

Parenting
&
Feeling Healing



Book 3

Samantha McCabe

SAM'S BOOK

Parenting and Feeling Healing

Book III

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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.

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My lovely Magpie is called Magic, he has flown off into the wild now, he was an abandoned baby rejected and denied by his parents so a huge teacher for me at the time. I see him from time to time.

Appreciation and Acknowledgement:

The courage of Samantha to keep going further and further, and deeper and deeper, into such a dark unknown, unmapped hellhole of discovery is inspiring and I'm grateful for that courage that we can now all share in as we fumble along, starting and stopping and tripping over ourselves on our personal journey of self-healing.

I don't have kids yet although as I read book #1 I'm inspired by the honest vulnerability that Samantha Shares. That vulnerability brings out a confident feeling in me that no matter what, it will all be ok once I do enter the world of parenthood.

I remembered a quote while reading today and it goes:

“A person's success in life can usually be measured by the number of uncomfortable conversations he or she is willing to have.” – Tim Ferris

Although this quote became popular online within the “Personal Development” genre it feels like it fits well within our feeling healing journey.

Often the truth is uncomfortable but regardless of whether we're talking about speaking the truth to a loved one or an honest conversation with ourselves and how we really feel, the truth always feels true as being always the right way forward.

I think it's safe to say that nowadays there are no shortage of distractions to allow us to avoid feeling uncomfortable. But that uncomfortable truth is where the magic lies.

We feel shame for the trauma we hold inside. As if for some reason we are to blame for taking on this filthy rotten crap that resides deep down in us and comes out to fuck with us when we least expect it.

But if that trauma feels bad going in then its gotta feel bad coming out too I guess. But that feeling of freedom from bringing out that old unnecessary baggage and setting it free is the most wonderful thing we can ever do.

We have to see it to free it.

As someone once said “You cannot throw the darkness from a room, you must shine light into every corner until the darkness is replaced with light”.

I am looking forward to reading the following books in the series.

Jan Dowling

Samantha McCabe

A little bit about my Spiritual History



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha

A life based on Childhood Fantasies

4 September 2018



Recently I have realised that everything I have wanted to do and achieve in my life has stemmed from a childhood fantasy and it is only through my FEELINGS, that I have now discovered this and it was quite a wow moment. All my childhood fantasies I have made happen in a round about way. My childhood fantasies of being a princess were made manifest by being a bride, my fantasy world of wanting to be a magical being became manifest through me connecting to Fairies and Nature spirits and it all made me feel so Magical and special. My fantasy of wanting to be someone famous became manifest by me having to have my own business's and become well known in our Village, it has all come from my childhood fantasy world that I have made manifest in my adult life, I can see it all as I feel into why I have wanted to do the things I have ended up doing, I have been still living in my childhood fantasy world in the best way I can, as a grown up, still wanting to live in my fantasy and have some sort of power.

All of my love of Tarot has been because I so wanted to be someone powerful, revered and famous and looked up to by others, to be respected and so special and loved, someone better than anyone else, sounds really shit of me but its true, so arrogant to want to be better than anyone else. Yuk, horrible but it is still in me, I can feel it and it all comes from my childhood. I so wanted to be famous as a child, I would watch dancers or actresses and wish I was them, so I went to drama school, dancing school, I was going to be famous.

Yuk

I know all of this might seem obvious, that all we do comes from our unloving, denied childhood but I have been seeing the relationship between what I am doing in my adult life and my childhood dreams and fantasies, I could be doing something and I will have a memory pop into my mind of when I was a child and then saying to myself, "Oh wow, I wanted to be or do that as a child and now I have done it", it might be in a different way to how it was for me as a child fantasy but when I feel about what I am doing it takes me right back there, to me remembering I had the same fantasy as a child and now I have fulfilled it and it

seems to me now, that my life has been all about doing what I couldn't do as a child but so wanting to do. I would draw princesses all the time with the biggest dresses and my weddings were that fantasy coming true because as an adult I could say YES to myself. I can now be that princess I always wanted to be and the fantasy felt fulfilled for a short while. I can now say YES to myself when my parents said NO.

When I think and feel about my childhood fantasies, it is like my whole childhood was a dream of wishful thinking and never being fulfilled, so powerless, all so frustrating. I am still that child, even as an adult and I am working through my childhood fantasies one by one and feeling how unfulfilled I am when I get what I wanted as a child, it means nothing and has no good feeling to it because the fantasies of my childhood were only in place because they were a substitute for what I didn't receive from mum and dad, if I felt special, wanted, loved by my parents I would have no need for fantasies to get my good feelings from, I would have got my good and loving feelings from my parents and my life would have been less untrue, confusing, anxious, frustrating and unloving. My fantasies were my way to get loving feelings for myself, I had to find a way of doing it myself, take control because I didn't feel it from my parents, I had to rely on me so I created fantasies and fulfilled them as an adult.



All of my life's events, all of my attempts at business and being a success have been based upon my feelings of not being special or wanted or loved how I needed to be by mum and dad, I constructed my own ways of getting these feelings of lack and loss met, I created fantasies as a child and acted them out as an adult all based on my grief of not feeling loved, I had to feel loved somehow!!

Why does anyone want to do anything to be a success, because they didn't feel loved as a child, if they did they wouldn't need to be successful, famous, competitive, they would be so satisfied in themselves that they didn't need to prove they are lovable and special and have to get it from outside of themselves because it isn't inside of them, they wouldn't have to do anything because they

would feel they were loved how they needed to be by their parents.

Everything I have done to be a success as an adult I can trace back to my childhood fantasies that I put in place to make me feel good because I was rarely made to feel good by my parents. I created a pretend world for myself and still believed in it as an adult, I wanted all of my fantasies to come true so I did the best I could to manifest them, which saddens me because I can see how desperate I was/am to be loved and how I have denied the truth that I wasn't and have made a life built on that denial, trying to pretend it isn't true, its really sad the lengths I have gone to, how clever I have been in building that fantasy life with a foundation of pain, it never lasted, it was never consistently fulfilling for me, any good feelings never lasted long.



My life has been a long journey of denial, none of it real or true, just a child's fantasy and I have never felt grown up, I have always felt like a child in a dream because that is who I am still being, nothing coming from a true place in me but from a childhood fantasy, its not real SAM. I feel like, as I am healing the fantasy is breaking down around me and it is such a "Oh my God" moment for me and like where have I been all my life???

I haven't been present, I have been in a dream and it feel like such a waste of a life, none of it being true, its a pointless life experience and now I am 50, I have only just realised that and it feels like I have wasted so much time. I didn't want the truth, I wanted fantasies and now I have done a huge U-Turn and am going the other way, well trying to. I am seeing more and more of the out workings of my childhood fantasies and how I have been living them as a grown up and I say to myself "what a fucking fool I have been". All so sad to have to get your loving feelings met from outside of you because they don't exist inside.

James Responds to me.

5 September 2018

James: Talk about fantasies, shit as you say Sam, our whole lives are one, because we're untrue. And then to break that down into all the component fantasies – when does it end?! I can't remember if I told you the other day, however, last week I was taken into a massive fantasy, a new one based on my past, as if I was living a close intimate relationship with a young woman as I had my girlfriends, but this time round coming from all that I know now about myself, life, relating, all that Marion has pointed out that I don't do and want to do, and so I have been imagining I was with her for a month, living closer and closer together, loving each other more, but only for a short time as she can't be with some 57 year old fart for the rest of her life.

It's been incredible, as if there is a constant dream-like river continually flowing through my mind day and night, and whenever I rest and relax into it, it's like I jump in and the fantasy-movie picks up from where I left off or takes me back and deeper into what I've already been through. I don't know where it all comes from, it's endless. I guess it's all Bob (my Indwelling Spirit) working me through these mind levels as I need because it has such a profound effect on me.

I was saying to Marion, this fantasy month I've been 'working on' which has only been through the last week in reality, has been the best month of my whole life – AND YET IT'S NOT REAL! And I said to her that possibly in ten years time when I'm madder and have lost the plot completely, I'd believe that it was real. I tell her as much as I can about my fantasies, however not all the details because I want to keep them for myself to savour, they are like my precious jewels hidden away inside me, places and with people I can retreat to where it's all nice and I feel good, happy and loved, so I don't want to ruin it all by bringing out too much. So much for striving to bring everything out for my Healing!

Then the 'month' with this younger girl turned into being dad with my sister and how he doted and favoured her and how he was with mum and other women to give me one of those "Oh My God" wow, yet also horrified, moments, when I realised – I'M JUST THE SAME AS HIM. Realising even further, that not only do I walk and talk and act like him in so many ways, but I reckon I even have the same feeling-kind of fantasies, the same mind structure that he has, with women

and business, being like you say, wanting to be a huge success in the world. So my being the 'Great Spiritual Leader' writing all my books, doing all of this, it's all as he was only he wasn't interested in the spiritual stuff, to I tell myself that that's 'my special part, and I'm even more special than him because I'm more spiritual' – talk about needing to have power over him and mum.

Then it all moved to seeing that I'm also living out mum's fantasies, and I can look back and see how they both influenced me based on their fantasies about how to see and so live life, which I guess is what you're getting at too in what you've said, that you can see it all coming from your early life, yet where, and from who, did you get it all from in your early life in the first place?

I relate to all your fantasies and all you say about the truth of yourself and all your bad feelings, and yet Marion doesn't have and never has had, the sorts of fantasies like you and I have, and all because her parents didn't. I find it so hard relating to her, thinking, and even saying to her: but surely you fantasized about something? She wanted to be loved and so on, but never made up any fantasy stories or trying to outwork them in her mind as she got older.

And to finish talking about my need for power like I said about being better than dad, even writing this to you I feel like I'm one-upping you, my fantasy stuff is bigger and better than your fantasy stuff, my fantasy breakthroughs are bigger than yours, I'm more important, you know, all the usual shit that I feel so embarrassed having to admit, yet pleased that I can feel it more because it's there, I am that. So now that I've taken your limelight away from you, please go ahead and write an even bigger fantasy post than mine. And having written that, that's actually what I expect because that's what mum always did, coming in over the top, always bigger and greater, showing off and being the great one, which is of course what I've been saying I was doing to you – just being mum all over you – YUK! THROW ME IN THE BIN WILL YOU GOD, I'M TOO

Yuk

REVOLTING AND HORRIBLE TO EVERYONE, THE WORLD SHOULDN'T HAVE TO BE SUBJECTED TO MY SHIT, GET RID OF ME WILL YA.

More lovely feelings to express to Marion.

More on Fantasies.

5 September 2018

AHH its all so great James, Yes I feel my fantasies are so inferior compared to yours and I just have to back down and go back and hide into my shell as I submit to your being better than me, shit I am so weak and pathetic and just lay down to be smashed into insignificance. You have really brought it out in me just how I can't be better than anyone else, I am useless, a waste of space and I can feel in me how much I need to be the best but never could do it, I always gave up and let someone else have all the power while I curled up and died in my patheticness. It all coming from my sister being taken seriously and me being in her shadow trying to be like her, so accepted and always getting it right while I tried and fucked it all up and mum and dad being so condescending to me at my efforts to be like my sister. You are my sister in this case James, I can feel that.

It's all so fucking embarrassing to admit how I am, I feel so ashamed of myself like I am confessing to mum and dad what I have done and feeling the crippling shame.

Yes, all of my fantasies coming from mum and dad, their dreams of greatness and being the best and having such great kids that they could be proud of so they made us do all the things they could to be proud of us for and get their fantasies fulfilled by us so they could feel good. Wow, I really worked so hard at pleasing them and trying to have them be proud of me, then I couldn't keep it up, I ruined it all by not going straight to college from school but going into hairdressing. All the thick girls who weren't clever enough to go to college went into beauty or hairdressing so it was a little bit disappointing for them not to have me follow in my sister's academic footsteps. I fucked it up all the way along for them really, smashing their dreams, going out with the bad boys, drinking and clubbing, it was all a big let down for them and their fantasies.

I loved all you wrote James, you helped me feel more crushing rejection as I can't top your fantasies, mine are pathetic compared to yours and I don't want to even try, I am beaten so I give up, and another realisation has just occurred, that is why I have always given up when someone better comes along. Oh wow, Yes, I get it now. I can't finish anything if I am not the best; I just give in and end it. I

roll over in defeat because I couldn't win as a child, I had to let my sister win and be the best, she was better than me so all competition is better than me, everyone is better than me and that is how I truly do feel. By you writing that James, about your fantasies being better than mine it has brought it up in me that anyone who is better than me, I give in to, submit to and just end what I am doing and accept defeat because that is how it was with my sister. I have never really finished anything because I don't feel I am good enough and someone better will take it all from me so why even bother. I am feeling like a Nothing, useless piece of shit again and I can see why. I am mum rolling over to dad's power and control over her, giving up all she wants to do because he is better than her and he calls the shots.

Job interview feelings.

7 September 2018

Today, I received an email from a Hotel asking me to come along and be interviewed as part of their Floristry team. Instantly, fear entered me about working again. I loved Floristry and Plants but I am shit scared about working for someone again, but things are getting tight now, as my entire Widows pension has ended now. I have a little amount left from Harry's insurance but not much so it is all a scary time for me.

Feelings in me are of not being good enough to be taken on, I will not be what they want, what they need, I won't be good enough for them, they will judge me and hate me and laugh at me as I try to prove myself to them, THEY ARE MUM AND DAD interviewing me to see if I am good enough for the job of being their daughter, do I live up to their standards, NO is the answer already, even before I have gone to the interview. Inside of me I feel I am no good and I haven't got the job, I am not what they want, not good enough to join them, rejected.

Everyone in my life is mum and dad judging me and I feel worthless to everyone, not good enough for anyone. I have to prove myself worthy of the job, and as I write all of this I can see mum and dad sitting their interviewing me, its horrible, I can't get them out of me, they are in everything I do, it is them there always and I am so sick of it, sick of never feeling I am any good so I have to do things for myself and on my own, like starting up my own business's so I won't

be judged, no one can tell me what to do or that I am not doing it their way, I am doing it all wrong. If I have my own business, I can avoid all of that bad feeling as I have done in the past but now it is coming back for me to feel.

I have avoided and denied these bad feelings being felt by having my own business, being my own boss so no one can hurt me and now I see why I have done that, it has been through fear that I am not good enough to be employed by anyone and I can't bear to feel the pain of that rejection and humiliation when I can't do something, or get it wrong. By working for myself I can feel powerful because I have constructed it that way, so I don't have anyone above me making me feel powerless by criticising my work.

Now I have this interview next Wednesday and I have to create what ever they want me to create to show the quality of my work and I am shitting myself that I can't do it, I am already no good before I even start. I have been a good florist in the past and did some amazing work but I always did it by getting my inspiration from someone else, sometimes my own but I had and always have had so much trouble creating from myself, my soul. My mind can't do it, only if I copy or get my inspiration from someone else's work, books, YouTube, etc...

I feel so frustrated that I can't do it myself how I want it to happen. Like an artist just paints from their soul, I can't do that, I am completely blocked at creating anything and everyone says how clever I am and creative I am but it is all a lie because it doesn't come from me, it comes from other sources of inspiration, something copied but with my own twist, shit, where is my creativity, where is my magic coming from my soul, it doesn't exist.

I have been told what to do all my life, copying my parents or my sister or teachers or anyone, I have spent a life copying someone never tapping into my own creativity and now I can't find it in me. This job offer has brought all of these feelings up in me and I feel that getting the job isn't the thing, the thing is the feelings it has helped me feel, all the fear it has brought up. I have needed it and it is great to see what it is doing to me, bringing up all of this feeling that is still inside me to feel. I feel so sad that I have no originality in me, that I can't create from ME and my soul, that is terrible that I am so blocked off from my own creativity and I have always thought of myself as being so creative but I am

NOT!! its not my creativity it is someone else's, I feel like a fraud, everything I have ever created has been someone else's idea and I just put my twist on it but I can't do it from inside myself. Yes, I am very creative if I am copying or get inspired by someone but I can't do it myself.

It was the same with my hairdressing, I was good at it but only if someone had an idea of what they wanted or brought in a picture, I couldn't really suggest much to them, the inspiration just wasn't inside of me so that made me an average hairdresser because I was just an average child doing as I was shown and told to do, never coming up with ideas myself or finding my own ways to do things. I was controlled by mum and dad and the teachers telling me what to do, shit I am like a fucking robot. Just a system full of programmes with nothing coming from my soul because I can't get to it, I don't know my own naturalness of my soul and what it can do, how it can create for itself. Fuck, fuck, fuck I feel so angry about it all, I feel so trapped in my programme of mum and dad, I can only create within the parameters of their program they put into me, I feel so finite and stuck in the mind of mum and dad.

I so desperately want to shake them off and out of me, they are stopping me at every move, I live within their walls and can't break through. I feel so angry, like I want to smash through it all and have it crumble down around me so I can see what else there is for me, I just feel so trapped inside myself, my mind, their mind. I want to see who I am, what I can create from my soul, something pure from me and I know it is there but I can't get to it yet, I am still so full of them. Fuck I feel like buckling and crumbling to the ground in defeat, I can't see a way out. I am so trapped by them and keep bouncing into their walls they have built around me.

I would love to be able to go to this interview knowing that I am a great creator, feeling I can rely on my soul to create something so original and beautiful but I can't, it's not going to happen for me. I will turn to books and YouTube to get someone else's inspiration and use that to create my great show piece to get me the job. No originality coming from me, no confidence that I can rely on myself to do a great job because it comes from my soul, it is so natural. No nothing like that, my mind can only copy, my mind is a cheat and a fraud and will need to get inspiration from outside itself because it wants power, control, to be the best, to

get the job so it can continue to survive.

I feel like fucking well giving up, I am so fucked of at myself and how my mind is still so powerful, how I am still letting it have control. Shit I feel so confused I don't know what way to turn right now, I am fucked. I am so confused I don't even know what I am talking about now, I have lost it completely. I can't do anything, I can't create anything true, I am a fraud and a fake and this has brought up just how much of a fraud and fake I am. Nothing I do comes from my soul, nothing I do is true.

I am a useless FRAUD, I am a useless Fake, I can't create anything real from inside of me, my soul, Nothing I do is true, what's the fucking point in anything when it doesn't come from me, my soul. What's the point is reproducing someone else's ideas, that makes me pointless, it makes my existence pointless, a waste, fuck I feel so confused about myself, the point of my existence, there is no point if I spend my life copying but what else can I do when I was taught to copy mum and dad, do as they did, do as they told me so I do this in everything, only do as I am told not what I want to do, fuck I don't even know what it is I want to do so I have to carry on copying, I feel like screaming the house down with rage at the moment, because I don't have an authentic bone in my body. There is none of ME in me, I am all my parents and every one in my life is my parents telling me what to do.

I don't know how to be me and create from me, I only know how to be them and it is all ruined because of that. I don't know how to do anything without them telling me and I feel like an empty shell with all of the good stuff ripped out of me.



LET'S TALK
IT OUT

Everything we create comes from unhealed Childhood feelings.

7 September 2018

Through what I wrote earlier I can see that everyone is creating from their denied and suppressed childhood unhealed emotions, even the most beautiful work of art or floral arrangement is created and based upon our unhealed feelings from childhood so it all is untrue. So is it really beautiful???

It's all based upon the creators' feelings of why they want to create it, what feelings are driving the need to do it. Why would a fashion designer want to create a wonderful dress, what were their intentions, feelings behind wanting to do it, wanting to be the best, wanting to be famous and known by the whole world, be recognised all because they were not recognised by their parents perhaps. It all depends on how we were parented as to whether we can create great pieces or not, how we were allowed to express our selves as children.

Those great pieces don't seem so great when the true feelings that they are founded upon are known, I don't think I will see anything as being beautiful again because an unhealed being created it, everything is tainted by our childhood repression and it makes everything sad and gross. I have a very bad feeling about anything beautiful because it was created by a denied and repressed child. I felt repressed all the time so my creating is repressed, so much so that I can't bring it out into creation, so I have to be inspired or copy and start from there. Some children were allowed to explore their creativity to a higher degree, although still in the controlled parameters of their parents, so grow up to be able to create more freely.

My expression of creation is retarded, I can't think of a starting point, I need telling, inspiring, or showing because I was parented that way, it doesn't just come to me, it has to come from outside of me and that is fucking frustrating. I was allowed to create but only what mum and dad created, I copied them.

It always comes back to how I was unlovingly parented; everything I can do or can't do is because I was parented that way.

This Florist interview is just more unloving parenting, wanting me to prove I am good enough for them and if I am not, then they don't want me, it all stinks of

unloving parenting and how I feel like I have to be what they want or I won't be accepted. That is what I am scared of, the total loss of all power as I am told I am not wanted by them, the pain of being so rejected, the humiliation of telling others I didn't get the job, I wasn't good enough, it's so fucking embarrassing not to be wanted, it takes all your power and leaves you weakened because of the unlovingness of not being wanted, not being special enough. "We don't want you Sam, your not what we want", that hurts because it is how I felt from my conception with mum and dad but they had to put up with me.

I'm not scared of the interview I am scared of being judged and rejected but at the same time I want it, I want to feel all the feelings this situation is going to bring up in me, I want to feel it all and get it out and there is so much to feel, so many different facets to it coming from all different directions, feelings, feelings, feelings hitting me all at once. I feel this is really helping me so much so that I don't want the job but I do want the feelings it is bringing up. God knows just what I need to bring up those feelings.

I know none of this may happen but I have to express all of the fears I am feeling, these are my fears of what might happen to me and I have no one to tell, only to this web site. These are the fears of how it was for me as a child, to tow the parental line or else, what could happen to me? I could get in real trouble with mum and dad and I was terrified of that so I did all they said to please them and keep them happy and that is exactly what we do in society every day, all because we had to do it with our parents.

I am so confused at the moment, I don't know what to do, but really I do!!! To stay true to my feelings I would not go to the interview and keep on feeling all of my feelings about how scared I am and take it one feeling at a time. I don't want to go to work, I want to stay true to my healing so that is my answer or I could go to the interview, get the job and be safe doing something I don't want to do and that just stinks of my childhood having to do what my parents wanted me to do so that would be being untrue to myself and yet again I can see God, My Father, (Mother is not here so much at this time) smiling at me again as he often does when I come to the right conclusion. my feelings tell me to do what I want to do, what my feelings guide me to doing as that is what God wants for me so I

feel I now don't want to do anything to go against my feelings and God is smiling again.

Yes, that is what I want me to do, I really feel that. I am so sure about it now, I am going to tell them that I am not going to be at the interview and that feels so right for me, it feels true because it is what I want. I feel so happy with that decision and it has taken a lot of feeling to come to the truth, which was always there from the beginning if I stayed true to my feelings and not let my mind tell me what I should do. My feelings are the way, one by one, right now in this moment.

Anxiety and so much fear.

9 September 2018

I am using this forum as like a Feeling Journal, a place I can go to express all I feel, I just need to get it out of me so I write it and I speak it out to God, usually before I write it and whilst I am writing I feel times when I want to speak what I have just written out, to God.

Today, I have woken up feeling scared again, full of doom about what is going to happen to me. I know I keep repeating it, I am bored sick of it myself but every bit I express out of me, is a little bit less of my repression, slowly bit by bit it is leaving me and if I have more bad feelings about something then I know there is more emptying to do about that subject and it is boring to go on and on about the same thing but if the feelings are there, then they need to come out.



Today, I feel anxious and buzzy, the fear has set in again and I am shit scared again. Please Mother and Father help me express all I need to, help me feel the truth of how I feel and get it out of me, please help me do this.

I feel a terror of being so alone with all of my problems, I have Trevor but I don't feel it is right to talk to him about it all, he will just try to heal me in his way and I don't want to be told what to do or how to feel or how it is for me. No, that drives me fucking crazy and is just like being with mum and dad. I feel like smashing his face in as the anger wells up in me as he talks at me and I never get

to feel I can be true about all I feel with him, I will be shut down. I feel like I have no one to talk to so I use this forum.

I am so alone with it all just me and my feelings and it feels scary to be so alone, doing it all by myself as I have had to do everything, it makes it all such a secretive world for me, so repressed. This is how bad it was for me as a child, it's still the same, just me and my feelings and thoughts driving myself mad having no outlet, no one to just listen without trying to fix me, I don't want to be fixed I just want to get it out, not interfered with by suggestions of what I should do or I am too dark or negative and its not good for me, fuck that, I want to be dark and negative because that is how I feel.

I tell Trevor how scared I feel about being homeless and on the streets, cold and hungry and he says that wont happen to me, and that I will do something to change it. It makes me feel so angry that he can't just draw more of my feelings out of me, encourage me to go into the fear of it all, that is what I want, someone to help me express it all out of me but I get the same shit as mum and dad would say, "oh you are thinking to much about it Sam, stop being silly, get yourself a job" and all of that shit.

It is really hard not to have anyone who takes my feelings seriously and wants to help me get them out, they all want to do the opposite. No one wants to know, they can't be bothered to listen, I don't blame them, they are not on the same Feeling Healing as I am, they don't get it and think I am harming myself doing this, going into all of my childhood repression is craziness to them, dragging it all up. I am going to drag the whole of it up, so they will have to fuck of away from me.

My feelings tell me I am not going to be ok, it is always the same, I am going to have the worst happen to me, suffer terribly, that is how I feel and when there is no money left, everyone will leave me and go their separate ways because I have nothing left to offer them, I am of no use to them anymore and they will go on to the next mug. I will be left to rot, alone. I hate everyone, I feel so used by everyone and when I have nothing left that they want, they fuck off and don't want to know me any more, I am just there for them for as long as they need me and no one is there for me.

It is just how I felt as a child, having to give, give, give all the time and when I needed help emotionally, no one was there for me, they were there physically but not in the way I needed them, emotionally, nothing has changed for me. Trevor is there for me physically but not how I need him to be and it can't be any other way because it is showing me how it was for me as a child. All I can do is keep on feeling it all, day after day, the same shit just a little bit more of it coming out of me bit by bit.

My whole body is tingling with anxiety like pins and needles, I am scared and as I ask for Mother and Father's help, I feel the fear more and I know there is so much of it in me and they are helping me to express it all. I am terrified about what is to become of me and I feel I just have to let it happen because I can't do anything to change it. You may say just get a job and it will all be ok and yes it would if I felt I could do that. I can't do it, I physically can't go for that interview and I can't explain it but I can go through the motions of applying for a job, even getting an interview but when it comes to it I can't do it, my body stops, my feelings stop, it is wrong for me and my soul screams at me and I just cry because I can't physically do it, I feel I am stopped every time by myself because it feels so wrong for me now.



I will be hurting myself by going against how I feel and I can't do that any more so I am stuck, really stuck in having to give up but I am terrified too. I don't know what to do because I am so scared about trusting my feelings and God to know what is best for me, its a lot to ask and it will take time healing the trust because mum and dad thought they knew what was best for me and it never was for me, it was what was best for them so now I can't trust God to have my best interests at heart when my parents didn't.

Its all so fucking tough and all I can do is feel my way through it but it is so hard when all I want to know is am I going to be safe and ok, I don't know that and it's a lot of trust to find. I was always scared as a child that I was not going to be safe and all of those feelings are now coming up for me to heal, my feelings take me back to those times as a child when I was scared and couldn't tell anyone. I

never knew if I was going to be ok and I didn't believe mum and dad if they said all was ok because they were terrified too.

Shit I feel very confused.

The Interview.

15 September 2018

Well, I went to the Interview.

