it instead of feeling it. I can feel some of it, but some of it I can't, or I start to and then I can't go too deep into it, but at other times, I can. It is all such a contradiction.

I am so terrified of myself, and I have spent all of my life trying to get away from myself and my pain and I am still fucking doing it.

I am terrified of my feelings

25 January 2022

I am fucking terrified of myself, my bad feelings, my parents, God, Truth and Love. I run from them as far as I can. I rebel against them all to keep them away because I am so scared of them.

A revelation of truth

25 January 2022

Such a huge revelation today: that I have been kidding myself about my healing all these years. I believed I wanted to heal myself, but I don't, I am too terrified of my terror to feel it. I have touched it and now I am too scared to go back and feel it again and that is what I have been running from all my life. I mean, I do want to heal myself, yes, I do, but I am too fucking scared of my feelings so I rebel against them. How can I want to truly want to heal myself when I am in such rebellion against myself and truth? I am fucking kidding myself.

All of this truth has come to me since my operation, laying there, waiting in line with the other rebellious women, to be fixed by a doctor. I couldn't heal myself; I am a total failure and don't have the power to heal myself so I had to give in, just like a child to her parents, submitting, giving up, acquiesce, caving in like the failure that I am and that is the truth. All of my healing has been fucking bullshit

and I hadn't realised what the truth really was and what the truth is. Is it that I don't have the power to heal myself? I am a useless failure and have been using my healing to gain more power, to keep me away from the truth, that I can't do it. I am too frightened of my bad feelings. I want someone or something else to take my pain away so I don't have to feel so scared. I want God to take the pain away, the doctor, mum and dad, anyone just take my pain away. I can't do it. I have failed completely.

I haven't been able to accept this truth until now. I thought I was doing fine with feeling my feelings, but I wouldn't let the truth come up; that I have been using my healing to feel more powerful when the underlying truth is: I don't want to feel my pain. I am too terrified of it, fuck! It is all so terrifying to feel the deepest terror, which I did do during the month leading up to my operation, I have never known terror like it, but all the way through I have still been rebelling against it, dreading it, wanting it to go away, praying for it to go and that isn't me wanting to feel my feelings, that is me not wanting to feel my feelings and that is the truth I now have to accept, that I don't want to feel my feelings when I have been telling myself that I do! What a fuck up!

I haven't been being honest with myself at all. This is a complete shock for me. I feel very disappointed with myself. I feel like a complete failure and after God knows how many years of healing, the truth has only just hit me: I am too scared of my own feelings to do any real healing. I don't think I have even touched the real healing yet because I am in such rebellion to myself and my feelings.

I get a bad feeling and the first thing that comes to me is to run in terror. I deny this feeling and begin to feel the bad feeling, but the true feeling is I want to run from it in terror. It is my terror that needs to be felt now, but I am too terrified of it. I am terrified of everything, literally everything. I am terrified of myself and my bad feelings, I feel like the terror will never end, that it will control me for ever and I will never be free of it. It has been with me all my life and it is so powerful, and I am so weak. I don't want to feel it; I am too scared of it. It will kill me if I go near it.

I can now see that terror is the level I won't go to, yet all of my feelings are taking me there. I don't want to go; I am just a child and I am terrified of the terror. I

want my mum, she protects me from anything bad, and she keeps the terror away. When I would have nightmares as a child she would come and get me and put me in bed with her so I felt safe and secure, but dad would moan so I felt bad again and didn't feel wanted by him, so I would stay near mum because I didn't want to upset dad. Mum is my safety, dad is my terror that I won't go near, I won't touch, I won't upset or anger.

Too scared to be my true self

26 January 2022

Driving in the car today to go to the Post Office, I realised that I am totally terrified of being myself and everything I do is to keep me away from being my true self. I had the thought that my parents denied my true self and wanted me to be as they wanted me to be, so my true self must be something really bad. They didn't want it, so no one else will want it and it is too risky to be it or to get near to it. Shit! I can't be my true self. No one will like me. I will be hated and be attacked if I am not what other people want me to be.

I am too scared to be my true self, I am terrified of it in fact. This is my TERROR!! The fear of being my true self! I am now in a state of confusion and fear. I want to be my true self, but it has been so rejected since my birth, so it must be bad. It must be something so horrible that no one will want me. What the fuck do I do? People like my Evil self, created by my parents, I pander to them all and they get what they want from me, so they like me, but as soon as I live true to myself, they will hate me. This is risky and I am scared, I am fucking terrified and I wish I could be my true self and say fuck all of you, but I can't. I feel like I am safe being my Evil and rebellious self, it is all I have known.

I am in total rebellion to my true self. I don't want to be it. I am too scared. I am fucking terrified to be my true self. What do I do? I feel like I am on precipice, stay on the edge where I am safe or jump off into the unknown. I feel like I am so close to jumping, but not just yet. I believe I am safe like this and being my true self will be too risky for me, too dangerous. This is my terror, I know it is, but I feel I am on the edge of breaking. There has recently been such a pressure within me, and today I have felt it severely: like my bad feelings are overwhelming me so much that I am about to break with the pressure, I am

scared about how bad it will get for me.

I can really feel a pressure that is different, and I am scared of the intensity of my feelings as they grow, the pressure is really on.

What a risk it is to be me

26 January 2022

My terror is all about me, being me. Being me (the true me) means I have to give up the only me I have ever known, my false self, created by my parents and I am fucking terrified of giving it up. I am feeling the terror right now and I am filling with adrenalin, I want to run. There is a danger and I need to get away from it, but I can't because the terror and danger is me, my true self. Fuck, I am so terrified of it like it is some sort of monster that wants me; I am scared to death of it, of ME! I can't believe this! What the fuck is happening to me, I am going into full panic mode, like I am going to pass out. Everything I am is what I am safe with but it is like my soul is pulling me away from my false self and I am kicking and screaming all the way, the terror is so powerful. What the fuck is happening to me!

I am boring myself with my constant moaning

7 February 2022

Here I go again, moan, moan, moan, it's so fucking boring. I am so sick of moaning about the same shit all the time. I had a great day today, felt a little bit normal, no dizziness, which was like a dream come true, but sat down tonight and there it was. What the hell? It came out of the blue after feeling so good. I am so sick of it; I have had enough now. There is nothing I can do about it; it just comes and makes me feel awful whenever it wants to. I have absolutely no control over it, and I want control. I want it to stop, to fuck off and never come back, I want it to leave me alone, I hate it, it ruins my life, it scares me, it terrifies me constantly and as I am expressing how it makes me feel. I know that my dad makes me feel the same feelings and always has done. This dizziness is him and how it makes me feel is how he made me feel as a child.

Childhood terror is my constant companion

7 February 2022

Not being able to control what's wrong with me, not being able to stop it scares me. Not being in control of my pain and being so alone with it, just it and me constantly fighting it out, me rebelling against it, trying to get rid of it and stop it scaring me. I learnt so many ways of using my mind, to block out my fear and pain. As a child I would read the Beano or some other comic to make me feel good. Mum and dad would tell me to read something funny when I felt scared in bed before I went to sleep. There were so many mind ways to avoid my pain and terror, mum and dad taught me well how to deny it and push it as far away as possible and I am still doing it with my terror from my childhood. I learnt to not know it, to not have an awareness of my childhood terror through my actions of denial and suppression, taught to me by my parents, but now I have no choice, my terror is here with me constantly, reminding me that it never went away.

I am just as terrified as an adult, as I was as a child; the feelings are no different, but now I have to be aware of them and feel them to their very core and I am fucking terrified.

Is this the last bit of my healing, the worst bit, the most dreaded bit, the most terrifying bit, the absolute Hells of my denied and suppressed childhood feelings? I can't imagine any more that could be worse than this. Having to feel my biggest terror, the thing I have run from all my life and created my life around not having to feel it. There is nowhere else I can go but through this, through my terror, one excruciating moment at a time.

I am constantly wrong, I am all-wrong

13 February 2022

I do have thoughts of how being right, my true self, might be whilst being so wrong and negative, but I am feeling just lately that it might be my parents' expectations of what being right is. It is how they want me to be.

I thought it was how my true self might be, but now I am all confused, am I fooling myself again? I am not sure. I am still in a state of coming to terms with

how constantly wrong I am and being so broken-down, layer after layer of wrongness and when I think there can't be anymore, another layer is shown to me. It's fucking relentless. I don't feel I can get out of my wrongness. I do have a desire to be good and right and I long for that, but I feel so wrong that being good is a fantasy and feels so far away that I am giving up even thinking about it. It isn't the truth of me, so it is just another fantasy. I am bad and that is all that is shown to me. In my bad condition I have no real idea of what is right or good as far as my true self would be. I am still being so rebellious to anything right or good, including my true self, my true self terrifies me, being good terrifies me, because it means the killing off of my rebellious mind, death, my greatest fear.

I don't feel like I can change anything, I feel like all I can do is stay in this purge of bad feelings all the time more is being shown to me.

I have got it all so wrong. I thought I wasn't too bad and that my healing would be over fairly quickly, but I just keep going down into the hells of my rebellion. I do feel that my true self is there, waiting for me and as my healing has gone on, I can feel it more, but as I said at the beginning, am I just kidding myself? I really don't know right now, it has all been so bad. I feel I have gone down to a new level, and I am only at the beginning of that level.

This new level is the deepest, right in the bowels of my healing, it is my terror, a place I have run from all my life, but now I am stuck here, having to accept it and feel my way through it. I feel like this is the gateway to my true self. It's amazing how I have had to go all the way down so that I can eventually go up.

I feel changes are happening in me, I am becoming the truth of my wrongness and that is right for me right now, although it terrifies me, it is good and right for me because it is the truth and without knowing those things about me, I can't change. Trevor says I have changed beyond recognition, and I can see that when I look at how I used to be. Deep within me I always wanted to be how I am now. I wished I could just be the truth of my wrongness but never felt I could be it; it wouldn't be accepted or wanted in society and that is right. I am rejected constantly, but slowly throughout my healing, the changes have occurred naturally, so slowly and naturally that I never felt them happen and they haven't happened as I thought they would. I believed that I would become more perfect, you know, in that denying everything, new age way, as my healing went on, not

expecting to become more imperfect, and the truth of my imperfections. It has been a shock to me, but as I now understand perfection can't come until the imperfections have been accepted, expressed and the truth of them found. Changes have come in very unexpected ways and the proof of those changes gives me faith that more changes will occur when God knows I am ready for them, through my feeling healing.

I have had mind fantasies of how I might change, but they are not real and I have had to give up on it all because none of it is real or in this moment. It is all too disappointing for me, so all I can do is stay in the bowels of my shit, feeling my way through my terror, moment by moment, because that is all that is real right now. It's awful and terrible, but it's mine and there is no true self for me without feeling through this. I have always known that one day the terror would have to be faced, even when I was running from my most crippling panic attacks, not wanting to feel them, medicating them away, I knew that they weren't going anywhere and now is the time for me to be with them 24 hours a day. This is the toughest thing I have ever had to do in my life, every moment of every day is trauma, but I only feel like I have this moment to heal it in. I am scared and I pray to God to help me know the truth.

I want control

13 February 2022

I got the all clear from my biopsy from my womb. It felt good to get the all clear but I still have so much still going on, so much fear still coming up and the dizziness is fucking terrible. I want it to stop. I hate it. It terrifies me and there is nothing I can do about it. It has me completely and it is so hard to accept a feeling that is causing so much fear in me.

All I can do is keep expressing it. It has been in me forever and my terror is manifesting as this dizziness. It is the perfect physical feeling to make me feel the terror that I have denied and suppressed since childhood. I am so fucking scared of it. I thought that expressing all the terror of my operation would help but it is still just as bad. The thing is, I can't control it, I can't stop it making me feel bad, but then I never could stop any one making me feel bad. I had to let them do what they wanted to me. I wasn't allowed to say 'No'.

I want control, I want to make it stop, I want to be in control of my pain and I am not and it scares me. I have no say over it, just like being a child. Dad had all the control and I had to let him have it without any answering back and this dizziness has the same control over me and I hate it just as much, I feel just as powerless.

I am rebelling against it, wanting it to stop, wanting to control it so it doesn't hurt me or make me feel scared, and accepting something that terrifies me is not happening yet.

I want someone to fix me

13 February 2022

I am beginning to think that all of my healing has been a complete fucking mind job. My operation has opened me up to the truth that I don't want to feel my feelings at all. I am too terrified of them to want to feel them. I want someone to fix me so I don't have to feel bad or terrified or scared. When the terror gets too much, I want the pain to go away, I want someone to take the bad feelings away and this terror I am going through is so intense that I can hardly cope with it.

I don't want to die. I am fucking terrified of dying, of not knowing if it all exists or not. The thought of my life all being for nothing makes me feel so hopeless. What has been the point and if there is nothing then? What a sick fucking trick it'll all have been. To die and miss out on my children's life; to just be wiped out like I never even existed; to no longer be my children's saviour? How will they cope without me? How would have I coped without my mum? That used to fill me with dread as a child and that dread is still in me, only now it is the dread of me dying and my children not having their saviour to fix them and their lives.

I have probably made it all up, and all of how I am feeling right now, the whole lot could have been made up by my sick power hungry mind. Wanting to be the best at her healing, top of the class, pleasing her teacher, getting it all right when it is all probably wrong and just more mind shit coming out of me to keep me in my power by being so good at feeling my feelings. I think I am terrible at it. I don't want to feel my feelings at all and having my operation proved that. I

don't want to be responsible for my healing, I want mummy to do it all for me or the doctor to take the pain away just like mum used to do.

I think I have completely fooled myself that I have done any healing at all. I might have done some of the easy stuff, but this terror is with me constantly and it is showing me the truth: that I am fucking terrified of feeling my feelings and it has come as a shock to me, but it is the truth.

Death is so bad, it's the worst

13 February 2022

Tonight I have been having more pain in my womb and it has scared and shocked me. The first feelings I get are that I am going to die, every time I go there, to death, it is like the biggest rejection to me. That's how death feels, like its the end, my ultimate annihilation, snuffed out like I never mattered.

Death has always been the worst thing in our family, the end of your life with no talk of life continuing in Spirit. As a child it terrified me that such an ending could happen, to no longer exist and to be taken away from everyone. It's just too awful to never be a part of life again, left out in such an unfair way, against my will, the end for me. To be so cruelly annihilated, against my will, when I don't want to go, I want to stay and still be a part of life, have my power still, instead of it being taken away, just like that. What about me and what I want? I want to exist, but it's not up to me or what I want, just like being a child and my parents making all the decisions for me, having to do what I don't want to do, I don't want to die.

Everything is triggering my death fear and terror, not existing any more; the finality of death on this planet is the biggest and most terrifying annihilation to me. What if there is nothing? What a fucking waste, a pointless existence. It scares me that death is the end, like my parents believed. Death is bad; it's the worst thing that could ever happen to anyone. It takes you away from your loved ones when you don't want to go. There is nothing good about death and that is how my parents felt about it. I saw them grieving when their parents died and to hear my dad cry when his mum died, it terrified me.

In my run up to my operation all I saw was death. I felt so confronted by it, that the truth of my terror about dying came up and it took me down so many avenues to do with my children, rejection, annihilation, being so pathetic and weak, powerless and to have no choice about it. The end of my life and it isn't up to me at all, so final, and it's my fucking life, yet I have no say in it. My ending has been written, like the final scene in a play. It all felt so shocking, so unreal that this could be it for me and I am totally powerless in all of it. I have no say, it is all out of my hands and that loss of control scares me because I don't know when it will happen. I want to control it. I want to know so the pain doesn't hit me too hard. I don't want to be overwhelmed by the feelings of terror. I don't want to feel bad. I am terrified of feeling bad yet my feeling healing is all about feeling my bad feelings and they terrify me.

Dying has felt like the ultimate crushing of me, the ultimate rejection and blotting me out of life completely, so unwanted and cruelly disregarded, gotten rid of, like an unwanted child, when I still want to be around, but it's too late. It's all so unfair, to be treated so cruelly and so against my will. It's the ultimate rejection of my will.

Being so alone with my bad feelings

14 February 2022

Being so alone with my feelings has made me terrified for my own survival, feeling like I am constantly going to die as my feelings terrify me. I feel like all of my bad feelings have accumulated and they all lead to me being trapped by them all alone. There is no escape and there won't be for anyone. I feel it is the place everyone will have to get to; to feel the terror of all of their bad feelings and being so alone with them. No one can get me out of the terror of my bad feelings, only me, and that has terrified me, to be so alone with my pain and fear. I haven't felt I am good enough, or worthy enough to get through it all. It is too much, too overwhelming, so I have had to let myself be overwhelmed as I am, so tiny and insignificant compared to my terror; it is a monster, the monster I was always afraid of as a child, the one that lurks in the dark, under the bed, behind the door or behind the curtains. Feeling so afraid of my false self and also afraid of being my true self because I don't know it, I don't trust that it will keep me safe like my false self does. I know my wrongness. It has been my life since my

conception. I had believed it to be right; I even thought it was my true self. My parents convinced me my false self was me, there is nothing else. Now, I find myself stuck in the middle of my false self and my true self, not being able to trust either and all I can do is continue feeling all of my terror and see where I end up.