I now realise that I can only be my fucked up self and it is so frustrating to be such a fuck up. I got home and just wanted to die because I saw myself in action, being the injured child that I am. Trying to be everything they wanted me to be. I went straight into survival mode as they fired their questions at me, defending myself with all the right answers so I would be accepted, it was just like having mum and dad interview me and I was struggling for survival, not to be crushed under the weight of what they expect of me.

I am confused and don't really know what happened to me, that is why I haven't written about it earlier, I came away feeling I had just played a part in a play, it wasn't real, it wasn't me but my parents creation and I saw myself properly in action trying to be loved, so desperate, I should have put a sign round my neck saying 'please Love me'. I am ashamed of myself and felt really bad when I got home, that I had let myself down, let my healing down, I was and am so disappointed with myself.

I am gutted at how I was and yet I also got to see so much more truth of how untrue I am and how it was for me as a child with my parents trying to get them to love me by being the best, being creative, making things look good and it was all for them, so they would be proud of me and love me. I constantly felt like I had to sell myself to them and I did this at the interview, I had to prove myself worthy of the job like I had to prove my self worthy of my parents, it was just the same. I couldn't be myself with my parents, so I still believe I can't be myself with anyone else, it just wont get me anywhere in life so I have to be what people want me to be. This is how I was at the interview most of the time.

I feel ashamed to write this for all to read, I feel like I am a complete fraud and I am so ashamed and feel like I will be hated because of it, so it has not been easy to write this but I am a fraud, I was a fraud in that interview, I was a fraud with my parents and I have always been nothing but a fraud and I feel so hopeless, like there is no hope for me and as I came out of that interview I wanted to punch myself, hit myself, beat myself up for being such a lie. It was deeply upsetting for me as I saw the truth of how I was as a child and how I still am when under threat of being rejected, I do all I can to save myself and the only way to do that is to be what people want me to be, be anything but myself because that will not be wanted by anyone. Being myself won't get me anywhere, its not wanted and I saw that in full swing at the interview.

Throughout the interview something weird was going on, inside of me I was having this internal dialogue, an argument between my mind and my feelings, saying to myself "What the fuck are you doing, what are you saying" this sort of thing, and because of this going on I missed some of the questions and had to ask them to repeat them. I feel like a complete failure, like I have ruined everything for my healing, I had a chance to be myself, to be true and I fucked it up, I can't be true, I am too ruined, yet I can be true to people on here (forum), who are doing their healing through their feelings, I want to be true and tell you all everything about how fucked up I am but I go out into the world of untruth and I am untrue to those not doing their feeling healing, they don't want to know truth, they would not be interested in the truth. It is all very hard and confusing and I want to be with others who want truth and accept truth because out there, no one wants to hear it or know it.

At the moment I am a bit fucked trying to feel my way through what happened to me as so many feelings keep coming up. Before I went into the interview I sat in my car and prayed to God to help me know the truth of what I was doing and God did answer me, God showed me the truth of how it was for me as a child with my parents through how it was for me at this interview. They were my parents interviewing me and me being their good little girl saying just what they wanted to hear from me. I can see this is what God wanted for me, to see this truth about myself but I feel so set back by it all, I didn't think I would be like that and I feel disappointed that I was and I did feel like I was a child throughout the interview, with mum and dad sitting opposite me firing questions at me and

me doing all I could to survive it all or be crushed by them and rejected. I can see why I needed to go through it but I am shocked at how bad it was for me, as it came out in my interview.

I have found this hard writing, very tough to express it all and very humiliating for me to admit so much untruth and feeling such a fraud, it has knocked me back quite a few paces but this is where I am and I want to tell you all I am a fake, a fraud because that is what mum and dad wanted, they didn't want the true me they wanted the fake me and now I believe that is all anyone will want, that is what will be accepted. Its such a shame, its so upsetting, its so embarrassing and I feel so lost and confused and alone in it all, so far away from being healed in any way, yet I also feel, which is a feeling that is just creeping into me when I declared myself as a fraud, a little bit more healed for the whole experience, for the acceptance of my untruth and saying to you, I am a fake, a fraud, I want you to know that; and I no longer want it to go hidden, I want it out there in the open so I don't have to deny it ever again.

I am feeling a feeling grow in me of being happy with that, at finally telling you all that I am a fake, a lie and I am scared of being true because I am scared of people hating me and rejecting me for being true. I have a growing feeling of openness in me as I express more and accept the truth more about being a fraud, a fake, I feel like I want to tell everyone the truth about myself and I want to celebrate the truth I have just accepted in myself and I am feeling so happy about being a fake, being able to release it and no longer hide it from everyone. I am feeling a huge healing occurring in me right now as I am writing this, as I accept the truth that I am a fraud / fake / untrue. I know something has changed in me as I can now see the smiling face of God, laughing and smiling at me as I release more bad feelings out of me. This is something that happens to me now in my healing, when I get to a truth through feeling it and healing it, I see the face of God, mostly my Father although I can feel my Mother's presence also but I can see my Father's face which may be just the way they let me know I have done it and then they can change it in my soul. Some kind of personal acknowledgment for me in the way I see God, so I get that vision when I have felt a feeling through to its cause.

I feel completely different, free.

Waking up feeling uneasy.

15 September 2018

I have woken up with a feeling of unease in me, it's a horrible feeling that I want to get to the bottom of. I feel 'Yucky' inside, disturbed, uneasy with what I wrote last night and I want to know why.



"Please Mother and Father, help me know the truth that I am not seeing, why am I feeling so disturbed inside. Help me know the truth of how I am feeling".

Yes, I feel very bad now. It's not good, it's a nagging bad feeling that I can't identify, it's just bad but it is now moving, swirling in me, what is it??? It's so deep and hidden and feels like SHAME, that is it, it is shame!!

That feels good to pin point the feeling, thank you Mother and Father for helping me know what the feeling is. It feels awful and heavy like a weight around my neck that is always there, nagging at me and I might forget about it for a while but it keeps rising in me and it is Shame. I feel ashamed of myself for not being perfect, for not being true self, my healed self with everyone I meet, questioning why I was so weakened by those interviewers that I had to be so false to them. There are so many facets to this, so many feelings connected to it and each one will have to be accepted and expressed for the truth to be known by me.

I feel so ashamed of myself for feeling so under pressure to impress them instead of staying true to my healing but it is obvious that I am not healed, I was how I needed to be to see the truth, still trying to impress mum and dad and I am ashamed of how I was and ashamed of writing it all down and telling everyone how weak I am. I feel I have let you all down with my lack of healing but this situation brought out the truth in me and that is a healing in its self.

I felt so good after writing all of that last night, now I feel I needed to go even deeper and dissect it all. It's like there is an anatomy to the over all feeling that needs to be taken apart and felt and today it is SHAME. The feeling that is left when you lie, a deep feeling of disturbing shame as I realise I am not who I thought I was. I feel a deep shame at not being true to myself but reverting back to being the broken child trying to impress my parents who were these

interviewers. I feel like I want to say sorry to everyone who reads this and I am so ashamed of myself for thinking I was anything better than the truth of how I really am, I thought I was further on than I really am and this has brought the truth to me and has hit me hard. It is such a deep truth that I am feeling and it has put me right in my place, grounded me in the truth of how I really am as I watched myself be my broken self with my parents, the interviewers.

I feel ashamed at how I acted, ashamed at the lie that I am and thinking I was better than that and being shocked at the truth and very disturbed by it. God showed me the truth of how I still am; and I am thankful for that, so thankful for seeing the truth and now having all of these splinter feelings coming off of it for me to feel. I am deeply grateful for being heard by Mother and Father as they have brought this situation about for me to know more truth, and there is so much of it to be revealed to me that it swamps me and is overwhelming and I feel like I may never get out of it as new truth is shown and more shock is felt by me at the truth of how I am.

I am shocked by how bad I am but at least it is coming up, bit by bit, and ripping me apart, making me feel awful and so full of shame at myself as I feel more truth of my false, parent created self. It is shocking how much there is and how deeply hidden it has been from my awareness. I am ashamed at being so false and telling everyone about it, it has weakened me to let you all know that I am a lie and that is all I can be until I reveal the truth of it with my Mother and Father's help, bit by bit.

I am truly sorry for being so fake and false but I can't help it, it is how I have been programmed and built to be with everyone and I am so ashamed of myself and so sorry for the false impressions I give everyone. It has been my protection from my weakness of not letting anyone know how painfully weak I feel and how I will die if I allow the weakness to have a say and this shame I am feeling is weakening me greatly, to admit to you all how false I am and how much shame I feel about being such a lie is crushing to me and I feel so exposed and raw, like all of my skin has been peeled off and I am walking around raw and in pain of everything that touches me, even sunlight hurts my rawness.

I am so sorry for my lying self and all the false impressions I may have given you all, I feel so ashamed inside and so shocked by the lie that I am and how I have used that lie to survive, as that interview showed me, it has been a huge experience in my healing, a real break down for me and just what Mother and Father wanted for me to heal more of my false self and it has worked.

Feeling ill.

15 September 2018

I have been really feeling ill today so I went back to bed but couldn't settle as so much truth was coming to me. I have realised that I am not creative at all and this is a surprise to me as I have always thought of myself as being so and have been told by so many people that I am but it isn't true, I am not creative. All I have done is to do what I have been trained to do, it has all come from learning it with my mind and that is not creative it is just doing what it has been taught to do and I can't go out of those parameters of what I have learnt. I am a good florist and an ok hairdresser but it is only because I have had to study it and do the training and then put it into action but I can only go that far, it isn't natural at all, none of it is from my soul, from me. It is all fake learnt stuff coming from my mind.



I don't know how creative I am until I undo all of the mind stuff that I believed to be creative about myself because it isn't me. I don't know me or what I can do, I have no idea who I am and my creativity is all of the mind, all fake. I hate it and no wonder I can't think for myself or create from myself, I have no idea what I would create, there is nothing inside of me that wants to create anything, I have no idea at all what gifts I have. I have just done what is expected and wanted of me and gone off and learnt that and then put it into action but none of it is ME.

I am only what someone else has taught me to be, I trained to be a florist, I trained to be a hairdresser, it wasn't in me naturally to do it, I did things that people would want me for, they would want me to cut their hair, they would want me to do some beautiful flowers for them. All of it done just so I could feel loved and wanted and of use to people, of service because I had to be of service

to mum and dad to feel good, loved and wanted. I got the praise I needed from these jobs; it was all to fulfil my neediness, all addictions to get my feelings met by someone to replace the love I never felt so naturally from my parents, just another compulsion of mine.

I have no idea what my soul will be able to create when I am healed and living from my soul's desires, I have no idea who I am at all or what I can do from a place of truth and love but what I do know is all I have done so far is not me, it is my mind's control over my feelings. That is why I can't create anything other than what I have been taught, it is all so finite as that is what the mind is, it can only go so far, then it all stops and plateaus out because it can go no further and I have noticed that with all of my creativity, I need to copy or be inspired from outside of myself because none of this has come from my soul so I am not creative, I am a fake copy at the best and everything is only a creation of my mind's training and programming, none of it is my creation from my soul. That part of me, I have no idea about at all, I don't know what I am capable of doing.

**Creation is finite to the mind's limitations.
The mind can only go so far - then it plateaus!**

Confirming even deeper to me that I am a Fake and everything I do is fake coming from my mind.

I have no idea who I am, what I can do, what I want to do or how to do it unless I am told, trained, taught like a robot empty person and that makes me feel very pointless and hopeless and a waste of a life, a waste of my soul's experience, what has been the point in ME when I have not used it, my soul only used my mind to create this existence which is not real.

What a waste of 50 years.

Still ill cont.....

25 September 2018

I haven't been feeling very well over the last few days, sick and on the toilet constantly until I feel like I am so drained of all of my bodily fluids, I want to pass out, I can hardly stand after. I am in a bad way, my stomach is constantly

gurgling and churning and everything I eat goes straight through me, it's awful. I have the shits big time and I feel drained, tired, worn out, burnt out, weak and hopeless. I can't go out because I have to be near a loo, I feel like I am dying.

I sat here just now crying at how alone I am feeling and just wanted my mum to hold me and tell me she is with me and won't leave me and although she cared about me as a child and was sympathetic when I was ill, there was so much missing emotionally and that made me feel alone with my ailments, like I had no one on my side. I have felt like a child again in my illness and so sad and sorry for myself, not getting any sympathy from anyone really.

I think this all started because Faye got a new job and started today. Last week she said she had to go to London for a training day and she said she was scared about doing it all alone, getting the trains right and being there on time and all of that. I instantly felt desperately sad and scared for her, shit scared you might say. I haven't been right since and I have a great sadness and fear in me for her and how she is feeling because it is how I feel. I sat with her and told her to tell me all of how she is feeling and what she is worried about, so she did and every bit of it was the same as how I am feeling for her, I have passed on these fears to her and now the situation has arisen for her to travel alone in a big city and it has brought up all of my fears to feel and I am literally shitting myself, I am so scared for her and for me, it is like it is me having to go through it all, I am a physical wreck.

I am so scared, I am terrified, what if I get lost, what if I fuck it all up and am late, what if I can never find my way back home again and I am lost forever, oh my god I am crying, I am so scared of the big city and getting so lost and losing all control, my head is spinning in a whirl of confusion at all of the things that could go so wrong and I am now seeing myself as a three or four year old girl and I have lost mum, I can't find her, I am crying and I am so lost and I will never see her again, she is all I want, I just want to see mum's face come and save me in this huge place, I am being swallowed up by this city, it is swamping me and I am sinking being swallowed up by it and mum can't find me, she never will again, I will never see her again and I will die, this city will kill me if I get lost and can't find my way back to mum. How could she lose me, why wasn't she watching me, why didn't she have hold of me all the time, how could she let go,

what was she thinking, she has lost me because she didn't take care of me she was too busy with her stuff and she has lost me. I wasn't as important as what she wanted to do and now I am lost for ever. God, it is all so traumatic being a child and having these memories come back at me.

I have always felt like if I go too far away from home I will never find my way back to mum, it has always scared me to go to far out and that is because of the terror of being separated from her in these ways and the terror of never seeing her again when I was taken from her or accidentally separated or lost in busy places. I am constantly looking for mum, she is my life line, my safety and without her I will be lost for ever left to wonder in fear and terror on my own in this big world, shit it's an awful thought and a sickening feeling, the dread of that instant when as a child you can't see mum and every one is towering above you as you get lost deeper and deeper in the crowds, makes me shudder.

I am so scared of Faye getting lost and being without me, this is me and mum playing out for me to feel, its all so clever the way it works. I have been longing with such strong and heart felt desire to God to help me get my shit out, and it is working physically and emotionally. I am feeling so much and so strongly and I feel my child self going through all of these fears that are hidden inside me since such a young age, the feeling is the same, exactly the same for me now, as when I was a child, I am still that child and expressing them like a child, God takes me right back there and I find it so incredible.

I don't want Faye to feel the terror of being lost with out her mum like I was, its the end of the world, there is nothing left its just the end of everything and the panic and fear as you realise you are lost, never to be found again. You see it in children in shops who have lost their mums and they are crying in the shock of losing their mum, its the end for them, its disaster like no other and all the grown ups around look at that child in pain remembering how it feels, shit there is no feeling like the one of that separation that suddenly you are truly alone and for that time, it feels like that is how it will be forever, you will be forever a lost child.

I am still feeling my child self very strongly and the fear is still with me, losing mum and never being with her again, never being safe again, being vulnerable to

everyone around, they can do what they want to me if mum isn't around to keep me safe, she is my life line. She is all I have in life to keep me safe, not dad, only mum. To be lost I will never be safe again, I will always be lost in life, what will happen to me. I am shit scared; I am shitting myself about being so lost, so out of control. I have no control over my bodily functions and being lost makes me feel like that, I lose control, fear makes me shit myself.

Think I have IBS.

26 September 2018

I think I have what they call IBS, Irritable Bowel Syndrome, more like fucking furious. I am feeling more into all of the fears of shitting myself in public and how much I am controlled by the shame of it all. Today, Trevor asked me to go out with him and the place was 27 miles away and yet again I was shitting myself with fear about what happens if I have an attack when I am out and I picture myself in the worst case possible, actually shitting myself and not being able to get to a loo. The worries of this actually stopped me going and I said I wouldn't go because I can't trust my bowels at the moment, it seems to have times when it is worse.

The fear stopped me going out and this felt wrong to me, I can't do anything because I am scared of what would happen if I can't get to a toilet but I wanted to go. My angry bowels (My Parents) were telling me NO!!! I can't go out, they are controlling me and taking my will so I had to go and feel about this. I wanted to go out so I said to Trevor that I would come and feel my way through the journey, which I did. I was constantly looking for service stops that had toilet facilities along the way, or hedges and trees I could hide behind if I really had to, it all sounds so disgusting I know but this is the truth of how it is for me.

With every twinge I felt in my stomach, I felt a wave of fear and dread wash over my whole body, oh God, is this it, is it going to just uncontrollably come out of me and do what it wants without any regard for me and what I want, embarrassing me, humiliating me with out a care, I am going to be hated and so laughed at and seen as so pathetic, Trevor won't want anything to do with me again because I am a disgrace. It was a pretty stressful journey and not to enjoyable but I needed to do it, to feel all of the feelings that would come up for

me to heal. I got home ok without the worst happening and it felt good to be back in my safety of my home but there is so much to feel, so many different aspects and angles to this situation that keep coming up so I will slowly work my way through it, through my feelings.

Its going to take some time to heal this, its such a big one and so much shame involved in it and even writing it on here is all a part of me coming to terms with getting all of my disgusting parts out in the open, to admit and accept I am disgusting and all the rest of the feelings that this brings up in me, its really hard and I have to take it as it comes up for me and feel it all in the moment, nothing forced. I have always tried my hardest to be a controlled, acceptable person and these IBS symptoms are so far removed from what I have been taught to be, its not acceptable to shit yourself and I can't accept it in myself yet so there is a lot of work to do, I don't accept myself in this way, I can't yet but that peace will come as I heal it and when God knows I have done all the feeling healing it takes to heal this in me, then it will change. The acceptance will come and it will happen naturally as I feel all of the feelings this brings up, when I have got them all out of me.

Feeling so overwhelmed again and again and again.

27 September 2018

I am feeling very overwhelmed again with so many bad feelings. This is so hard, it is the hardest thing I have ever had to do and I feel so stuck in my bad feelings today, totally swamped by them, like I can't keep afloat and keep going under as they drown me. It's so hard. I am only seeing a very poor and bleak future for me as my money fears rise up again. I just can't see a way out or how I am going to cope, I am shitting myself, again. I am so scared, I am even having bad dreams about suddenly being in a city I don't know and losing my bag with all my money, cards, phone and house and car keys in it, everything gone until there is only me with no help, no one to save me, I have lost everything.

Day and night, it's relentless how much fear I have in me about this and all I can do is keep going over the same fear, keep telling God about it until they know I have exhausted it all out of me. I am so fucking terrified so shocked that money is the only thing that can save me from all of my fears and keep me safe. Harry earnt all the money and kept me safe and now it is up to me and I can't do it, I

can't get a job, all the ones I have gone for I get turned down and I never got turned down for a job before.

Today, I am feeling a complete mess, in a huge confusion of feelings about what is going to happen to me, I have no one to look after me, it's all down to me and at the moment I can't see how God can help me, I live in a world dependant on money, man has created it that way and how do I survive without it. I am scared, really scared. What is going to happen to me, am I going to be safe?

I don't trust you God, I can't trust you to look after me, I wish I could but I can't. I don't feel safe in your care, I feel alone and frightened and like you don't even care or see how much pain I am in, you just let me suffer. I hate you so much right now, you're fucking useless parents to me, I can't even feel you. I want to be safe, i want to feel safe with you but I don't. I hate you both, you are fucking useless to me, I only have myself to rely on, not you, so how can I trust you both. I hate you, just fuck off and go and do your own thing, see to everyone else before me, don't even bother about me you useless pair of bastards. I want to scream in your faces that you have abandoned me and left me with nothing, I have nothing of you to make me feel safe, you have both emotionally left me. How could you when I need so much from you? I don't know how to do any of this on my own, I need you and your love and guidance but I feel it all falls on deaf ears, you don't hear me. What's the point, it's all so fucking useless even to moan about it, you don't hear me, nothing changes.

I feel so bad, so much worse than yesterday and how much love I felt through accepting how I am. Today, I feel gutted and so angry. It's so unfair that I feel so abandoned and unsafe.

As I writing the above stuff, ranting at God. It started off being aimed at God but very soon it was to mum and dad, I could feel them and I was aiming it at them. They have fucked me up so much that I don't have their love to make me feel safe in this world, I only have the idea of it being money to keep me safe, as it was with them, in constant battles because they never had any money. They taught me that it was money that keeps you safe, not love and now I am just like them, scared shitless of being without it and ending up homeless like they were. I can't see a way out tonight. I feel very hopeless and very angry that I have to

go through this as they did only I am feeling my way through it, to heal it but I have no idea how bad it will have to get for me. I am very scared.

Feeling like I have flu.

28 September 2018

This morning I have woken up feeling very ill, like I have flu or something, totally weak and drained, its like I am feeling the physical feeling of how weak and powerless I feel without any money, I am now feeling it physically. Shit, I feel horrible with a burning throat and aches and pains. All of my fears are coming out in me physically to feel deeper into and it's horrible. I feel so weak and broken and this is how I really am inside, I feel like I have nothing left, I am poor emotionally and physically and materially I have nothing left, I feel terrible and I will just go back to bed and feel my way through it all, cry it out of me. I hate you God for leaving me alone and not helping me, and as I said that God is answering me and telling me they are helping me, this is their help, they are healing me more than I could ever know because I have longed for them to help me feel and find the truth of myself.

I still feel that I am angry and hate God though. My back hurts so much, like I have been kicked in the middle of it; I am going back to bed.

Feeling so bored.

30 September 2018

I am so bored today, all day bored. Nothing to do, nowhere to go, just a whole load of nothing and it is so frustrating. I get up from my couch and walk around the house just to do something, looking for something to do but there is nothing. I feel so lost with nothing to do and being so bored. It makes me feel so meaningless, so trapped in a cycle of the same thing everyday, more "nothingness" to look forward to tomorrow and the next day and so on, all the same nothingness.

What's the point in my life when it is so nothing, no one knows me, I am not wanted by anyone to do anything really and there is nothing I want to do. I feel like I have no meaning or purpose any more. I feel like I am not functioning or existing in life so what is there for me??? I don't know. Shit, I have a real block about this!!! There is a place in me that I can't get to but I can't force it, I have to let

it come up from within my feelings naturally, I can feel it there but can't get to it yet. All I can do is keep saying how I feel and that is so bored, so uninteresting and useless with no purpose. Bored, bored, bored and I can't get past that.

All day I walk around my house in a state of frustration because I have nothing to do and don't feel I can do anything that I used to do because it would be more denial of feeling bored, anything I do would be to stop myself feeling my feelings of boredom and that is not helping me to heal it. I could do loads of things, like mum and dad would tell me to do as a child when I told them I had nothing to do and I was bored. They would say, go and play, do my homework, clean my room, go round to my friends, just find something to do. I would have loved mum and dad to have said let's talk about it then or let's do something together then, maybe pay attention to me and care about how I felt but they were too busy and wanted me to be busy like them, denying all of their feelings so they kept busy.

As a child being bored made me feel angry and frustrated because no one wanted to be with me, to play or just be with, it was a total unwanted feeling, like no one wanted to be with me, no one cared I was alone and lonely and being bored makes me feel like that, lonely, excluded from life. No one wants me. I have no one I want to be with because they all don't understand me and what I am doing, how I am healing by not doing the things I would have once done to stop being bored, I don't want to do those things any more, I can't do them. I just want to feel bored.

Arrrrr, I'm having trouble going deeper with my feelings and that makes me feel angry that I can't do it, frustrated that I can't go deeper with this, that I can't get to the cause within me. I feel fucking useless that I am so stuck in my boredom. I am useless, a waste of space of no use to anyone. Just an empty blob.

Help me Mother and Father please, help me find the truth of this I am so stuck and just keep repeating how bored I am out loud to you. Oh my God, mum and dad are disappointed with me, they don't know what to do with me, not being successful and useful in society, they are at an end with me that I am not doing anything but going backwards in life and they don't know what to say to me. Mum thinks I am being lazy, she believes I should always be busy to be loved

and wanted, not to be lazy, no one wants a lazy person who is good for nothing in life.

I am ashamed of being bored because I am letting them down. I am someone to be denied because they can't be proud of me and tell their friends how brilliant their child is. I am a loser compared to the others in my family and being bored is making me feel like that loser they think I am, I am guilty, I have great feelings of guilt about being lazy and doing nothing in life as I look for things to do as I slip back into what they expect of me. They can't accept me doing nothing; I can't accept me doing nothing and being bored.

In the back of my mind is mum and dad putting the guilt on me as they impress upon me what they expect of me and I am not living up to that and I feel bad and guilty and not as good as my brothers and sister. They can be proud of them and talk about them but me, I have let the side down, I am swept under the carpet because I am an embarrassment to them because I do nothing but feel my feelings which is more than they will ever do and the greatest thing in all the world but they will never see that.

Doing nothing is not acceptable to them so I can't accept it either. I think I have to please them and keep busy so they can love me. I am unlovable if I am nothing and bored so my mind is looking to keep busy to please them. My mind is them and their words and their looks as I displease them, I am being them to myself. I am telling myself that it is not ok to be bored, I am being them.

Now I am stuck again. Help me Please Mother and Father, please hear me and help me understand more, I want to know. Why am I stuck again, I long to know the truth please, please help me.

Being boring is not being interesting, no one wants me so I feel I have to impress everyone all the time, impress mum and dad so they praise me, which makes me feel good and loved by them but that is only for them to feel good about themselves, it has nothing to do with me really. Being boring and bored isn't what they want to hear from me, they don't know what to do with me or what to say. I was only doing all I was doing so I could feel loved and that they were happy with me, then I felt wanted and loved by them. Now I have stopped I feel

the opposite, they don't understand me and what has happened to me, why am I being like this, they don't like it at all. They can't accept me unconditionally; they have so many conditions to their love. It all has to be their way or no way. They did not truly love me, I was just there to make them feel good and now that has stopped, the truth has been shown to me, there is no real love as I am not being how they want me to be.

They can't accept me being bored and uninteresting, they say to me they don't understand what is happening because I can do so much, I am so creative and can turn my hand to most things, I have been such a success, they want me to be that again, not this, anything but this. But all they believe was so good about me and so successful was all for them to love me, it wasn't me, it was them and living up to their expectations of how I had to be so they could love me. None of it was real, none of it was me. This is real, I am bored, I am boring, I am uninteresting when all I do to be loved is taken away, there is nothing left just emptiness and boredom and I am stuck in that place.

That is all I can write about it at the moment, I don't feel acceptance coming yet, there is no love of the boredom for me yet. I still have more to feel.

My daughter's phone call.

1 October 2018

My daughter rang me from her new job today, she said a guy at work had made a comment about her being shy with customers and how did she ever expect to work with people if she was shy. She called me to tell me all about how she felt and that she had a good cry about it at lunch time and she felt so much better and able to cope with him, stronger.