I have come to realise that this terror is right. It is how being in such rebellion should feel. It is how I have always felt; but through my healing I am now aware that this is the truth of my rebelliousness and it is pure terror, pure trauma and I am so alone with it. I have no one to talk it over with. The other night, Trevor said to me that I should be finished my healing by now, that I am carrying it all for too long and that I should make a decision to change and make myself feel better. He has no idea what my healing is all about; I have told him but he doesn't take me seriously. I can't talk to him about it any more; it is too frustrating for me to not be understood by him. He even used my terror attack to point out that I was putting myself through unnecessary pain by continuing like this. It made me feel even more devastated and alone, I can't share myself with him just as I couldn't share my feelings with my parents, it is one continual pain of being so denied.

The spinning girl

14 February 2022

I went to the post office today and was in a long queue and in front of me was a woman with a baby in a pram and she had a little girl with her who was about four. The little girl kept looking at me and trying to catch my eye, I tried not to look at her as I wasn't feeling too good, really dizzy and scared about it. I did eventually catch the little girl's eye and she laughed and smiled at me and all of a sudden she began spinning around and around while looking at me and laughing. I was feeling very scared at what she was doing, she will get dizzy and feel like me, completely off balance and out of control. She carried on spinning and her mum told her to stop or she will get dizzy and fall over.

The little girl stopped spinning and was enjoying the feeling of being dizzy and I wished I was her, I wished I could enjoy it instead of being terrified by it. I got home and thought about the little girl and what she was showing me about how

I was feeling in that queue. I thought about what her mum had said to her. The little girl was enjoying spinning and feeling dizzy, but her mum told her to stop, and to me, that was telling the little girl that being dizzy is bad and will hurt you if you don't stop. The little girl did as her mother said.

I can remember spinning with my sister at about the same age and enjoying the feeling, bashing into each other and falling all over the place as my brain swirled around. I was in control of my dizziness as a child; I could stop whenever I liked, but now, I can't stop the dizziness. I can't control it and I believe, like that mother said to her daughter, that it is a bad thing. I wondered if my own mother told me to stop spinning or I would hurt myself and what I had once enjoyed doing, now has become something to be afraid of, something to be scared of. Were this mother and daughter showing me how it was for me?

I thought it very strange that right at the very moment I began to feel dizzy in the queue, the little girl began spinning in front of me, making herself dizzy and it is freaking me out that she would want to make herself feel dizzy. I wanted to tell her to stop because it was terrifying me, but she wasn't scared, I was. She was in control, I wasn't. At the same time as the little girl being in control of her spinning and being able to stop when she wanted to, she didn't mind being out of control either and getting dizzier and dizzier, she was loving it and I wished I could be like her and not be so terrified of it.

She didn't care if she fell all over the place and everyone looking at her; I was terrified of passing out and everyone looking at me, making such a fool of myself in public. The girl had her mum there to help her, but I have no one to save me and that terrified me, being so alone with my terrible feelings, not having anyone to help me. It's all so scary being so alone watching this child getting so dizzy and it is terrifying me and I can't stop her, she was overwhelming me as she spun and spun, I wanted her to stop but she didn't until her mum told her to stop. I felt so out of control and desperate for her to stop. I feel so out of control with my own spinning, so desperate for it to stop making me feel so terrified.

I had to go to the garage after and while I was waiting in the waiting area, I thought I was going to faint. Panic took hold of me, and I wanted to run out and go home, to my safe place. As the dizziness took hold of me again, I looked for a place to hide, somewhere I could feel safe and out of sight where I wouldn't look

stupid if I passed out. I am so fucking fed up with this dizzy shit, but it really does get the terror going and I can feel the truth of how terrifying my rebellion is, how lonely and unsafe it has made me feel. How I don't want anyone to see my powerlessness and weakness by fainting, how I am rebelling against it so much, trying to not let it happen because I am so scared and terrified of it. I am so scared of the unknown, I haven't ever fainted, nearly but not quite but I am so terrified of it happening; so I am being kept in a constant state of dizziness and confusion.

Putting the blame on the children

15 February 2022

A memory came to me today of when my brother worked in a bike shop in town. He called mum and asked her if she could pick him up. He was about 16 at the time. Mum went out to get him but got pulled over by the police for going 33 in a 30-speed limit, they asked her for her driving license and she didn't have one so she got in trouble in quite a few ways that I won't go into. I can remember her talking to my dad about it and being so angry and she actually blamed my brother for it. I can remember her saying it was all his fault for calling her and having to go and pick him up. I remember feeling sorry for him at being blamed for her not having a driving license and getting pulled over, she was really angry with him.

Today it came to me, while I was driving, that they had us so that they could blame us for all the things that happen to them. All of their misgivings and problems were our fault and I know it is true because I have always felt I was to blame when anything went wrong in my life, it was my fault. Today, the truth came to me that the reason I have always felt so guilty is because my parents have made me feel that way, like I am to blame. Something happened to them, and it was our fault; they made me feel like that and it answers so many questions for me. The guilt makes sense now, me not being able to take responsibility in life makes so much sense to me now; my parents didn't! They made their bad shit our responsibility, and it was our fault. I have done the same to my children, blamed them when things went wrong, I am just like them.

My physical body telling me the truth of my emotional pain 18 February 2022

My parents made me terrified of myself, terrified to be myself, like it was so wrong. I am scared of myself because that is how they made me. They didn't want me to be myself; they wanted me to be how they wanted me to be. I thought if I followed my own will, that would be a bad thing and I would get in trouble for it, because it wasn't their will, so I became very afraid to be myself and I am still so terrified of being myself. I don't know whether to stick or twist most of the time. I am always so confused and find it hard to make decisions without asking someone else for their opinion and then doing what they think is right because I always had to do what was right by my parents.

My whole physical body is telling me the truth. It constantly gives me something to worry about so the pressure stays on, to make me feel the truth of how scared I am of myself. I am terrified of myself because I am wrong and I am not to trust myself; I am only to trust my parents, not myself; they know best.

I am not a real person, I am them. I don't exist, they do.

The unbearable damage

24 February 2022

The longer my healing goes on, the more I am seeing the awful damage I have done to my children. It is fucking unbearable and is constantly being rubbed in my face. My son is unable to cope with life at the moment and is feeling very suicidal. We talked about it today and he says he can't bear the overwhelming feelings of anxiety that haunt him constantly. He says life is just too much for him. He can't deal with anything or anyone and feels like he is having a breakdown. He has got extremely paranoid and blows the smallest situation up into some imaginary situation that is coming to get him and feels so trapped in his own mind. It has been very hard to keep listening to the same problem over and over again and today I snapped at him.

I want to be there for him, to listen to his feelings, but today I realised that I don't! I want him to stop, to shut up, to be rational and stop all of this shit. I can't cope with it, with his feelings, it's too much for me. I want him to not be so

fucked up. I don't know what to do with him. He expresses his feelings but can't go any further. I can't say to him to keep longing to God to help him to know the truth of his feelings because he won't hear of God at all. I do all I can to listen to him without any resolution for him, because without that help from God, no truth is coming up for him; so all we do is keep going over the same feelings without God's help. It is so hard to go through all of his feeling expression without the help that God gives when longed for.

To me, the healing is a partnership between me and God, my Mother and Father, my Parents, and without Them being involved, it isn't a completed job; I can only go so far. With my son not being able to accept God to help him, it is all very hard and very lonely for him and there is no resolution. It's frustrating because I can't make him accept God and the incredible help they give throughout my healing. Life is so hard without Them; being in such rebellion of God makes life so lonely and hard.

It's all too fucking much

25 February 2022

I am scared of fucking everything in life, every tiny physical feeling and it is the worst thing possible. Everything that happens in the world and it is the end for me. I am so sick of myself being like this, it is so tiring and stressful. I get a headache and I think I have a brain tumour. I never realised just how terrified I am of everything. I am so scared of the pain, I think it will never end and I won't be able to cope with it and the truth is, I can't cope with it, pain fucking terrifies me, it will all get to be too much, too much to bear and I will be in so much pain that I can't make it stop and have to live with it until it kills me. Living a life in such pain horrifies me; I want it to go away, to end and to leave me alone and to stop hurting me. Why does pain want to hurt me all the time? Please leave me alone and stop scaring me.

I have denied so much of my pain that it is all coming out and showing me what I have denied and suppressed and it is so much, so bad and so painful. I can't believe I have denied so much of it but there is a lifetime's amount for me to feel and it is all coming up for me to feel and express and find the truth of and it all terrifies me. I can see why I didn't want to feel it, I really can!!

I seem to go through feelings that mark ages and stages of my life. I can feel my feelings and know what time in my life that I felt them. It is like I know what age I was and what year it was when I denied those feelings and at the moment, the terrible feelings I am going through take me back to the 80's when I was feeling them but denying them. I thought if I didn't feel them back then I would be okay, but they are all coming up, nothing gets forgotten, whatever has been denied and suppressed will have to be healed. It is relentless right now and is coming at me from my son and my daughter; all of their fears they are expressing to me and it is like being back at home with mum and dad and hearing all of their fears coming out of them and me not being able to do anything to help them. It felt like it would never end, like the pain would never go away and that is just how I feel about my feelings right now, because that is how it was with mum and dad. It is all too overwhelming for me. I am still that little child being bombarded with my parents' bad feelings, covering my ears trying not to hear them and being so powerless to fix it all for them, just as I can't fix it for me or my children.

Thanks Mum and Dad for the wonderful gifts!!

8 March 2022

Both my parents are Vitamin B12 deficient; it has shown in many awful ways for them throughout their lives. When I had my operation a couple of months ago, I was also told I am B12 deficient, and they want me to have a 2 week course of injections to top it up to whatever level it should be. I have found out that my dizziness has been down to the deficiency (of course I know that there are denied and suppressed feelings that are the cause).

I feel so fucking angry that I have this, something else that is so awful that has been passed on to me from my parents. I am so like them in every way. I have all of their fucked up illnesses. I have inherited the whole lot from them, all of their awfulness poured into me at my conception.

It is so unfair; I am so fucked off. I went into town today with Faye, my daughter, and I couldn't do it, I couldn't walk around. I felt like I was going to collapse in a heap with the weakness of this B12 deficiency. I had to leave and go home to my

safety, a place where I can keel over if I need to; it was all too much for me. I feel like I am slowly dying, even having a shower is killing me, the weakness is so overwhelming.

I don't want to go for the course of jabs they want to give me; I can feel myself deteriorating more every day. I feel painfully weak and broken to my core.

This is how my parents have made me; this is how they wanted me to be, just like them, weaker than them so they still had all of the power over me. It feels like they wanted to keep me weak and powerless, and this is how it felt. This is the truth of all of the pain of being kept in such a weak condition as a child.

I write on here from time to time, moaning constantly about all of my pain that I have kept very well hidden for many years, but there is no holding it back and I don't want to hold it back, I want it all to come out, all to be expressed, but I do hope that one day I will be able to say that I feel good!!

Feeling totally despondent

22 March 2022

I felt like writing but now I am here, doing it, nothing will come. I was feeling that I wanted to write about the loneliness and emptiness I have been feeling, but I don't even feel that I can be bothered to write about it. I don't see the point in longing to God anymore; I don't even feel like feeling!

It is like everything has stopped and I am left with the emptiness and loneliness, actually living it in every moment so I don't have to feel it because I am it, I have caught up with the truth of it and am being it completely. I don't have any interest in anything; it is all pointless and feels so futile.

The B12 deficiency is doing its best to make me feel like total shit constantly, both of my parents have it and now I do too; another thing to thank them for. Passing on their deficiencies to me so I can suffer just the same as them, so I can give all my power to the NHS (National Health Service – UK), just like they did, because I can't function right now, it is too debilitating. I am now just the same as them and I have spent all my life trying to prove to them that I am better than them; I

do it right, when they did it wrong; I am so much more superior than them, but this B12 thing has shown me that they have control of me and won't let me be better than them because they made sure of it; they gave me their shitty crap so I would be just the same as them.

They made me; I have both of their shit within me so how could I possibly be any better than them. I have tried so hard to have power over them by being better than them and rubbing their noses in it, in my subtle little ways but they have brought me back down to earth again by showing me I am just the same as them, because they made me that way and there is nothing I can do about it.

I have rebelled against them all my life and now, I can feel that rebellion ebb away bit by bit, breaking me down and all of my false beliefs that I have about myself being better than them. I so don't want to be like them, but I am them and all of their illnesses. I feel that they like me being just like them, weak and ill; they don't feel threatened by me when I am on the same level as them, in the same awful condition as them. Now we have something in common, now Sam is our girl again, she is back! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I feel like they have me because I am now as weak as them, as weak as they made me and that is the place I have had to get to, the truth of how they made me feel!

I am weak and I need your help

24 March 2022

The MOT was due today on my car and I usually am fine to go and do it but today I felt too weak to do it, really unwell. (The Ministry of Transport (MOT) test is an annual test of vehicle safety, roadworthiness aspects and exhaust emissions required in the United Kingdom.) I had to ask Trevor to do it for me and it made me feel really bad. I feel like I am asking him to do something for me and I am not allowed to do that because he will get angry with me as he won't want to do it. I realise this is all projections from me to Trevor because this is how my dad made me feel whenever I asked him to do anything for me, to help me. I now realise I have never been able to ask anyone to do anything for me, or to help me in any way because I am scared of them reacting like dad did.

Trevor has just left to take the car for me and as soon as he left I had a huge cry

as I feel so bad about asking him to do it. I feel that he now hates me and is really angry with me for ruining his day and asking him to do something that he didn't want to do. I feel like we have had a huge argument and we aren't talking now but we haven't at all. I just don't feel well and needed his help, something I find very hard to ask for because of how dad used to make me feel if I asked him for any help.

I feel like I am such a pain, such a hindrance in ever one's life, such an annoyance and why don't I just go away and leave everyone alone. I feel so hated right now by Trevor (Dad). I feel like he has gone off and is hating me all the way to the MOT garage; he hates me so much and wishes I didn't exist so that he wouldn't then have to do anything for me. God, I feel so hated!

No one wants to do anything for me. I am so hated, they wish I wasn't born. I was such a pain as a baby and as a young child, they wish they didn't have me; I am so hated by mummy and daddy. I am such a burden on them; I have ruined their lives; they have to give me all of their attention and they don't want to; they want to get on with their own lives without a screaming, demanding baby getting in the way all the time. Mum can't do anything since she had me, anything on her own, she can't even just pop to the shop without getting me ready and taking me with her; I am such a burden on them, on everyone. I hate myself for getting in their way and making them hate me so much; I hate myself for being ill with this B12 deficiency and it is making me so weak and pathetic and needing others to help me at the moment. I am so weak now, so broken down into the crushed state that I have always felt I was but denied, I am now it!!

I am so scared to ask for help; I have always had to make sure I didn't need to, as people don't like being asked (mum and dad didn't, so I project that onto everyone). I am scared to ask for help and feeling the hatred aimed at me because no one really wants to. I asked Trevor for help, and I think he was shocked that I actually asked him; he looked shocked that I actually felt so weak that I couldn't take the car for its MOT. He looked all put out, like I was interrupting his plans, just like dad did. I don't think he believed me that I feel so bad that I need to ask for his help. I never do that, and it felt so wrong to me even to ask for help. I have had to be strong and do it all myself, at least that

way I don't have to feel the truth of how hated I really am, so I just get on with it; but this B12 weakness has got me in a place of no longer being able to be strong. The truth of my weakness is now coming out and I am being it, I am truly weakened and broken down, unable to walk even small distances without feeling like I will collapse in a heap of truth of how I really always have been, weak.

I have no idea how long this will last; will I be this weak forever? I don't know. It is awful, truly awful but it is the truth of me, this is what I have been hiding all my life, this weakness that no one loves, and it is the truth of me.

Being Vegan has just been more of my power games

28 March 2022

I had some salmon and prawns tonight for my dinner. I have come to the truth that my being a Vegan has been yet another expression of my wanting to be superior, different and such a kind and loving person to all animals, that is all bullshit. I have spent many years believing I didn't want to eat the flesh of another living creature, it is unloving and evil, but I now realise I am unloving and evil and me not eating meat is more of me pretending to be something I am not. It is not me being true to me evilness and I have spent many years living this pretence. It did feel very strange eating it, but I felt so much more connected to myself, to the truth.