I was very glad that she felt she could tell me about it and get it all out and then feel able to carry on the rest of her day feeling stronger for it, by the end of our call she was fine and laughing. As the day has gone on I have felt very uneasy about it, about how this man had treated her, I was very angry inside feeling how dare he talk to her like that only being 5 days into the job and she does find it hard to speak to people. I hated him and was calling him all of the cunts under the sun, really going for it, raging at the unjust way he treated her then I began to get memories that I had long forgotten about myself and how I had once done

the same to another member of staff when I was in hairdressing. I had been just like him, belittling a new member of staff, a junior. Oh my God, that guy is me, I am the cunt.

I also have been spoken to like this, many times, I received it from my parents and teachers making me feel small and pathetic so I went on to do it to others and it comes with a need for power so I would make someone else feel small and pathetic just as I had felt. If it hadn't been done to me then I wouldn't have done it to others, shit I have been awful and now, right now as I write this I feel the shame and remorse of my actions to another human being who must have felt crushed by my words, what a shit. They must have felt how Faye is feeling, unworthy, pathetic, stupid, slow, no good, a pain to have around, like they will never get it or be any good as I crushed them with my desperate need for power, so I lorded it over them, what a total shit.

I can't remember doing it to often but I have hurt powerless people making them feel even worse just so I could gain some sort of power and feel big and powerful, yuk, I feel fucking horrible. I feel pathetic, like a real coward picking on a powerless person, there are two people I can remember doing it to but I have most probably done it loads of times trying to assert my power over people but two occasions really stick out after that phone call. It was a little reminder of how I have been and also to know why I did it, because I was made to feel like a pathetic weak person as I was lorded over by my parents and teachers because I was shy at times, or nervous or introvert.

yuk

I am shocked by this revelation. I was like Faye a lot of the time when out of my comfort zone and with people I didn't know but a couple of times there I tried to over power those I thought weaker than me, that was my chance to be powerful and see how it felt, EVIL. Oh my god, more times are coming to me now, one occasion a man with brain damage called up the salon and I thought he was drunk and gave him a mouthful and his wife called back to apologise for him but it was me who should have apologised for my behaviour, I feel awful, like dying inside with shame and sadness for that poor man. As I ask God for help more instances are coming to light for me, I feel despicable, crushed at how I was to those poor people all because it made me feel big, powerful, oh my god, I am so sorry, so, so sorry.

I am that guy at Faye's work, I am worse, I am a monster when I feel about this, it is awful, I feel so full of repentance and I am so sorry from my heart at the pain I have caused those people as I am being reminded of them and now it is as clear as day, like I am reliving the instances that I haven't thought about for so long and now here they are.

To do that to someone, it takes a very powerless person. That was me. A horrible, powerless, cowardly person that needed to hurt another to feel powerful, it's truly disgusting and I am so sorry.

Feeling bad about using the word 'Cunt'.

1 October 2018

Since writing the above I have been feeling bad about using the word "cunt". I feel like I will be hated, like people will read it and think I am a bad person, a slut, some really rough woman who uses that sinful word. Mum and dad are constantly in the back of my mind being shocked and telling me not to use that word, people will hate me; it's just so shocking a word for a woman to use. When I imagine using it in front of them it is too much for me, I just couldn't do it, it would be so shocking and they would tell me off and be so disappointed with me and my dirty mouth.

I am worried what people reading it will think of me, I almost want to delete it but it is the word I used when I was ranting about that man. Using it is a part of my healing, it brings you all of these feelings when I use it, like I am really bad and I have said a forbidden word and mum and dad gasp in disbelief at what I have just said and want to scream and shout at me and punish me for being so foul mouthed. I am a disappointment to them, I always let them down and shock them, and they are scared at what I will do or say next, what will people think of them having such an unruly child.

I can't say it, mum and dad will not like it, that is always in me, doing what they want me to do so I can be a child they can be proud of so that expectation made me a liar, I had to do all I wanted to do behind their backs because of what they would think of me if they knew the truth. The things I wanted to do I had to do

in secret and risk getting caught. They wouldn't have liked any of it. I had to keep myself a secret.

Now everyone is being my parents to me, all your judgements of me are theirs. All my judgments of me are theirs, they are constantly with me, judging me and telling me off for doing what I want to do. I say the word "cunt" and they are their telling me of, to shut up, to go to my room, both shouting "SAM !!!!!!" in shock and disbelief at using that word. I can't even write it without feeling bad, I can't give it a capital C because it makes it more visible to everyone and all I can feel is judgment. No body might give a damn about it but in me, everyone is coming down on me for saying it and hating me and thinking I am trash.

Yes, that is it, my parents thought I was TRASH and led a trashy life, they were embarrassed by me and all I did, they wanted to sweep me under the carpet and as I said that I saw me as a baby and them being disappointed with me as I was an ugly baby with orange hair and my eyes were a bit crossed. I have said to mum I was an ugly child and she denied it, of course she did, she couldn't really say "Yeah Sam, you were ugly" but I know how she really felt, and dad, they were a bit shocked at how I looked and wished I was as pretty a child as my sister. I have never quite reached the mark in their eyes and I have always felt that and tried to say it is rubbish but it is not, it's the truth of how they felt because I feel it about myself, from them. I felt their disappointment with me right from the word go and I didn't fail to deliver through out my life.

Dream.

3 October 2018

I was just leaving my hotel room in a foreign country where I had been staying as the cleaning ladies came in to clean the room. As I was leaving I opened up my bag to check my passport and saw that it had gone as well as my phone purse, money, keys and my debit cards, everything I needed, gone. I was filled with dread, terror and panic at what I was going to do. I couldn't get home without these things and I had told the others I was with to go ahead without me and I would catch them up. I wouldn't now with all of my stuff gone, I could not go home.

I saw a taxi outside and asked a white haired bearded man to drive me to the

British Embassy where they could help me get home and I would get them to pay him, after I told him of my predicament. He agreed to take me but as we drove I noticed he turned into a old dusty hill side village and pulled into a dead end, he locked the doors and I was filled with fear as I knew what he wanted and he said if I wanted him to carry on and get me to the Embassy I would have to have sex with him and with that he leant over me to begin to try to get my top off but I fought him and screamed so loud he backed of and said "alright, alright just go" and he opened the doors and I ran out falling over in the dust and I was covered in it, I was such a mess.

I ran into the village and it was Market day and all of the locals were out doing there shopping, it was mixed with locals and tourist and some of them British and in my panic I was approaching random people asking them if they were English, "Do you speak English, please, do you speak English, I need help, please help me" and the people I was approaching looked scared of me, shaking their heads and saying "No, no, no" and pushing me away, even the British tourists I approached and I asked if they could help me with some money as I had nothing, they gave me looks as if I was a terrible person and dangerous as they pulled their children to them and out of my way, like I was going to hurt them. I just wanted help to get back home, wasn't their one kind person who would take pity on me and help me. All I could remember thinking was that I want my dad, he will save me but I couldn't get to him, I had no money and no one to help me. No one had any compassion for me and no one wanted to hear my story and why I was so frantic for them to help me, no one wanted to know.

I wanted to go home so badly, I was dying inside with the pain of not seeing my home or my parents again, never being able to go home back to safety. I was now left in a country where I didn't speak the language so no one understood me, no one knew me, I had no money and no where to go to, no where to live or call home. I was completely alone.

I had to sleep outside, go toilet outside and hide myself at night for my own safety, I was terrified and spent the next few days asking the market holders if I could get some work with them but they all shooed me away as I couldn't speak the language and I was being a nuisance to them when they were so busy, to busy to deal with me, someone they didn't understand. I couldn't get any work

anywhere, Christ, it all felt so scary and lonely but I had to do something to get some money together to get home and I was stuck in a village where no one knew where I was, I could have been dead.

In my dream I was covered in dust and looking really dirty and bedraggled, really impoverished which is how I have been feeling inside just lately and I can remember just giving up on anyone wanting to give me any help or work, it was all useless so I began to walk back to my shelter I had made when I walked past a small cafe type of place, it was a place that was carved into the rock face and the entrance had all been rounded off with the tools they used to chisel the room out of the rock, I could see the tool marks in the rock. It was all white inside with a few old tables and chairs and a bar with some women working away behind it, they looked like Nuns but when I asked a passer by who they were, he told me they were Holy Women of their own order, no one knew much about them so I went in.

I can remember not knowing what to say to them so I just came out with it, "I need work, I need to earn some money so I can get back home, I don't belong here." The Holy Woman looked at me with a kind face and told me she would love to have me help them, I can start right away if I want to. I was so happy and I asked her how much is the pay and she told me "there is no pay here", none of them got paid.

She smiled at me and told me that I was welcome but she wanted me to go and think about it, whether I was willing to help them for nothing and be safe and live a life as they do, or go and get a job in the market and have no real safety, she told me those people in the Market would pay me a little but that is it, no safety, no place to live, I would just be 'paid help'. She left the decision to me. I walked out to think about what she had said, she gave me a decision to make, and one I had never had before. My first thought was, I can't work for nothing, I need money to be safe but she was also offering me safety, what do I do? Do I trust her, can I trust her, I didn't know what to do, I was scared again and that is where I woke up with that decision from the Holy Woman and it is the decision I have to make in my life right now.

I find the dream amazing; the Holy Woman was showing me the way I want to

go but am so scared of trusting it. In my dream I could feel a kind of freedom in what she was offering and I knew I would never be going back home again if I chose them and if I chose to work in the Market I would save enough money eventually to go home and carry on with my normal life. What she was showing me is what I want, and without money there is freedom from the trappings of the life I have now, I can see how free that would feel and it wouldn't be the awful, dreaded thing I have built it up to be. Losing my phone, money, keys, bank card, passport is losing all that keeps me trapped in life, all my addictions and the Holy Woman showed me that the other way is ok, I won't die but live a different way with a beautiful feeling of freedom, I like that.

The dream was real to me as so many of my dreams are, they help me when I am asleep and put me right into my fears and when I wake up I remember them as if I was actually there. The Holy Woman told me I would find freedom when I give up the false freedom I believe these things give me in my life. They all keep me trapped in that material life and the real freedom comes when I heal all of my false beliefs about how they keep me safe, I am not safe with them but trapped by them. I can see the freedom she is talking about but I am scared to trust it, giving it all up, I am scared so I have a lot to feel about.

The Woman has left me with a wonderful feeling of peace, yet I still am scared to trust it, they were all living it and she was proving to me it works but I have such a fear that for me, it won't work, it never works for me, I can't trust it but I so want to. It was the same with mum and dad I so wanted to trust them but I couldn't, it is like taking a real leap into the unknown, losing all control like the Holy Woman had done. She felt so real, there were a lot of them all dressed in cream coloured simple cloths, like they almost blended in with the walls and went un-noticed by everyone, amazing. I feel quite a reassurance from this dream, it was real.

More feelings about my dream.

3 October 2018

I have woken up this morning feeling very scared. My stomach is knotted up and I feel sick because of the dream I had the other night, it is still with me. I want to trust the Holy Woman so much and I feel it is the only way for me to go but it is so scary, I will be doing it alone without any safety net and I have been

in conversation with Mary and Jesus asking them to be with me, bring to me their Spirits of Truth to help me feel my way through my feelings, I need them with me, to hold me as I go through this. I am so scared as I have no man by my side to support me as I go through it. I have Trevor but he is on his own journey, there are similarities but he is still following his mind's dominance.

I wish I had the support that I need but it isn't for me to have right now, it has to be how it was for me as a child and that is how it is now, no one understands why or what I am doing. They all think the money I was left when Harry died, I should have set up a business with it, something that would carry me on into my old age and support me but the way I saw that money was that it is there for me to use to live on so I could be at home and do nothing but heal myself, it has been the biggest support Harry has ever given me. It has enabled me to do my healing without having to go out and be distracted by working but it is running out now and I am shit scared and like my dream said, I can either go back to the working world of materialism or let the money run out and lose it all, have nothing like the Holy Women and trust where I go from there and that is my fear.

I have had job interviews and it all felt so wrong and I have been turned down for them all, even cleaning toilets I have been turned down for. I have only gone for them because I am scared of being without all of my comforts like in the dream, losing everything and being on the streets. Who wouldn't be scared of that!!! This is a real lesson in trust and Trevor says to me "Haven't you always been alright" and that is fine to say but it doesn't help at all, it is more denial, he is asking me to deny how I feel like my parents would do, just say something crap like that which leaves me feeling so unloved and with no one wanting to hear about my fears when I so desperately want to talk about them, get them out of me because I feel so alone with them. He doesn't want to hear; he doesn't know what to do with me just like my parents.

I wish there was a group of Holy Women I could join like the ones in my dream, I would be there in a flash, that is what I want a band of Holy Women of their own order like in my dream who have given up the trappings of the world to live a life of Feeling Healing, that is how I want to live, in a Sisterhood of Feelings.

Every morning waking up feeling ill.

4 October 2018

Every morning I wake up with the feeling of having flu. I feel so ill and weak and I have so many pains. I move around like an old woman until my body gets used to the day. I feel really ill and sick in my stomach too. It's the beginning of another pointless day doing the same shit as all the other days, sitting on my couch writing about how I am feelings or shouting at God for being such a crap parent to me.

I feel so stiff in my back and it really hurts. My mouth tastes disgusting, vile every morning like iron and it makes me feel sick. I am putrid inside. I can't bare another day of this boredom and, as I say, that I remember feeling the same every day getting up and having to go to school, the same thing every day, much the same as it is now but instead of going to school I am going to boredom but the dread is just the same, doing something you don't want to do. I sit here having just woke up feeling the hopelessness of it all and I felt that on my way to school, hopeless because I had no choice, I had to go, I was too scared not to. I can't bunk off from this though, there is nowhere to go now but to feel it.

Such monotony, what's the point in another useless day. I won't be doing anything but sitting on my couch, the same position I sit in every day, there is even an indentation and a look of being worn, where I sit on the couch because that is where I stay most of the day. I am so fucking bored and I feel stuck in not being able to do anything, so restricted and as I said that I felt like a child only being able to do what was ok with mum and dad and now as an adult I can't break out of those parameters they set for me. I am so bored, so bored, my body is bored and seizing up in its boredom as it doesn't want to do another day of this.

I can feel my mind creeping in with motoring on ahead wanting to plan stuff to do, Mmmmm what could I do today, just like mum used to say to us, planning it all, but when I return to my feelings all I want to do is stay like this, in my boredom and stop denying it, stop trying to get rid of it like mum would try to do with us. I can feel a lot of frustration and anger deep down, there is a voice in me that sounds like it is miles away screaming out in rage at being so fed up and bored. So unsatisfied, so unloved just wanting to be kept quiet. That is what

mum did; she tried to keep us quiet with things, food anything so we wouldn't bother her with our boredom because she didn't know what to do with us either.

Bored, so bored so alone and fed up with just myself and no one to have fun with. It's just me in this house and no one knows I exist as I look out the window, shut up in my little box. I want a play mate, someone I can do my healing with and then I can tell them all of this and won't have to bore the arse of you lot with my writing. I want someone interested in me enough to listen and for me to listen to them. Trevor tries but he can't just be there for me to listen to me, he has to try to fix me like my parents did. He completely takes over and stops me speaking any further. He shuts me down by telling me how it is and what I should do and I want to smash his face in, shit the rage when I am shut down, the deep pain it gives me and everything in me wants to retract inwards and hide and never speak again.

I know what the day has in store for me, more of the same as every day. Boredom and nothingness, feeling like the nothing person I am when I am not doing something to stop me feeling bored. Everything I have done in my life is to avoid feeling this, like I am nothing. No one wants to know a boring person who does nothing all day long, that is not an interesting person that you want to know. Well I am that person, when I am stripped down of all the things I do to make me interesting and loved and wanted, I am a boring, uninteresting person who no one wants to be around, that is who I am and no one wants me like that.

I am no longer doing things to make me feel wanted by others so I am left unwanted, thrown away in the rubbish. No one knows what to do with me now except for suggesting things for me to do like I am six years old or something, they want to take me away from my feelings, they want me to deny them and not heal. Fuck them, fuck mum, fuck dad and fuck Trevor trying to ruin it all for me and make me like them.

No, I want to be taken down by this feeling; I want it to consume me to truly feel it all. I am NOTHING when I am not doing what they want me to do, I am NOTHING when I am not them, I am NOTHING without all of my addictions and I am going to sit her today in my full nothingness which is all I am left with when I let all of that other stuff go. I am unwanted by everyone when I am

accepting my feelings, my boredom. When I am fully in the truth of my feelings I am unwanted. Truth is unwanted, unloved. I am unwanted, unloved.

Unloved feelings making me feel ill.

4 October 2018

I can now see why I feel so ill when I wake up every morning, it's because I feel so unloved and unwanted being myself. Another day of feeling my feelings and not being like the rest of the world is another day of being rejected by the world and it is painful. If I was to get back into life and merrily do what everyone else is doing to deny their pain I would be ok, liked, have friends, go out, do what everyone else does to stay happy, skipping along life in my sleepy denial of my true pain, I would have things to look forward to, plans to make and all that stuff but I have chosen the opposite, to feel the truth when I stop doing all of that denial stuff and it hurts, the real pain I have been covering, really hurts, it is agonising and every morning I wake up to more of it as the truth of myself comes to light.

Now I am not contributing to that world of denial I am not wanted by anyone and I have no one to share it with, no one gets why I am doing it to myself, they think I am mad, have had a breakdown but to me, the way I was living is the madness that we all believe is the true and the right way to live. Now I have to feel the pain of being so excluded from life when I reverse it all and do the huge U-Turn that is my healing and being true to my feelings hurts, denial is the easy road and I won't take the easy road.

Denial can take the pain away, cover it over but the truth cant, the truth slaps you fully in the face like walking into a brick wall.

I am so two faced.

5 October 2018

I am such a fucking two faced coward. So scared to tell people what I think of them when they annoy me and today it all got shown to me.

My neighbour runs a beauty business from her home and her customers park outside everyone's house in the street and no one can park outside their own house, it gets a bit annoying when you go out and get back and can't park.

The lady from up the street went round to her and had a go, she was raising her voice and it scared me so much although I was glad too, glad that she had said what I could only moan about to Trevor or Faye but not to my neighbour's face, I couldn't just go round there and have it out with her like that woman did, I've got no balls at all, such a fucking coward.



Later on I heard my back gate open and close and it was my neighbour, she came to ask me if her customers parking was getting on my nerves. Shit this was it, I had my chance to tell her how it made me feel and I did, at last I got it all out of me and I told her that it really did piss me off when I got back from somewhere and my parking space was gone. I couldn't stop and it all came flowing out of me how angry I had felt but never said anything to her about it. She asked me why didn't I tell her and I said because I was too scared to, I didn't want the confrontation, I didn't want to upset her so I would put up with being upset myself and angry at being so disregarded by her.

As we went on talking I felt so silly, like a little child being spoken to by my mum about not speaking up when things upset me, she would always do that, say "Why didn't you tell mummy, you can tell me." But I couldn't tell her anything, I was scared of them both getting cross with me or telling me I was being silly, or me upsetting them with how I felt, I just couldn't do it and it was the same with my neighbour, she was my mum and I just couldn't tell her how much she was annoying me and how angry I felt at her for not thinking about me at all.

The whole situation has brought up so many unloving feelings in me and how I couldn't tell mum and dad when I was pissed off with them, no way could I do it without them being angry at me for showing anger at them. The confrontation scared me and it still does but as I told my neighbour how I felt, it began to feel not so scary, she didn't get angry with me and apologised for being inconsiderate and would make sure her clients park out on the main road.

How do I feel now?

I feel silly, stupid, like a little girl who has been told by her mum that she is silly for not telling her how she feels, yet she can't. I can't tell my parents how I feel, I never could. I have had to repress and deny most of my feelings from them and keep them all in. Just as I had to do with my neighbour. They wouldn't have accepted me telling them that they are pissing me off and because I had to hold back so much, I now do that with others although as I am expressing more of my feelings I am becoming truer with others. If, as a child, I ever talked back or stuck up for myself I would have been in trouble and dad scared me so much, I could feel him, his anger, just a look scared me and that fear I project on everyone, everyone is my dad being angry at me if I confront him in any way. It has made me a coward as I cower from him and his anger.

People scare me, really scare me because dad scared me, I am afraid to stand up for myself because I couldn't with my parents, they made me into a weak trembling person who lets everyone walk all over her.

Mum and dad told me I could tell them stuff and were sad that I never did but if I felt I could I would have, the truth is I couldn't, they didn't have a clue what to do with me, I didn't trust them not to make me feel silly and stupid about my feelings, as I am feeling now with my neighbour. They made me feel like my feelings weren't anything to take seriously, that I was being too sensitive and should think of something else, go and do something to make me feel better. They never took me seriously so I felt my feelings were just me being silly and they would think that and make me feel like that if I told them. That is how my neighbour made me feel today, like I was being silly.

Please Mummy and Daddy, can I have it!

6 October 2018

Please mummy and daddy can I have it, I really want it, please can you buy it for me, I love it so much, I want it so much, I love it. Inside me I can feel the little me having such a powerful longing for the things I couldn't have as a child. God, that longing is still so alive in me today as I allow myself the things I couldn't have as a child, I have noticed that I am saying yes to myself where my parents said no. I am feeling today, the power of how being denied by them feels as I long for God's love and don't get it. It feels devastating. I mean like a ripping inside of me, such a strong longing that it feels like I am going to die if I don't get what I want or need, it is so powerful.

Please, please, please let me have it, I want it so much, its not fair to not let me have it, I feel like I can't live without it I need it and want it so much. Why won't you let me have it, why are you saying no to me? I want to scream at you how much I hate you for not letting me have what I want, I hate you so much, I hate you both. You don't care about me, you hate me, you only care about yourselves and what you need and want. I am nothing to you, I don't even exist to you, I am of no importance to you, I am just something you drag along with you and can't get rid of. You hate me and I hate you. Everything I want, you deny me because it doesn't mean anything to you but to me it means the world. I have to go without always and now I don't even believe I deserve anything, my wants and needs are not to be taken seriously; I don't really want them or need them. This is what you have done to me because you denied me all the time. I am of no importance, I don't need or want anything and it isn't important if I do, so I can reject it all as just being me being silly, I don't really want it.

Earlier today, I was in a real childlike tantrum begging and pleading with my parents to please get me what I want, I needed it so much. I was very rarely taken seriously and they couldn't afford it anyway, they never had any money for anything so anything I needed was not essential, only food is essential, not my childish wants and needs. This has led me to deny myself constantly and only buy food and make food my most important buy because without it I feel like I will die because that is how they made me feel. Anything other than food can be ignored because we have to live. You don't need toys, you don't need things, and you don't need God, you only need food to survive.

I even get huge sugar drops in my body that make me feel like I am going to die because I believe I need food to live, food is the be all and end all in my life. I get the sugar drops in my blood and I have to eat something to make me feel better, they have done that to me, they have made me so scared of not having or being able to get to food that my life revolves around me being safe if I have food and the money to buy food and if I have no money I will die because I can't eat.

I don't really know where I am going with this but my feelings are leading me in whatever direction they take me and I know I have gone off track but I am being guided by my feelings. My tantrums of not getting what I wanted as a child were not important, only food was important and that is what they spent their money on and I am the same, that is all I spend my money on.

I buy it, I cook it, I eat it and I shit it out, my whole life revolves around food because I believe I will die without it. Mum and dad made me feel I will die without it, it was more important than me and what I want. Food and money to buy food is more important than me.

I come way down on the list so I am worth nothing just a burden because they had to feed me and have money to feed me. Now I value money and food above myself and all else in life, I put me where they put me so I do all I can to earn money to buy food, the only thing I buy, nothing else is important. Their fears of not having enough money to buy food and we will die without it, are my fears now.

My pain is I was denied by them and food and money were put above me and now I put them above me. I felt so rejected and denied and desperately unloved and unseen, I didn't feel like I existed to them and was a burden and in the way, an expense. I was denied and I repressed all of my feelings about that unlovingness because I wasn't allowed to express it.

Waking up with my finger up my nose!

7 October 2018

I woke up this morning with my finger up my nose. I remembered as a child I would pick my nose all the time when my parents weren't looking. I felt ashamed of doing it and was reminded today as when I realised what I was doing, I quickly pulled my finger out and felt bad so woke up straight away and have come to write about it while the feelings are still in me, which they always are and have been, all adding to my shame of disgusting habits.

I felt disgusted at myself, what the fuck am I doing, yuk, stop it and I felt a quiet shame inside me. I could hear the words of my mum telling me to stop it, don't do it, its disgusting and slapping my hand away from my nose. My dad would joke around and tell me my nose or my finger would drop off or my finger would get stuck up there for ever if I did it again, oh, and another one I have just remembered is; I will pull my brains out!

yuk

All terrible images but I liked it, I enjoyed doing it and I grew to be ashamed of myself for liking it so did it in private and made sure my parents never caught me doing it again. I wanted to do it for as long as I needed to do it but I was made to feel it was very bad and embarrassing for my parents if I did it so they made sure they made me feel terrible about myself doing it, and I did.

I can remember being caught by them a couple of times and feeling like I can never show my face again, shit I felt devastated that they had seen me do it and I didn't want to show my face. I can feel it all coming back to me that I have to be ashamed of all of my habits, farting, burping, picking my nose having to say excuse me or sorry or make a song and dance about myself for doing it when I should be able to just do it if I want to but it wasn't like that.

I, as my parents say, grew out of picking my nose, I had to, the shame got to much and one day it just stopped, I felt to bad about doing it but this morning I woke up like it and all of these feelings have come back to me, the enjoyment of doing it, the comfort I got from it and then quickly followed by total shame, disgust and hiding it, doing it in private because it wasn't accepted because if I did it in public mum and dad would be embarrassed by me if anyone saw me do it so I had to stop.

I have a funny shaped nose and mum and dad always said it's because I always had my finger up it all the time. What a thing to say. I feel very ashamed of it like I am a disgusting horrible embarrassing person and if anyone knew they would hate me, I wouldn't be accepted by anyone.

I couldn't do what I wanted, what wasn't accepted by my parents, I had to do what I wanted to do in private. I had to be how they wanted me to be, perfect without any dirty habits to put shame on my parents. I grew to feel bad about my wants and needs and feel bad about what I did with my own body like it was shameful and disgusting and I am a very bad girl so I wasn't allowed to show my vileness to mum and dad, they didn't want that part of me, it was not acceptable to have bad habits.

I was a bad, dirty and disgusting girl, "yuk, stop it Sam, what are you doing, just stop it now and don't do it again". I felt awful about myself and hate myself for being so dirty. So much of me was not accepted, it had to die like huge chunks of me were bitten out and thrown away, discarded as being rotten, rejected and spat out and told to never come back. So many parts of me, missing that I am now recalling them to come back so I can accept them and love them as my parents couldn't.

yuk

I picked my nose, I needed to do it, and it gave me something I was missing from them. Please Mother and Father help me to find the truth of why I had to do it, I really want to know, I feel sad for me, sorry for me that I was so rejected for it and I want to know the truth, I need you to help me please. I want to know more about myself and what made me do it and I need your help Mother and Father.

I felt so much comfort from doing it, like I was really being with myself allowing myself to do what I wanted, being loving to myself and if I wanted to pick my nose, there was no question about it, I could do it until I was stopped and it was a shock to find out it was not accepted, that part of me was not loved by mum and dad. There is a real sadness about it and about not feeling loved because I did it so I did it in private and it made me feel complete, I was loving myself by doing it because I wanted to and I wasn't denying myself my wants and needs like my parents were doing.

I felt great satisfaction in doing it and such a loss when I was stopped and I needed that satisfaction because I was such an unsatisfied child who turned out to be such an unsatisfied adult, still that child. I felt power from doing it and such freedom to do it because I allowed myself to do it when my parents didn't. It was like "Oh they are gone now, or, I am alone now so I can do it without their judgment". My will was to do it, their will was that I didn't and I had to do their will around them but when I was alone, I could do my will and that was the same for everything I wanted to do so I became secretive around them, I had to keep my will a secret.

When I picked my nose I definitely felt a relief and a release that I was free to just do it. Oh my god, that amazing feeling of being free to do what I want to do without them. I can remember my dad going to work in Algeria for six months at a time and the incredible feeling of freedom I felt when he went, it was sublime and then I remember the terrible feeling of my freedom coming to an end when he came home, mum changed when he was around, it all changed.

I couldn't do what I wanted with my own body, I wasn't allowed to pick my nose even though it was mine, and it became theirs. Nothing of me was mine when I was growing up with them, I was all theirs, I lost myself to them and had to do as they said until I was by myself and in private. Did I grow out of it like they said, I don't think it was that I feel I felt so disgusting about myself as I grew older the shame made me stop doing it, mum and dad were in my head and now I was them telling myself off for doing it, I was brainwashed by them to stop being me. They really taught me not to accept myself and that I was gross and shameful and disgusting and that is how I feel about myself today.

It gave me a good feeling to pick my nose, a satisfaction, something to look forward to, something good, it gave me a loving feeling that satisfied me as I feel more into why I did it and as I ask Mother and Father to help me find the truth of it all.

Yes, I can feel it is all about love and filling the holes in me that were so unloved and unwanted. I got a good feeling out of doing it, I felt loved and a completeness for a very tiny time, something I didn't get from my parents. It

was something that comforted me and made me feel good when it should have been my parents that did that for me but they couldn't, they didn't have it in them to do it so I had to find my own ways of feeling good and filling in the holes of empty unlovingness.

I wanted to pick my nose so I did, I enjoyed it, I looked forward to it, it was my will to do it and my parents will for me not to. When I was doing my will I felt loved, like I was giving myself something, love and not starving myself of it by denying my will, my parents did that. I had to do it in private as I wasn't accepted by my parents and that is a great sadness in me, that part of me wasn't loved by them so I had to deny it so I could stay feeling some love from them or be rejected.

Picking my nose as a child is a part of me that I had to reject as being disgusting and bad, I had to let it go and it was a part of me and that makes me sad so I am going to stay with it and feel into it fully, all of the painful feelings I felt at being told I couldn't do it and had to stop. I want to bring that part of me back, accept it and retrieve it as it is a part of me that I lost. God, I really want to bring it back and by feeling it all, I can do that, by accepting it and expressing it all I can find the truth of it and bring that part back to me. I want all of my lost parts back so I can be whole and complete, I want all of the disgusting bits of me, everyone of them because they are me all of my rejected parts floating out there in the universe feeling so rejected and unloved, I want them all back home.

BLUEPRINT

We are our Childhood



Christmas feelings.

8 October 2018

Every morning I wake up with a story running inside me, like something I have been finding the truth of in my sleep time and today it is how I felt about Christmas, Halloween and all of those occasions as a child. In my waking moments I had a story running of me as an adult and Faye as a child being excited as Halloween was approaching. In my moments of waking she was going out with her dad and I was excited because while they were out I was going to Halloween the house, decorate it and make it all spooky, as I used to do with the children. It was really for me though.

I was made to look at how I felt about it all, the excitement of decorating the house for these occasions, especially Christmas. I loved it all so much, the magic of these times, setting the scene, making it all magical. In my dream I couldn't wait for Faye to come home and be immersed in the fantasy with me, having the children gave me the opportunity to do these occasions how I wanted it done and how I would have loved it as a child, although my parents always did a great Christmas and made it a wonderful time for all of us, they loved it.

When I woke up this morning I felt a deep grief which was the grief that I really felt as a child because none of it was true or real, it was all made up and I continued that make believe with my children because I so wanted it still to be true but denying the truth. All of those occasions have to be created by us, we have to put up the decorations, buy the food and gifts, create the day but we can't maintain that magical feeling, after the day, it is gone and that is because it is a lie, not true or real just more fantasies that we have to have to make us feel good.

I can remember, as a child, the awful feeling of never wanting it to end and dreading the time after Christmas because the cold truth was there waiting for me as we stripped the house of Christmas. I wanted it to last forever but it couldn't. In my dream I saw myself doing it all, being excited to create the occasion, to build the lie and be fully immersed in it, even making the lie bigger as I added my fantasy to it as I always went over the top because I wanted it to feel so real, it was the only time I could throw myself into my need and longing for magic in my life, I wanted it so much, I wanted the illusion to be real. All of

those films you get at Halloween and Christmas, all of the magic they show, I wanted it all to be real even as an adult, I was still that child wanting it all to be real and last forever.

Since my healing, all of those feelings have been shown to me and my dream show's me there is still some more to do, I feel so sad, even now writing this I feel a deep grief that none of it was true or real and it is the same grief as I felt as a child when these occasions were over and Christmas was put back in the Box until next year. More of my fantasies being brought to me to heal. As I sit here, I am feeling stronger the tearing away of the dream, the sadness of it not being real and how unfair it was and I just could have cried all year because it had gone so quickly, such a huge build up and then all gone. Like a lie that is being told to you all your life and then to be told it's not real, what a huge come down I felt every year, and every year we did the same, built it up all together, all being in on the lie and letting it happen, then the come down on the other side of it as you clear it all up and put it away. It's the cold hard feeling of truth.

It all feels so unloving to do this to children, making them believe in these lies knowing they are lies and building up the fantasy in them year after year. That has just triggered another memory, when I was at school, and I also had a friend who was a Jehovah Witness. They didn't celebrate any occasions and the feeling in me was of deep anger at their parents for withholding this wonderful time from their children. The children who were of this faith had to be excluded from assemblies and school plays at festival times and I felt so sad for them, like they were so missing out on it all. But they had it right in some ways, not to celebrate it all and go along with the bullshit of it, they had their own religious reasons for not doing it but I was angry at their parents for doing this to their children, like they were bad people and I felt so sorry for those poor children missing out on all of the fun and magic of those times.

I don't do any of it any more, since my healing and at first I thought I would be ok with it but I was devastated at the loss of it all, a real grief that it is not real and I could no longer pretend it was, not because I had to but because I physically couldn't do it any more as the truth came to me about why I needed to do it, have those times and all of that fantasy in my life.

Shit, the anger in me of it not being real, making me love it so much as a child and being totally in denial of what I was doing. I did feel bad about it as an adult, I knew it was a lie and I was making my children believe in the lie as I did, I wanted them to feel how I felt, I wanted to share that good feeling with them but it wasn't a real good feeling and it couldn't last as true good feelings do.

All Lies are shown up as pain!

All lies are shown up as pain and this was felt by me after these occasions, the pain of it not being truth and we're all doing it still, we all need it in our untrue lives to feel good and loved but it isn't good or love. It's bad and evil. I feel sad to let the false magic go, I feel sad it isn't real, it was a time I felt cared about and loved for a time until it was over and all of that has to be let go because it was all false and I know that. I felt that anyone that didn't celebrate these occasions didn't love their kids but it is the other way around, it isn't love, it's lies and building an anger in our children that we were lied to. The come down the children feel of the lie when Christmas and Halloween is packed away after being created by parents; it's their creation, nothing real.

I want it out of my life; I want to feel the real magic of living in truth and love, which needs no stories or tinsel to dress it up. Truth and Love needs nothing, it is a stripping away of all of these fantasies and it means stripping away my whole parent created fantasy life. None of it's been real.

Working my way through all of the fantasies.

8 October 2018

I am feeling some real anger come up in me since I wrote my last post. I am so angry and hurt that it isn't real, fuck you two (Sam's parents) for lying to me and making me believe it was real, fuck you for making me want it so much all my life, fuck you both for making my life one big fantasy. I have never known what to believe, what is truth and what is a lie because I believed you and your fantasies. I believed in you both and then had to find out it was all a lie and my life has been fraught with not having any confidence because I was scared to believe in anything in case I made myself look stupid because it wasn't true and that has happened so many times.

You just confused me; I could never discern truth and that makes for a very scary world and life. I have no idea what is true or not. I feel so vulnerable all the time, like I don't belong on this planet, like I am separate from all things because I don't know how to judge anything. I am fucked because I don't know truth, how can I live when I don't know truth. The only option I have is to live an untrue life of fantasy because that is how you taught me and I believed it.



Now through my feelings I am learning it has all been the opposite and I feel angry. Shit I have lived a life as a child constantly feeling threatened and needing your protection because I have no love or truth to protect me and keep me safe. I feel like I have had to live in the shadows of life being scared of everything if I am seen because I am a vulnerable child still working her way through all of the fantasy that is called life.

In this fantasy there is nothing good, it is an evil place and I feel very scared all the time and in a state of confusion as to what I can believe and I always need others to tell me if its real or not, I can't trust anyone or anything because I couldn't trust you. No wonder I was so fucked and now I have fucked my children too. Oh my God, I am so angry and pissed off with you both, with everyone.

Worst thing for our children are their parents!

The worst thing for our children are their parents, there is nothing worse no matter how good you think you are, it's all bullshit, you are all fucking your children with lies and fantasy. Shit I am so angry. What the fuck are we doing having children when we are still fucked up children our selves, how can we ever believe we can be a good parent, we can't, it isn't possible and we are ruining these new little souls.

There is no bigger crime in the entire universe than what we are doing to our

children and I know because of how I feel. I am so angry and when the anger is allowed and accepted all children will feel this way.

God is so far away from me.

8 October 2018

My feelings are like a runaway train today so I am going with them. My earlier anger with my parents has now been aimed at God and how fucked off I am with them both, they are fucking useless to me and I hate them. I can only have the same relationship I have with God as I have with my parents and today I am so angry with them.

I feel like God is so far away from me today and it is like they don't even exist to me as I feel nothing from them, nothing and it makes me feel so angry and enraged with them. I don't want them near me, they are useless, I feel nothing from them, they are meant to love me but that is just words and mind stuff that I am meant to believe but bollocks to that, I want the truth and I can only get that by feeling them and their love, and there is nothing. So fuck them, they don't love me because I don't feel it.

It is exactly the same with my parents, I could never let them near me, never allow closeness from them or to let them love me when they might have wanted to with what they called love. No way, back off, I don't want you near me. I would step back, push them away and get angry with them trying to be close to me or show me any affection and they blame me for that, they say, even to this day that I never let them near me but I couldn't. I never felt them or their love for me and that wasn't my fault, I was a child who couldn't feel her parents' love for her as a truth, it felt like a lie and I felt silly receiving it because I knew I was being duped, it was like a sick joke, like "I love you, oh not really, how silly you are Sam for believing us" I always felt silly letting them or anyone else near me, like I was being had over and that doesn't come from a place of love, it comes from a place of mistrust and not believing what is going on around you.

I have since gone on to have this feeling with all of my relationships, I couldn't trust anyone telling me they loved me and I can't believe it from God either, why should I believe it when I can't feel it. I couldn't feel my parents' love for me so I can't feel Gods or any one else's love for me and until I feel it, it's all bullshit and

they can fuck off.

I feel ruined of ever feeling love in a true way or believing it exists, today that is how I feel, really angry and fucked of with it all and feeling fucked over in ever receiving God's Divine Love because of how I couldn't receive my parents' love, I didn't feel it was real or true. As a child and when I was growing up I didn't really care about it, of course they love me, they are my parents and they were pretty good parents on the surface of it, just like any other normal family but my healing has brought up the truth of it all and that relationship has now all changed and that love that I took for granted that I had, wasn't love at all, it was words with no feeling, I never felt it, I never felt the love I was supposed to have with them, from them and for them, it wasn't there. Now I can't feel love from anyone or give love to anyone and I so want to feel God's Divine Love, I beg and plead but nothing and it has to be this way for me because that is how it was with mum and dad, I never felt it from them.

I feel so fucked over, so ruined, so like I have to miss out all the time, so like it will never happen to me, so like none of it is real, there is no Love for me, everyone else can receive it, just not me and I feel so missed out, left out, depraved in my soul, hollow and empty that I can't receive Love no matter how I beg for it. I just want to rage at God I am so angry and today I have raged at God and spoken it out of me, told God with words how much I hate them for being so unfair with me, just give me what I want, but nothing. I am sick and tired of trying, longing to them and not getting anywhere.

All parents are fuckers with no love to give, I hate them all. I never really asked my parents for anything because I was scared to, not because they would hit me but because I was scared of hearing "NO", it was too painful to feel that rejection from them and I am really feeling it now, big time and from God, "Can I have your Divine Love Please God, I long to you for it, please, just a tiny drop?" And all I get is nothing just emptiness and it feels the same devastation as it did when I was a child not getting what I needed from my parents. I don't want to ask anymore because I know what the answer will be, "NO" just like it was when I was young. To feel that emptiness when nothing that you want or need is given to you, shit it kills inside but I got used to it and never asked them for anything so I didn't have to feel the pain of NO. I now want to stop asking God for Their

Divine Love, it doesn't get me anywhere, I don't feel it flowing into me and it devastates me to not have it. I don't feel like Love even exists.

I feel shut out of their lives, like I have to carry on my own life without them in it because I can't feel their love for me, God I want it so much but I have to get used to not having it, that is how it was for me, just getting on with it, living without what I really wanted and denying it mattered to me when really it crushed me and retarded me in all sorts of ways that I felt deformed inside, maybe not to look at but inside I was crippled. I am so amazed, that through my healing I am able to access all of these hidden feelings that were underneath all of my denial and repression of my childhood feelings.

Writing this, I am just amazed at what comes up and I am so glad I am able to access it all by asking God to help me dig it all up. It all sounds so two faced me hating God and then begging them to help me heal, all so fucked up as I am. I can't do it without them though, I can't get to the depths and truth that I need to feel without them helping me and I know they have heard me because it all comes pouring out of me and I can't type fast enough, I really find it hard to keep up with the speed that my feelings are coming up in me.

As soon as I ask God to help me, my healing changes and it all comes out of me, it is truly amazing. I still just Yearn to feel God's Divine Love, I don't feel as angry now as you can feel from my writing, it has changed as I am understanding more and realising why I can't yet feel it, it has to be this way for me to heal and feel the truth of how bad I felt without my parents' love, feeling it in the way I needed to feel it. I do get it God, I see what You are doing with me and I do thank You for it, if I feel Your love then I can't heal my pain of not feeling it from mum and dad, I would be too happy in the feelings of receiving Your love and that was not how it was for me. You are being true with me, and healing me, to feel the truth as raw and as hard as it is. You can't give me love when that wasn't the truth for me, you would be lying to me and healing me to deny the truth further and You know I don't want that from You.

The Drama of Life:

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

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



**Feeling
Unloved
and
Unwanted**



**EMOTIONAL
ABUSE from
PARENTS**



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



Suppression & Repression = Universal Depression

Eating because I feel sad.

8 October 2018

After writing that, I feel so sad inside that the first feeling was to go and eat, to have something chocolaty and yummy and nice to make me feel good and loved again. That is what I do, go straight for the food to comfort myself, to comfort my feelings and give them love with chocolate or something nice so I don't have to feel bad and that is what mum did with me, always trying to make the pain go away by taking my mind of it, distracting me from my pain with food, a biscuit or something. She comforted me with food, sweets and crap like that because she didn't want or know how to do it herself, she couldn't comfort me properly, she didn't know how so I am doing to myself, what she did to me, using food to make it all better and distract me from my pain.

It is such a natural thing in me to go for the food, I am brainwashed and programmed like a robot to make the equation that Pain = Food, if I feel pain, go get food. As soon as I got up from writing just now, I wanted to head down into the biscuit tin and comfort myself and I could hear mum and see her giving me a biscuit or telling me to do something to make myself feel better and that is what I do. Fuck it, I am eating because I don't want to feel. I am doing my mum's will and shutting myself up by eating, by not feeling then she doesn't have to deal with the real issues. I am doing everything she says and not feeling, what the fuck!!!!

Not being understood.

9 October 2018

I was writing to someone earlier but feeling that I couldn't express how I was feeling, the words just wouldn't come out and I couldn't write down how I was feeling, I couldn't put the feelings into words and I felt so frustrated and angry about it and this is something that I have been feeling a lot this week and thinking how awful and frustrating it must be for someone who can't talk, having all of those feelings and not being able to shout them out, being so locked into yourself not being able to express. I have had those feelings this week and felt very child like when feeling them.

A deep anger at not being understood, I would say something to Trevor and he wouldn't know what I am talking about and I would answer him in anger

because I feel so fucked of because he doesn't understand me. What the fuck does he not understand, it sent me into a rage with him, I wanted to tear his head off for not understanding what I had just said to him. This has been happening for a few days now and when I see that look of not being understood, it sends me into a rage "What the fuck are you not understanding, am I talking another language or something" it really makes my blood boil. I want to go into a tantrum and scream and shout and stamp and beat up everything in sight with such fury at not being understood. There is no connection when I am not being understood, everything is lost and pointless without that connection when we are both understanding each other and it all flows and feels good. When I am not understood, I feel like I am not being listened to, not taken seriously by the other person, they are not interested in me or what I have to say and every time I feel like this it takes me back to being a child and a baby.

When I feel this child like feeling I know I have to go back there, it is a sure sign telling me I feel like this because it happened and began in my childhood and someone might even say I am being childish, well Yes, I am because that is where these feelings come from, all denied and repressed feelings from being a denied child, I carry them all with me as an adult and I am still being that child now in everything I do and say, it all comes from a denied and repressed childhood feeling that is still in me looking for a voice, a way to be accepted and expressed.

When I feel into my anger at not being understood I can feel the child in me and when I ask for Mother and Father's help in healing this I begin to get memories and pictures come into my mind and right now I am seeing myself as a baby crying and being put into my play pen, a cage made of wooden bars with toys thrown in. I don't want this, I want to look into my mum's eyes and see that she understands me and what I need but I am being denied and pushed away and that is how it feels when I am not understood, I feel denied and pushed away, the connection is broken between us, the other person doesn't want to know and I really need them to understand me because they are being my parents right in that moment, they are not understanding me and I want to scream at them not to let this go because I need to get to the bottom of it with them so we can be connected again and I can feel that loving connection flow between us again.

So many times that connection was broken with my parents and me and I don't think I ever felt it with my dad so mum was all I had to cling onto and when she denied me, I didn't even have her. No connection with anyone so I just sat there and screamed and cried until I was picked up again and that meant I was being cared for but really it was only to stop me making an annoying noise, it wasn't to comfort me but to make mum feel better again because she couldn't stand a screaming child so she picked me up to shut me up because she couldn't stand the noise. I can see it all and how it happened.

Earlier, I couldn't express myself when I was trying to write to someone, the words just wouldn't come and I felt frustration that I wasn't going to be understood because I couldn't express myself to them about how I felt so I had to go into that and with Mother and Father's help I have seen why, everything I wanted to know, all the answers about why I am the way I am and why I felt like that are all in me and Mother and Father will help me every time I ask them to and today, I feel so much better for being shown the baby me being denied and rejected instead of accepted and understood by mum.

I can see how it all happened and how I was thought of as nothing that was important enough of needing to be understood and when I am not understood I don't feel important, it all comes from my childhood. I did the same with my children, kept them happy in a play pen with toys and other things to distract them from needing me and I can see the same fury in them when they are denied and rejected in every day life, its the same pain, its in our DNA, all of our pain is and it becomes disease if unfelt, unaccepted, unexpressed and unloved.

Every day there are new feelings which are really old ones, very old ones and today I am feeling the anger of being so denied and unwanted and the loss of connection and loss of love when I am not understood, when I can't string a line of words together to make myself understood and it makes me into a control freak because I must do all I can to make sure I am understood by everyone so I don't have to feel how bad it makes me feel when I am not understood, to feel that disconnection from my mother which makes me feel like I am going to die because the cord has been cut between us and there is nothing, I am just drifting of into space alone.

Shit, I can feel it now that awful feeling and look from someone who doesn't understand what I am saying, in that moment I have lost them forever, it's a grief, a loss and it is so painful. That pain I carried from being a baby and grieving in my play pen about how I lost my mum and dad's connection to me because they didn't understand my cries and made a decision not to understand by denying me and putting me in a play pen to shut me up. The pain I felt at the cord being cut at my birth, the first great disconnection to mum. It all makes me shudder and cry.

All of this from me not being able to write how I wanted to today and wanting to see why that was. I was feeling angry and frustrated that I couldn't write how I felt, the words just wouldn't come to me. Its amazing, just absolutely amazing to me, that when I involve Mother and Father in my healing, I get the answers and I feel the pain of those childhood feelings that have taken 51 years to surface but been in me all the time.

I'm an Arsehole!

9 October 2018

Trevor called me an Arsehole. Today, he was moaning about his dry rough skin and how he hated it and he wanted to buy some cream to fix it so I turned around and said to him you're denying it by fixing it and trying to make it go away and he looked me straight in the face and said "Arschhole! I'm not denying it I just have rough skin." I was so shocked; he never talks to me like that, ever.

I felt so awful and retracted in to myself instantly and then told him how horrible he is and how awful that it felt to be called that and he said nothing. Memories came to me of being told off by dad and me feeling the same, devastated and mortified that he could be so cruel to me and unloving. When dad did it to me as a child I would do the same, sink into myself and disappear feeling so full of rage and hate for him, holding the biggest grudge for hours and never wanting to see him again. Dad or mum would come up and tell me to stop sulking, I can remember it so clearly now, and this just fuelled my rage at them that they had no idea how hurt I felt, how stupid and humiliated and de-powered I felt and I felt like that today, exactly the same.

Trevor isn't on the same healing path as I am, he has his own and I interfered with him by saying that and made him angry. I tried to have power over him by saying it all so arrogantly, I was trying to have power over my dad really and he shot me down just like dad would have and did, it was all the same and my feelings and pain were the same too. As soon as he said it to me I could feel me and my dad and how I had to submit to him all the time. I never would have answered him back as I did to Trevor telling him how horrible he is, God, I could never have done that with dad.

Even now and its a few hours gone now, I still feel like Trevor is the biggest bastard ever, I hate him and I never want to see him again, all of my feelings inside are the same as when I was a child; and I feel like the little me hating my dad for hurting me so much and being so unloving to me, how could he!!

I need to brood on it, I need to sulk and hate him and call him all of the cunts under the sun because this is how I felt about dad, it is just the same. God, I hate him so much, talking to me like that and giving me that serious look that I am scared of, he is just like dad and I fucking hate him for hurting me. I never want to come out of my room, I don't want to come down for dinner and sit at the table with him (dad).

But I have to, I have to do what I am told but I don't want to. I will be told to stop sulking and to cheer up when all I want to do is cry and scream at him how much I hate him when he tells me off. He sits at the head of the table and no one is allowed to sit in his chair, like some fucking king of the world. I am so menial to him, I am nothing, just someone to exercise his power on, he could crush me under his shoe I am so nothing, he doesn't give a shit about hurting me and making me feel stupid, I can't even put a fork full of food in my mouth because it will mean he has won, I have done what he says, he is the king who can tell me what to do, even to eat when all I want to do is to sulk and brood over how much I hate him right now.

I am not even allowed to do that, I have to eat my dinner when I am called to the table at 5.30 and I have to do it with a smile, I am not allowed to be pissed off or angry so I have to deny how I feel because he is in power and won't allow any one else to be pissed of or angry accept for him. I didn't even feel like I could

sulk and be unhappy. What the fuck does he expect me to be like, pretend everything is hunky dory and I am so happy with being told of like some fucking robot, oh my god, I am so angry.

I did try to have power over Trevor, I did interfere and it was none of my business what he wants to do, he can continue to deny his feelings for ever if that is what he wants to do. It has been a great insight for me because of the feelings I felt when he called me an Arsehole and told me off. I wanted to have the power over him that I could never have with my dad, just to get one up on him so I could feel powerful for once and it backfired on me but in a good way because I got to feel very bad as I saw all the feelings were the same, they are still inside of me from my childhood and I actually felt like a child as I always do when I am healing through my feelings with God's help, always.

I felt truly hurt and saddened when I got told of, like it has wounded me so deep inside my soul, I can still feel it now how bad it feels to be hurt by someone that you want and need to love you. It's such a shock to be hurt by them, it was like, I can't believe you are doing this to me, stop, please stop, can't you see how much you are hurting me, don't you care. The answer is NO, there was no care only power and control, which they called parenting and they had to be obeyed.

I feel so grateful for the experience today, thank you Mother and Father. I have seen so much more about how it was for me as a child, I feel so much more aware of why I feel pain when anyone is horrible to me or when I see it on the street. It is because that pain is in me and it has to come out so these situations are brought to me so that I can feel my bad feelings because I want to, I pray to feel bad so I can heal myself some more. I want all of the events brought to me that God knows I need for me to heal.

Agitated by a Moth!

11 October 2018

I woke up this morning feeling still agitated about the Moth. Please Mother and Father help me find the truth of how I am feeling, why am I still agitated by this Moth in my room last night, Help me find the truth.



What I expressed last night wasn't the end, I woke up feeling not satisfied, there was still roots in me stirring me up about this situation, it isn't over, I haven't got to the root of my feelings and I still feel agitated by it, like an unresolved feeling, very uneasy.

Help me Mother and Father please, to find the root of this, I don't feel right about it.

I can feel that all of this agitation and anger is the pissed of feelings I felt as a child being constantly annoyed by my parents interference, they were like two Moths constantly bugging me, it was always in the back of my mind that I had to do what they wanted or be in trouble. Shit, I am feeling really uneasy. This is the unease I felt as a child, it was always there and I now am aware of the constant unease I lived with but it had become a part of me, a part of my every day life and it just became normal for me to feel uneasy, anxious and suppressing all of those feelings for all of this time.

That Moth was annoying me how they annoyed me and I just wanted to be left alone to do what I wanted and inside me was a feeling that I wanted to catch that Moth and throw it out and I would have loved to do that with my parents when they annoyed me. How wonderful it would have been to be able to say to my parents; "I am doing what I want to do, can you respect that and leave me alone to do it, when I need you I will find you."

My daughter speaks to me like that and I love it, I feel so proud of her putting me in my place and telling me if I am interfering, she always comes to me when she needs me. Other than that, I have learnt to butt out and its taken me doing my healing to be aware of what I am doing with my children. I don't want to be that Moth to them, annoying them and butting in and not respecting them and

their privacy. I have been a typical mother, just like mine was to me, its all I could be no matter how much I tried not to be but since my feeling healing and with God's help I can see what I have done, I have had to let myself be it, be the pain and have Them tell me and express to me how annoying I am being, I love them telling me, God I can't tell you how much I love being told I am being unloving and interfering. When they tell me I fill with so much joy as it helps me so much to see the truth of how I am being; and now, gradually, I am doing it so much less and I let them come to me and they are amazing, they have both grown in ways I never could have at their ages, I was to controlled.

They are both (Alex and Faye) so much better off without me, just being there when and if they need me, it has released the pressure off of our relationships in a way I would have loved with my parents. They would have gone berserk if I had spoken to them the way my children speak to me and I don't mean they are rude, they are just being truthful and telling me they want boundaries, respect and I would have loved to have been able to express myself like that to my parents but it was not acceptable, it would have been insolent and rude and disrespectful of me to voice my feelings to my parents.