I am no longer a Vegan, in that half an hour a huge change had occurred in me and more truth has also come. I became a Vegan so I could lord it over my parents, making sure they know that I think they are evil for eating animals and they are so wrong; more of my superiority complex has now come to light and now I feel like I am even more like them, no different, no better at all. Everything I am going through right now is bringing me right back down to earth and showing me just how much I have rebelled against my parents and myself, double the pain.

The arrogance of my Veganism

29 March 2022

I have been Vegan for so long and you would think that me eating fish yesterday for the first time would have made me feel terrible. It was a huge thing to do for me but in fact it has made me feel like so much less of a liar. I feel like another piece of me has come back, another piece of truth is now known and being lived, and I feel so good about it. I am feeling like all of the pieces of my evilness and untruth are slotting into place to make the puzzle of 'Me' come together and I can be so much more aware of myself and my wrongness, I can know so much more truth of my evilness, accepting it and letting myself be it, not thinking I have to be better than that!

I can't be any better than anyone else and me being Vegan made me feel like I was better than everyone else, like I was kinder, more loving but what a load of crap!! I was making it all up in an attempt to be better and more superior than my parents, lording it over them like I was saying: "This is the way you should be mum and dad, like me". What an arrogant idiot I have been and by eating that fish yesterday, I felt the truth.

Trevor came into the lounge and looked at my plate, he double looked because I have been Vegan for so long and I think he enjoyed the fact that I was now no longer better than him eating his steaks, etc. I was now on the same level of evilness, and he felt good about it and I felt a little bit embarrassed at being wrong all of those years, kidding myself and now I am saying: "I am just as evil as you, eating the flesh of another living being". What a pain in the arse I have been with my: "How could you eat the flesh of another living being?" What an arrogant and superior idiot I have been, thinking I was so much better than everyone else.

I have come down to earth with a bump but I feel so much better that I don't have to lie to myself any more, I can be the truth of my evilness and that feels so good.

Being truer to my evilness

29 March 2022

My God, it feels so good to end the lies I have been telling myself. I had more salmon tonight and my body responded to it with relief. I have such a feeling of release within me, something I never felt all the time I was going along with the rebellion of myself by being Vegan.

I am now being true to my evilness, and it feels so good to come clean to myself. I know I keep saying it, repeating myself, but I want to, I want to keep saying how good it feels to end the lies that I am this good person who cares about nature and doesn't want to eat it. I can see so clearly that it was all for power, to make me feel good and better than others, it was something I could do on my own without anyone else in my family doing it, I was the only one, the special one, the righteous one, the loving one who we should all be like, what an asshole!

I have done myself out of what I really wanted just so I could feel superior, so I could shock my family, my parents. It was something just for me and no one could take it away from me. It was something they couldn't do and put me above them.

It has damaged me, my body now has a Vitamin B12 deficiency through leading such a strict Vegan life, I have been hurting myself by rebelling against myself. My B12 deficiency has shown me, in some awful ways, that being this stubborn about not giving in on my Vegan diet and by not feeling my true feelings about it, I have suffered and am now ill and had to be broken down, to finally giving in to my true feelings and eating meat, well, fish! I now have B12 deficiency because of not eating meat and dairy, none of which I have eaten for years, and I have denied the feelings that I really wanted to, but if I had, that would mean I would have lost my power. I have failed and have to eat humble pie.

I now feel that I can accept how I was doing it all for power. I can see that so clearly and I feel fine about it. Yesterday, I felt embarrassed about Trevor seeing my plate with salmon and prawns on it. I felt ashamed of myself giving up on my Vegan diet and falling. I felt like a failure and that everyone else was right and I was wrong and they would all point a finger at me for giving in and now: I was just like them, no better and oh, how the mighty fall. It felt like I had fallen

from a great height of superiority, but I don't feel like that today, I feel so good about myself for finally seeing the truth and submitting to it, seeing the truth of why I wanted to lead a Vegan life.

It is such a relief; I can feel the release of not having to be like that anymore. It was a pressure and quite a fight to maintain my Vegan life, but the fight has been against myself, denying myself what I truly want, just so I can stay in my position of power, being above my family and being so proud to say I am a Vegan, I am better than you!

Being subservient to illness/parents

31 March 2022

With all of the horrible symptoms of my B12 deficiency, I am feeling so much hate towards the awful feelings that I am feeling physically. I want them to just fuck off, go away and leave me in peace. I have had enough of their persistent interference making me feel so bad all the time, scaring me and controlling me. I realise that this is how I felt towards my parents and how they made me feel. My B12 is helping me get in touch with the deep anger at being so controlled and having to do as I am told. The B12 tells me what to do by giving me a bad feeling and it instantly has me under its control, keeping me scared and subservient to it.

Being so reliant on medication/parents

3 April 2022

I am now on B12 tablets for the rest of my life. They keep me able to function in this world; they stop the dizziness and balance issues; they stop the limb paralysis that I feel and the numb tongue; they stop the brain fog and dementia that I have experienced; they stop the ulcerated tongue and body itches; they stop me feel like I am dying every day; I am now able to drive and go out of the house!

What the fucking fuck!!! I have to rely on a little tablet? This little tablet has all of my power and I have none, it has taken it. This little tablet is my parents making me feel okay again and telling me that without it, I am nothing, I am not safe, I will die; so I now rely on this little tablet just the same way I relied on my

parents as a tiny baby to keep me safe and alive. I have now gone back to feeling the terror of this little baby without its parents; how it felt every time mum put me down or left me with someone else. I felt like I was going to die without her, just as I have felt without this little tablet, like I will die without it. I am a baby again, not being able to save myself but needing my little tablet (mum) to do it all for me, make me feel safe and to keep me alive.

They made me rely on them, so I did and spent the rest of my life rebelling against the weakness I felt in having to rely on them, the powerlessness that was the truth of how I felt, but I found strength in rebelling against them, false strength because underneath and deeply denied was the weakness that I was fighting against.

Now, I just feel weak and powerless by having to rely on them again, and by them I mean the B12 pills that keep me safe and alive. Every time I take it I feel the weakness more and more. It is the weakness that has always been in me, the weakness that they made me feel by having to rely on my parents for my safety, I wasn't enough, I couldn't do it by myself, I had to have them do it all for me and I am the same with my children. How devastating to know this truth, that I am ruining them just the same as I was ruined. I hated what my parents did to me, yet I went and did it to my own children.

I have been embarrassed about my weakness and showing it to everyone. I have felt so humiliated by it, like being weak is something laughable and embarrassing and shouldn't ever be shown publicly, but this is and always has been the truth of me.

This weakness is ME! I am so weak that I haven't been strong enough even to go outside my garden gate without feeling I am going to collapse with exhaustion. Shit, this is the exhaustion I have been hiding all my life and I can't fight it anymore. I have been worn down to be the truth of how my parents made me feel. I always thought I had to be strong and powerful, so I was, on the outside, when inside, I was in a constant state of fear, terror and a crumbling wreck. Now I am all of that truth and there is no more hiding it.

I have found it hard to tell my children that I can't do something, I just don't have the strength, I am too weak to go to town today; these words they have never

heard from me. I have always been the strong one, but now I am no longer that and it is a relief to tell them the truth. I am weak so I can't do anything. I have felt like a let down to them, not being able to do what they want to do, but I have been forced into this, plunged down into the truth of my weakness and I have been literally on the floor, as low as I can get.

I recently had another blood test and my B12 has gone up from 170 to 719, so these little pills are keeping me alive, but I can honestly say I have never felt weaker and so powerless by taking them and needing them, but I know that by feeling like this I am now able to be the truth of how my parents made me feel. I need these pills just as I needed my parents to keep me alive and that has crushed me, that I can't do without them, that I need them for my survival. I have been brought up to believe that my parents are all and without them I will die, just as I will without the pills.

Am I worth nothing!

7 April 2022

I feel so fucking furious right now. Trevor is on the phone to his daughter telling her about a YouTube of Bruce Lipton he has watched about how a child is programmed by its parents and carries that programming with it all its life. Oh, my fucking God! He will take it if it is from someone else, but not from me!

What the fuck does he think I have been going on about for 8 years! I feel totally disregarded by him. He even tries to tell me about it, when I was the one who told him, but I am not taken seriously. It is like, if it comes from me, then it has absolutely no worth or value; he even fucking yawns and starts moving around in a sort of diversion tactic so as to not have to listen to me.

He will talk to me about things he has watched and try to tell me about them when I have told him all of this years ago, but he doesn't value anything I have to say. It keeps me in a subservient state to him, like he is the one with all the information and has to be the one that teaches me constantly. I am feeling so angry, raging fucking angry and I want all the power. I want to be the fucking teacher and he has to listen to me; shit we are both the same. He wants power over me and I want power over him, just like it was at home with my parents,

but I have to back down and let him be the big 'I AM'.

I feel so frustrated that he doesn't value me and what I say, like I know nothing. To hear him tell others about what I have been telling him all along and for him to also tell me about it, it is crushing. I feel powerless and crushed and it was like my soul just shrank when I heard him talk to his daughter about what I have been talking to him about for years. He doesn't hear me, I am invisible and not worth taking seriously.

I have coronavirus Covid-19

10 April 2022

Now I have Covid-19 and am confined to my bed because I can't move. I am ill. How do I feel about it? Fucking pissed off and like God hates me. How much more do I have to go through?

I had one of my daughter's Covid-19 tests, so I did it and it came out positive. I can't eat anything because I feel sick constantly and the weakness is awful. I look totally disgusting with big cold sores on my lips. I look putrid, and I feel this is how I should look, this is the truth I am now being forced to connect with. All these awful physical symptoms contain my childhood history and by being plunged down into illness and having all of these physical symptoms I can really be at one with the truth of my childhood trauma.

My physical body is breaking down to the truth of how I have always felt, yet denied it and suppressed it and covered it with the bullshit that I am a strong person. I am now being shown what a facade I carried around with me and how I really felt was a very bad thing and not to be known to anyone. I have always been embarrassed by my true weakness, like it's a terrible thing and won't be accepted. God! It has been so hard to keep the truth of me a secret, so heavy a burden to carry around with me, so hard to keep it hidden.

Now I have no choice, I am bed ridden and in a condition that feels dreadful, looks truly awful and smells putrid and this is the truth of me, at last I can now be my true condition.

Coronavirus Covid-19 is my Master

13 April 2022

I am still in bed with Covid-19 wondering if I will ever be well again. I can't taste anything, even water is vile, and I have a horrible cough. I can get up for short moments of time but after a little while my body gives up and I am back in bed. I feel like I want to get up and do things but when I try my body just can't do it. That is something I have felt all my life, how my mind wants something, but I just can't do it, I don't feel capable, too scared to even try in case I fail or hurt myself. I am feeling quite the failure right now as this illness controls me and tells me what I can and can't do; I am at the mercy of Covid-19 and can only do what it will allow me to do.

I feel like my life is no longer my own, I have no say in it, Covid-19 is my master and I am the servant. All I can do is lay here doing nothing, being nothing and feeling how unfair it is to be treated this way, like I am a nothing being. Everything I have been through in my life accumulates at this pinnacle point in my life, of being NOTHING, of having no control, something else that is stronger than me always has control, and I am left with nothing.

Corona virus has brought me down to the truth of my NOTHINGNESS. Knowing that all of my fighting and Rebellion has been to keep me away from this truth, that I am NOTHING! I haven't wanted to know this truth, so I constantly fought it in any way I could, but not now, I can't fight it any more. I am too weak and the virus has me on my knees and is forcing me to know and face the truth of how I have always felt, my NOTHINGNESS.

Yes, I am still going on about Covid-19!

16 April 2022

Covid-19 has been the voice of my unexpressed childhood, denied and suppressed feelings, all of the feelings that I couldn't put a voice to as a child. Covid-19 has told me the truth of how weak I felt, how powerless I felt, how scared and terrified I was, how alone I felt, how unsafe and close to death I always felt and how unloved I truly was by my parents. I can see why I needed

Covid-19; it has been the vital communication I have needed to express my deep childhood pain. Nothing else would have said it so perfectly.

Covid-19 has hit me so hard and shocked me that it could make me feel so bad and the way Covid-19 has hit me has brought up in me the same shock and force as when I was hit by my dad. To be physically hit by your parent is such a huge shock to a child and that shock changes you forever. Your relationship with your father can never be the same again. I have felt the force of being hit by Covid-19 and it is the same as the blow struck from my dad. The unlovingness felt from both is the same. When my dad hit me, something died in me. The illusion that he loved me ebbed away until he was nothing to me and that nothingness has been felt all the way through having Covid-19. It is such an unloving illness that has made me bed ridden and able to do nothing except feel my nothingness, of how something so evil makes me feel.

Covid-19 is the truth of how unloved I was as a child but couldn't express it; Covid-19 says it perfectly.

I am fucking angry, so fucking angry!!

4 May 2022

I have found out that my B12 deficiency has been the physical and medical cause of all of my health issues throughout my life. Of course it is not the real reason and my feelings are bringing up in me the cause of this terrible and deadly deficiency, the cause is the deficiency of love from my parents, but the levels of anger I am going through sweep through all the levels of my existence, physical, mental, spiritual, psychic, all of them have been affected (I never know if its effected or affected, I look it up and never remember the right one to use).

The physical symptoms of B12 go right back into my childhood. I can remember feeling weak, lifeless, dizzy, breathless, brain fog and falling over as well, and so many more symptoms. As a child, it was awful at times and then throughout my teens, 20s, 30s, 40s and now my 50s and I have always felt so desperately fucked and forced myself to do things when the truth is, I just want to crumble and die with the weakness. I have had so many illnesses because of this B12 deficiency;- all of which began as a baby, with me not getting the nourishment I needed in

mum's womb because she has always had B12 deficiency, and so has dad, so what fucking chance did I have in life? Right from the beginning, no nourishment, mum wasn't able to give me the strength to survive because her body was too depleted in B12 and she passed this on to me in the womb and I have passed it on to my children, both of them arriving 3 weeks early because my womb was not a hospitable environment to grow a baby full term; they were starving to death inside me.

I have been reading a book about B12 def called 'Could it be B12?' An epidemic of misdiagnosis!! Do you suffer with fatigue, stomach issues, anaemia, depression or frequent falls? Is your child diagnosed with a developmental delay or Autism? Has your loved one been diagnosed with stomach cancer, dementia, Alzheimer's or MS? It could be B12!!!! The symptoms are endless and can lead to a horrible death that is needless, all because doctors aren't trained in the symptoms of B12 and a lot of them won't hear of it; so people have been self injecting and taking it upon themselves to self treat. It is a fucking crime that I have a medical problem that isn't taken seriously by doctors and could kill me as it has done many others.

I am feeling so helpless as I feel my way through all of these awful symptoms, the shaking and the tremors, the awful dizziness and the brain zaps that come out of the blue and terrify me. This is fucking crippling me, but I want to find the truth of it and the book is really helping me to understand so much more and how it is passed on genetically in some cases.

The book says the foetus does not receive the right nourishment in the womb so it grows with all sorts of awful problems right from conception and that is how I feel it was for me in mum's womb. So many deficiencies already at conception and many babies miscarry because of the B12 deficiency. They are not getting the nourishment they need to survive, and I have always felt like that. I need more, constantly more nourishment, more food to fill me because I feel so deficient of any kind of love, I am deficient of everything and that is how it feels.

This B12 deficiency has shown me just how deficient I feel, even down to having an illness that isn't taken seriously and having to fight to get anyone to hear me because the doctor isn't interested in me, always so denied, and having to go off and do it all myself. Feeling so unseen, so uncared about, so fucking angry and

hopeless that anyone will ever help me and take me and how I feel seriously; feeling so desperate to be heard, please hear me, I am in so much pain, fear and hopelessness, won't someone please take me seriously!!!! It has always been like this and I am feeling the hopelessness of it all, feeling how it didn't make any difference, because no one was going to come to my rescue and say; "It's okay Sam, I am going to help you with this. Tell me how you are feeling, because I want to know, you matter to me and I want to take you seriously", NO!! None of that, ever!! I have had to put myself aside and be there for everyone. I am there to make them happy and listen to them and take them seriously but when it comes to my turn, there is none of that for me, no one listens or even wants to know!