Mum and dad believed they were being the best parents they could be, they were being their parents to me and it was a time when children had to be seen and not heard, we had to obey the only gods we were aware of, mum and dad, or feel their wrath. They demanded respect as they had to fear and respect their parents and called that loving parenting, teaching us children how to be respectful of others and obedient citizens. All BOLLOCKS!!!! ALL FEAR, ALL WRONG, ALL UNLOVING and created scared and fucked up adults, such as me who have to undo it all.



**LOAD OF
BOLLOCKS**

Annoying acid indigestion.

11 October 2018

Recurring Acid Indigestion, it's pissing me off. It burns up through my chest and up into my throat and it keeps coming back. It feels like I am burning up inside, like my oesophagus is on fire, like I have drunk neat acid. I keep expressing it and it isn't getting any better, every day now on top of everything else, I have this. I was so angry with it today I was hitting my own chest really hard and swearing at myself for it to fuck off. It makes my mouth taste like iron, like if you set a match near me, I would breath fire, its awful and I can't swallow anything without it causing this reflux of acid, like it all wants to come up and I would burn a hole through to the other side of the planet.

Everything in me is hot, acidic, vile stuff and it burns inside. All my angry hot emotions repressed inside me wanting to come up and as soon as they reach the top of my throat, down they go again, they just won't come out and have their say, so they burn me inside until I get all of this repressed shit out of me. It's like a well of hot molten lava inside me and it tries to make its way out but can't do it. It's really hard to express this, I am finding it very difficult to express and I have tried and tried but it keeps coming back, burning me some more. I'm just not getting it. All my stomach's acid wants to come up. As it rises through me it burns so much but has nowhere to go, it won't settle, it is very disturbed and unsettled like me, it makes me angry that it keeps hurting me, oh help me Mother and Father please, help me feel the truth of this awful feeling.

Yes, that is it, it is my anger rising in me and then having nowhere to go, it can't come out of me, it has to stay inside burning me and hurting me because I can't speak it to my parents when I feel angry at them, it is not allowed. I am not allowing my own anger to have a voice, I keep pushing it back down because mum and dad won't allow it so I don't allow it in me either. Oh my god, what relief I just felt, I had the hugest Burp and it felt so good, it released some of the pressure and pain. That felt so good to burp like that and get some of that acid gas out of me, Yes, I feel good.

Now I am seeing many memories come to me of when I was so angry with my parents and I had to suck it all up and not express it to them, muttering under my breath, screaming in my mind calling them all the cunts under the sun

because they had angered me, taken my will in some way. Oh, and there's another burp, releasing more painful gas out of me and it feels so good to do that. Show me more Mother and Father please, I want more, I want it all out of me. I am actually seeing the inside of my own stomach, the heat of the acid and the red burnt walls, its disgusting, vile and its all inside me, all churned up as I was so many times as a child when I felt hard done by and not listened to, it made me boil inside and my stomach would tighten like I was getting ready for someone to punch it, I was taught with rage, boiling with anger and wanted to hiss my burning acid at them but couldn't, it had to stay in me and burn me, and hurt me, not them, they never knew.

Everything I eat and drink feels like it gets stuck in my chest and the burning begins, its like I am too full of acid for any food and it will only make it angry and flair up at me, I mustn't do anything to make it angry or I will feel it burn me so I get scared to eat, or the other way, I eat or drink to try to calm it instead of letting it have its say. I try to keep it quiet just as my parents did to me, not wanting to hear my pain and not knowing what to do with it. It burns so much and makes me feel awful all day and night, no rest up, there is always something wrong and before my healing I would have taken medicine to stop it so I didn't have to feel it, now I want to feel it and haven't taken even a pill in five years. I do it all through my feelings and letting them come up.

Oh God another big burp, so much relief, it's like it releases the acidic gases. I feel all scorched inside, it's horrible. I just want to puke it all up but I can't, it won't come, it is too scared to come out of me. It is like all of my feelings want to come out but they are scared to just come out with it all, I need to say how I feel, never repress it because it is causing this pain in me. All of my repressed emotions are boiling away, I want them out but I still feel like the child that can't express herself fully because she is scared of getting in trouble if she tells the truth of how she feels. I feel so useless, so like there is no hope for me and I will always be this scared child who can't tell her parents how she feels about them when they piss her off because I am not allowed to hurt them, but I can hurt myself, that they allow. Fuck them, fuck them, fuck them for making me this way, so fucking spineless that I let everyone crush me.

I just did the weirdest thing, I felt compelled to open my mouth and let out all of

the air that is in me and hiss with anger and make these weird noises and I am going to do it again WoW, that feels so good to open my mouth fully, stick my tongue out and let it all out of me and keep doing it until I feel satisfied. It feels like all of the acidic gas from my stomach is leaving my body when I do it. It feels like anger coming out, now I am burping again and I feel sick in my throat, it's all disgusting and acidic as it comes up.

I am vile and disgusting and my vileness is coming up and out of me. Oh my God, it is all changing now and as I just asked Mother and Father to help me again, it is all how I feel about myself coming out of me, not so much what I thought it was, it is how I feel about myself. How much I hate myself and the acid is the substance of my self hate, the acidity of my self loathing feelings about myself.

Mother and Father want me to feel the truth about how much I hate myself and this acidity is what it feels like as I breathe it out of me in such vile and disgusting ways because as I was doing it I could feel the disgust coming out of me. It is ME and how I feel about me. I am vile, putrid, disgusting and my innards are rotten. Yes, the acid is the self loathing feelings I have for myself. I have so many vile and disgusting ways of which I am ashamed of and that shame is all still inside me bubbling away and eating at me and never allowed to see the light of day, it is so shameful. I am ashamed of myself, I hate myself and I am so angry at myself for being so pathetic and unlovable and all of this shit has to come out of me.

All of that weird breathing has shifted so much in me, I am breathing out my putridness from childhood where I was made to feel ashamed of myself so I would attack myself with feelings of anger and hate towards myself as I internalised it all. My acid indigestion is all of it, all of the above and by expressing it like this I am feeling so much better as I become more aware of why I have it. Breathing it out in that angry way and expressing it with words has helped me get to the root cause of why I have it and I will keep on with it as I know there is more.

So pissed of at inconsiderate driver!

11 October 2018

Something happened to me today and it keeps coming back to me to feel deeper. I was pulling out of the supermarket carpark and this woman turned in but didn't indicate so I was stopped there waiting for her to pass but she turned in. I was so angry at her for not indicating but just leaving me hanging there waiting for her when I could have gone. What really got to me was she didn't even consider me, sitting there waiting for her. I was screaming my nut off about her and its great expressing in the car because I can really go for it, scream as loud as i want, and I do.

She made me feel like I don't even exist and am not worth the consideration of her even indicating that she won't be going straight on but turning in. What a fucking bitch, I hated her so much the uncaring, selfish fuck-head. It is still in me how upset I felt. How completely disregarded I felt by her neglect of me waiting for her, like I didn't matter at all, like I wasn't even there. Oh, that's great, now my burning acid has started up again in my throat. For fuck sake it's all so hard, so painful. I can feel the anger in my throat, the rage I felt at this woman who completely denied me. Now that I am talking about her, I am burning in my throat again, it's the anger that is stuck in me and the hate of myself for being such a pathetic twat who can't express herself to someone who has upset her and now my parents are here in my head, the two who stunted my expression.

That woman was a fucking bitch for being so selfish and not even considering me waiting for her, no look, no gesture, no thank you or sorry I forgot to indicate. I have such deep pain at being so invisible to her, not being acknowledged at all. I felt like having a tantrum so I drove off screaming how unfair she was to me, how she neglected me and all the other feelings of pain that I wanted to hiss and spit at her in my spiteful rage.

It would have been fine if she had been considerate and indicated or even acknowledged me in some way. I would have felt ok about it because she cared about me, she considered me and that would have felt caring and loving to me and not brought up all of this pain. It had to be like this though because I have all of these feelings still in me bubbling away, they are all coming into my awareness to be healed and it is great.

I really want to empty this out of me, it feels really bad to be so unseen, unnoticed and I can feel the little me just being there, being unnoticed, just being. I want to be noticed, I want to be seen, I want to be cared about, I want to be loved and be special to my parents. They say I am, but I don't feel it at all, I feel in the way, a pain, a nuisance and I feel like I have to stay out of the way and be like I don't exist until they want me. This woman in the car made me feel that instant anger of being so rejected and unnoticed, it's a horrible feeling. My soul sinks out of existence when I felt it today and that was such a common feeling to me in my growing years.



I wanted to scream in that woman's face; "How dare you not indicate and just leave me waiting for you, you horrible selfish bastard. You totally disrespected me and showed me no care or love by not taking me into consideration when you turned that corner and didn't indicate. I hate you now, you have ruined our relationship because you don't care." I wanted to get eye contact with her as she turned the corner so I could give her a look, to show how unhappy I was. If I could get eye contact with her I would feel like I existed again, I could regain some power over her but it didn't happen like that and I drove off shouting like a nutter and feeling unloved and de-powered, like I am a nothing and I wanted to be a something to her.

This event brought up so much more of how unloved I felt as a child, how invisible I felt and unworthy to my parents, shit I feel so lowly, like I should be walking around all hunched over unable to carry myself, I feel so nothing and that is why I have spent my life trying to be something, so I don't have to feel the truth of how unloved I feel. If I felt loved I would not be feeling so bad and I would not be given all of these experiences to feel every minute of the day and night. I look forward to having them though because it means I can understand more of why I am the way I am.

More IBS feelings to express.

12 October 2018

Another bad day today, IBS (Irritable Bowel Syndrome). Pain, wind, bloating and diarrhoea all day. I have been laid up most of the day on the couch because I am so weak which is how I feel after having diarrhoea. It wipes me out and I feel like I am going to collapse, today has been a really bad one. I have been sitting on the loo talking to Mother and Father about how scared I am of the pain and how I feel, like I am going to pass out. It's awful. I am in pain.

I am scared Mother and Father, please help me feel this, I am so scared of the pain. I can't go out, I can't drive, I can't eat or drink and water makes it worse. All I can do is do nothing and lay down and I feel like such a pathetic useless person. When I go out I can't eat in case it wants to come out of me and it is to embarrassing if I can't find a loo. Its not all the time just has its flair ups, good and bad days and today is bad. Mum has it and my sister has it and my Nan had it so it is a family female thing and its not fair that now, I have it, so bloody unfair that I have to be like them, have their passed on denied and repressed emotions, in me that causes this bloody, shit, IBS. Why me?? Why this?? It's so disgusting, I feel gross and disgusting about myself having this, I feel angry about it.

Its pure humiliation, that's what stops me going out when I get it, I don't want to be away from the loo on these bad days, which are not too often. I want to stay at home where I am safe, where I won't feel attacked and afraid because of how I am. I feel so safe at home; it's a relief to be here when I am like this. If I need to go I don't have to feel fear of being out in public, I can just go, I don't have to hold it in.

Its coming to me now, words are forming in my mind that its all about me holding in my feelings, holding in all of the shit feelings which is causing me so much pain and when I let them out, the pain is gone, its the same with the IBS, its a retention of my feelings that is causing the IBS. If I don't get to the loo the pain is the same as when I don't get to let my feelings out, if I hold it in, it hurts so it all has to go and be flushed away, if you can see the parallels that I am trying to express.

Another picture is coming to me and I feel it is a suppressed memory of me as a child not being able to find a toilet when I was out with mum and she told me to hold it in and it was hurting, I am seeing us in a shop and she is asking an assistant if we could use the loo. She is looking at me and saying to me to just hold on another minute, don't do it in my pants, just hold on. I feel this happened a few times when we were out and she got pissed off with me and I felt ashamed and embarrassed so I held it back and didn't tell her.

Well, all of my pain has just gone and my bloatedness has gone down and I am feeling very good, amazingly good. There are so many feelings connected with this and I will diffuse this IBS feeling by feeling as it comes. Having those memories come to me like that was amazing, I could see it and remember it vaguely and I can remember it with my brothers too, needing the loo as a child and it being a pain for mum and dad if we were out or on a road journey and dad had to find a loo for us or pull over, its horrible feeling you are such a pain, you grow up not wanting to bother people, keeping all of your feelings in where they do the most damage.

I am completely out of pain now and I feel like I have become aware of one aspect connected to my IBS as I have been expressing it all day to Mother and Father telling them how afraid I am.

More IBS feeling expression.

13 October 2018

More insights coming to me about my IBS problem. Asking Mother and Father to help me understand more about this debilitating problem and the pain it causes me. I suddenly had the thought that I am punishing myself, it is all part of my self-hate. I eat something I believe I shouldn't, I am full of guilt whilst eating it and this internal dialogue goes on telling myself off, "Sam, what are you doing to yourself, you are letting yourself down, you know you shouldn't be eating this, you bad girl, you naughty girl, you will put on weight and no one will want you or love you if you are fat, you will be hated and rejected and laughed at".

It all goes on but I have to do it, I want it so much I can't do anything to stop myself so I eat it and love it and hate myself for being so weak, then I punish

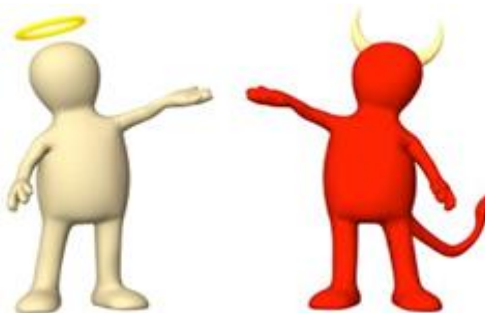
myself with all of these devastating feelings of self hate which is really my parents conversations going on at me and now I believe them and I do it to myself.

All of the guilt I feel about myself and the shame makes my body reject what I have just eaten, not always, but a lot of the time, when I enjoy what I am eating. I reject it and am on the loo pretty quickly with incredible pain which is the physical pain of my feelings, the guilt and shame and self-hatred for making myself into someone that will be hated by putting on weight if I eat what I love.

Yes, there is definitely a feeling of self-hate and punishment when I go through bad bouts of IBS. It's like my mum telling me to; "Put it down, leave it alone, its the last one and you can't have it, no more Sam you will get fat, where did that chocolate go? Sam did you eat it? Don't be a pig, spit it out!!" All of those words go through my head when I eat, I punish myself the way I was punished. They might have been in jest, or even said calmly but they entered me as terrible feelings and feeling guilty to eat sweet food like chocolate or cake so now I eat those foods, feel those bad feelings and then find myself on the loo as a punishment and having all of those pains.

I have been made to really hate myself and give myself a hard time for having anything that I want, not just food, anything I want feels bad to me, like I don't deserve it.

I feel good knowing more about different aspects of my IBS, different feelings connected to it that are gradually coming up. It's a great feeling to know these things about myself. It gives all of the pain and bad feelings, a point. They are not happening for nothing or just because, they are healing me when I ask Mother and Father to help me find the truth of them. They are GOOD not bad.



Still more IBS feelings.

13 October 2018

There is more, it is still coming through to me about my IBS. Mother and Father are still helping me with this and there is more they want me to see.

I have been punishing myself since I was 18 by being on and off of dieting to keep myself a regular size 12 and it has been hell all my life. I have feared putting on any weight and a couple of times my weight gained and it was like something mum and dad didn't talk about, they denied it because they didn't approve of it. I have been punishing myself all my life to please them, to be loved by them and accepted as their pretty and perfectly proportioned daughter and if I budge one inch from that ideal, I could feel the disdain in them. Mum saying to me once, "Don't let yourself go, Sam" like some sly warning to me that she can't love anyone over weight. I have struggled all my life to be perfect and acceptable size, men won't like me if I am not thin and sexy, I won't be accepted but rejected and I need them for validation so I stayed slim, so I would be wanted, I had to be wanted.

Its all such a fucking mess, all so huge to heal, there is so much to it all, so many aspects and connected feelings to what's going on. I can't accept myself if I am not slim and perfect in my parents' eyes because if I am not perfect to them, I won't be perfect to anyone and I won't be wanted so I have spent a life time on diets to keep me perfect so I will be wanted by them and others. I have been punishing myself since I was 18 in the fear of not being accepted if I put on weight and it has been gruelling. It has been a state of full on self denial of what I want, I have been not letting myself eat what I want in fear of being rejected by everyone all because I was not loved unconditionally, my parents had conditions to their love, rules and parameters I had to live my life by if I wanted to be loved.

Anyone who is not doing their healing would probably not think anything of their parents telling them to "not let themselves go, don't put on weight, it ruins you" and all of that, but when you come to do your healing it all comes up, all of the pain those words caused but went denied. It made me feel unloved unless I was a certain way and I have lived my life like that, believing I have to be a certain way to be loved, I can't just be me.

I needed that food to feel some sort of good feeling, to replace the love I never really felt from them and I spent so many years eating something I loved then having to starve myself because of it, punishing myself because if I put on weight I would be rejected. So now my IBS is punishing me, I am punishing me for eating the foods I like. I feel guilty every time I eat, so my body is being my parents and telling me off for eating it. I am straight on the loo getting rid of it. I give myself such a hard time.

When the pain comes and I have to run to the loo, it all feels so unloving, so attacking, so punishing. Why me!! I can't do anything I want, I can't even keep the food I love inside me. Can I not have anything!!!!!!

More might come up today about this, I am constantly with Mother and Father, they are always with me and I want it this way so more may come to light for me as I get to the cause of this huge problem.

A good feeling!

13 October 2018

I am feeling so good. I have had a whole day of being able to eat normally without any pain or having to quickly run to the loo. It's so good to feel good and be pain free. I haven't really had any big feelings to feel about since my last post and it has been all so full on. I FEEL GOOD.

*I'm Feeling
Good Today*

Expressing physical pain.

14 October 2018

More pain. I go through phases of getting this really bad sinus pain and it is in the back of my nasal cavity and I know when it is coming because it always starts about 8pm and it feels like movement under my skin around my face, it is very strange. Then the pain begins very subtle at first but it moves all the time, in my jaws then in my cheek bones, then in my head and in my nose moving about in a circuit like electrical charges going off.

I have been sitting on my couch just allowing the pain to do what it wants with me, letting it be as painful as it wants and it is. I feel like my whole head is in a vice and it is being tightened a bit more as the night goes on and it is always at night, never during the day.

My whole face feels tight and taught and it can't relax because of the pain. As I wrote that, the picture came instantly in my mind, I never could relax at home as a child, I was always taught with anxiety, never relaxed always on edge. I feel my whole head is a blockage and tensed up with fear. How bad is this pain going to get? I am scared of it but I have to let it do what it wants with me, it has control of me completely there is nothing I can do to stop it, just feel it. It has just moved to my cheekbones and as I relax all the muscles in my face the pain moves and I wait for the next point of pain. My face goes back into tension and the pain comes back to my forehead and behind my nose.

Oh God, I wish it would leave me alone, I am so fucked off with it, the only way it will leave me alone is if I go to sleep and I will wake up and the pain will have gone. I go to sleep to numb the pain because I am so scared of feeling it. It is like a toothache in my whole face, spontaneous explosions of nerves. I can't control it, it controls me. I am so fed up with the pain, one more pain to feel and ruin my life so I can't just relax; I have to do what it says. I am a slave to its pain.

It has just moved into my upper jaw and I feel like I need to bite down on something, like a teething ring to make the pain ease, I want to clench my teeth to relieve it, it is just like I am teething and I have just seen myself crying as a baby because my teeth are coming through and mum has put me in my playpen and gone to get my teething ring, she is running it under the cold tap and giving

it to me to shut my crying up. She has left me in the playpen and she is carrying on with what she was doing. I am still crying with the ring in my mouth. Mum is crying and holding her head in her hands screaming at me to shut up, I am giving her a headache, she is slapping her own face in anger and frustration at my noise, she doesn't know what to do with me and she screams at me again.

I am in total shock at her scream. We are both crying, I want her to pick me up but she is in a bad way. It has just come to me that the shock I felt from her screaming at me are the shocks I keep feeling in my face, the explosions of pain I am feeling is her explosions at me as a baby. She was very depressed when I was a baby. I can see it all so vividly, I can see the room, the furniture, the magazines under the coffee table, the airier with the clothes on in the lounge in front of the heater and the awful wallpaper, and it is like I am there again. Mum has neglected the place and she isn't very well.

I was shocked and traumatised by her anger at me and saw myself shake with the shock of her outburst. Yes, this is definitely the shocks I am feeling now in my face and from my sinuses. Watching mum hit herself in anger, hitting her face and grabbing her own skin on her face in rage and rocking backwards and forwards as she cries and looks at me in hopelessness. Poor mum, and with that another realisation has just hit me that I felt so much guilt with mum, that I have always had to try to make her feel good, because I made her feel bad when I was a baby, I am very guilty and I feel like I have to look after her and stop her being upset and make it all right. Wow, I have always felt that it was my job to make her feel good and now I can see why, if all I am seeing is correct and I am certain that it is, I ask Mother and Father to help me see the truth and I get these visions of how it was for me.

My pain is actually going, I can't believe what a breakthrough I am having tonight. My pain and my sinuses have been all of my blocked feelings of guilt and the unexpressed shock of mum's outbursts, it scared me and I thought I was to blame, shit I was devastated to see her like that, I was scared to watch her breakdown. It was just her and me and I didn't have her, she was in a worse condition than me. I didn't have her, I only had me and I couldn't survive with just me, I needed to be looked after by her. Shit, I am alone and I am scared, she isn't capable of looking after me, she can't even look after herself.

I am going to die without her, I have to be quiet, be good so she stops crying and is happy again, then I will survive, she will look after me. I have to stop expressing my feelings to her and be good and strong for her so she can think I don't need her so much. I am ok on my own. I have to pretend I am a big girl and she doesn't need to worry about me, I must not be a burden to her any more then she will be there for me and I won't have to be scared of seeing her in this state again, it is so scary for me.

I have spent a lifetime pleasing her and looking after her and making sure she is ok; I have been the mother to her instead of her being there for me. Now I believe I have to be there for everyone except myself, I have to keep everyone happy so they don't feel pain which is so wrong of me, I am not letting them feel their pain because I couldn't let mum feel hers because she couldn't deal with it. I feel like everyone's pain is my fault and mine to fix so I have to control everything so it doesn't get out of control because mum was out of control and it was so overwhelming for me that I couldn't cope with it. I am so scared of the overwhelmment of pain because of seeing mum in so much pain it overwhelmed me and now I can't cope when things get out of control like my face pain.

Sometimes, when I heal feelings in myself it is such a fine line, I mean that I sometimes feel like it is such a fine line between remembering it all and not. When the cause comes up in me I forget the whole story of the pain I am healing and I have to re-read it to remember what I was going on about, it just slips out of my mind like I lose myself, that part of myself is lost and gone. I don't know if that is meant to happen but it does with me, I forget it all as the physical pain goes; it all goes out with it.

Expressing my boredom.

15 October 2018

I am so bored. I am stuck in this loop of doing the same shit everyday. I have even worn a dent in my couch where I am on it so much not feeling any need to move or do anything. If I do something, like my mind is nagging at me to, it would only be to avoid feeling how being bored feels.

It is completely silent in my house everyday and I do love that but I am very bored, I am not creating any more as I once did because I have discovered through my feelings, why I did those creative things and I now no longer want to do them, they weren't a true passion as I once thought they were, so now I am left with nothing to do. I would fill my life with doing things just to keep me from my feelings, to keep me in denial. Now I am left with nothing and I am bored.

How does being bored feel?

Like I am lost in an eternal nothingness, like it will always be this way and now I have just wrote that, that is exactly the feeling I had as a child and a teenager, that I wanted excitement all the time, I was always fed up and bored of being a no one, nothing special and not even noticed, I couldn't wait to leave home and become someone, I was so bored and so anxious to change it and leave home and get out of it, the same shit everyday, just like I am feeling today in my loop of repetitious boredom. It feels just like being back there at home and living in the confines of my parents' rules. I am just sitting on the same couch that I sit on every day and wonder the same things "what shall I do?" just like when I was at home, but now I do nothing but feel.

I feel like I am shut away and no one even knows I am here, I don't exist to anyone, no one is wondering how I am, I don't get any phone calls or messages. It feels like I don't exist to anyone, I am in my nothingness and it feels eternal. It is raining outside and the traffic is going past going about their business, a busy life, one I used to be a part of, I felt alive to a certain extent, of use to someone but it was all to keep me from these feelings, that the truth is I feel like I don't exist and no one cares about me and if I died they wouldn't know for a few days. I am shut up in a box being insignificant.

There is a feeling of frustration rising in me as my future feels so bleak, I know what the next day is going to be, more of this and I will be expressing the same feelings to Mother and Father. I can hardly be bothered to tell Them about it any more as nothing changes and that has brought to me the vision of me telling my parents something and them not listening to me and I am feeling very neglected, very un-special and not taken seriously. I am being ignored by them as I feel God is ignoring me. "Please Mother and Father hear me, I want this to change now, I have had enough of this constant boredom, of feeling so useless and having no point to my existence, there is obviously more truth for me to find about this so help me dig so deep to put an end to feeling so bored and useless and denied".

I can feel in me the need for excitement, something to look forward to, to break this monotony, my body craves it but there is nothing, it's all just the same boring shit. There is nothing to do, no one to get dressed for, I might as well stay in my pyjamas every day as I don't go out hardly. It's all so pointless, no one is interested in me at all. Mum and dad weren't interested in me and life felt pointless so I had to go out and make a point so I felt worthy in this world, to prove to myself my life had a point, I worked hard at it and now it has all crumbled away and I am left with the very feelings I didn't want to feel, how boring, pointless, useless a person I am and it feels so unloving. I was made to feel all of these feelings by my parents and I didn't see the point of why I was there, a child, what was the point, what purpose did I serve to them, none. Why did they have me, I was just another hanger on, a pain and another expense. Why did they do it to themselves??

Now I am left with feeling the truth of how they made me feel as a child, even in the womb. I can feel all of their feelings, "I CAN HEAR YOU, YOU KNOW!!!!!!!!!" baby me in the womb says, "I can hear what you are saying about me", "I can feel your unspoken denied and repressed feelings you know and it is damaging me". "You can have a big kick for that mum and every time I feel a feeling from you that is bad I will kick you again". Mum's feelings hurt me, I am in her womb and I feel upset and unwanted and unloved as she says how much she is scared about having me, I can feel her fears about money and how are they going to cope and now I have those very same fears in me and it came from me feeling

how she felt in the womb, all so unloving, hardly a feeling of love or joy or wanting me, just how is she going to cope. And they both wanted me to be a boy, what a let down when I came out!! I was a disappointment to them then as I am now, it's all the same.

I am bored and fed up and feel totally unwanted, just as I felt in my mum's womb.

Feeling more self-hatred.

15 October 2018

More self-hatred coming up this afternoon, as I was in the shop. I was walking round the shop and heard these high heels walking behind me and I looked around and it was this really beautiful woman. I instantly felt my soul sink as I looked at her and looked at me, it was like a super model and Forest Gump, I felt really bad and wished I was her.

I carried on getting what I needed and headed for the tills and there she was in all her perfection and I couldn't stop staring at her, looking at her in detail her shoes, her legs, her outfit so classy and her hair all perfect and she smelled so good of course. I wish I looked like that, I hate myself, so plain and uninteresting. Everyone was looking at her and then there was me, behind her, who had only got dressed because she had to get loo rolls.

I felt awful inside, like I was nothing, the dregs of life dragged out of the gutter compared to her. She was bright and shiny; I was dull and black with my packet of loo rolls. I felt so lowly, so insignificant, I could never be like her and inside me I felt so sad that I was me, so uninteresting, no one looking at me thinking WOW, she stole the show. I felt jealous of her and hated her for being so perfect looking, it's not fair, I want the attention she was getting as I looked at every one looking at her, especially the men.

I felt like dying inside with how unimportant and how un-special I felt. I felt invisible and ignored not like her, knowing she had all of the attention of everyone because she was so perfect, fuck her and fuck God for creating me like this and not like her, I hate myself, I don't feel I can love any part of me, I used to love myself when I was fully made up with amazing red hair and all of that shit

going on, but now I don't want any of that, no make up, no perfectly styled and cut hair, its all gone for me now but in me is still the self-hate that I once would have covered up, like her, with perfume and make up and great hair. I only did it all because I couldn't bear to be seen as I naturally am, now I couldn't do all of that and be false. I am being what I hate and it has been hard to give it all up but I wanted to. I want to be what I hate about myself so I can feel it fully and today, I sank deeper into my self-hatred when I saw that beautiful woman.

I was standing behind her in the queue and I felt like a piece of shit and I found myself beginning a fantasy story about who she is, what job she does, what her life is like, putting together this glamorous life she has. She was one of my Barbie dolls and I was playing with her and building her a house and a boyfriend and a car, it was all how I was as a child playing with my dolls and I was their voice role playing the perfect life for them, I was doing this with her, it took me right back to my childhood creating the perfect life I would want for myself as an adult, with my dolls. I felt sad that my childhood fantasy life never came true but the fantasy was still in me, still a wish that will never happen, it's not real for me and I feel sad about my crushed dreams and fantasies. This woman looked as if she was living my fantasy life, I felt robbed.

I walked out of the shop and thought to my self "I bet she has a flash car" so I waited and watched a few cars go by me and then there she was, in her flash car, well, it has to be as perfect as she was, and it was. I walked on and went to get in my car feeling deflated at the reality of my life, how boring it was, how the truth of my life is crap and dark and shit and hers is all sparkly.

Its all been such a struggle to undo my fantasy self and be the truth of how I am without all of that makeup and perfection. No one would ever look at me the way they looked at her and I feel so rejected and unloved, it was like she was the fantasy me and I got home and just felt like that part of me had died and I felt grief for the fantasy me. Shit, it felt like a parallel life she (the fantasy me) was going one way in her posh car with her great life, and I was going the other, back to my silent house and PJs, it felt like we had just split off and walked away from each other never to meet again.

So angry!

15 October 2018

I feel so angry that I was made to be so uninteresting, without make up I am not very nice looking and at first when I stopped wearing it, I didn't want to go out, I didn't want anyone who knew me to see me, I was ashamed of myself. I never wear it now and it has become natural not to put it on and it is a relief to but I still feel the fear of being seen out without it. What if someone I know sees me, shit I will be hated, and they will think I have really let myself go like mum does.

Mum thinks I need it, she thinks I look so beautiful when I am fully made up but not when I am natural and we had this conversation once, I was hurt that she gave birth to me and doesn't think I, her own child, is perfect without make up. She doesn't love me as I am, she wants to make me into a perfect woman, like that woman in the shop today, that is who she would love me to be. Now I don't believe I am loved without makeup, I live a life without it all now and I have never felt so unloved, unnoticed, unattractive, unseen. I now hate myself as I am, the way she does, I am being her, to me. Feeling I have let myself go because that is what she said about me without makeup.

I am not her perfect child; I can be improved upon with false products to make me perfect and acceptable to her and the world. She is ashamed of me as I am, I am ashamed of me as I am and I am not to be seen. God, I feel so rejected by her, by men, by the world, by myself, I am rebelling against myself and against what God created, "God, you fucked up with me".

I am in constant rebellion against myself and that makes me feel sad for me. I can't accept myself because my parents couldn't accept my natural self with nothing added. How can God's creation be made any better with anything man has made?

Letting go of Christmas.

17 October 2018

CHRISTMAS

I feel terrible, last night Faye and I had the Christmas conversation again, she loves it, and wants it. I don't!!!!

Over the last few years, Christmas has been dwindling off for me and I have let Faye put up a tree and do all the things she wants to but this year I don't want any of it, no tree, no dinner, no nothing. She always spends Christmas with her dad's side of the family anyway and since he died they really make an effort for her so she is going to go to his families for the day with her boyfriend but still wants to wake up to the Christmas day she loved so much when she was a child, she can't let go of it and I am not asking her to but I don't want it, what do I do??

I have created this problem in her as I made such a huge thing of Christmas as she was growing up, I think its more a girl thing and as a mother I have kept the fantasy going but since my healing it now means nothing to me but for Faye, that is a real loss, it's like saying it has been alright for all of those years, now I just want to drop it and I don't care about her feelings, well I do, I care very much but she is angry at me and I might have to let her walk away from me if she can't accept this. I feel fucking terrible.

I saw the crushed little girl in her as we talked about it, I was hurting her so much and I understand how she feels and want her to keep talking to me about it, it's a part of the huge lie I have built in her and bit by bit it is all crumbling down for her as I want to live more truthfully but to watch the pain in her, its a killer. Every Christmas since I begun my healing, has been a little less and last year we spent it separated as she went to her dad's sisters but I did buy her some gifts to open on Christmas morning and she put up the tree but this year is going to be nothing, it will just be another day for me, I don't want any of it and last night we had the conversation again and I told her I didn't want to be a part of it in any way and she said "not even any presents" and I told her, "no, why am I buying you presents Faye, think about it, why are we doing all of this every year, really think about it?" She said "because we love each other, you gave birth to

me, I wouldn't have known about Christmas if it wasn't for you 'borning' me. I wouldn't have known about it." I went on to say that because I love her I want to end the lie, I don't want to be a part of the lie anymore but she still wants the lie I have put into her, she is now a hurt little girl although she is 19. All of her dreams have been crushed by me and the truth, I am the creator of them. I feel awful inside, like I have mortally wounded her and I have.

There is also a grief in me about letting it go, although I really want to, the memories of our Christmases, which were always so good, makes me sad that it was all a lie being bought into like every other family. Why did we have to do it, why did we have to make up such a wonderful lie that as a child is the day of the year you look forward to the most and make all of those magical films about it which just build up the fantasy even more to it all being true.

Kids watch them as I did, and believe they are real and I encouraged that in my children, I loved it all and now it seems so bad, like I have done such a bad thing to them in making them believe in it all, telling them that Santa Claus is real, taking them to visit Santa every year and tell him what they want. Oh my God, what a lie to have to undo and of course my daughter is 19 and doesn't believe in all of that now but I set the scene and created the dreams and fantasy in her and she loves the time of year and now I am stripping it all away and can no longer feed the fantasy and it has hurt her that I have now totally cancelled Christmas.

This is something that everyone doing their healing will come up against, all of the lies we tell our children will come back to bite us, badly. We will have to pay the compensation of all we have done and bit by bit I am going through it all and it is fucking painful and it causes a rift in the family because I have said and done one thing with my children pre-healing and now I am saying to them all of that was wrong, I was wrong and I am sorry and this is going to hurt you as I undo the mess I have made.

My daughter told me I am shifting the goal posts all the time in her life, she is confused and doesn't know what is true or right anymore as I change and all I could tell her was to just take it that none of it was true or right, it is all wrong, everything I have done. Shit, it is so tough as I undo it in me, they are watching me and getting confused and being hurt by me trying to turn it all around for

myself and they going along with the changes and yelling at me at what the fuck am I now doing.

So now its set a horrible feeling in me, I feel fucking awful, like I have hurt her so much as I try to end another of my huge lies and we are both hurt by it as one should be when a lie comes to light and the game is up, it causes a rift when you finally tell the truth to your children because all I have taught them is to want and live the lie, the lie is right but now I am telling them another thing, the lie is wrong, I am wrong, very wrong and I am now not living it anymore and that is going to affect you both, my children.

They are old enough to walk away from me, my son is with me on my healing, some of it he gets and as he grows he is getting closer to me on it all and liking it but my daughter is very rebellious towards me on some of my healing and Christmas is one thing she can't understand what I am doing, why I am ruining it all for her and she feels abandoned by me for doing it to her. She is angry and is so glad she has her other family on her dad's side to go too, to continue her fantasy with but inside her, I am missing.

It is so much easier to stay in our untruth and let it all go by ticked boo and happy with no one to ruin it all like me, but this is how it is now with me. I can't do it, it is going against my self and how I feel. Christmas is not real, the fantasy, the religious concept behind it is not real or true and I no longer want to be a part of it, I don't want to contribute to it or feed it in my children. I want to stop lying to myself and to them and show them the truth of it, it is just another day and I won't be a part of the frenzy any longer. I am sure we will continue talking about this as it arises, I want her to tell me all of her pain about it and the sadness she feels, when she wants to.

Chaos at so many feelings hitting me.

17 October 2018

So many feelings to feel, so many events bringing me more feelings from my childhood, its chaos and this explosion of constant feelings is just how it was for me as a child, feeling after feeling, event after event making me feel bad, one on top of the other all too much, all too overwhelming for me to cope with, I can't cope and that is how I feel. Its too much, Mother and Father, its too fucking much, stop, just stop which is what I wanted to say to my parents but had to let all of the feelings layer on me one after the other, layers of unexpressed feelings all being repressed but now as they come I am expressing them where ever I am, in the shop, in the car, where ever. The more I have gone along in my healing the more aware I am of every moment, which is an opportunity to feel, there is always a feeling for me.

Today, as I was screaming and calling this person a cunt for not waiting but squeezing through when it was my right of way, I felt completely swamped by my feelings, so many one after the other and I realised what was going on, this is how it was, a collection of constant bad feelings that I was not aware of at the time, well I was aware that I felt bad but just let those feelings come in and be stored up without doing anything about them. Now, they come and I do something about them, feel them, accept them, express them and feel the truth of them.

Today, I have been able to see deeper, feel deeper, the way I felt overwhelmed at the constant feelings, that as a child, it never stopped, just as it is today, I see how it was, I feel the overwhelm of even the slightest feeling that wouldn't mean anything really to anyone who is not doing their healing, I feel ultra sensitive like it is a sixth sense in me that everything I do and every move I make is connected to a childhood feeling, it's like I am growing into a hyper, ultra sensitive being with a super power of being able to feel.

That sounds ridiculous, like I am saying I am some amazing person but I feel like I have been heightened to feel so much more lately and it is getting easier to feel, only because I have Mother and Father helping me. Even by saying all of that I am being led to see how I wanted to be something so special, so magical as a child, such a fantasy from my childhood as I would run around pretending I was

a fairy, or a princess with a magic wand making everything beautiful. Everything I do think, feel and say is connected to my childhood repressed feelings.

Today has been a hyper sensitive day of feelings, understanding more about how everything is to bring up my denied and repressed childhood feelings. This is how it was for me as a child, constant denial and repression of my feelings and now they are constantly coming up for me to feel, the same way they went in. The entered me emotionally and they are coming out emotionally.

Enters emotionally - is to leave emotionally!

So bored and empty.

17 October 2018

I am sitting in the lounge on my couch and I am so bored, I really want something nice, I want something yummy. Shit, I feel so discontent, so unsatisfied inside. I have such a strong yearning, longing for something nice in the way of food to make me feel contented, to quiet me and calm me, to satisfy me. The longing in me is so strong, I feel crazy with it, like I need it so much, it is all I can think about. If I don't have it, then what else is there for me, nothing, eternal nothingness for me. There is nothing good to look forward to for me only nothingness and emptiness and I hate feeling this eternal emptiness, I need filling to take this away.

Fuck, I feel so empty, I want something now!! I have to have it, something chocolaty to give me good feelings, I am going to get my dark chocolate, I have to have it. As I just went to the fridge to get it I felt so bad, so guilty, what the fuck am I doing, oh shit, I am so confused, why do I need this so much, I am at the fridge with the door open and the chocolate is in reach, I've got it. I haven't eaten it yet but I have it. If I have it then I have ruined it all, I feel so bad so useless, I'm going to have it. I am eating it, it is so lovely, it makes me feel so good, so satisfied, but oh no, I am feeling so bad too, so guilty, so useless as I allow myself to eat it, but I feel so naughty, so guilty as I eat more, I want the lot, I can't just have one small bit that doesn't fulfil me at all, I need lots of it to dull out my craving. As I eat it I feel remorse, so much anger and self-hate at myself

"you useless fucking bitch, you are weak, you are a pig, you are greedy, you are so fucking useless and ugly and such a let down to yourself".

Yes that is it, I can remember being told that by mum, I am letting myself down by eating it, her words ring in my head and I feel bad and guilty like I am doing something so bad to myself and every one will be so disappointed with me as I will put on weight and be hated and ignored and rejected if I put on weight.

I can't control my craving, it wins and I lose, I give in to it because it is so much stronger than me. I need your help Mother and Father, I don't know what to do, what the fuck am I doing to myself, help me for fuck sake, why am I doing this, why am I so out of control!!!!

A feeling has just come over me to just give in to it, just let the craving have me, stop fighting it and allow myself to have it, I can't win, I am feeling a complete weakness and it is physical, it is like exasperation where all the air has left my body and I have no strength to fight it any longer, just to be resolute to it and allow it, allow myself to eat it and allow all of the bad feelings to have there say and control over me. JUST LET THEM HAVE ME. I am feeling calm as I give over to my feelings without battling them, I am not in control at all and I don't care.

I don't want to be in control I don't have the energy. I am just letting the feelings come. Accepting that I am all of those bad feelings and there is nothing I can do about it. I feel so calm, so peaceful, I feel so fluid like liquid inside like everything inside me is flowing again, its my emotions and feelings, they are no longer stuck and blocked by me accepting them, they are now flowing and liquid inside me and it feels so good and so free. As I accept how I am the huge ball of knotted feelings that was stuck inside me has now untangled and it is all dispersing and flowing away, I can actually feel those feelings leaving me, I don't feel any of those bad feelings now, they are not bad, they are me and I am not bad like I have been led to believe, I am none of those things.

I feel really good, really very good, I feel like I have made some peace within myself and stopped the huge battle every time I eat anything.

Feelings of Boredom and Nothingness.

18 October 2018

Boredom just feels like it's the end, there is nothing and it is such a feeling of deep despair. I don't know what to do with myself; my mind is searching for something to do so my existence is worthwhile. I just feel lazy and to anyone else I would look like I am being lazy not doing anything but I am feeling how being bored feels and it feels awful.

There is no point to me, everyday is the same and I have more of this tomorrow. I am a shallow, hollow person. I walk from window to window in my lounge looking out, god knows at what, to see if there is anything that might give my life meaning or purpose, there is nothing, more nothing. What's the point, my life feels pointless without doing something. I only have a point if I am busy and doing something worth while that people will love and think me worthy other than I am of no consequence to anyone, no one wants to know a pointless person, my life only has worth by what I do, I am valued by what I do and what I know not by the truth of who I am, no one wants to know that real me, only the false me.

"Hello I am Sam, I don't do anything in life but feel my feelings for a living, I am boring, I don't work, I don't play, I just stay at home and feel my feelings all day and night." I can just see every one turning their backs on me and walking away. I am so boring and I am so bored, I have nothing in me. I just sit on my brown couch all day taking the occasional walk up and down the lounge and do food shopping and that is about it for me now. I feel so bored, so bored.

The boredom is very lonely; it takes me back to being a child with no one to play with, no company and not feeling like I have any connection to anyone, not my parents or brothers and sister. I feel alone and disconnected, rejected by everyone, rejected by life, I am not wanted at all, I am not seen just overlooked but I want to do something with someone, I want some company, I feel so alone. I want a friend to listen to me and me to listen to them, I want someone to be interested and connect with me so I feel a part of them is with me.

I feel like all of my childhood was just surface feelings with my family, like nothing went in deep with any of them and this made me feel alienated from

them, outside of them all like I never fit in but was just there hanging around, a bit like now, bored and not having anything to hold on to, nothing deep and meaningful that I feel a part of. Yes, that is it, I don't feel a part of anything, I don't feel a part of life but it is going on around me just like my family were, it's the same. I am bored and don't feel a part of anything, no connections in life, no depth with it just floating on the surface going unnoticed and maybe in a few weeks someone might say "Oh where is Sam" and I would have drifted away into non existence without being noticed.

Being bored is a very unsettling feeling, anxious and irritating as I have nothing to do but just be bored, I could make myself do something like I used to do all the time but that would be my mind taking control, now I am healing I am letting my feelings show me everything about myself and how I really feel and how I felt as a child so I want to be consumed by this awful feeling of boredom and let it take me down to where I need to go with it. I want boredom because it is a part of me and my childhood, I want to feel it all so I can heal it out of me.

As I ask Mother and Father to help me feel this I want to stamp my feet and clench my fists in anger at being so left out, being so left on my own by everyone, that I have to feel bored and ignored like this. I feel a pull in me so wanting to belong and be valued just like this, just as I am; BORED. To have someone say "Oh wow Sam, you are bored, that's so good can you tell me about how it makes you feel, I want to know" and really look me in the eyes and connect with me so I can feel they mean it and want me to tell them all about it.

I would have loved my parents to have taken the time to ask me how I felt instead of take me for granted, shit, I hate that saying, what do those words even mean, stupid saying but I can't think of any other way to put it. I can feel the joy in me of the prospect of being wanted and listened to even when I am bored instead of being told to "go and do something, go and play Sam", its all so unloving and rejecting when all I want is them to connect with me and fill me with love so I am so full I will never feel boredom again because I am loved and they want me and they want to spend time with me, not get rid of me so I am alone and have to think of things to play with and do just as I am doing now as an adult, thinking what can I do, with my mind just as it was as a child having to go away and amuse myself with my mind instead of being able to express how I

felt with my feelings and have my parents be interested.

I am feeling a bit better and less bored now, I feel a bit better every time I express a bit more of it out of me. It lightens me inside to get it out.



Being there but not being there.

18 October 2018

It felt really sad and horrible being with my parents and family; but not really being with them. As I just looked out of the window, I saw all of the birds flying together in a family group and I never felt like that, I always felt like I was with them but not really with them, not a part of them but always outside of the group and I stayed like that for the rest of my life in any group I was in, but not really in, just hanging about on the periphery. Never feeling I belonged.

Receiving a tiny bit of Divine Love.

19 October 2018

I am happy to say that last night I received some of Mother and Father's Divine Love, it was so subtle but I felt it as I was laying in bed and my head began to tilt upwards and back of its own accord. I let go and let it happen and barley felt anything but a subtle movement within me as my head began to rise and tilt backwards without me doing a thing. It was very brief and afterwards I felt so peaceful and drifted off to sleep.

This morning I woke up feeling like it is the beginning of another boring day but then I remembered that last night I had received some Love and that made me feel good, like I have got something back for once instead of doing all the longing and never receiving anything back, like it was for me as a child, so I realise why it has to be this way for me. It was like I get a tiny bit now and again just to keep me going and to let me know Mother and Father are aware of me and all I am doing.

To receive even a tiny amount of Their Love is a huge event for me and makes me feel very special, like it is worth keeping on even on the most boring of days, just keep expressing it all to Mother and Father, They are listening. I feel lately something has changed inside of me when I long to Them for Their Love, I am no longer longing but at the same time saying "No" to Them which sounds crazy but there has been a voice in me that doesn't want it, is scared to receive it and how it might feel. I would long to Them when at the same time be rejecting it coming into me because I am scared of how the power of Their Love might feel, I believe it might kill me, the overwhelm of receiving it, the power of it would be to

much for me and It would blow me apart, but now I realise that Mother and Father are drip feeding me their Love, like last night. I might be frustrated about how subtle it is when I receive it but they know what they are doing with me. They know how I feel and they are giving me the perfect amount to ease me into it slowly, which is best for me as they are aware of the fears I have had about Love.

I have had such issues with the fear of receiving Love, I really do believe it will kill me and I can't cope with it but last night I did cope with it as Mother and Father gave me the tiniest drop of Their Love which almost said to me, "We won't hurt you Sam, this is all on your terms and if you only want it bit by bit then that is how you will receive it". They have considered me all the way along and I see that now, they will not blast it into me in an overwhelming way that I can't cope with, not taking me into consideration at all, as my parents didn't do with me, never considering me or my feelings or anything. Shit, they never considered how I might feel about anything, I just had to take it and I have just realised Mother and Father don't do that with me.

I might feel frustrated that I wanted to receive more of their Love last night but my soul only wants a tiny bit of it as I want it, on my terms not being controlled with it pouring into me against my will and Mother and Father are showing me they are nothing like my parents, I am trusting them more and more all the time because they never go against my will so just recently the resistance to receiving Their Divine Love has disappeared in me and like last night, it just came to me in such a subtle way that I hardly felt it but my body began to automatically respond to it and I knew it was coming, lovely.

I am so glad that the fear of receiving their Love is disappearing in me and I am beginning to trust Mother and Father and let Their Love in.

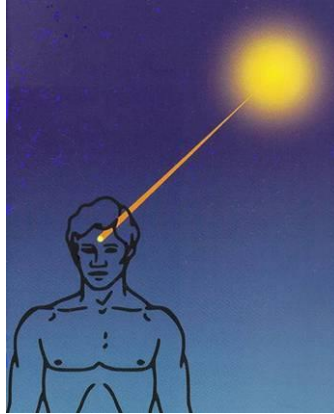
God's Divine Love: Pray for it, ask for it, and receive it.

VISUALISATION with LONGING:

Holy Spirit infusing Divine Love.

Progressive escalation of Divine Love flowing.

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



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



Scared of what Divine Love will do to me.

20 October 2018

I feel the Divine Love will blow me apart because of past experiences with spiritual practices where I thought it was God's love coming into me, I have mentioned it before, like when I had my first Reiki attunement, I literally thought I was going to die that day with the power of whatever energy was coming into me and as we have spoken about it before, you said you thought it could have been a Kundalini awakening force and I think you are right but it scared me and that fear of God's Love is still in me even though I am receiving it in drips until I can trust God's Love not to overpower me and overwhelm me. It was a horrible experience and my heart was pounding out of my chest with the force of the energy I was feeling, it came up from my spine base and burnt me as it rose up and stopped in my chest I think, it stopped me doing anything spiritual after that.

I am scared of being overwhelmed by God's Love because of that physical experience, although I know God's Love is so subtle for me when I receive it but this experience is still there in me, I don't trust God not to hurt me or over do it with me. I was completely out of control and it hurt me and I have this fear with being out of control and not being able to cope and I die, like on that day, I thought I was going to die. I know God's Love isn't going to do this to me because God knows everything I am feeling and won't hurt me but I know that with my mind, my feelings are saying God is going to kill me with Their Love and now I have visions of my parents' "love" feeling bad and making me do what I don't want to but I have to obey, I was out of control and couldn't cope with not having my own will with them, I felt like dying at times even just with everyday things, I felt I was out of control in a lot of what I wanted to do. This was what they called love and it scared me, it was powerful, the fear I felt was powerful. I have got love all wrong, I have no idea of it and it terrifies me because I was brought up with a strict father and a submitting mother who was also scared of him, just his energy is scary but he had to be obeyed and this is what I grew up believing love is so all love scares me, I don't trust any love.

I trusted that Reiki experience not to hurt me and it did, it made me feel overpowered again and very scared and it was meant to be a loving experience, I trusted my parents to love me and that also turned out to be a scary experience

and overpowering and now that is the only way I can feel about God until I heal it, but it is getting better and that is what I have noticed when I long for God's Divine Love, I am no longer saying it with a parallel voice in me saying "No, you will hurt me, I will die". That voice has gone and I am so happy about that because I wanted it so much but I couldn't receive it with that fear still inside me. It's getting better and the other night I noticed I longed for the Love and my longing was pure, without any other chatter going on and I felt it subtly enter me.



I used to get frustrated and rush my longing thinking that if I did it faster I would get my longing in before my mind had a chance to for the "No" words interrupting me, it was like parents in the background saying "No Sam, only we love you, we are your god, it is us or nothing" and maybe I think if I let them go I will die, there is so much to it all, it is like my parents are the only power I am allowed to have, nothing other than them or I will die if I worship God and not them. I truly have led a life of obedience to them, they have been my god so to now be letting them go, it does feel scary after all of their control over me.

The more I am writing it the more I feel this is it, it is them, of course it is, they have such a threat, hold over me and it is like a threat to me that if I go this way, God's way, I will be on my own, without them and I will die, Yes, that is what they have put into me. It isn't God's Love that will kill me it is leaving my parents and their control over me that will kill me, THAT IS IT, YES, YES, YES. It leaving their control that will kill me because they have controlled me all my life to be with them only and now I am leaving them, letting them die and I believe that is going to kill me, not God's Love, oh wow, it very rarely is what it starts out to be in this healing.

God's Love won't obliterate me but it is the threat I have felt all my life that if I go against mum and dad I will die, they made me need them so much that I will die without them and by receiving God's Divine Love I am saying goodbye to my parents and weakening them, their power over me is gone and I have killed them off in a way and that is the fear, YES, it goes even deeper, I won't die but they will as they lose me. I have killed them, crushed them as their power over me leaves and they are weakened and as I let their power over me go, I am feeling my own power return.

It's like taking off a heavy coat made of lead that I have been carrying all my life James. I have been resisting God's Love and all love because I have to be faithful and obedient to my parents' love / control over me. Their thick and heavy cords kept me connected to them like a pet. I need to go off now and do more with this James.



I am further amazed by how my feelings have taken me through the layers to get to this cause. I felt I had an honour to keep with them, I felt bound to them, I was theirs and theirs alone so I wasn't letting God's Love into me as it would be betraying them and I would die if I left them for God and they would die without the power they had over me. It's amazing and I need to do more and I will write more as it comes.

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

God's Love will annihilate me!

21 October 2018

I have been working with all the feelings that have come up about the fear of God's Divine Love annihilating me and have found that it was my parents' "love" that annihilated me and has put the fear in me of all love is going to blow me apart if I receive it so I don't let it in. These feelings are complex, they twist and turn and hide themselves very deeply but through my feelings and asking for God to help me, I can access them. I have spent all day yesterday in constant prayer with Mother and Father to help me feel the truth of this.

Mum and dad were normal parents, just like many others and thought they loved us and my dad tried to protect us and love us in a way that was so different to his abusive childhood, he wanted to be a loving father, unlike his own. And mum didn't want to be like her own mother, who was very unloving and uncaring towards her but what they both don't realise is that all they can be is their parents and how they were parented to their own children, it is in them by default and they were pretending they were different. They had both conjured up fantasy selves, an ideal of how they wanted to be not realising that that illusive self they couldn't maintain as it was a lie, the truth was, they were both being their parents to us, although not as bad in some cases. Their parenting was controlling and stopped me being myself as I followed their rules and obeyed them while denying myself in everything, I was non-existent and I can remember saying to myself, "where am I, who am I" I had no idea, I was their creation and it felt like none of me existed. I was annihilated under their rule and parenting and what they called "love" and now I have this idea of love being like their love and that includes God's Divine Love, all I have to go on is my parents' version of love and in that love, I didn't exist, only the me they wanted me to be, I was somewhere hidden underneath all of that.