B12 mimics many other diseases so all these things the doctors have said I might have, its all been bullshit, because they didn't test me for B12, so easy to do, so simple, instead they gave me awful drugs for depression, Lupus, and other shit when all they had to do is request a B12 blood panel and there it would have been. So, I have fucking suffered in the worst darkness all my life thinking I was dying of these awful diseases when what I really had was B12 deficiency. I feel so denied and so like I don't matter to anyone, they couldn't even do the right tests on me and have let me go through a life of debilitating fatigue, dizziness, numb limbs, stomach issues, neurological disorders and all the rest of it, when all they had to do was a B12 test.

They didn't care about me, no one cared, not the doctors, not my parents who lived seeing me in terrible states of illness and never insisted on the doctors finding what was wrong with me, their daughter. No fucking care at all, just leaving me to it in my terror and confusion as to what was wrong with me. It has taken me 54 years to know that I am B12 deficient. Something so simple to find out, but they couldn't be bothered with me; no one could and I feel so full of sadness for myself, so depraved and so deficient in so many ways, all because of the deficiency of love from my parents and that is the epidemic that is passed on down the line from mother to child, a deadly deficiency that isn't even taken seriously and babies, children, teenagers, adults and old people are dying from it every day as it mimics its way through our lives being diagnosed as something it isn't, because the truth is, they don't know what the fuck is wrong!!

I am feeling so utterly gutted right now, gutted to my core that no one picked

this up early and now some of the neurological problems of having B12 deficiency are irreversible and that feels like a fucking crime to me. I feel totally invisible to everyone, I even feel guilty bothering the doctor, like I am such a pain in the arse. I feel like that to everyone. I am just a nuisance, a pest or 'Pestipoo' as mum used to call me as a child. I am in the way and should make myself invisible to everyone, then I won't get on their nerves so much.

What I feel at the moment is that my life has always been so touch and go, like I have always been on the edge of death right from conception. It has always been a struggle for survival, and I am so tired of the struggle in life, it is so hard. I feel so deficient in so many ways and always have, but if I was filled with love, I wouldn't feel deficient. I would be full up with loving feelings, with the truth of love but what's the use in saying any of that when the truth is I am deficient in love and that has caused all of my illnesses.

More truth coming to me about my childhood feelings

9 May 2022

Today, I was sitting on my bench in the sun and my feelings were telling me that any bad feeling that hit me as a child was such a shock, like my whole world had been rocked and would never be the same again, and I still am the same. I am still that little girl being terrified of her bad feelings and just waiting for the next one to come and terrify me.

I could feel myself being a little girl and feeling the devastation of a bad feeling, no matter how tiny, it was such a shock. As a child I felt that anything bad was the end of the world and my parents had created this false world for me to live in, pretending that everything was okay in life, so when I felt anything bad, it had an awful effect on me, it was like annihilation and the feelings I feel as an adult are just the same. It is like a shock that anything bad can happen when my parents told me all was okay. They lied and that is the biggest shock of all. They hadn't prepared me for the bad things, it was all to be covered up and denied and now I am fucked!!

Yes, bad stuff did happen in my family as a child, but my parents never spoke openly about it. They wanted to keep it away from the children so we could

carry on our pretend little world, the truth was kept from us, so life has been quite a shock for me, a real awakening in every bad moment, that there is a stack of truth that has been kept from me, the world is scary and not safe like my parents tried to make me believe.

Nothing bad was talked about, so I believed bad things were very bad, because they must be as mum and dad won't talk about them. It put so much fear into me, so much mistrust in the world and terrified me to be a part of it. Right from huge world events to my own tiniest of bad feelings, it has been a real shock for me and most of the shock has been denied and suppressed within me and it comes out in physical ways, so as well as my feelings, my body is also telling me the truth of my denied and suppressed childhood history.

My feelings create a physical problem and that is a shock for me, to feel a bad physical feeling coming from my body. It shocks me, and I am like, 'what the fuck was that, where did that come from, and I hope that doesn't happen again'. I feel that I am in a constant state of shock with life and am suffering from some sort of PTSD (post traumatic stress disorder) as a result of my childhood. It was a shock, all of it. I was at the mercy of my parents and what they wanted for me, I had very little say, so to have to go along with their 'Will' for me, has been a huge fucking shock!!

Being such an unaware child, because that is how my parents kept me, has fucked me up! Living their 'Will', like a fucking robot, has seriously fucked me up! How does a child go from living the 'will' of her parents to then becoming an adult and having to now do it all on your own? Where has mum and dad gone? Where are they, my controllers, my prison keepers, where the fuck have they gone? They tell me how to be, what to do all my life and then push me out the door and say now it is up to you!! Such a huge shock to have to go it alone, once released from your captors. A shock for sure and it still is, every day is a shock!!

My only true deficiency is LOVE!

14 May 2022

As the enormity of the awful neurological symptoms of my B12 deficiency takes hold of me, I realise, through my feelings, that the true deficiency is of love. I

have never been able to feel love, accept love, receive love, give love or absorb Love. B12 is the inability to 'Absorb and Digest' the vitamin into the cells of the body so it can get to all of the organs, the brain, the skin, everywhere and I can't absorb it. It is called Pernicious Anaemia and it is fucking awful. I am now having very bad symptoms of it and have come off of the supplements and cofactors that have to be taken with the B12.

I have been off everything for about 10 days now and am feeling the full force of B12 anaemia. When I was taking the supplements, they started to not work, as I can't absorb B12 through my small intestine, so I was meant to have injections for life, but I didn't want them, so went the supplement route in the hope they would work, but nothing works! I feel very scared and the bad feelings ravage me every minute of the day, but I want to feel them and feel the truth of my B12 deficiency.

I now know that my only deficiency is the lack of love I felt from my parents and this lack has caused me to never be able to absorb and digest any sort of love, in fact, the truth is, I repel love. I don't want it anywhere near me. It is a bad thing, and I have a feeling of defence in me about love, like I have to defend myself from it, because I never felt like I received it, so it must be a bad thing. I don't know how it feels, I have no clue. I can't quite put it into words how I feel about it. As a child I would shy away from any affection, I would recoil myself and pull away, like it would weaken me if I accepted it, it would kill me even! And now I have this B12 deficiency that is weakening me and could kill me in the same way, and it is showing me the truth of the way I feel about love.

Love just isn't in me to receive it! It isn't there. I am empty inside in the place where my parents' love should have been right from the start, but there is nothing there but emptiness.

This lack of love I have has made me retract from any loving experience. I can't even receive and absorb Mother and Father's Divine Love because I can't receive any love, because I never felt it as a child from my own parents. Shit, they have really fucked me and they have no idea what they have done to me! This B12 deficiency is showing me the truth of how it feels to have no love; it is 'Death' and pain all the way. When you haven't felt the love from your parents it sets you up for life to never being able to absorb and digest any sort of love.

I feel so fucked!!

My body is reacting to how much I hate myself

14 May 2022

I am feeling even deeper the enormity of my Rebellion to God, Love, Truth, Myself, and all that is good. My B12 is taking me down even deeper into the truth of how against my bad feelings I actually am. I am terrified of my bad feelings and any medication for my B12 or any other pain is rejecting my bad feelings and showing me that I just don't want to feel them, I am too scared of feeling them. I have been off all medication because I was feeling overwhelmed with the amount of pills I have to take for this B12 deficiency, so I have stopped them all and now am feeling fucking terrible; my whole body is tingling and buzzing and I am constantly light headed, but I really want to feel what my feelings and my physical body has to tell me about the history of my childhood and how it is still repeating itself in me as an adult.

I have realised even deeper just how much I hate myself and my whole body is reacting to that hate I feel. My blood is attacking me and refusing to look after me and do what it is supposed to do, it is fucked up. I totally devalue myself, the way I have been taught to. My parents devalued me and now I do it to myself. I am toxic to myself, the way my family were toxic to me, my blood is toxic and hurting me, just the way they did, everything is against me because they were against me as a child. I can't absorb anything good; I repel it all.

No connection to God

28 May 2022

I feel absolutely no connection to God; it is as though they don't exist. I used to feel that I had some connection throughout my healing years, I have written about it in past forum posts but now, there is nothing. I feel completely abandoned by God and it scares me that I will never feel a connection to them again. I now know that any connection I did have with God was all a creation of my mind, wishful thinking. I feel so alone, scared and that, without them in my

life, there is nothing but emptiness.

I talk to God all day, shout and scream at Them for denying me their love. How could They abandon me when I need Them the most? But nothing works. It is like They have completely shut off to me. Why have They done this? Because They are showing me how it was for me with my physical parents when I was a child. What really scares me is that They may not exist; I might have made Them up, because of my fear of there being nothing when I die. I beg and plead to Them to show me that They exist, but nothing happens. I want to feel Them, to truly know They exist. I have to feel Them but there is nothing.

To truly know They love me, I have to feel Their Love enter me, but I feel nothing from Them, so that means They don't love me.

I never really felt my physical parents' love for me and now this is the same and it feels terrible. So hopeless and so alone, like I have no one but myself to rely on and that has never felt like it is enough. I shouldn't have had to go through everything on my own, but I did and I still am. There is no one there for me, there never has been, so is God showing me the truth of how it was for me? I want to say yes, but I don't know. Do They exist? I don't know! Do They love me? I don't know! I have no idea about anything anymore. It is all leaving me, and I don't know anything at all.

"I don't believe in you Mother and Father, you don't exist."

28 May 2022

It is just me alone in this world and that is how it has always felt. I have been kidding myself that You exist, yet I am talking to You now, how fucked up is that!! You don't show Your Love for me. I don't feel anything from You, not a fucking thing and I feel so angry about Your lack of love for me, Your lack of care and support. I scream out to You all the time and am always so confused because I don't know if You are hearing me or am I screaming to thin air!!

I have so desperately wanted to believe in You and make You real, I have had some experiences with You, but it has all been made up by me and my longing to have You in my life, but there has been nothing. I now doubt all of the times I

believed I felt Your Divine Love enter me, was that just me making it happen with my mind?? I don't know anything anymore; my life feels so finite without You in it, but what else can I do? It is that finite feeling that I haven't wanted to feel. It is horrible, so final, like I am here on this planet and then I will be gone as if I never existed at all; because if You don't exist, then nor does the afterlife and there is nothing. All so final and I hate that.

Why do I hate it all feeling so finite? Because I don't want to end, I don't want it to be over, I want to carry on and I want it all to be true, but I just don't know anymore. None of this was ever spoken about when I was a child, no God, no heaven or hell, no spirits or afterlife and this is how it all feels right now, like I am living it all over again with no God in my life, just my mum and dad and them being my gods. Nothing else above them and it felt very scary and lonely only having them. At least if you exit God, then I have a chance of feeling loved, but if You don't, then this is it for me, this is as good as it gets and that isn't good enough for me, I want MORE!!!!

I feel like you are keeping yourself from me, making my life be how it was for me as a child and if that is so, then you are doing a fantastic job on me, it feels just as scared and lonely without You in my life. I am exhausted with trying and longing for Your Love, it is so tiring to keep it all going and now I can see that it didn't come easily. It didn't feel natural when Your Love flowed into me, so it must have been made up by my mind. Wanting it so much, wanting to feel so special that I made it happen, forced it and conjured up the feeling of Your Love with my mind. I can't do it anymore; I don't want to do it!

I never felt my parents love for me, but I thought they must love me, so I don't need to feel it. It is default that they love me, so it doesn't need to be spoken about or felt, it just is! I never felt loved by them and now I feel like I will never be loved by You God and it feels so hopeless without Your Love. Life is hopeless, meaningless, lonely and so finite without You in it!!

I am so tired of feeling so scared all the fucking time

18 June 2022

Now, I am conscious of my feelings, I realise that I have always been so terrified of life, of everything and everyone and it is fucking exhausting. Trevor has gone away today to see his daughters and I am alone in the house and being alone like this has allowed me to really feel how it feels to be alone and I have asked Mother and Father to help me feel the truth of my feelings as I sit here right now, and what instantly came up was all of the terror of being alone and how unsafe I feel when it is just me. I am not enough!!

I sit here in my house, alone and I feel so afraid and all of the 'What if's' begin to surface the longer Trevor is away. It goes through my mind, "Who can I call to be with me if something goes wrong, if I feel ill or if anything happens", all of this comes up in me, who can save me!! I need to be constantly saved and I thought I was the saviour in my family, but who will save me!! The answer is, no one. There is no one to save me and I am not enough to save myself. My controllers are the ones who save me, my parents, but I never felt like they ever did save me, they didn't have a clue how to save themselves, always in some sort of strife that felt like a catastrophe and scared the shit out of me. This is why everything feels like it will be a catastrophe in my life; I am always waiting for the terrible thing to happen to me because this is how it was in my household as a child.

I am so fucking damaged Mother and Father! I am so fucking broken! And I am so fucking scared all the time!

Being so sexually available to Men

8 August 2022

Feeling so much rage and anger today about men and how I have had to be so sexually available to them, all because I had to always be so available to my dad, not sexually, but always had to say "Yes" when I wanted to say "No" but wasn't allowed.

I have had all of my sexual partners in my mind all day and been so fucking angry with them all, taking away their 'love' if I didn't do what they wanted and

all of them showing me how it was with dad. I felt like I had to accommodate them all, be what they wanted, be the perfect fuck for them all when the truth was, I didn't want to do it, but I wasn't allowed to say no because I would lose them and be left alone.

Everything I did sexually to please them horrifies me now, I was so used and I thought I had to let them use me to keep them. I have been stamping around the house shouting and calling them all of the cunts under the sun for making me do those things and not even talking about it, how do I feel about it, do I want to do it? No! None of that, no consideration for me at all! I felt forced into sex all the time because it has never felt right with me, it has always felt so wrong, so bad, so naughty and I have always felt like a child doing something really bad, because my parents made me feel that sex shouldn't be talked about and that it is dirty and a bad thing.

I have been a little girl having sex with those men and that is how it has felt, and I wanted my dad to protect me from these men doing these awful things to me, yet if he had interfered, I would have hated him even more. Part of me wants him to protect me and the other wants him to fuck off and never see me again. I wished he had loved me and showed me how a man should love his child and then all men would have been like that with me, and my mum should have showed me how to respect myself and have self-worth, but she was just there for my dad in so many ways and he didn't even love or want her really, so I have been taught that not being loved by a man is how I should be and that is how it has been.

The words coming from me today have been vile, acid, poison, hatred, loathsome, detesting all men, I hate men, they should be punished, they should be fucked like they fucked me, punishing, angry, hateful sex. See how they like a dick shoved down their throats, up their arseholes and anywhere else a man wants to shove his dick. They all had so much power over me and I was scared of them, of saying no to them, because I couldn't say no to my dad and I still can't, I am still scared of him and his wrath and so is my mum. She taught me to be scared of men and do what they say.

Today I am feeling the truth of how Violated I have felt in my sexual relationships, how angry and powerless I have felt, even when I have tried to

have power in sex, the power has only been a facade, I have felt so pathetic and weak and never good enough sexually and when I think back to some of my sexual experiences, it fills me with the same dread as it did back then.

I don't ever want to have sex again, I don't ever want another man near me sexually, I just feel like a child who shouldn't be doing it.

Using the Tarot to feel deeper

2 October 2022

I have been using, on occasion, the Tarot to help me dig deeper into my Feeling Healing. I love the Tarot and have read the cards since I was young, I feel such a connection to them and the first deck I bought, I still use.

Today, I asked my Mother and Father, My Angels and Guides to help me know the truth about a situation I am going through right now and it is causing me a lot of distress. I am having a lot of stomach trouble, feeling nauseous and sick every day and terrible diarrhoea, so bad I can't even go out without needing a loo; it is making me feel very trapped and very depressed that my denied and suppressed feelings are making me feel like this, so something is seriously wrong. I have been feeling through this for a few weeks now, but it is getting more intense and the fear is growing in me that I will be humiliated when I am out if I can't get to the loo. Will I have to start wearing a nappy and be put back into my baby years in such a severe way? It is obviously what Mother and Father want me to feel; where it all began in my childhood as a baby.

I pulled three cards about this situation, what am I denying and suppressing that is making me so bad??

The three cards that came are: Two of swords, The Hanged Man and Nine of swords.

This tells me that over all I am going through a very challenging time and my mind has control, there are feelings that I don't want to know the truth of, I am hanging around not feeling deep enough into my denial and suppressed feelings. I am using my mind too much to judge myself, just as my parents judged me; I

am doing that to myself now. There are life events that I can't get to and don't want to see that shocked me and turned my life upside down. I need to take off the blind fold, and that is symbolic of my denial of this issue. The two swords in the two of swords card tell me about stress and anxiety making this situation worse. I just can't stomach it, releasing it as diarrhoea. When I feel stressed, it goes straight to my stomach, and I am because that is the only way my unexpressed feelings can express themselves, I am shit scared. I have always been shit scared, as a child, I was terrified. The crossed swords in this card tell me I am protecting myself from the truth instead of feeling it, I feel so blocked right now. Two is the number of opposites and disturbed balance and Trevor and myself are opposites and he gives me the shits and was horrible to my son in the week and this angered me and hurt me.