My fears have been that God's Love will also crush me out of existence, all love will. It is a slow gradual growing relationship of growing trust I now have with God and receiving Their Love as they show me that Their Love is pure love and will not hurt me in any way. Throughout my healing I have received tiny amounts of Their Love and the trust is growing but it is going to take time to undo the pain of what I believed love to be and spending a life time of not letting love touch me, it was all in the mind, I was safe with it being mind love and it

not touching my heart, if it did I would be obliterated by it, it would kill me and crush me. I don't know how to feel love from my heart, it has all been mind generated to keep me safe so now God's Love is risky for me as I learn to trust it and let it into my heart bit by bit and see that it will not hurt me, it will make me feel good as I have been feeling of late. The subtle flow of God's Love is a soothing feeling inside of me and God knows exactly how to do it with me and each one of us is so different and our needs are different too and God knows all of Their children individually and what we need.

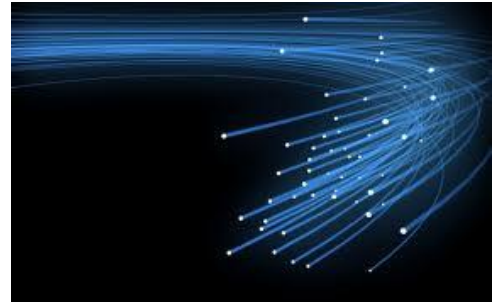
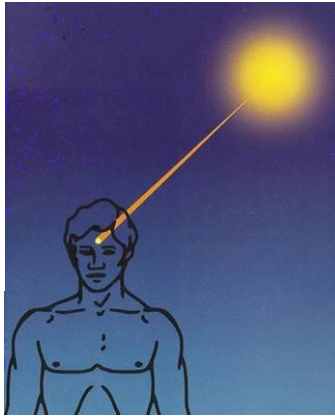
I am feeling different aspects of my feelings for receiving God's Divine Love, there is so much to it, about how I feel about love and it all has to be felt through and God will help me do that. As I am going through this, my children are also going through so many unloving situations which is helping me see how I have been my parents to them and I have parented them as I was parented so I get a second chance to see it all, through them and it makes me feel very bad as they are receiving such unloving treatment all showing them how I parented them and how I was parented so it gets very intricate as I have my own pain to feel and then they back it up by coming to me and telling me how unlovingly they are being treated, with such rejection by others, which is a reflection of how I rejected them because I was rejected. It's all being shown to me in all ways so I can heal it out of me and see the truth of how it was.

My wrong belief has been that Love is dangerous, love will kill me, love will crush me, love will hurt me, love will burn me up, love will take me over, love will not want the real me and I will be annihilated. There is so much more as well all that I have written about are aspects that have to be felt, it's all a part of my fear of receiving God's Divine Love, a big jumbled mess of feelings that I am feeling my way through about how I feel about Love because of how I was shown love to be from my parents, it wasn't love, I wasn't loved and so I could not love at all. It was all mind created fantasies about love with no feelings behind it and now I am learning from God, what love feels like, I am a baby learning this, it's new to me and I want God to teach me and show me and to let myself, let God's Love in by feeling my feelings about why I can't. Its so tough and so tangled and I can't do it without God helping me, I don't want to do it without them, I need them so much to teach me the right way because I have got it all wrong, every bit of it I have fucked up and passed it on to my children.

CONNECTION with GOD:

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

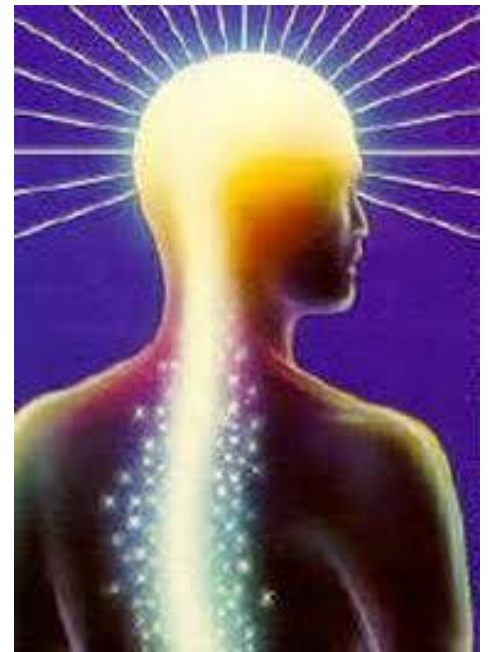
**Progressive escalation of
Divine Love flowing.**



More on how I feel about God's Love.

21 October 2018

Since my last post on the forum, only a little while ago more feelings have come up for me about receiving God's Divine Love and I have the feeling in me that I shouldn't bother longing for it because I won't get it and it has taken me back to a feeling of disappointment and loss, its like a grieving and mourning in me that there is no point, I just won't get what I want, its all a waste of time. I can really feel the child in me slipping off sulking because I really wanted something and couldn't have it so I couldn't wait to grow up so I could have what I want and don't have to ask anyone. I was angry at being turned down and hated my parents for saying no so many times because they didn't think it important, my wants and needs, I was just a kid and what I wanted wasn't important when money was so tight. I grew to stop asking or being scared to ask in case if getting the devastating blow of the "NO" word and feeling my soul sink and shrivel up in disappointment and pain.



I grew to resign to the fact that it was no good asking so I stopped and it has been the same with God's Divine Love, I would long and long for it and never receive any, so I got angry with God calling them useless parents and they could fuck off, they were just like my mum and dad, never giving me what I want and of course I was seeing God to be the same as my parents, projecting that relationship onto God so until I have healed that by feeling all of the pain, I won't be able to receive God's Love no matter how much God wants to give it to me, my feeling is I won't get it, yet it is there for me, so close to me if I only heal my feelings I can receive it.

Of course it wasn't about just not getting what I wanted in physical things, I only wanted them because I didn't have my parents' love in my heart and soul so I wanted things to make me feel good, they were a substitute for what I didn't have already inside of me, my parents' love. I have found that because I didn't have this love I grew to need things and food at a very early age, I felt discontent and restless and in a constant state of need and want, longing for something to

make me feel loved because mum and dad couldn't do it how I needed it, from their heart to mine, instead it was from their mind to mine which didn't touch me or enter me, it was not real so I was left in a constant state of disappointment and need.

Every time I long for God's Divine Love and don't receive it, I feel great pain and disappointment, like I am forgotten, like maybe it is not even real and I am wasting my time, maybe it doesn't even exist and as I wrote that I felt the pain. No Love, nothing else but this, that for me is the end. What if there is no Divine Love, or at least for me. How does that make me feel? What if God is just the same as mum and dad, NO LOVE to give me how I need it!!! Shit that scared me, it makes me feel so empty and like there is no point to living if God's Divine Love doesn't exist, it isn't real. It's horrible, terrible, I feel a ripple of panic in me at that thought of it not being real, mum and dad's love wasn't so that is how I feel about God. I feel weird, confused. Like all of my dreams have just been crushed, I don't want to believe it could be true, my mind is going all over the place with trying to escape this feeling; it doesn't want to feel it. What if there is no Love from God, there wasn't from mum and dad, well I say that, there was in their way, but it wasn't real, it was mind stuff and didn't touch me.



What if there is no Divine Love? I have to keep asking myself the question to bring me back to the feeling as my mind is trying to pull me away. No Divine Love of God!! Is that it, is that what I truly believe, it doesn't exist, I am just making it all up, its a fantasy of what I want to believe, I want it to be true, like Santa or something like that, am I going to be so deeply disappointed and be told God doesn't exist, like they did with Santa. Shit!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I am fucked, again.

Could it be that I don't even believe God exists and I am making it all up with my mind, now I feel confused and totally fucked. This has to be looked into and felt, I don't want to, what if it's true!!! No, God is real like my parents are real, it is just Their Love, I can't feel it just like I couldn't feel my parents' love. The Parent is there and real in both cases it is just that I can't feel their love, either of them and I can't feel God's Love because I couldn't feel my parents' love, sorry about repeating myself so much but I have to. It isn't that I don't believe in God but Their Love is not there for me and it is the disappointment of that. I do know that God exists because I ask for their help and I am answered instantly and when I try to heal without them I can't do it, there is something missing without Them and the truth doesn't come. I am in constant prayer with them of late but it is Their Love, I don't believe They love me because I don't feel it as I need to or want to as it was for me as a child, it has to be that way so I can feel the disappointment of not being loved.

Come on Mother and Father, get me through this, help me feel the truth, I am going round in boring circles with this, help me please! The disappointment of not receiving Their Love makes me feel that there is no point in anything. I am living a dead life without it, I feel like it will be the end, I will die without it, there will be nowhere else for me to go but into oblivion and nothingness. When I didn't receive the love I needed I gave up, believing it wasn't there, it didn't exist and this is how I feel about God's Love, it's the same. God wants me to feel how it feels not to receive love because that is how it was for me and it feels like I will die if I don't get it so I am longing with an urgency, I am in a rush or I will die, be left out, be excluded as I have always felt in life because I didn't feel loved so I had to be excluded in life so I could feel that truth.

That disappointment, shit it feels soul destroying to me, I did all I could to pretend it wasn't true, I made myself be a success and be included so I didn't have to feel the truth. I don't feel included, I feel rejected by God without their love. "Why can't I receive your love Mother and Father, why doesn't it flow into me easily, why can't I have what I want from you?" Its all so unfair, I am left out, I feel impoverished and poor without Your Love and I have lived that way, I am living it now, poor in all areas of my life, without anything, losing everything without love. That is how life feels without love, that is how life is without love, POOR. One big disappointment a let down, what's the point of a life without

love and that is how my life has felt, what's the point, there is none and this is how we are all living, in this pointless life trying on our own to make it have a point, that is what I have done. Make a pointless life have a point and if we felt loved we would be so fulfilled, life would have a point. My life without love has been pointless, without God's Love feels pointless and meaningless and that is how my life has felt as I struggled to make it mean something with my mind's creations.

I know this is hard reading and going round in circles but I have to follow my feelings and where they take me, all over the place. I will leave it here and sink into the disappointment of wanting love and not receiving it so I stopped wanting and settled for making it up as I went along, feeling constantly deprived, that is how I feel now without God's Love.

SOUL CONDITION luminosity is reflected through one's spirit body, thus all spirit people can see the relative condition of another. In this same way, a spirit person can see the soul condition of those living within a physical body.



I have a big problem with the 'Father' side of things.

22 October 2018

Refining my feelings down even further and I have a big problem with the Father side of God, The masculine side of life in general, accepting it. I don't feel I can accept my own father, I don't want his "love" affections I don't even care if I never see him again. As a child I never wanted him near me and there is nothing sexual that ever happened between us, I wasn't sexually abused or anything like that, I felt that when he was close he took my power. He took all of me even if he tried to love me and show me affection, I couldn't accept it, I hated him near me, I felt silly and stupid when he tried to care about me, I can't accept his love for me because it isn't love and I knew it as a child and I know it now. Even as an adult if he tried to cuddle me, I wanted to push him away and I dreaded the goodbyes because it would mean I had to hug him goodbye when I didn't want to, I don't love him so why would I want to hug him, I had to, I wasn't allowed to say "No thanks dad, I don't want to" I wasn't allowed to hurt his feelings but he could hurt mine because I was his.

I have trouble with all men because of this, accepting them and their affection, it weakens me and makes me angry and now I have said that I see a memory of being a child and having to, every night kiss mum and dad goodnight, and I dreaded it with both of them, I didn't want to but I was too scared to not do it, they would call me and I had to come down and kiss them goodnight, fucking YUK. I don't fucking want to and even now I can feel the anger at me having to do it every night, Why? Why do I have to do it? I don't want to so leave me to do what I want. It was such a power thing, like a threat really when I think about it, a programmed demand every night that we all had to do to obey our parents and to show them respect. None of us wanted to kiss them goodnight like we were some great loving family and I really felt I loved them so much I wanted to kiss them goodnight, bollocks! There was no love in it, it was all mind control to say "You will respect and do the will of your parents" shit I hated doing it, I dreaded that time of night and tried to avoid it at all costs I hated it so much and I feel my resentment of them making me do it. YUK, YUK, YUK. Fuck off making me do it, I don't want to kiss you both goodnight.

YUK

I hated kissing dad more than mum, I had no feelings for him at all, he was just

my dad and at times I felt a feeling for him but there was nothing between us just an ideal of the parent child relationship, that a child was meant to love and obey their parents and if they didn't there was trouble. I would never dream of making my children kiss me goodnight, ordering them to like an expected ritual every evening. And every time my parents would visit there was that time I dreaded, just like the kiss goodnight time of the day, when they would leave and I knew it was coming, the big HUG, and I was expected to do it but it was full of resentment, it was so false, maybe not from mum but from dad it was just asserting his power over me that he was the boss. I have such a problem with the father, men, I am angry at them and I feel I have to do what they want against my will but I have to do it or get told off, shouted at, hated, not accepted because dad demanded this from me, to do as I am told and I was scared of him so I did, again nothing sexual ever, just his wrath scared me shitless.

I couldn't accept his "love" I can't accept and I resist the Father's Love whilst accepting the Mothers. Mum's love – she wouldn't hurt or scare me. I have been saying "No" to God the Father's love whilst saying "yes" to Mothers. I don't want Father near me, I want Mother and I relate to Mother, Mary, my mum and females so much because they don't scare me as much as the Father, Jesus, dad and all men do. Men scare me so when I long to God for Their Divine Love I am really longing to Mother but saying NO to Father, I am scared of you and your wrath, I believe the Father is bad and the Mother is Good just as it was for me as a child, that's the only way it can be for me with my relationship with God, the same as my relationship with my parents, I was scared of dad but not of mum and that is how it is for me with God.

I can feel in me the feelings are still the same as when I was a child, I still feel I want to repel the male in whatever way there is. I don't want you near me, you scare me, you are authority to me and that scares the shit out of me. I have to do all you say, I have to be good, I have to hide all the things I want to do or lie to you in case you say NO, I can't be myself around you, I have to be who you want me to be, I can't ask you for anything, I want pocket money and mum says I have to ask you and I can't, why can't she give it to me but she puts me through the cruel agony of having to ask you and I am scared of angering you because you don't want to be asked, everything I ask of you is a pain, a nuisance, I feel like such a naughty pain to you so I don't ask anything of you, I feel hated by you so I

stay away and don't ask you anything, I would rather do without and I have done without ever since because I am scared of asking, I am scared of asking God, my Father, for His Divine Love in case he is like you and is angry with me, you have made me believe all men are angry at me like you and I am nothing but a pain to them.

To me, I feel that love from men doesn't exist so I am longing to God for Their Divine Love but only wanting it from one half of them, the Mother, the Father scares me to much as he is my dad. I have to obey him and that is all our relationship is about, no love although my dad would insist he loved all of his children deeply, he has no idea about love, only control. I have a incredibly damaged view of men and think of them as objects that aren't their to love but to control and keep order, men are the authority and women must obey because that is how it was in my family and if mum answered back to my dad all hell would let loose and it scared me, I prayed for mum to keep her mouth shut so as to not anger him, shit when they had arguments, it was scary, it wasn't often but that is only because mum submitted to him and it kept him happy, what a fucking pair of role models.

I can only be scared of God.

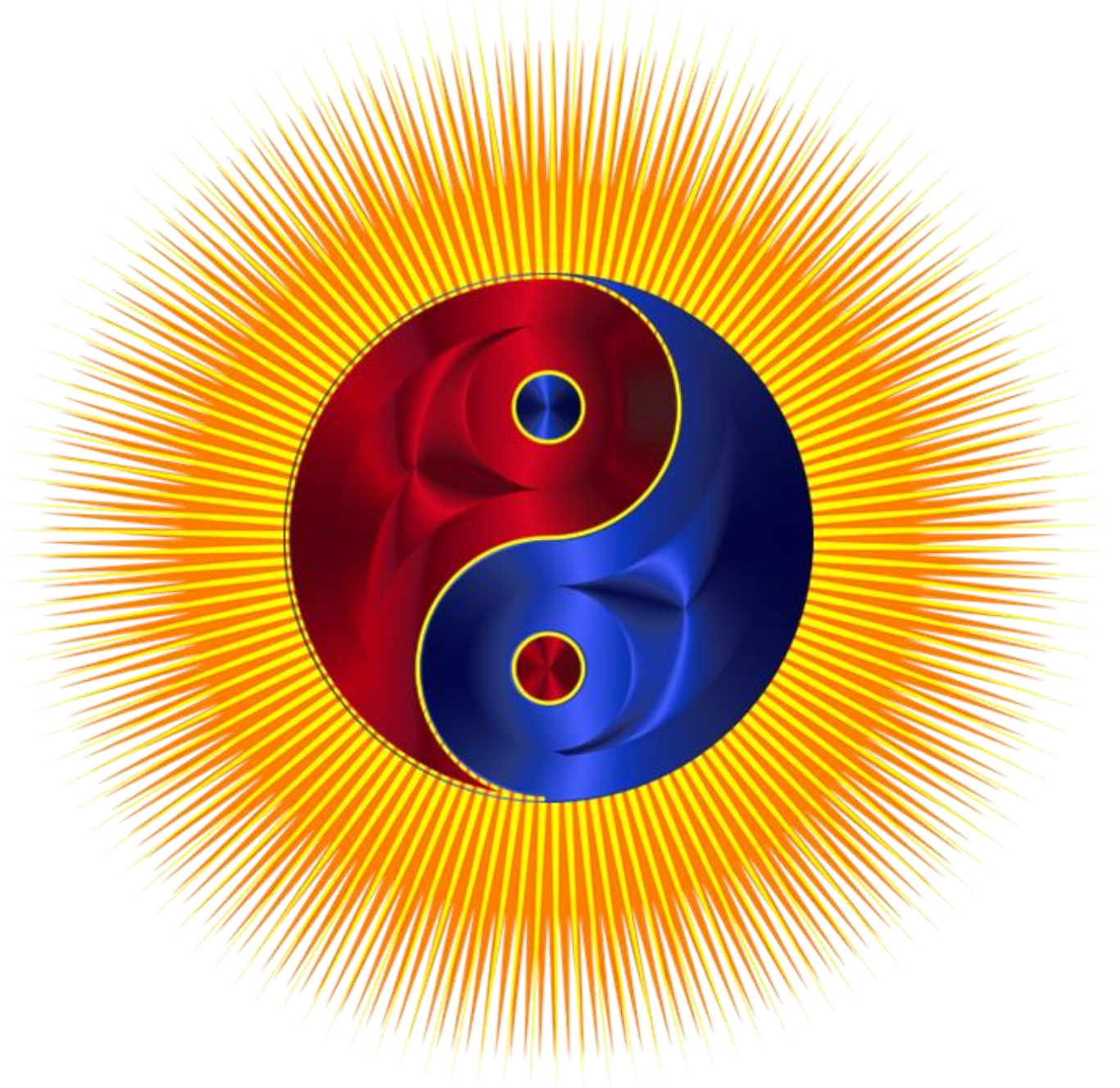
"Mother and Father, I want to tell you how scared I am of Father; and look to you Mother to protect me and stand up for me. I don't feel Father is loving but just the authority to keep order and I am scared of him and all men, I have to obey them. You Mother, I can come to, I can speak to you and Mary and my human mum and other women but not to men, they scare me. Help me Mother and Father to feel this to its core. I want to speak to Father alone but I am not sure, his power scares me, please help me with this, I want to have an equal relationship with you both and receive both of your Love, help me know more truth about my human parents so I can heal my relationship with them and with you both. Until I understand all of how I feel about mum and dad, I can't have a good relationship with you and I want that. Please help me."

I am so fucked up about men, I don't want them near me and I never have, I have just wanted power over them as I wanted it over my dad, it is so hopeless, I feel so ruined and broken and like there is no hope for me. Inside I feel awful and I

am sinking all the time, it feels like dying inside as I feel about this, right now in this moment. I feel like I am fading out of existence, getting smaller and I shrink. I feel like nothing, absolutely nothing. This is how I truly feel inside, like I am nothing, dead inside. There is just nothing and hopelessness. I feel like a black hole imploding in on itself as I die. Fuck, I feel awful I hardly have the power to breathe, as my breathing is so shallow just keeping me alive. What is the point, I have no energy and no power and this is how I have felt with all men, barely alive to myself just staying alive for them to control, nothing for myself, I have hardly been able to carry myself and if I did it was only for them.

I have not existed for myself only for men to have power over me and as I express that out of me, I am feeling dead to myself, like I am down to a tiny spark of life and it could go out any moment, I always felt like this, like I was on the brink of life because I wasn't living for me but for everyone else, it was just a spark that was keeping me going and I can see it, it is like a tiny white light / spark that is me, the true me and everything else that I am is not me and just here for everyone else, it's not real but the spark is and if I can just hang on to that I will survive. If that goes out I am dead, it's over. That is all there is of me, the rest means nothing. I am feeling bad, this is how bad men have made me feel and Mother and Father have helped take me there, I can feel them with me. This is the truth of how I really feel about men, my dad, MY Father, the masculine in life, it kills me, it crushes me, it turns off my light, it suffocates me, and it extinguishes me. I want to leave it there now and sit in this awful crushing nothingness.

Our Heavenly Mother and Father



Prayer to God.

22 October 2018

"Mother and Father, help me feel more about why I am scared of receiving your Divine Love, I want to know everything, I want nothing left out. I want it so much yet I feel so scared to receive it and I want to know why!"

I am scared of what it will do to me, what will it feel like even though I have felt it and it is so subtle with me and feels so calming and peaceful yet I still have this fear in me that it might just go too far and I won't be able to cope with it, then it is all ruined for me and I will never ask for it again because I couldn't trust it, it went against my will. This is all about not being able to trust my parents and now I can't trust God, I believe God is the same as my parents. I know I am going over and over the same stuff but it is how I do it, I have to just go where my feelings take me and that may be in circles for quite a while but it is always for a reason, so I go with it all. If it is still in me then I keep repeating it until God knows I have emptied myself of it and then they can change and transform my soul.

The deep fear is I want to play it safe and be in control of God so I don't feel bad or get hurt or overwhelmed by too much of their love, I am scared of it taking me over and I lose myself again. I am so scared to lose the control and give myself to them, it is like asking me to let go of all of my safety mechanisms I have built to keep me safe and trust them, it's so hard to let them in fully. I really want to and I wish I could but I am so scared. What might happen to me if I trust them fully? I might DIE. This is all about trust, I don't trust God.

I don't trust anyone because I couldn't trust mum and dad. I don't trust God's Love to keep me safe and not to hurt me. I couldn't trust my parents' love to keep me safe and not hurt me, I didn't feel safe at all, yes, they protected me but it was with fear, their fears and they lied to me to stop me feeling bad, they said it wouldn't hurt when it did, it bloody hurt.

Just as I said that a memory popped into my head of when I was so little and I was in the bath and mum was with me and I had to get a plaster off, a big one,

and she said it wouldn't hurt so I began to pull it off and it really fucking hurt me and I cried and held it tightly on my skin so she couldn't touch it as she said it would be better if she did it and she said she would rip it off really quickly and then it won't hurt but I couldn't let her near me, I had felt the pain and she told me it wouldn't hurt so she lied to me, I couldn't trust her again and that mistrust stayed with me all my life. Why the fuck did she put such a big plaster on me knowing it had to come off, fucking sadistic. Parents just like being in charge and causing kids pain.

God are my parents, do they want to cause me pain like mum and dad saying it won't hurt but lying to me, it will hurt, don't trust them. It's in me that mistrust. God's Love doesn't hurt, God is all loving and I know all of that but my feelings are from my human parents experience so that is all I have to go on. God's Love feels so good to receive and I know that, I have felt it but in the back of my mind is fear that it might just go that little bit to far and hurt me, be to much for me, blow me up or something with its power, I mean this is GOD'S DIVINE LOVE we are talking about.

I don't trust them, "I am sorry Mother and Father, I don't trust you and I need you to help me through this. I want to be so close to you but I need you to help me feel all I need to feel about this mistrust I feel about you not hurting me. Please stay close to me constantly to help me feel all of my feelings of not trusting you, just keep the feelings coming to me as you have been, so I can heal this pain that keeps me from you".

I have been longing to Mother and Father for Their Divine Love with the feeling that I want it so much but also parallel to that feeling is the other feeling that this is going to hurt me, kill me, it will be to much for me and I won't be able to cope with it. What will it do to me? I always want to know the answer before I do anything so I can control it, so I can say "No" to it instead of having it forced upon me against my will if it gets to much and that is because I didn't have much of a choice as a child and didn't like the outcome because I had no say, I was scared of what would happen to me but had no choice and I mean just in every day things that a lot of people don't think twice about, like having to go to school

when I hated it, having to have swimming lessons when I was scared of it, I didn't want them, having to go to bed when I didn't want to but be told of if I disobeyed. All things like that, but they did damage because it was against my will. Every day there were so many things, big and small that I had to do but didn't like the outcome.

God will not force their Love on me, they will not do anything against my will and I know that, but my injuries from my childhood are still in me and I am still feeling them as an adult so what I know means nothing to me, it is only what I feel that means everything and needs healing so that is what I am spewing out of me until I am DONE.

Visions in the womb.

22 October 2018

I have had visions come to me of being so unwanted in the womb, and no one being happy about me coming but more of a worry and how are we going to cope, I am a hindrance, a problem, not wanted. I cannot ask for love when I am not even wanted or loved from conception. I was not what they wanted so how can they love me it was more a case of "oh well she is here now there is not much we can do". I cannot expect them to love me when I was a mistake, not wanted so I feel like this with God too, how can God love me when I am a mistake and unwanted, I feel that. All I can do is feel how unloved I feel to its core and keep asking Mother and Father to help me with feeling it all as painful as it is.

The truth is I was not loved or wanted from conception so love isn't in me to ask for, do I even believe in it? Well I don't feel it in me, I don't get it and I don't give it so I don't believe it will come to me when I long for it.

The way I feel about Love is huge and so varied, it's a fantasy idea, not real to me, all in my head because that is where it has always been, just an idea, a thing that you do and say but not felt in the heart, all in the mind. It's all just a big fucking Fantasy to me right now.

Exhausted with my feelings.

23 October 2018

I feel like I am nearly exhausted with my feelings about receiving God's Divine Love. I want the whole lot but I am also scared to receive it. Today, I was feeling more about it and I felt i had some love from my mum but none from my dad so I feel that is how it is with God also, I want Mother but I don't want Father. I don't want Father anywhere near me, he ruins everything for me, and he is too strict and has too many rules over me. Father is an arse hole and I wish it was only Mother, I wish only Mother was God. I can be myself more with Mother, she lets me do more and understands me a bit more and is kinder and more caring, i want her only, not Father.

I can't believe how childlike I felt while writing that, I was actually going into baby talk and wanting to write it like a child would. This is how I felt about mum and dad and it has stayed with me, my dad is an emotional stranger to me, just the boss of our family and he must be obeyed and this must be how I feel about Father too. I don't want any love from my dad so I don't want any love from Father also, so I don't get it. I am longing for the Love yet I don't really want one half of it, the Father half.

I can't be myself with father, he won't let me, I have to be good, not complain, be clever at school, be successful in life, it's all too much for me to cope with, his expectations of me. I am a let down to him, I don't love him and I don't want him to love me, I don't want anything from him, I can do it all myself without him, I don't want him interfering in my life because then I can't be myself and do it my way.

I just have to accept I don't want my Father's Love, only my Mothers. "I DON'T LOVE YOU FATHER. I don't want your love and you have known that all along and now I know that too. Thank you for helping me know that truth. I DON'T WANT YOUR LOVE. It feels so good to say it to you, I don't love you. I have been longing to you all this time but I don't want your Love, Father. I can't tell you how good it is to say it to you, to know it and admit it without anything bad and awful happening to me. I want to tell the world, I feel so good. Thank you, thank you Father for helping me finally say it to you. To admit it and to accept it, shit, it is like magic has happened in me.