I told him how I felt about it and this card is telling me that it has created tension and anxiety in me. I am so fucked off with him right now, it felt like when my dad would have a go at my brothers, I would be devastated; it was catastrophic for me at the time, when I was a very young child, it hurt me to the core of my heart to hear my dad being so unloving. When Trevor was horrible to my son, it put me into shock and now, I can't stop shitting myself. The shock is the same as the shock of my dad and my brothers. It sickened me and it still does. I am deeply hurt and feel like throwing up just thinking about how my dad could hurt my brothers with shouting at them and making them feel so unloved. I feel hurt to my core, and I need to go and cry right now so will continue soon. This has brought up so much pain from my childhood and I feel sick inside.

The hanged man is me; it is sacrifice, he is hung upside down and is in no position to act right now and that is just how I felt when Trevor had a go at Alex, my son. I didn't know what to do. I was shocked that he could turn on him like that; total shock and I froze with terror. I felt too scared to stick up for my son, I let him down and that sickens me. I never want to be the bad guy, so I don't act; yes; I am definitely the hanged man. I knew this was happening and I did nothing to stop it. I am such a fucking coward, so scared I will get hurt just like with dad. I could never stand up to him, out of fear. I have always sacrificed my children; I have never been there for them out of fear of getting hurt. I am an awful and useless mother, just the same as my own mum, watching it all go on and doing nothing about it out of fear of my dad. I hang around and hide until it

is over, such a fucking coward letting the conflict go on. I am ashamed of myself. I am disappointed with myself at what an awful mother I am.

I make myself sick!! I want to avoid trouble at all costs, I am so scared of conflict that when Trevor had a go at Alex, I froze with terror, unable to do anything and now that terror is pouring out of me as diarrhoea, liquid fear, and making me sick to my stomach.

The Nine of Swords, this is me all over!! Being terrified of anything hurting me, it is all a catastrophe in my mind; everything is going to kill me but never does. I was made to feel like this as a very young child. I always felt threatened, and I was going to be hurt. This tells me of such a conflict between my head and my heart, my feelings. I want to close my eyes about the current situation and make it go away, but I know I need to feel this fully to know the truth of the threat and I feel that Trevor is the threat just recently; he is my dad, and he is the threat. He has shocked me so much by having a go at my son and hurting his heart and my heart, I can never trust him again not to hurt me, he is my dad.

On the card, nine swords hover above the girl but they aren't touching her and this to me, is the constant threat I have always felt of being hurt. It is an emotional pain, not the swords physically going into me, and it is my mind replaying the hurt over and over again until it makes me ill and only by feeling this emotional pain will the truth of it be known.

This nine of swords card brings up feelings of an impending catastrophe, the bad, the worst thing is always just about to happen, and I can't cope with it. It is too much for me to cope with. That is how I truly feel most of the time. This card tells me that this is all about my fears, the doom I feel in the pit of my stomach, and it comes out of me as diarrhoea. The diarrhoea is the language of my unexpressed fear; I am shit scared just as this card is telling me. It is always the fear of what might happen to me, I always feel threatened and scared.

I was a terrified child and wasn't made to feel safe because I didn't feel loved. I felt left in the dark all the time, rejected by my father and I never felt love from him, I just felt fear. I have always been able to feel his anger and hate although he did his best to cover it up, I always felt the truth from him. The fear I felt for myself and for my siblings hung over me like the swords on this card, a constant

threat. The nine of swords shows a fear that threatens but never happens and that is how it was for me as a child. The threat was worse than the actual act of punishment. I was hit by my dad a couple of times and I would lose all control when I was hit. I would wet myself through fear and this left me with a constant overhanging fear of my dad; he didn't need to hit me, just the threat of him was enough to scare me shitless.

These three cards tell me of the fear and anxiety I am going through right now and the powerlessness to do anything about it. I can't protect myself or my children from hurt and pain, there is nothing I can do about it. I cannot act. I am hanging there unable to do anything about it, a useless, powerless, terrified, pathetic person who can't protect herself or her children from pain.

As a child I didn't want to see it. I had to deny the truth to protect myself, but now, as an adult, all of that truth is coming out of me, the fear and the hurt. When Trevor had a go at my son the other day it shocked me and I didn't say anything at the time. I eventually got up the courage to face him about it and he turned it all around onto my son. I hated him in that moment; he had crushed me and sickened me that he could be so nasty; he was my dad doing that to me. I was not loved; I was hated and that is the truth I didn't want to see as a child. I have been in shock that this is the truth and that shock has given me all sorts of gastrointestinal problems; the truth of it is flowing out of me uncontrollably, so I will just have to let it out and sit on the loo all day until I have expressed this shock out of me. My dad didn't love me and I didn't love him; I was terrified of him and he was terrified of his father, so he couldn't be much different to me. It is his default setting to be a cunt to his kids.

Illness is my crutch

7 October 2022

I just had a thought that maybe my illnesses stop me from feeling bored, stop me feeling my emptiness. I say this because I feel perfect right now, I am without any pain or illness and I feel weird, very empty, like something has come to an end in me and it is like a 'what now' feeling, but accompanied with peace. I feel a sense of relief that I don't feel bad, and all of my pain has come to an end; for the moment anyway! All I have known is feeling bad throughout my life and today

I realised I had no feelings of pain or illness; all of the bad feelings that have become natural and normal to me have gone.

I have had two weeks of chronic diarrhoea, I couldn't go out of the house to do anything and spent the whole of my time crying, grieving, feeling every bad feeling to its core and every feeling took me back to how unloving my childhood was. I won't go into the minutiae of it all because every feeling was a long journey back into my childhood, but today it had all gone. No constant diarrhoea, no fear of eating, no fear of drinking, no fear of leaving the house in case I shit myself; everything has gone, and I have a feeling of peace and stillness. I feel clear inside but also like I have died and am left with peace. I hope this lasts and I am able to feel this way for some time.

My deficiencies are my inadequacies

29 October 2022

Well, I have all of these deficiencies B12, D, K, Iron, Magnesium, Folate and others, so it all makes so much sense why I should have these deficiencies and be so deficient, because that is the truth of how I feel, deficient in life, totally inadequate in everything I do; I question everything because I feel it is not good enough, I am not good enough. Even typing this, it is not good enough, my deficiencies make me spell everything wrong, press the wrong keys, get the spelling back to front and I spend most of my time correcting all of my typing deficiencies as a lot of the mineral deficiencies make me feel so confused like I have dementia, that is a symptom of what is wrong with me. I feel so fucked!!!

The physical and the neurological problems from these deficiencies are showing me the way I have always felt, right from childhood, I have always felt confused, out of balance, not enough, not good enough, scared to do anything, not being able to spell properly or know about punctuation, feeling so ineffective all the time, so inadequate and then, I went to the dictionary for the meaning of deficiency and here it is:

1. Lacking an essential quality or element: deficient in common sense.
2. Inadequate in amount or degree; insufficient: a deficient education.

1. Lacking some element or characteristic; defective.
2. Inadequate.
3. One who is deficient, especially one who is mentally defective.

Insufficient, inadequate, scant, limited, lacking, wanting, poor, low on, short on, short of, pushed for, strapped for, with an insufficiency, short, low, restricted, sparse, scanty, paltry, scarce, insubstantial, bereft, meagre, incommensurate, shy, exiguous, sketchy, measly, destitute.

Incomplete, partial, fragmentary, fragmental, half, halfway, fractional, imperfect, part, patchy, moderate, bitty, part-way, inconclusive, disconnected, discontinuous, restricted, limited, uncompleted, unfinished, half-done, fragmented, broken, disjointed, in pieces, clipped, scrappy, insufficient, wanting, lacking, abridged, short, shortened, undone, unexecuted, unaccomplished, unwhole, expurgated, patchwork, curtailed, half-pie, not whole, not total, not entire.

Inferior, poor, substandard, bad, unsatisfactory, lousy, wretched, unacceptable, sub par, crummy, sub optimal, lame, paltry, dissatisfactory, shoddy, wanting, imperfect, wrong, unsound, shabby, sour, duff, ill, sketchy, incomplete, scrappy, ailing, second-rate, not up to scratch, leaving much to be desired, found wanting, second fiddle, second string, third string.

Having no use, purpose or reason, worthless, useless, futile, ineffective, pointless, fruitless, vain, ineffectual, unproductive, profitless, unprofitable, empty, unavailing, valueless, bootless, meaningless, barren, senseless, nugatory, inadequate, hollow insignificant, trivial, inconsequential, trifling, inutile, null, chaffy, unimportant, insubstantial, counterproductive, junky, paltry, inferior, poor, lame, unusable, pathetic, sterile, banal, unsatisfactory, infructuous, negligible, nothing, miserable, petty, unessential, waste, defective, measly, trashy, poxy, rubbishy, silly, wretched, piddling, abandoned, mediocre, meritless, rubbish, no use, no-good, of no benefit, not much cop, two a penny, a dead loss.

There are so many more words to describe deficient, but you get the idea. I have read every word and it is all how I feel, and my feelings are telling me it is true.

My body is telling me the history of my childhood denied and suppressed feelings, everything I am not feeling is coming out physically to smash me in the face and wake me up to the truth of all I have denied. Having these physical symptoms of my denied and suppressed feelings is so fucking terrifying. It is the scariest thing to wake up and wonder what it will be today, just as I wondered the very same things when I was a child. What will come today to scare the fuck out of me? What will my body want me to know about myself today? I am so scared of my body and my feelings; they terrify me all the time and it is no wonder that I have denied so many feelings, they are fucking terrifying!!

I think my feelings are my biggest fear! They are terrifying, and I have done all I can to keep me from feeling them, to keep me away from my hurt and broken self. I have created this fake me that protects me from my terrifying feelings and not feeling them is what is hurting me so much. My rebellion to feeling my feelings is torturing me. I have rebelled against my feelings all my life. I can see myself doing it when I look back. I thought it was good to ignore them and find things to occupy myself when I felt terrible, but it was all wrong. I ran so far away from the truth of my feelings that now, I have to run all the way back and into them to know the truth of them, the truth of myself and how much I was hurt; and there is so much!

I have had a feeling of inadequacy all my life, a real deficiency that I was never good enough, so I have done all I could to be adequate and efficient, so that I can feel powerful and admired and loved and wanted, doing it all for everyone, being the one who fixes it all, when all of that was just to keep me from the truth of the pain of not being any of those things, being completely inadequate, totally deficient and being so fucking afraid of anyone feeling any pain so I have to stop it for everyone because I had to stop it for my parents, especially my mum. I couldn't bear to see her upset, to see her cry was the most devastating feeling. To see her breaking down, felt like there was no hope for me in life; if she can't cope, it felt like dying to me. I always felt sorry for her because she was constantly trying to be everything for my dad, keep him happy and in doing that she wasn't emotionally available for me. She was completely invested in him and his well-being and I didn't feel connected to her, but instead a bit of an annoyance, which has led me to feel inadequate and deficient and not good enough for her to love, because only my dad was adequate and efficient in her eyes.

I feel so Fucked!

4 November 2022

I have deficiencies because that is the truth of how I really feel; Deficient. I am B12 deficient, Vitamin D deficient, Vitamin K2 deficient, Magnesium deficient, Iron deficient and I feel physically horrendous. I am so fucked I feel like I am going to die and if my deficiencies get any lower, I will die!! Do I feel so deficient that I want to die?? Does being this emotionally deficient make me feel like I am dying? YES!! Being so deficient and so inadequate in life, being so scared to do anything, being terrified of life and so deficient in everything I do, it is crushing all the life out of me.

I have all of the vitamins sitting on the side, they could save my life. I asked the doctor what will happen if I don't take them, and she said I will gradually get worse and worse until I die. My iron is 5, My B12 is 170, my vitamin D is 40, all below the ranges that the medical guidelines say is a healthy level.

I am getting to the point where I can't drive, I can't walk out of the house for long, I find it hard to walk up and down stairs, I can hear my own heartbeat in my ears, I have cramp all over my body when I move, I feel like death. I feel the worst I have ever felt, and it is all showing me how deficient, weak and powerless my parents made me feel and I am fucking close to taking those pills when I have expressed more of my deficiency and inadequacy.

Once I start taking them, that will be it for life and that thought fills me with dread, like I have lost and have to give in and take the fucking pills so even this I am doing to gain power and taking the pills will render me powerless so I might as well take the pills and feel the truth of my powerlessness instead of still wanting power over my feelings. I am fucked, I am crumbling, I am crushed but I still want power, I still want to not take the pills and give into them. I can't do this; I can't win, and I so desperately want to feel better so I will take the pills feeling how useless I feel, having to rely on them to keep me alive.

The pills have won. I feel like nothing, useless, powerless, weak, deficient, inadequate, taking those pills is a reminder of all of these feelings, every time I take one, I will feel like this, just how powerless I am.

The doctor also told me my kidneys are failing, level 3 kidney function, they could stay at that level. I can't believe what is happening to me. I am breaking down after not having to go to the doctors for 10 years, now being told all of this. If I take my vitamins, I could stabilise it all and I really don't feel like I want to die. What a fuck up this is!

I feel like all of this happening to me is horrible, yet there is also an amazement with it, bringing up so many feelings in me of how deficient I actually do feel, and always have felt, on all levels. By not taking the vitamins, I am rebelling against the truth of how powerless I feel. I want to be strong and not take them but that is a lie; it is using my will power, which is using my mind. I am so fucking scared and weak and taking the pills will make me feel even more like that, giving in to them, feeling like I have ruined my healing by using medical intervention when I am meant to be feeling it all instead of medicating it away. But this is also a truth, I want the pain to go away, I want the vertigo to stop and taking the pills will do that. I can hardly walk in a straight line because of the dizziness caused by the deficiencies. I literally can't take it anymore!

I feel like such a failure taking the pills. I have failed in my healing, I have given in, I am no longer healing through my feelings but medicating the physical symptoms although I am feeling all of the feelings that come up constantly. I feel like such a letdown. I have spent all of my healing years not taking anything, but feeling it all thoroughly and now, especially this year, I have had horrendous symptoms to deal with, almost unbearable and now, I can't go on. It is all too much for me, I have caved! And now, by saying all of that I feel like it is a competition, there is a feeling of pride in myself for not having to go to the doctors in the past, not having to medicate my pain, I have been so good at feeling it all and now I am fucking crushed because I can't do it, I can't go on like this, it is fucking torture and I dread every day, I can't go on!

This has been a feeling that has always been with me, 'I can't go on'. Yes, that feels very familiar throughout my life, it all being torture and dreading every day.

I feel like such a letdown, such a disappointment. I feel like I have to say sorry to everyone because I am no good and any pride I had with my healing has all been

such an arrogance, like I am so good at doing it. I am fucking broken right now and all pride has gone. I feel like I can't do it, after all of these years, I can't do it. I am useless and so inadequate.

I feel like I am being brought down to the truth of my weakness and all feelings that I am any good at anything are being wiped clean. The pills are helping me feel my powerlessness and how it feels to be without love and what living without love does to you. Without love, everything breaks down and crumbles and that truth has to be felt.

I've heard people say that God gives us what we can cope with; it's fucking bullshit 5 November 2022

I can't cope with this! The intensity of the dizziness is like it is going to wipe me out any minute now. I feel so terrified right now. What I truly want is for God to take it all away and leave me in peace, I don't get any peace, my fucking head is spinning out to the point of near passing out because of my deficiencies. If I had been truly loved by my parents, I wouldn't be feeling any of this, I wouldn't need any of it to make me know the truth of how unloved I was. It has been a shock to me because I thought I was loved, yet I never felt it in my heart but in my mind, I thought they loved me and that isn't truth, love in the mind isn't truth, it's just words that you hear from your parents but never feel in your heart. I have no idea how true love feels – it has all been made up.

I now have all of these neurological symptoms going on as the mind love loses power, as I realise my parents' love wasn't real and my mind loses the power of the fake love of the mind. My mind has had such incredible power over me, the same as the power my parents have had over me and to break that down is the hardest thing I have ever done.

How do you accept a feeling that is so huge and so terrifying, you just want it to go away! To accept something that is terrifying you constantly, as much as my parents terrified me. To accept that I might pass out at any moment and the dizziness that attacks me, threatens me with knocking me out so that I am not conscious, is this really how my parents wanted me?? To accept what the

dizziness is telling me, how unconscious I was of the truth, how unconscious I was of everything and believing all of the lies without any doubt or question of my parents love for me. It has all been such a shock!

At last some relief

6 November 2022

I am feeling so much better. I have been expressing all of my feelings, ranting and raving and hating God for not being there for me and leaving me alone with all of this. I curled up on the couch in my pyjamas and pink dressing gown in the foetal position, letting all the terror come up and crying like a baby because I am so scared and alone, like an abandoned child.

I am so terrified of my own feelings, it has been like living in Hell feeling my own feelings, letting them have expression but being so scared of them. Allowing the physical body pain and physical symptoms to come up in full force to terrify me, shit it has really been Hell for me.

Suicide is welcome

6 November 2022

It's a new day and I have felt so good all day, the Hell has lifted even if it is only for a short while. Who knows? I am so happy that the dizziness has gone, and I feel normal, more like myself. I was on my knees begging for help from God, Jesus and Mary, feeling so abandoned by all of them and then I felt some Love enter me and I am sure I was able to get to the deeper feelings.

Last night I was feeling that suicide would be welcome, I was feeling so bad, I wanted to do anything I could to escape from the awful Hell I was feeling. It was a level that I haven't even touched on, so dark and deep down, like it was almost untouchable, that is how far I had pushed it all down into me, but I asked, begged for Gods help and it happened, I touched the truth of how I have done anything possible to avoid my darkest of feelings, even suicide was an option to get out of the Hell I was feeling.

The pain is all about my resistance to feeling, running the other way and doing all I can to not feel them, but the pain only gets bigger and worse for me. I am great at feeling the easy to get to feelings, but the big one, the one I have run from all my life, it has to be pulled up by the roots and my resistance is huge to not feeling it, I am so scared of it and what it will do to me if I face it.

I am terrified of feeling my discomfort and pain, I am terrified of feeling the truth of my pain, I am terrified of feeling the truth of my terror and I have discovered through my feelings that there isn't anything that I do without an underlying feeling of terror, it is always there, running in the background of my life. What am I so terrified of? Being lost, not being safe, losing complete control, spinning out of control, having no control over my physical pain, losing all power, losing consciousness and not being aware, dying, oh my god it goes on and on and on. I am terrified of life and everyone in it and to accept all that you are terrified of, it is like having to hug a monster that wants to kill you, to love it and want it, that is the hardest thing to ever do, to accept the monster that is me, the very thing I have run from all my life, that is terrifying!

The monster is the denial of my pain

17 November 2022

All my life I have been waiting for the bad thing to come, the terrible thing to happen to me and as a kid, the monster to grab me from under the bed, always feeling like catastrophe was about to hit and now I know that what I was so scared of, and what was coming to get me and kill me, is with me, right here, right now and it is the 'Truth'.

That Monster was always me and now it is no wonder that I could never escape from it or run from it, because it was me and I have spent all my life trying to get away from ME and my FEELINGS. The monster is the denial of my pain, the truth of it and I didn't want to know. I can truly say that right here, right now, I am one with it, it has me and there is no escaping it. It is every bit the monster I was terrified of, the Truth of my pain is me and I am now living and being it, in every moment with no escape, me and my monster are one!

I am now everything I never wanted to be, the truth! The pain of being this is

agonising and the pain my body is in is telling me the truth of how much I hate it, how much I have hated truth and tried so hard to be the lie, what everyone wants me to be. I can't love THIS!! I feel no love, or even like, for myself at all, and my body feels and is reacting to that truth and is breaking down as all unloved, unwanted and rejected things do, they die! Now, I have stopped being the false creation of my parents that was acceptable and wanted, even desired at times, I am plunged into terror at being this completely unlovable thing, I can't even feel any love for myself. I feel like I am finally in that black place within me that I couldn't reach, I have got there, and it is Hell.

Everything in me hurts as the truth of how much I hate myself sets in, I accept that I hate myself, I accept that I can't love any part of myself, I accept that there is nothing I can do to change this and the more accepting I am becoming, I feel a tiny twinge of being okay with it, and it is tiny!

A letter I wrote to James about a new experience

22 November 2022

Something has happened James! Two days ago, I was in the lounge feeling the worst and just not being able to cope anymore, then Trevor came downstairs and sat in the garden, having his morning cigarette. I stood in the doorway, and it all came out, I was telling Trevor how much pain I am in, how I can't live like this anymore, tears were pouring out of me, and I was all over the place. Trevor nearly swallowed his fucking fag!! He didn't say a word for about half an hour as I continued my outpouring of how evil I felt I am, how I am living so against God, yet I want to be with God, but can't stop being so evil and against everything good and true. I have never seen Trevor so quiet and just listening, or maybe he wasn't listening, maybe just in such shock at what was coming out of me.

The crying went on for hours. The pain I have been in on every level was now unbearable. I was screaming about the pain in my kidneys and how they can't filter any truth and they are rotting away under the lies. Everything came out, and as I went upstairs, Trevor went out in the car and I was screaming at the top of my voice and crying, a real mess; then something amazing happened, my tears of despair and pain turned into tears of joy and love and amazement because in

that instant there was no pain, no fear at all, I felt like a clear and empty vessel, nothing bad inside me, just clear all the way through and there was no knowledge of any fear and my tears turned into hysterical laughing and crying and it felt like God had given me the chance to feel what it feels like to be clean and pure and FREE from all pain on all levels.

I haven't felt ready to tell you until now, but I felt at one with God. There was no distance and nothing in the way within me to stop me being with God. In that moment I was at onement with Them. They have shown me that they are real, that I can become at onement with them and all it takes is to want to stop the lies and living against Them, love and truth, to accept everything about myself and in that acceptance comes the truth that I am all of these things, evil, bad, untrue, against everything good and loving and my body has been telling me that all along.

The feeling has been wearing off over the last couple of days but, I now have experienced it all to be true and real. God is real and they have shown me their nature and how it feels to be with Them with no separation in me to keep me away from them. I instantly felt 'With' Them, like I was hollow and you could see right through me, like a hollow tube running from my head to my feet, I was so clear inside and able to be a vessel for Their Love.

In all of my crying to Trevor, I feel like in that moment I had given up on Them, so desperate and so in pain that I had completely turned my back on Them as not being real, as it was in my childhood, I had to be the truth of that denial of Them and stop the hoping and wishing They are real and true, just to get me out of pain, using Them to get me out of my pain, but when I couldn't do it anymore, They came to me. It has taken all of this to get to the truth that I didn't think They are real, I am making it all up and I didn't want to fully accept that is how I felt because I was too scared to completely deny Them, too scared to accept the truth of how I have been made to feel about God just in case They are real and They abandoned me altogether.

I was in so much pain that I couldn't go any further and the truth came out, that there is no one there for me, not even God. Then this all changed for me and, as I have said above, They showed me what it feels like to be with Them in love and truth. They are real James, this is all real and I will get there because They have

shown me that it is all real. They showed me all through my feelings, They showed me how it feels to be truth, Love and I will be that one day.

After all of this happened, I just had to get into the shower and wash away everything, I felt so compelled to be as clean outside as I felt inside, and it is the first time I have got into the shower feeling no fear at all, it had all gone, there was nothing in me but truth and love, all fear and pain had gone. Fuck, it was the most incredible thing ever!

I am now as broken as my parents made me

28 November 2022

Last night it came to me that I am finally being the truth of me. I am now as broken as my parents made me and I feel that I have reached the limit of how it truly felt to be so denied, suppressed, unloved and unwanted by my parents. Everything that is wrong with me is everything I didn't want to feel, everything I wanted to deny, all of the truth I didn't want to know or see. I feel about as fucked as they have made me, I am finally there and I have nowhere to run, I can't get away from it like before. I am at one with my unloved self and it feels great to finally meet me, the truth of me, to be and know my hurt, denied and unloved self, to see the truth of what they have done to me. Wow, what a fucking mess I am!!

I am nothing of what I was before; I am the opposite of everything I was. I am now everything my parents tried so hard for me not to be, I am everything they hated in a person, I am everything they couldn't accept, I am everything I couldn't accept. I feel like I am the ugliest, most putrid, weak, sick person ever and I am so relieved to finally allow myself to be that unacceptable and I feel that I can accept that I am unacceptable to everyone. I am so happy to finally take all of the pressure off of having to be what everyone wants me to be. I feel that I am now the truth of my pain, I am so fucking broken and I can accept that about me. It feels like I am sitting on the bottom of a very deep black empty well and I can see a pin prick of light when I look up, it feels like I have stopped falling and now I have reached the bottom where I can just sit and be me.

Needing to feel safe

4 December 2022

Yesterday I had another amazing revelation, it was something I have known for years, but only yesterday did it become a truth for me, so absolute in the way I felt it that there was no question, it is the truth!

I felt the truth that I am terrified of not feeling 'SAFE'!! I have, all through my life, felt weird when I step away from my house and venture off into town or further beyond. When I have gone on holiday, I have felt like all I want to do is to get back home to the safety of my own house. When I went to school, I felt scared all day and wanted to get back home where I was safe. When mum went out, I couldn't wait for her to come back so I could feel safe again. When I get into the shower or bath, I can't wait to get out because I don't feel safe. When I get a pain or illness it is all showing me how unsafe I feel and how unloving that feeling is.

I have never felt safe with my dad, I have always been scared of him, so he never made me feel safe and that felt so unloving, with love you feel safe, and I never felt love from my dad, and this has led me to feel unsafe all my life.

When this revelation came to me, I had a crazy influx of all of these memories coming to me that were showing me that this is the truth, I was seeing all the times I have never felt safe and never related it to this feeling, but now it is so clear. All of the illnesses I have been going through have all been to give me the feeling of not feeling safe in my life, and illness and pain makes me feel like this, so unsafe and I just want to get rid of the feeling so I can get back to feeling safe again, I am fucking terrified of not feeling safe in my life.

All of my stomach issues, gastric issues, IBS (irritable bowel syndrome), it's all been about my solar plexus and root chakra and related to so much fear and feelings of being so unsafe. Having to have a lump cut out of my cervix, having so many stomach problems and so much fire in my stomach from acid reflux, God, it has been fucking awful, but it has all been to show me the truth of how unsafe I have always felt since childhood being with my parents and how unsafe they made me feel.

It has been such an amazing feeling to finally know this truth right in my heart

and soul, not just in my mind, I am overjoyed at finally connecting to how unsafe I have always felt. When you don't feel loved by your parents, all you can feel is being unloved, and that makes you feel unsafe in all areas of life.

I can now see this so clearly in my children. I have passed this on to them and now I understand why they feel so unsafe in life too. My parents passed it on to me, and I passed it on to them and it has been very overwhelming to see what I have done to them.

My terror is all about how unsafe I feel about everything I do; I was thinking to myself that everything I do contains a level of fear because I don't feel safe doing it, even down to having a shower and feeling so trapped and unsafe, I feel like my life is always at risk and everything is going to kill me which leads me to my fear of death!!

M+D pulled me out of my safety so many times, moving around from place to place uprooting me, taking me away from friends and all connections I had made. Isolating me in new, unknown places when all I wanted was to stay, to be where I felt safe and grounded. I was always so ingrained, never being able to put down roots and have proper relationships, I couldn't get attached because I would be uprooted again. Shit! It all felt so unsafe and scary. Constantly being the new girl. I was never asked how I felt about the moves, all of the upheaval, they never even thought about what it was doing to me and how angry + scared it all made me. Taking me away from homes I loved and friends I had made without even a care about me! I didn't matter, they mattered! I just had to go along with it all without complaining or saying a word, I wasn't allowed to voice my opinions and feelings. I didn't matter, they were in control of me and what they said, went! I didn't matter and I was unworthy, not worth anything to them, they were worthy not me, they mattered, not me. That unworthiness has stayed with me, it is now who I am, everyone comes before me, I have to put everyone first because I am so unworthy, I truly feel I have no worth and everyone else's feelings are important whereas mine aren't. They did this to me,

they taught me that I am unworthy
and I have to do what everyone else wants
because I always had to do what they wanted.
Now it is almost impossible to put myself
first in life. I go out shopping for winter
jumpers for myself and get home and
realise I have bought everyone else stuff
and forgotten myself. This is because it
has become normal to put everyone else
before me, it is now so natural. I get home
and feel sad for myself, I cry that I have
yet again forgotten myself like I don't
even exist. I am just a nothing thing
that is here for everyone else and not for
me! My parents disregard for me is so
deep in me that I am nothing to myself
because I was nothing to them.

The grief of the death of one of my organs

22 February 2023

My stomach issues have got so bad and it's all been down to having gallbladder stones and pancreatitis and the doctor says I need an operation to have my Gallbladder removed.

I woke up with a huge feeling of sadness in me and the tears have been flowing all morning since I woke up. I am feeling a huge grief about maybe having to lose another part of me, my gallbladder. I feel like I have lost so much of myself already, my real self, because of my parent's rejection of me. I don't want them to take it, I don't want my body parts taken away from me. I really feel sorry for my gallbladder, like it is going to be ripped away from me in such an unloving way and I love it, even though it causes me so much intense pain, I want it to stay, I love this part of myself and I don't want anyone to hurt it.

I am feeling so much love for it right now that I can't think about it without crying. It feels like I am killing off the little Sam. I feel so much sadness for myself and my unloved parts that are in deep emotional pain. I feel like the sad and unloved child within me is going to be mutilated and hurt as more of it is rejected and thrown away. The nurses tell me that the gallbladder isn't really needed anyway; it just ends up causing a lot of pain in a lot of people. God doesn't make mistakes, every part of us is needed and to hear this breaks my heart, it is like saying God is bad, God puts these unneeded organs inside us to hurt us. As soon as the nurse said that I felt devastated that she was denying and rejecting a part of me, like it doesn't matter, absolutely no care involved at all. I never thought I could feel so much love for a part of myself, my Gallbladder.

As time goes on, I am growing in love for my hurt parts, such huge compassion for these organs that are in such pain and being treated so unlovingly. I never had any idea that God is teaching me about love and teaching me how to love and feel compassion for all of my broken parts. It has been truly incredible that I have needed such a severe lesson to show me just how much I have hated myself and my pain, such rejection of anything in me that hurt and it is only this morning, in my grief, that I have felt the truth of what Mother and Father are showing me. It's all about learning to love myself, every bit of me and my pain.

Fuck, that's amazing!

The doctors say my Gallbladder has to come out; it is causing problems to my other organs that might become irreparable. There is a long waiting list for this operation but if it gets so infected that it begins to go gangrene, it will be an emergency operation. Right now, I don't want them to touch it, I want to keep feeling this incredible love and compassion I am feeling for myself and my Gallbladder that is so hurt. I want to keep working with Mother and Father to keep the painful feelings that have caused this hurt in me to come up for me to feel, because it is amazing the revelations that I am now seeing.

I have hated every part of me, rejected all of me because of my parents' rejection. Now I am reversing that with Mother and Father's help. I can't do it without them. I am healing myself from the inside, out, all the unloving damage I have done to myself because of the unloving damage that was done to me. Today, I have truly known the truth because I have felt it in my heart, the compassion and love for myself and that it wasn't my fault, it was done to me.

Conflict between Alex and Trevor

5 April 2023

I am feeling anxious today and very troubled. My son, Alex, used my garden table to spray a model he is working on and it left a spray aura on the table. This table is very old and has been used for all sorts of grubby jobs, so I didn't mind so much, but Trevor had recently used Cuprinol (exterior wood protection) to paint it and protect it because the summer is coming and he wants it so we can eat outside. He was pissed off to see the mark left by Alex, so he went over it again. A couple of days ago, Alex did it again!! He came into the house and said how sorry he was that he had done it and that he would go over the mark he had left. Trevor is really pissed off about it and wants to have a go at him when he comes round today!! I asked him not to do this and I will sort it out with Alex. I had to buy some more Cuprinol to do the job and Trevor wants Alex to pay for it. I know he is right, but I am so afraid of the confrontation that is to come. Trevor won't let me deal with it; he wants to tell Alex to pay me the £14.00 I spent for the Cuprinol. Trevor will be very blunt with Alex as he doesn't really like him, and I don't want this unnecessary conflict between them with me in the

middle. I am capable of dealing with this and, to me, it isn't such a problem. I can see that it was very careless of Alex, and he realised that he had done it and came to me to apologise.

My feelings are that I don't want any of this!! I am dreading him coming round!! I told Alex that it was disrespectful to do it again after Trevor had painted the table and he said he was very sorry but that isn't enough for Trevor. I feel that I just want to protect Alex from Trevor and it is just the same as when I was young and wanted to protect my younger brothers from my dad's wrath. I would scream and cry when he was telling them off and it felt like death to me, like he was going to kill them. The unlovingness that came out of him towards my brothers was unbearable to me. I couldn't cope with the hurt of that unlovingness projected towards my brothers and this has brought it all back to me, so I have to deal with it today.

This is the same dread as when I was a child and was waiting for dad to come home and tell me off when I had done something wrong; shit the evil anticipation of that waiting!! The fear, dread and terror of what was going to happen to me or my siblings; this is just the same feeling, Trevor is my dad again!!

I am feeling the trembling inside in anticipation of when Alex comes round and I know all of this seems like I have blown it all out of proportion, but this is the truth of how my child self felt, and as a child it is just the worst! It is like life or death to me. This has brought back to me just how terrified I was of my dad and now I want to protect Alex from Trevor.

I have begged Trevor not to say anything and that I will sort it out but he insists on being the one to deal with it, he won't listen to me at all and I feel so helpless and disregarded in it all. This is just how it was with mum and dad; dad was the one to punish.

Alex even texted me the next morning to say how sorry he was about the table and because we have all used it for so many years to do all of the horrible and messy jobs on, he totally forgot it had been painted. I haven't told any of this to Trevor because there is no point as he won't believe me and will think I am just

trying to protect Alex. I feel like I have no power over this; it is going to happen, and I will just have to feel all of my terror as it happens. I feel so powerless, and this is showing me the truth of how powerless I felt around dad; this is how he made me feel all the time. Dad was this huge wall that no one could bring down and now Trevor is being like it too. You have to see the incredibleness of it all, how God is working with me to show me constantly more truth about how it was for me and what still has to be felt through.

I am fucking shitting myself, just as I used to shit myself with dad and his wrathful energy, even when he was happy, I could feel his underlying wrath and anger, it was always there for me and I was always scared of him because I could feel him.

5 April 2023

What is becoming clearer to me is that my Thought Adjuster (Indwelling Spirit) is helping me with all of this, even through my previous message, it is like I can feel God giving me the promptings of the feelings I need to help me heal. God is, through my Thought Adjuster, bringing the deepest emotions to the surface and it is incredible to feel it working for me now. I can feel a connection to God, through my Thought Adjuster and this has been so much stronger since my gallbladder operation and I feel it is because I have now felt so much of my terror that it is no longer in the way of me and God. Through my terrified feelings of having my operation to have my Gallbladder removed, I have now felt through so much of it, that I feel like I am a clearer channel to God and our connection is so much stronger and I can sense, through my feelings, what God wants me to feel so I can heal it. I can only do it with Gods help and the operation has been what was needed so that I could clear my terror so that I could begin to feel God.

I can really feel something of God inside me and I know it is the beginning of my relationship with my true parents, Mother and Father, God. Saying 'Thought Adjuster' sounds so cold and mechanical, but it doesn't feel anything like that at all, it is warm and comforting. I have a feeling in me that They are with me all the time and I hope this doesn't leave me, that it isn't just a glimpse of Them. While I was writing my previous message, I could feel their promptings within me and I had to end it quickly so I could overflow with tears and just have a good cry about the way my dad scared me so much. It felt like Mother and

Father were pushing the feelings up in me to feel, like they were really helping me effortlessly, because I have a connection with Them and it is my desire to have Them help me above all else.

This is Their will for me and by feeling my feelings I am doing Their will, because it is my will too. The more I feel them helping me, the more my faith is growing because it is truth and I have something to base my faith on; it isn't blind! I can feel Them helping me and I know it is a very subtle feeling, but it is something I haven't been so aware of in this way before, it is different and it is something to grow and become stronger. I feel like there has been a change in me, my awareness of God has changed, and it has been my terror that has kept me from God. I was believing in the terror instead of God.

Alex and Trevor outcome

6 April 2023

Well, Alex came over yesterday and all was fine. Trevor didn't say anything to him, but I felt like I wanted to. I told Alex how I felt about it (the situation 2 posts up from this one). I told him that I had to pay £14.00 for the Cuprinol to cover the paint marks on the outside table and he instantly said he would like to pay me back, I didn't have to say anything about it. It was all over but if Trevor had said what he wanted to say it would have been a horrible situation; as I didn't feel it was for him to say anything, he should leave it to me to do. As it happens, Trevor got asked out for the evening, so it gave me the chance to deal with Alex on my own, by telling him the truth of my feelings.

Trevor went out and Alex and I had such a great evening, we did some cooking together as he loves to cook and learn how to make new vegan dishes. What a great night it was, and it all could have turned out so differently.



Alex my son



Faye my daughter

Photography by Trevor Ilesley

My Son and My Daughter

I am so sorry for all that I have done to you.
I am so sorry for having failed you so many times.
I am so sorry for denying you.
I am so sorry for suppressing you.
I am so sorry for not listening to you.
I am so sorry for thinking I was greater than you.
I am so sorry for the sickness I have caused you.
I am so sorry for the life time of pain I have caused you.
The worst thing for you has been ME!!
God gave you to me to look after and I destroyed you.

Please forgive me; I now see the truth of all I have done to you.

Jesus' message

13 April 2023

Here is some of what Jesus was saying to me, it was a long conversation going in and out of subjects and I wish I could remember most of it, but I find that when I speak with spirits I have trouble remembering the conversations. I remember that I was talking about my operation and my feelings about it all and telling him that I didn't feel like I had fucked it all up but then I did feel like that and he helped me understand what it was all about.

When I speak with him or Mary when I am ready to go to sleep, I never write it down and they are the best conversations usually; and as I was writing what I remember, I could feel him back with me helping me to remember what was said, then I got distracted and the connection was gone.

I love speaking with them both, to feel them during our chats is such a wonderful feeling and every conversation is wonderful no matter how short.

We began talking because I was watching a documentary in bed, about the church of the Holy Sepulchre and how they were restoring it and have to remove the marble stone slab off of the place where Jesus was laid after his crucifixion. Everyone goes there and touches it; pilgrims flock to see it constantly. I wanted to ask Jesus if it was the real place of his burial as I had such a strong feeling that it wasn't. He told me that it wasn't the true place of him being laid out, but he didn't want to talk about that with me at this time because he wanted to talk to me about my feelings and nothing else. He said something like this " All that we want to talk to you about are your feelings Sam, nothing in this world is more important, people can go and travel huge distances to touch a marble slab believing it will do something, but there is nothing there for them. The only place to find healing is in your feelings".

When I speak with them they put images in my mind, Jesus was sitting forward and Mary was sitting back a bit with a beautiful fire burning behind her and she was smiling, whenever I speak with them they are both always in white and very bright, there is nothing like it, it is so wonderful.

Jesus: Sam, you have no trust, no faith that you are going to be all right, you are constantly in fear of something bad happening to you. You never feel safe when

you go outside your own front door, everything is a risk and you have spent all of your life feeling like this but telling yourself to stop being stupid. This was your parents speaking, "Sam, stop being silly, you are fine, just stop thinking silly thoughts and get on with it", this is how they would speak to you whenever you felt scared and needed their help.

Your lack of trust and faith in yourself, life, Mary, Me and Mother and Father has all come from your parents. They taught you how not to trust your feelings and told you they were silly and not to trust them, not to have faith that what your feelings were telling you was in fact the truth, and you should have been doing the opposite to what your parents told you to do.

Mary is sitting near me, and she told me that she remembered, the first time you suddenly woke up and realised that instead of running from your feelings, you should run to them, and that your feelings had all the answers. Mary was so overjoyed when she witnessed you having this awakening, she said it was a truth that you could never now unknow, whether or not you harnessed this truth, you now knew it and what you had to do to heal yourself, but it was only when you came across James' work that you knew how to put it all into practice in your life. Mary was with you all along!!

Your operation has been the pinnacle of your lack of trust, lack of faith in God and in yourself; this is how it has had to be for you. It has been the best experience to show you the truth of your fear of living and dying and putting your trust and faith in doctors, just as your parents taught you. You couldn't have gone against that, it is in you, they are in you no matter how you try to rebel against them. The operation was the truth of your rebellion against God and yourself and your conforming to your parents will, they taught you that nothing can heal you except doctors and you have tried to deny that ingrained (I lost it there, connection gone).

Truth of the affairs I had

27 April 2023

I am feeling more truth about the affairs I had with married men. Through feeling more of the emotions that have come up for me on this, I can see that it

was all a big 'fuck off' to my dad. The men were all about ten to fifteen years older than me and it was all a huge rebellion against my dad. It was like saying "Well, you don't want or love me so I will go and find a man that does".

It was like I wasn't going to stop until I found the man that adored me so much that he couldn't live without me, that was how much I wanted a man to love me. I craved this fulfilment from a man. This was the love I should have felt from my dad, but I had to go and get it elsewhere because he wasn't capable of giving it to me.

I admit that I did, at the time, actually enjoy my parents finding out I was having these affairs with married men. It made me feel very powerful and I wanted my dad especially, to feel I no longer needed him, he had failed and I had given up on him as a father and now I had someone more powerful than him and he hated it, he said "these men just think you are a slag". He thought I was a slag but never would see his part in it, how his inability to love me drove me to finding the love I needed in other men who were married and had families.

When I feel about it all, I can see that a single, available man was never enough for me back then, he had to be married, like my dad, he had to have children, like my dad, he had to not love them, like my dad, but he had to love me above them, he had to chose me above everything, unlike my dad!

How cruel I was, making the wives and children feel as unloved and broken as I felt. I took it out on everyone, wanting to destroy them all as I had been destroyed. Wanting everyone to feel the devastation I felt of how it feels not to be loved by my father.

All that destruction just to punish my dad for not loving me and at the time, I wasn't really aware of why I was doing it. I just thought I fancied older men but it is all so obvious now just what I was doing and why.

Not being loved by my dad has caused me to create a lot of pain for myself and others. I am truly sorry for it all. I even met one of the wives a few years ago and told her that I am so sorry for what I had done and the pain I had caused to her. I meant it all, every word. I wish I could say the same words to the other

two women, but I have no idea who they are.

I can hardly believe I am the same person that caused all of that pain. Wanting to hurt my dad, the way he hurt me, but the thing is, he would never see any of it as being his fault, he still blames me and believes he is the greatest father and that I have lost it and because of that, I have nothing to do with him now.

Harry's denial of me and Faye

27 April 2023

A memory came to me just now and really made me cry. I will tell you!

I met my husband Harry in October 1997; we had known each other on and off for many years. We got together and I fell pregnant in 1998 and Faye was born in 1999. I remember we were out in a village nearby called Arlesford and I was pregnant. All of a sudden Harry's sister and her family came driving by and called out, Harry made me go into a charity shop while he talked to her. This happened again in the superstore, as we were coming out, his mum was coming in and she caught sight of us, and Harry hid me again.

His mum and his sister called each other and said Harry was with a ginger girl and she is pregnant. He was gutted that they found out, he was embarrassed by me being pregnant, they didn't even know about me and I only met the family when I came home from hospital and they wanted to meet me and see Faye, the new baby.

Faye now knows about this because they have told her that her dad was hiding her away, keeping her birth a secret, they laugh about it with her but Faye doesn't find it funny anymore. She feels terrible about it that he denied her existence constantly because he was embarrassed as he had adult children already and here he was about to have a new baby, he denied her completely.

As I am laying here in bed this morning those memories came back to me with such pain for Faye and me. How could he be such a coward as to hide us, deny us like that because he was scared of his family's reaction to his new family? He was scared of his grown-up daughters' reactions; that they would now feel

pushed aside and he has moved on with his life. He put everyone else's feelings above mine and Faye's.

My greatest pain is for Faye, this pain will always be in her; how her father denied her existence, wanting the truth hidden from everyone because he was embarrassed by his friends and family knowing. Until she comes to do her healing this pain will be causing problems for her, and I can see its workings already.

He made me feel bad about myself, like I was doing something bad, like Faye was bad, oh my God, she always feels bad about herself, and this is why! He made her into a bad thing. I had the feelings that her birth was bad, and she felt that from me and came out as a very angry baby; she was constantly smashing her head against walls in anger. She would smash her head on the floor when we were out and that is because she felt she shouldn't be seen because her dad didn't want her to be seen by his family and friends. It all makes so much sense to me now. I would wonder why she was so angry when I wasn't paying attention to her and she would start the head banging, it's because of the denial she felt from her dad and I supported that denial by not telling him to fuck off, I wasn't on Faye's side, I did what her dad said and was on his side.

Oh my God, this is all coming to light as I write this so my spelling and grammar will be shit. I have to get it all down as the feelings come, and it comes so fast.

My poor little girl, she had no one on her side and she has said that to me on a few occasions in her life about different things. She was inside me and I was complying with her father because I had to comply with my father, so I wasn't allowed to turn round to Harry and tell him to fuck off and that he was way out of line denying us in that way.

So much is unfolding now about this. Faye wasn't wanted by her dad, he denied her existence and I went along with it all when I should have just walked away from him right there and then.

Oh my God Faye, I am so sorry my lovely girl. I feel so sad for you and that you had to be born to us two useless people. Two unloving arseholes that couldn't

see what an incredible gift you are. You were given to us and look what we did to you; right from conception you were denied. I hope one day you can forgive me for letting this happen to you. I don't deserve to be given such a beautiful gift such as you. The pain I am feeling right now is right, it is my compensation for how unlovingly I have treated you. Please forgive me one day my love, when you come through the other side of your healing, when you have seen the truth of all of your rage and pain because of how your evil parents treated you.

From my heart, I am desperately sorry.



Photography by Trevor Ilesley

My daughter Faye, I am so sorry for all your pain.

Samantha



If you love children, don't have them!!

27 April 2023

To have children, then have to heal your own shit and then heal the shit you have done to your children is almost unbearable. I am constantly having insights about what I have done and it happens anytime and anywhere and it all has to be felt to its core. It is so fucking hard; I am finding it so fucking hard, unbearably hard!!

I thought I was a good mother, now I find it so hard even to use that word 'mother' when connected to me. I can't even use a capital letter for the words mother and father now, the words don't deserve it when in relation to me.

I don't know how long healing is going to take me but days like today, it feels like it has only just begun.

I feel it is too late for my children

28 April 2023

I feel I have doomed my children to a life of pain and there is nothing I can do to stop it. I want to retract all the pain I have caused them, but I can't, it is in them and working its way through them in all that they do. I am in such deep grief about the pain I have put into them. I have done this, and I can't stop it. It is almost unbearable to watch it all happening in their lives. I feel dread when they come over or phone me because I am looking at and listening to the pain I have created in them. It is fucking torture for me, and this awareness is the compensation of my unlovingly parenting, it feels like hell to me.

I feel like I have cursed their lives and to accept what I have done to them is so hard for me to do, to see the pain I have caused! I feel such remorse for what devastation I have caused in their lives. I have harmed them so greatly being what is called supposedly 'A Loving Mother', that is what I thought I was, that is what I called myself. I feel like the most evil mother alive for the irresponsible act of having children whilst being in such an unloving condition. Of course, at the time I wasn't aware of any of this, it is only through my healing that I am now all too awake and aware of the poor state I was in.

The emotional damage I have caused my children; well, I might as well have smoked and drunk every day throughout my pregnancies; I couldn't have harmed them any worse than having all of these denied and suppressed feelings being passed on to them; the damage was already done, and I did it!

Right now, at this moment I am feeling so bad that I can't even get out of bed, I am so full of grief for my children and what I have done to them. I can't forgive myself, I am too devastated.

This feels like a whole different thing to my own healing, where I have to heal what was done to me by my parents, but to heal something I have done to someone else, to my own children, that is just the fucking hardest to heal. I can feel the resistance in me to wanting to face some of the truth of it all, but it all has to be felt and the truth found.

A good feeling, but don't hold your breath!!

5 May 2023

I am feeling so good today! I went out into my garden, and it came over cloudy like it was going to rain and I wondered how wonderful it must have been to taste the rain when Eve and Adam were in the Garden. The rain must have been so pure and clean; I was imagining the taste, so crisp and sweet and was seeing me tilting my head back to drink it and feeling how amazingly good it felt as it went down into my body, hydrating me in such a pure way. It was such an incredible experience that I began to feel God's Love flow into me and I couldn't stop crying with the beauty of it all.

Deny the pain and then teach your children how to do it

9 May 2023

Today, I had the realisation that because I know myself, through my feelings, I now feel that I know my parents and probably their parents and so on back into my family lineage, and once I am healed to a condition of Natural Love, I will also know my first parents, Eve and Adam, because I would have healed all of the feelings that have kept me from knowing anyone.

My parents have not told me anything about themselves really, emotionally, I know nothing about them at all, they never shared feelings and that is why my feelings have been such a terror for me. Every one of them has been like a shock to me, little shocks and huge ones. If I had experienced my parents being feeling aware, then it would have been less of a shock and I wouldn't have been so terrified of my feelings.

To be fair, my Mum was more feeling sensitive than my dad and I suppose that is why I have been able to feel the easier ones at the beginning of my healing. It was enjoyable for me to discover the truth of my feelings back then, but as my healing years have gone on, I have had the deeper and more suppressed feelings to deal with. It seems for me, that the harder and also the more physical pains have been so much harder to feel about; my parents never let us see them in real physical pain, always saying they were alright, but I knew they were in terrible pain. So, I grew up feeling that physical pain is bad and mustn't be talked about, it must be ignored and you just soldier through it, deny it until it gets so bad that you can't cope with it any more. What a terrible way to live, denying all of that pain and teaching your children this is what you do!

Now I feel that I do know my parents without having to ask them anything about themselves, not that I do anyway because we hardly speak. My father and I fell out a few years ago when I told him how terrified I am of him but my mum still visits me because she is still the little girl that is so desperate to keep her family together. As a child she lost her beloved father at the age of ten and her mother was most unloving to her, she had other husbands and men and my mother is still that unloved and unwanted child with a mother that can't show love at all.

I feel today that I know my parents because I know so much more of me. Through my feelings and bringing up all of my denied and suppressed childhood pain, I know myself more and I know them more, after all, the feelings I am feeling are their feelings too and this is how I now know more about them emotionally.

I am feeling so good today, I have been feeling good for a little while, I still have bad feelings that come and go but the intensity is not so bad. It is mostly self-

worth issues right now and how I allow people to treat me like I have no worth and I find it hard to pick them up on it. But I am getting much better at being brave and saying to them when I feel I have been wronged and they are shocked that I have picked them up on it. I did Trevor's washing up the other day and he just walked by me at the sink, I felt fucking angry that he hadn't acknowledged me doing his washing up that had been there all day and night. I was seething inside, and I went off to feel about it and came down and said to him that I had done his washing up and I think I deserved a thank you at least. He looked at me in a shocked way and said a robotic sounding t-h-a-n-k y-o-u! He knows something has changed in me because now every time I feel wronged, I bring it up with him and he doesn't like it at all.

No one likes you when you stand up for yourself and I had always been too scared to do it because of that very reason, no one liking me, but now I see that it is hurting me so much to allow this treatment of myself, I am allowing it but that is changing so much. I don't want to be treated like that anymore, mum and dad treated me like that and now it is over!

Little changes are occurring all the time for me and I love feeling the changes as they happen. I feel very good about myself right now and am amazed at how good it feels to stand up for myself, and I now realise how bad it has felt to allow people to walk all over me all the time. It has diminished me inside, worn me away and made me feel like I am worth nothing. I feel like I am finally finding a voice, my voice, the voice that has been so scared to speak up for itself.

Crawling through the sludge of the Rebellion and Default

11 May 2023

Feeling good, but pretty weak today. My muscles feel like they can hardly carry me, and I am tired in my body. This is how it feels being in the Rebellion and Default, I can't feel good when I am living in this rejection of all that is good, true and loving, I can only feel bad, so this is how bad it feels being in such rejection. It is horrible being a part of the Rebellion and Default, it feels bad, heavy, weak, ill, sick, nothing feels good, but I do feel good about knowing why all of this has and is happening to me. The R & D (Rebellion and Default) is like living a life walking through thick sludge, it is wearing, tiring, heavy, hard work and I don't

want to be a part of it anymore, but I am, and that is the truth, which is the healing.

I know I am in rejection of everything and anything good. How can I possibly expect to have a relationship with God when I am in such rebellion to them? It is ludicrous, mad, and totally insane, I am all of those things and I truly feel like I accept that about myself. I can see and accept the rejection I am in towards my own body, towards myself, constantly fighting it to be another way, a better way, but I can only be bad and in rejection of it because this is the truth of my condition, and it feels so good to accept that about myself and feel more at peace with myself.

I feel amazing today, no weakness at all

12 May 2023

Physically, all is good. I am fucked off with not getting any help with things around the house. I have to do both gardens which are fairly large back and front and I don't get any help from Trevor because he has hay fever and is having a bad lung issue, but he's been a smoker since he was 12. I do it all and get no acknowledgement and feel like I am so taken for granted. I feel angry at being so ignored but this is all good as it is showing me and bringing more feelings up about how ignored I was as a child and got hardly any praise or acknowledgment for anything I did from my parents. I have noticed that although I feel pissed off, it is nowhere near as painful as it was.

I feel more accepting that I won't get any help because I didn't get much as a child. My parents always thought I was alright because I never expressed how I was really feeling, in fear of being told off or being told I was being silly. I want help mum and dad, can't you see!! No one sees, they never did, and they still don't but I love the feelings it brings up, the truth of how it was for me as a child with my parents.

Such an arrogant Mother

13 May 2023

I am still constantly rejecting my children, thinking I know best, and I realise I have been so resistant to accepting that, but I feel now it is okay to accept and admit I am a horrible mother.

I think I know better than them about their own lives and the decisions they make. They are wrong and I am right and if they don't do it my way then disaster will be the outcome for them. My ways are my parents' ways, and I am putting that onto them just as my parents put it onto me. I am so scared of them feeling any pain that I try my hardest to impress my ways on to them, thinking I really do know best if they don't want to end up in pain.

I am an insidious and sneaky mother; I am just like the evil ones, whispering in Eve and Adams ears to manipulate them to do things their way. I have tried to stop doing it with them, I have tried to keep my mouth shut and let them make their own mistakes but I can't keep it up. Without even thinking about it I come out with these ideas, my ideas and manipulate my children into doing it my way, I am such a snake!!

I have stopped trying to stop myself doing this to my children; I can't stop it so I have given up with the punishment of telling myself to not do it to them. I have been made to be this way with them; my parents were like this with me, and I am just the same. Since accepting that this is just how I am and was made to be, and that I can't stop being this way, I have felt such a pressure come off, it is like I have so much more mercy for myself and compassion that it wasn't my fault, it was all done to me.

I have been so superior, thinking I know what is best for them, worrying that they will do it their own way and get into all sorts of trouble and me having to fix it, as I had to fix my mum and dad and make them feel good and happy again. I can always remember mum losing sewing needles and calling me to find them as I would go straight to them and find them; mum would be so happy with me. I felt love when I did something that she was happy with and all the other times I didn't feel much from her, so I try to do good for everyone, that way I feel loved and don't have to feel the awful feelings of withdrawal from love and the pain that brings.

I feel myself opening up to so much more acceptance of how I am as a mother. I feel myself telling the truth to my children instead of telling them what they want to hear so they will stay happy and not feel pain. My children have felt angry with me at this truth, but it hasn't bothered me as it once would have. To make them angry and hurt would have been very hard for me to cope with, but it is getting so much easier and feels so much better within me to be honest with them, even if it means they hate me, it has been so hard to get to this point.

Trevor is finding it harder and harder to live with me. He tries to tell me how I feel and I tell him he is so wrong to do that to me, we have more arguments than we ever have and constantly disagree because I am no longer keeping my mouth shut just to keep the peace. I had to do this with dad all my life and it has taken so long to stand up for myself and no one likes it. I feel an anger at Trevor for wanting me to be the perfect, agreeable Sam. I want him to hear what I have to say if I disagree with him, which is most of the time and he wants the old Sam back. I would agree with him and he would feel so good, it gave him power. I no longer need to be Sam the child having a terribly painful relationship with her dad; I feel like I can now begin to grow up.

I am feeling more and more changes in me, little changes but ones that I feel very good about. Accepting more and more that I am so wrong in everything I do, I am all wrong and it feels so good to know that truth, even writing it just then made me feel so free.

I was raised to be deficient and poor

14 May 2023

Another realisation today and more acceptance. I was raised to be poor! Everything about me is poor and deficient. My physical, medical deficiencies have shown me that truth, that my whole upbringing was poor. I was taught to make do in life and not to expect too much from it. My parents were always struggling for money, they had to suffer and had real hardships in life and all I remember really is how much of a struggle life was. I have had businesses in my own life and not had to suffer as they did, but all I have done has been to keep me away from being like them, so poor and so deficient.

Their life was a misery at times, always worrying about money, it was horrible to be a child living in that kind of deficiency and I can see how I have tried to not have that kind of life and not to touch that pain of the struggle, the tiring, endless struggle they had.

But, no matter how I have denied being as they were, I am poor inside, I am deficient physically, I am everything they were and it's all within me. All their poverty, I took on, it is a part of me. I lived through it with them, I took on their pain and suffering and it hurts so much.

I have felt bad and guilty for not constantly suffering the material poverty that they suffered. It has been like they expected it of me and I think they are a bit pissed off that my sister and brother are very well off and living good lives. I don't feel that my dad was ever interested in any achievements I made in my life, because his own stupid decisions led the whole family into such a poor condition. I have had many times of my own financial struggles, such as now. I am going through hardship and I have always had my hairdressing to fall back on and that might have to happen again, but it is not what I want to do. To be that close to people again will be very hard.

My brother and sister have had constant good financial times, but my other brother and I have been more like mum and dad in our struggles and I feel my parents feel safe with that; it is what they know. We have continued their poverty throughout our lives. I feel it in the core of me and that is where it lives. I feel poor and unworthy to have anything because they didn't. Most of the time I feel like they poured all of their shit into me alone as I am still here in the UK and my three siblings are in Australia. I got to stay behind and be near them to intensify the fucking pain.

I have had all of the same illnesses as my mum had, all the same operations as she had, when she gets a cold, I get one, she gives it all to me, I get all of their shit, that is what they have given me, all of their poverty has been poured into me and I am living it constantly. They want me to be just like them, to suffer just as they have suffered, so they are not alone with the pain of it all. They are going down and taking me with them. I am here just to make them feel better because

misery loves company!!

But the wonderful thing is, is that I can see the truth of it all. I was born into their poverty, into their worthless condition and that is how they wanted me to be. I am them, I am their deficiency, I am their poverty, I am their worthlessness and all the rest of it, I am their product, and it isn't my fault. I had no choice but to be how they wanted me to be, so I accept that is how it is for me. I give up trying to be anything other than how they made me; it is futile and can't last because it is not the truth. I am their fucked-up mess and I understand why I am that. Through my feelings I know the truth of me.

I don't know how to put this but I will just say it, last night I died in my sleep!

16 May 2023

I found myself met by a woman and two men who collected me from a state of utter confusion in the spirit world. They were in a kind of vehicle but not with wheels; it was all light and it had seats in it and moved energetically, like it was floating. I was in the vehicle but in a dazed state and slowly coming round when the woman turned round and looked at me making sure I was okay. She said: "Hi Samia, we have come to collect you" and smiled at me with such a beautiful smile. I was drowsy and sleepy for a while but suddenly I found myself very alert but confused as to what was happening to me.

We were moving and passing through fields and trees and flowers; and when I say passing through, we were literally passing through them, through my body and it scared me at first, I could feel them pass through my body. All of nature just passing through me and it felt so incredible, like the most beautiful tingles as I became one with nature. There was a brick wall and I shut my eyes and put my hands up to my face to cover my eyes as we went through this wall and I could feel it go through me and it felt so amazing. This is so hard to describe because it was all a feeling, but it felt like sparkles inside me, so incredible.

I got to a beautiful temple looking building which was shimmering and the vehicle we were in just passed through it and I found myself on the inside and getting off of this vehicle. The woman, who I think said her name is Santa, led

me through the inside of the temple and spirits were moving about all over the place, it was so busy, I couldn't take my eyes off them, all so beautiful. Santa told me that all would become clear in a moment. She took me into this room in the temple and we sat down, and she began to explain what had happened to me. She told me that I had died, and I remember saying to her; "No, what!! I died, what was it, cancer, a heart attack? No way! No! I couldn't have died", I was in shock and a bit panicky. Santa said; "You have died in your sleep, you just stopped breathing for a moment and now you are here with us, and you are very safe. I was sent to collect you."

I can still feel the amazement and weirdness of it all; I literally died in my sleep or stopped breathing for a second and went straight to spirit world. I can remember feeling so light, so excited and yet a bit scared and shocked and my energy was so complete; I felt so healthy like I have never felt before, so good inside and so real. I was in so much disbelief that this is happening to me; so shocked to find myself in spirit world and at what I think is the receiving hall, but I didn't ask, so I am just guessing at that. I couldn't keep my mind on what she was saying to me, I kept looking around me in disbelief.

Suddenly, I became filled with such an awful dread; I was separated from my children. I went into panic at the thought of them being without me. I said to Santa; "No, this can't be happening! Where are Faye and Alex? My children will be alone!", and I began crying uncontrollably, wanting to go back and be with them again.

Santa said; "Samia, for you, this has just happened, but for your children it has been many years and they are now okay. Let me show you how okay they are." Santa pointed to a huge screen and showed me a film of Faye. She was in a speed boat on the sea near a beautiful tropical island, and she told me to look at how happy Faye is. Faye is looking older, about 35 and sitting in the back of the speed boat with her hair blowing and her arms outstretched touching the warm air and she was so happy. There was a beautiful looking man driving the boat. He was handsome and Santa said he was her husband. He had wavy blonde hair and a stubbly beard, and he turned round to look at Faye; the look was so filled with love for her. I began to cry that I had left her alone in her grief, that I had put her through so much pain then, all of a sudden, I felt two hands on my shoulders. Santa told me to turn round and see who has come to visit me, and it

was Faye. We turned to each other and embraced and kissed each other and I was sobbing. I told Faye that I am so sorry for leaving her; Faye said that it took some time to get over it, but now she and Alex are fine. We held each other and I didn't want to let her go but she began to fade away and to disappear. Santa said she had arranged for Faye to visit me briefly because she knew how distraught I would be at leaving her. Santa showed me Faye asleep in her bed, yet she had also been here with me in her spirit body, just to visit, how amazing is that!!

Santa showed me around the place a bit more but not for long. We walked past beautiful looking spirits and some of the women were pregnant which confused me, so I asked Santa how that could be and all of a sudden, her stomach grew like she was pregnant. She told me anything is possible over here as she pointed to her pregnant stomach and we both looked at it and laughed, and as she laughed, her stomach went down and became flat again, saying that she had no intention of wanting that and that women on Earth can also do it too but they call it a phantom pregnancy; when they want it so much they will it on themselves. It doesn't happen to many women, but it can happen on Earth.

The whole place was amazing; the feeling in me was amazing too. I felt so light and vibrant. Santa told me that it was enough for one day and that I had to now rest but there is so much more to show me. With that I came back to my physical body and woke up in my bed at 6 am and could hardly move with the weight and heaviness of my body. I was back in my body and in my room, and in that instant of waking I burst into tears and have hardly stopped crying since. I feel so incredible, and I have no fear of dying because I have been there, well the arrivals village at least. It is real, all so real, much more real than here. I know the difference in how the two worlds feel and the vibrancy of colour is beyond compare. To feel the solid matter of Earth, something you can only touch, compared to the spirit energy of actually feeling how nature feels as it passes through you, not to just touch it but to FEEL it and then the ecstasy that follows within your spirit body, it is almost indescribable and has to be felt.

Spirit world exists, I have been there and I want to go back, it is beautiful, it feels beautiful, I can actually experience how things in the spirit world feel because I

can be at one with them, unlike here in this dense material world where I can only touch.

The crying has been non stop for 3 hours.

James response:

Wow, what an experience! A simulation of you dying, a real out of body experience. Gosh, and I wonder if the future will unfold for Faye that you saw for her, happy in the boat with the man. You give such a good feeling of the vibrancy of spirit, how different it is than here, so much more 'alive', the spirit light. Yeah, that was really good, now you knowing there is life after death through the feelings of that experience. I wish I could have such a good real spirit experience, just to cement it all into me as it has for you. Still, I can get a taste of it from you. Would you mind sending that experience to John, if you've not done so, as he's working on there being life after death at the moment.

My reading of it is that it seems like you starting in the earth plane flying through Nature and the brick wall, then when you went into the temple you jumped ahead in your life to when you die, so looking at Faye older and happy; and then she visited you in her sleep, and then you came back.

(Sam's Book, Parenting and Feeling Healing Book X, calibrates overall at 994 MoC)

FURTHER READING:

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

PASCAS CARE PARENTING

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

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

Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

The Rejected Ones – the Feminine Aspect of God

<http://divinelovesp.weebly.com/my-free-books-and-free-padgett-messages.html> ALSO at
<https://www.pascashealth.com/index.php/library.html?file=files/opensource/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

(Back cover page calibration 940 MoC)