I want to tell you how much I have been afraid of you being like dad, I don't know you Father, I only know dad and all men have been like him. I don't love him and I don't love you and I can feel you are so happy with me, I can feel you in my heart smiling in the way you do when I break through, you are so happy at me not loving you and being able to tell you. I have no fear now in telling you I don't love you, it has lost all power and all you want is the truth from me, I can feel your feelings like they are words inside my heart talking to me. Shit, I am fucking ecstatic inside, I have never felt so lifted and alive and set free. I want to tell the world I don't love my Father and it's ok not to, nothing bad will happen, only good. "Thank you Father, thank you".

Something has happened to me and it feels so wonderful, I feel so alive by releasing that truth. I felt God's Love for me in my heart as I told Him I didn't love Him, as I accepted that truth, I can't put into words how I feel, so free. God didn't punish me for it. He smiled and loved it and wanted more from me which I talked out loud to Him and I could feel Mother in the background.

My Father has waited for me to come to Him and tell Him the truth of how scared I am and how I don't love Him and He loved it and I feel so close to Him and I will be pouring all my feelings about Him, out to Him, all the vile stuff, all the anger, the whole lot. I have yelled at Him how much I hate Him before but this Time it is so different, I have had to really accept it, really accept that I don't love Father because I don't love dad. I have accepted it and told Father and it is the most wonderful feeling in the world. It has come from feelings so deep down in my soul and in that acceptance, those feelings have come up and out of me as I expressed them and the truth came and I felt the moment of the change.

Telling Mum the gift she bought me, I didn't like.

24 October 2018

My mum just came round to pick up a top they had bought me. They went on a holiday and bought me a top, mum texted me a couple of days ago to ask if it fit and I told her I didn't even try it on, I didn't like it at all. The top was flowery and bright and I only wear my knitted black jumpers. God, I hated it, what could have given them the idea I would like it, mum said dad thought I would love it, he actually said to her "Sam will love it", I felt like he was telling me I had to love it because he said I would. I hated it as soon as I saw it and I felt angry that they bought it for me, I have told them not to ever buy me anything, I don't want anything and if I do, I will buy it, why can't they just honour my will.

Today she came to pick it up and I told her it was horrible, I didn't like it at all. I am so glad I can be true now, I would have never said that to them before, I would have just said "Oh thanks, its lovely and given it to charity" now I want them to know the truth. Every time she comes round, (she feels she has to), I talk about my childhood to her letting her know just how I felt and she hates it but it is the only conversation I want to have with her.

She begins to tell me all the shit that is going on at church or with her cleaning job or with the family in Australia but I cut her short because I am not interested in anything but my childhood and hers and dads. She hates it, but I want to know things and today I was talking about how much dad terrified me as a child and she still says the same "oh Sam, why do you feel like this, he was not a bad dad, he loved you and we don't understand why you were so scared of him, it hurts him so much to know this". I told her everything and reminded her of her own fear of upsetting dad and she began to agree with me and see it all.

I feel I can talk to mum and I want her to know how I feel, I know she doesn't want me to talk like this and she feels hurt by it but I want her to know the truth of how I felt as a child. She wants it all to be covered over, she doesn't really want to hear it but if she insists on coming round then that will be all I want to talk about, none of that other shit and funnily enough she starts opening up about her own painful childhood which helps me so much to see what she has passed on to me and I know more about why I am the way I am.

I wanted to also know if I was planned and she answered; "No", none of us were planned and she wouldn't have wanted children until she was 27 if she had her way so that told me a lot, I wasn't planned and I wasn't wanted and she went on to say she never really wanted children but it was what you did in those days so I was just conceived because women had children whether they wanted them or not, it was what a woman did, have children or KIDS as my mum calls us.

I felt so confident to tell mum how I feel, not just keep her happy as I would have once done. I am changing all the time and I feel it. I would never have told mum such deep truths about how I feel about her and dad because she will go back and tell dad everything as she always did if I confided in her as a child, she would run off and tell dad and I would get in trouble, I had no one on my side, I thought she was but she was a traitor to me, I couldn't trust her at all but now I want her to run back to dad and tell him how I feel about him, so tell away mum.

I don't want to please anyone anymore, I feel like I want them to know it all if they ask and if mum keeps coming round here I will continue with my childhood healing and get everything I want to know out of her no matter how much she hates it, she comes around here, to my house and my life is only about my healing and so are my conversations. Her visits are getting less as she doesn't want to know the truth which is her choice, but if she comes round here then my feelings are all I want to talk about with her, I am not interested in anything else at all.

I do feel churned up now in my stomach because of the frustration of not being understood by her, they really don't know why I am doing this and they both believe I am hurting myself by healing in this way, she even said it to me today; Why make things so painful for myself? Why go into it all, why rake it all up? She thinks it will make me ill but as I explained to her it is the reverse, I have never felt so good by feeling so bad, that went right over her head.

I want to know the truth and the truth was bad for me. I told her I spent my childhood being so scared of dad, I could feel him, his anger even when he was calm, I couldn't get near him because I could feel his denied and suppressed feelings. She went on to defend him telling me he was lovely a lot of the time to which I told her it was all fantasy, he was lovely all the time he was in control,

one wrong move or word and the truth came out, she spent her life keeping him calm and happy so she didn't have to feel scared by him to which she admitted and she had spent her childhood doing the same with her parents, keeping them happy so to not feel their wrath so she has attracted a husband just like them to keep her in her pain of how it was for her as a child, and I have attracted the same people in my life to keep me feeling my pain of how it was for me as a child. I have attracted dominating, controlling, horrible men and submissive, weak women who feel unworthy to men, my mum and dad in every instance.

Feeling calm.

26 October 2018

I have had a great couple of days, feeling very empty without feeling bad but saying that, not feeling bad has worried me, what's wrong with me? Where have my bad feelings gone? I am so used to feeling bad all of the time and now I don't, it is good but I feel a huge part of me is missing, my bad feelings.

I told Trevor that today I felt so calm, more than yesterday. Very empty and expansive inside, like there is no end to me and I feel like there is a huge space inside of me that has been cleared out like an empty room and I say it like that because that is the picture I just saw in my mind. It was like on moving day when you take one last look around your past full up house that is now empty of all of your old stuff and ways, it is cleared out and that is how I feel today.

I am still in my dressing gown and slippers because that is how I feel I want to be today, I don't want to change how I feel by getting dressed like I would have as soon as I got up. I don't have to do that now, I can do whatever I feel and I want to stay in my calmness while it lasts, it feels good but also strange. I get waves of serenity floating over me and it's nice. It's like everything has gone quiet, there is not one bit of tension in me.

The sun is shining through the window on this cold day and it feels so good as it warms me, I feel so peaceful. I don't think I have felt this peaceful ever. I was telling Trevor this morning that after a whole life of anxiety, pain and feeling fucking awful, today is the first day I have ever felt so at peace and with no bad feelings. I think he was listening, I don't know, he didn't reply but I don't care

anyway. My breathing is slow and peaceful, my typing is slow and calm, today, it is all different. God, I love the silence and it just being me here in the house, it is like paradise today.

Crushed by my feelings.

27 October 2018

I feel like shit, absolute rubbish. I woke up with a conversation going on telling me it's all untrue, none of it is real, I am being crushed by my feelings as I was crushed as a child and I got out of bed and was walking like I have been crushed and feeling so sick, like I want to throw all of my feelings up and out of me. I feel so heavy in comparison to the lightness I felt yesterday, I feel like lead.

I now feel that the great feelings of yesterday are showing me how it was all so untrue, as my voice was saying to me upon waking, showing me how it was for me as a child and helping me to understand it more. Having such good feelings and thinking when I was a child, I was being loved by my parents but it wasn't true, one day feeling loved then the next day, or moment, feeling the total opposite, feeling so unloved and me hating them. It's all incredible as I ask Mother and Father to keep helping me, keep bringing up those bad feelings, they hear me and respond. I have a great day then an awful day as it was for me as a child. Putting me in a false sense of security never knowing what is true, never knowing how to discern truth, it's a fucking awful feeling.

I am sitting here on my couch feeling very heavy and sick, not knowing if I will physically be sick, I am all churned up inside and yesterday feels like a dream now. I feel like I was cheated into feeling good, I can't trust feeling good because it will never last so don't get used to it, don't trust it because the next minute I will be feeling bad again so don't enjoy the feelings of feeling good, it's such a shame to be so untrusting of good feelings but it is how it was for me as a child, it is how I felt, exactly like this, I can trust my parents one minute and they made me feel good, then in the next breath it all changed and came crumbling down and I was disappointed with them as they made me feel bad again. The good never lasts with them, they are too unpredictable, I can't trust them and I always have to be on my guard, don't let them get into me or get too close, keep them away they are toxic.

Oh and there it is, they are TOXIC, like poison in me making me feel sick, knotted up inside and their toxicity works on me physically making me sick and ill. I feel like an hour glass to them, one of them getting hold of me and turning me one way, then the other getting hold of me and turning me the reverse way and I never have time to settle, its constantly changing with them, I don't know where I am.

My parents are the TOXIN inside me making me sick. I don't get them, what do they want from me, they pull me this way and that way, loving me and unloving me, one day great the next awful, I don't know where I am with them, I feel all shook up inside and confused by how they feel about me, good one day, shit the next, good with mum, bad with dad. I am still that confused child not knowing anything because I don't know how they feel about me, I don't know the truth, and they have confused me.

As I have been expressing myself and also writing this, the sickness is passing, as I understand their Toxicity the sickness is lifting out of me in my expression and acceptance that I couldn't trust them emotionally, 'I can't trust them' and I can feel that as a truth in me, which feels good. The simple truth is 'I can't trust them' as I can't trust feeling good one day and bad the next, my feelings showing me the exact truth of how it was for me, and isn't that great and amazing that through my feelings I do know the truth, astounding.

A teary day.

27 October 2018

I have had an unexpected teary day today, just feeling like I want to cry, so I did. It was all very spontaneous, so I let myself cry and just accepted that I wanted to. As I cried I felt real heartbreak and such a need to let it out, it felt very good. It is wonderful to let the tears fall without anyone telling me to stop crying, or interfering by trying to cuddle me or to give me a tissue so I mop it all up and they don't have to feel awkward being with me crying, all of that is just to stop me crying as soon as possible, its a horrible thing to do when all I need to do is let it all out, all of that coddling is so wrong and not loving or caring at all. Your not doing it for me, it's for you because I am making you feel bad and you want me to stop NOW.

It felt very freeing to allow myself to cry and be able to do it like a baby would at any time, when I felt like it, not having to hold it in at all. As a child I wouldn't have been able to do that, I would have been interfered with and made to stop by mum cuddling me and I remember how angry I used to get when she began to approach me, I knew what was coming, a tissue and a hug to stop me crying "there now, that's better, wipe up the tears" her hugs that she thought were her caring were her wanting and making me stop, right now.

I would fight against her to shrug her off of me as I knew that she wanted to control my feelings and stop me crying, she got hurt by it and said I don't let her near me but I didn't want to be stopped, I wanted her to just sit there and listen to me pour it all out to her. Her coddling me, stopped my crying and feeling my feelings, it made me forget about them and push them away, just as she wanted, it's a clever mind game. It's not being loving, I always knew it and that is why I pushed them both away when I was in pain, because they stopped me from feeling it.

The ups and downs of feelings.

28 October 2018

Today, I woke up feeling good again, it confuses me. Just lately there has been no consistency, I am having good and bad days where as it was always bad, so many bad feelings to feel. Today I feel empty of bad feelings; I don't want to cry at all, not like yesterday. I feel like nothing matters today and a bit numb, my usual fears aren't there. Actually I said I feel good, I don't think it is that, it is just that I don't feel bad, it's a bit of a nothing feeling, not good or bad but somewhere in the middle.

It's a bit indescrpt and as I ask Mother and Father to help me understand this, they respond before I have even finished asking them. It is how I felt as a child, indescrpt, insignificant, floating in the middle, nothingness, numb and a lot of the time living in a no man's land of what my parents wanted, should I go this way or that way, what do they want me to do. Very confusing. I felt very numb to crying. I feel like that now whereas yesterday I just let the tears fall, today I can't, I feel empty and numb and it is the feeling I had as a child, I can feel it again, I feel like that child. Mother and Father are helping me feel how it was.

At first, when I woke up this morning I thought it was a good thing to feel like this, but there was a tiny feeling of, No, its not right, and now I am feeling into it, it doesn't feel right, I feel so nothing, like I am floating on the periphery of life not being noticed. I was wondering to myself, I don't feel bad but I don't feel good and I don't like that numbness, it feels like a memory of how I was as a child and as I ask Mother and Father to help me, the memory gets so clear.

I don't feel human, I don't feel like I exist and it is a panicky feeling, like I am on the edge of being snuffed out. I felt discontent today with feeling neither good nor bad but a numbness of being in the middle, not one thing or the other, shit it is like I am a Ghost, not being seen, being here but invisible to everyone and desperately trying to be heard and seen but giving up, it is pointless, I can't win so I became that Ghost, living dead, I didn't feel alive just numb to everyone and everything. I gave up, I submitted to them and I killed myself, I let them have every part of me and even believed the things I loved doing, was ME, but I am so wrong.

All the things I loved doing were what my parents loved doing and I was only doing them to make them so happy with me. I only did what they allowed me to do, they had done it first though so they were always in control of it all, I just copied them and tried to do it better than them so I could gain control over them. I was in competition with them, to be better than them so I felt powerful and to make them feel powerless but it never felt good because none of it came from the real me, it was all from them. (I have gone off track but that is where my feelings have taken me to understand more about myself).

Yes, I woke up feeling numb not good, that is how it felt being me and not knowing who I really am and what I truly like, I have been unaware and in numbness to myself and who I am and only through my feelings do I feel like I am coming back to life because they are telling me who I am and how I feel, they are telling me the truth with Mother and Father's help. As I feel my feelings about this I don't feel numb at all, I feel like I can know myself deeply because of how I feel and my childhood numbness was a complete denial and repression of my feelings as I submitted to my parents' control.

Not feeling good or bad today has been a discontent feeling, a non descript feeling of nothingness and not existing and it has helped me to understand that without being accepted and allowed to feel and express those feelings, there is nothing of me, I have stopped being me because my feelings are me. Shit, I was so far away from myself and God that my spark had nearly extinguished and I felt like that, I truly did. Today, I felt neither one thing or the other and thought maybe that could have been a good thing, a good sign in my healing but my mind could have taken me that way but it would have been a fantasy of my mind. I knew I had to ask about my feelings to my Mother and Father for the truth of why I felt like this and now I know and can feel the truth, I didn't feel a good feeling in my heart so it had to be felt as to why I am not feeling either good or bad, it wasn't right.

This is the no man's land I lived in with mum and dad, it was confusing and I didn't know how to feel, I almost had to ask them how I should feel, was it ok to feel like this, is it safe to feel like this, I didn't know any truth, I needed to be told how to feel, I was so fucked and unsure, I didn't know weather to stick or twist with my feelings. I needed to be told what is good or bad by my parents' standards, they set my beliefs of what was good and bad, I couldn't have known myself.

By God, its all so intricate and fragile, my feelings are the open door to truth and that door has been shut all my life, I love this, I love knowing the truth and the feeling that comes when the truth is known, amazing.

I have no love in me, the truth!

29 October 2018

I don't have any love in me, I don't feel any love at all, just nothingness, I was lying in bed not being able to sleep feeling my numbness of being of no love. I believed I was loving for most of my life but it was all made up. I believed I was loved by my parents but it was all made up. Now I know that the truth is now being felt, how it feels to be of no love and having all of those false love beliefs stripped away from me and I am left with nothing, alone, just me and nothing else and it is horrible.

This is how it feels to be denied real love and to reject all love, I am left with nothing, a meaningless, numb life of just me, that's no good, I hate this. None of my love beliefs were real, it was all-untrue and now I am left with nothing. Shit, I have been living a make believe life, like I was reading a script on a made up TV show, none of it about me, none of it real. So what have I got left, nothing? It feels like an ending, what happens now? It feels like there is nowhere to go from here, I have got to the end and can't go any further, shit.

I feel like all of this should have been obvious, but there is a depth I find I have to go to for it to really feel like the absolute truth in me, it's a feeling that tells me I have got it. I have to sink down to the lowest part of me to get to this feeling that I have finally got it, layers and levels of feelings.

I feel I am in a horrible place, so vacant and floating around in my nothingness and feelings of being no love. I feel like such a fake person as I see the fantasy life I have led pretending to be so loving and nice, just like my parents did to me. It's all bollocks, I am all bollocks.

I feel so confused, weird and my mind keeps feeling like it wants to shut down, break down on me and put an end to this, not think about it. I have just gone into a complete fog. Oh, this is horrible. I have lost it, I can't even remember what I was going on about, my mind has shut down. I am in a total state of confusion and it feels insane. What the fuck is happening to me now!!!!!!!

The fog is feeling like a real resistance to feel, my mind wanting to stop me from feeling more truth. It is thick just like dense fog where you are lost and can't see anything, it is scary and disorientating and I am now feeling pissed off and angry at being stopped from my feelings, fuck off doing this to me, shit it's so frustrating and it has stopped me in my tracks from what I wanted to feel.

It is just what mum and dad would have done, told me to stop being silly of course you are loving and were loved, they would have interfered with me, cut off my feelings and intervened by telling me I was talking rubbish. The fog is them trying to stop me getting to the truth and telling me how it is and that I am being daft. Now I am being them to myself and stopping myself from feeling the truth. I see what is going on now. They are terrified of the truth, they don't want

to know it but I do.

My fog has gone, I am feeling the emptiness of how it feels to live a love rejecting life, to be kept from the truth and from love. It feels like I don't have a place to exist in, it's numb and finite and I don't feel I can go any further like this except float around in it forever, not growing. All I can do is to carry on feeling it, feeling how it feels to be like this, in this unloving state. To keep on accepting it and expressing it until it is all out of me.

This morning I was in a nowhere sort of place not feeling good or bad and it has progressed into this, that nowhere place is an empty place of no love, a vacuum and it's horrible, disturbing and not nice to go to sleep on at 1.10 in the morning but I am now tired.

"MOTHER AND FATHER please help me feel more truth about this, I need you. I want to keep feeling it though, so bring me whatever I need in my sleep time and awake time, just keep it coming for me please, I want to know with all of the longing I can muster. Please feel my longing to you for your help. I never want to do this without you. Thank you dear Mother and Father of mine."

Feeling my Self Hate.

29 October 2018

Feeling deeper, deep self-hate today. I hate everything about myself; I don't feel good about any bit of me. I have put on some weight and I am fucking hating it, I can't love it and I don't know how anyone could. I can't do my usual thing and go on a diet, which is a complete denial of feeling all of these self-hate feelings. I can't accept myself like this, I want to be the skinny me I have always been, it has been torture keeping it that way but I loved looking like that, not this, I fucking hate this. I can't accept myself not being slim and nice looking. I feel like no one will like me, I will not be wanted but hated like I hate me. I have worked so hard dieting all my life to look good and be slim all so I will be attractive to men, when men like me I like me and no man will look at me if I put on weight.

I have spent my life needing to be sexually attractive to men, it validates me, gives me worth makes me feel wanted and desirable and I don't feel like that any

more. No one will listen to me when I need to talk about it, Trevor won't talk about it with me, he just says he doesn't see it and I know it is because he doesn't want to talk about it but I want to, I need to. I have no one to listen to me. I hate putting on weight; it scares me so much that I will not be wanted any more. I now understand why I have been on a constant diet all my life, so I don't have to feel the truth of how much I hate myself, how much I can't accept myself if I gain weight and this fucking menopause doesn't help, shit I want to fucking scream. I have no control over anything, not even my own body.

I am shit scared of being rejected by men and that is the truth and I don't give a fuck if it is sad, Yes, Yes, Yes I admit it, that I only stayed slim to attract men because they made me feel good, I needed their attention to give me the good feelings I needed and now that is all over and I fucking well am so angry as those feelings in me are no longer getting met. Yes, I am a sad cow to need men so much to make me feel good. I felt good when I looked slim and attractive and now I feel awful as I put on weight and have greying hair and no make up as age sets in and I fucking hate it, oh my god I can't say how much I hate myself like this, I am disgusted at myself, ashamed to be so ugly and I can't talk to anyone about it because it is pointless as all they say is "your not ugly, your not fat, you look lovely, your being silly" they do not want to hear me and it is so frustrating when I want to be true about myself.

I feel shit, I feel fat, I feel ugly and old and the most unattractive I have ever felt and I am getting no love, no attention from anyone any more and it makes me feel so sad for myself, I mean a real loss inside me, like I have lost all of the fake me that got me attention and now I want to live true, all of that has gone and I get no attention which is also wonderful because it is the truth of how it was for me as a child and it feels so fucking awful, but the truth is wonderful at the same time, I love the truth but hate these feelings, they are so painful to feel how devoid of love I feel now I am like this and no longer like that.

I can no longer bear to look at myself, I hate myself and can't feel one ounce of love for myself and don't feel I can ever be loved again. I am no longer what men want; I was not what my parents wanted. I tried to make myself wanted and desired just as my parents tried to make me acceptable to them and others, I am now doing it to me, or was. I spent my life carrying on their work; I carried

on where they left off. They taught me how to work it, be the fakest I could be and then I will be desired and wanted and loved and it felt fucking good but now it has all gone.

I am everything they couldn't accept, I am everything they didn't want me to be, everything they hated and now I hate it also, just like them, I am being them, to me. I HATE ME, I HATE ME, I HATE ME SO MUCH. I AM THEM HATING ME BEING EVERYTHING THEY HATE. I can't accept me as they can't accept me. Oh my god, I fucking hate how I am, how I look, I can't bear it, I can't bear to be like this, it scares me, it terrifies me to be like this. Being true terrifies me but I can't do what I used to do, I have to be this, this is the truth of how I feel and I have to be it to feel it, I have to have the experience and I fucking hate it.

I feel so weak like this, being skinny made me feel good and strong because I had the power to attract men, it made me feel so powerful now it has all gone and I have no power to attract anything, I am weak and pathetic and I know I only wanted to be skinny so I didn't have to feel the truth of how weak being my feelings makes me feel, being the truth of my feelings is awful but also so good because I can feel the truth without any denial, it is more alive than the denial I have lived all my life but I still hate myself and can't accept how I am.

I never knew I had so much self-hatred in me and also for others who have weight gain, I must hate them and judge them too as I am becoming what I hate and all I can do is express it and how it makes me feel. I feel like such a vile person, I am scared to be writing this because I will be so hated but I want all of my vileness out of me, I want to express it all so one day I can accept it and love it but that day is not yet.

I hate myself being like this, I am scared of gaining weight because it is not loved at all, it is laughed at and rejected. Gaining weight is what I have tried my hardest to all my life to control and keep it off, now I can't and it feels like "You hated it so be it and learn to love it" even the tiniest bit of weight gain and I am freaking out.

I have so much to go on and feel about this, I will be back!

Can't accept the truth.

29 October 2018

I feel bad, terrible about saying how much I feel fat is ugly and not accepted, I can't even say the words properly about how I really feel, I am so scared to say the truth in case I get told off and hated by everyone. I have been taught that being over weight is not acceptable, you have to be slim and perfect and not 'let yourself go' as my mum would say to me. 'Men like skinny girls'.

Shit, I feel like a fucking monster for saying what I have said, I have not been allowed to say anything that might hurt another, I have to be nice and keep my thoughts and feelings to myself, only say nice things when the truth is not nice. I don't want to put on weight, I don't like it, I have been taught not to like it so I can't like it in anyone and I judge them the way my parents judged it and I can remember my parents commenting about fat people so I never wanted to be that person knowing how they felt about fat people, they didn't like them, so they won't love me.

Overweight people won't be loved, that is how I feel, it's in me and it's a real problem. I am scared of being overweight and no longer being attractive or wanted because I am not slim enough, like mum, she was always so skinny. I have put on a bit of weight and I hate myself being like it but I can't do anything about it, this is how I am when I stop the dieting, stop controlling it, stop trying to be perfect and accepted by being what everyone believes is acceptable in society. This is just the tip of the ice burg with this; I will keep chipping away at it. I feel gross and ugly and the vilest person ever.

I can feel my parents telling me off for voicing these things but these are their feelings passed on to me and they want me to pretend I don't really feel like this, like they pretended but behind closed doors I heard it all, how they really felt. They didn't like fat people, they talked about them, passed unloving comments about them, laughed about them, would walk past them and look with such judgment as so many of us do, I don't want to be that hated person, I am scared of being so hated.

This healing is so hard, it brings out the vilest parts of me, the parts I have wanted to hide and pretend that I am not like that, but I am like that, I am that

vile and judgmental. I judge myself and everyone else, it makes me feel powerful to put others down and I feel sick inside about all of this, about telling everyone who reads this, how I am.

I judge imperfection as I was judged, I can only be that horrible person and I have to be it all to know the truth of myself and how I truly am. If there is an imperfection to judge, I will judge it, I can't be any other way at this time in my healing. I catch myself doing it all the time and I can't be any other way, I can't change it, it is how I was brought up, being judged. I feel sick, really physically sick with feeling all of this, it was so hard to write and admit that I am this way and now I feel a deep sickness in me, like I want to be sick.

There is so much more to come.

Shit, this is all so deeply personal and hurtful but it all has to be looked into and healed and I am having real trouble with it. I feel so bad talking like this, like I am being naughty, its ok to think it but not to say it or admit to how I feel, I am finding it so hard to keep it all personal and want to soften it so I don't get hated. Are we even allowed to use the word "Fat" these days? I feel like I have stepped right over the line but I have to do it, it is in me.



Am I coming down with something?

30 October 2018

Its 5.50 am and I have woken up feeling awful, sick and shaky. I don't feel well at all, vile in fact. I feel acidic inside like I want to throw up with a sore throat and a blocked nose, I feel like I am really coming down with something after my expression of feelings about gaining some weight. As more truth comes up about how I am, I feel anxious and unwell, I don't want to believe I am so awful but I am and as the truth comes up I feel unwell and in shock about what an awful person I truly am underneath the niceness, I am just like my parents, pretending to be nice when underneath lurks a truth that is not very nice and it is gut wrenching for me to see the truth and admit it, it is scary, I am scared of being attacked for telling the truth and that is how I felt as a child, I was safer to lie and keep people seeing the nice me. Shit, if all this truth came out I would be putting myself out there.

I just want to shake, so I am, shaking inside and I can't control it, I want to be sick, I feel so unwell. This judgment of over weight people is like poison in me and its all getting stirred up now it is coming out, I can feel it burning in my stomach.

I have to personalise this to me, I can feel myself wanting to not make it about me but I have to bring it back to me and keep it personal. I have the extra weight I have gained, I feel ugly and disgusted at myself for being so out of control but there is nothing else I can do, oh god, I feel so sick. I am scared of people judging me the way I judge me.

Now I am letting my feelings lead the way I am seeing how I use food to feel loved, to comfort me, to love me, to give me praise, to cushion the blows, food has been my go to place every time, it gives me the feelings I need to feel, the feelings I didn't get from my parents. Food is my substitute parents giving me what I need, food is love and food is protection and I spent a life time wanting it so much but saying no to it by dieting, now I am no longer saying 'NO' I am letting myself have it and ending the dieting and I am seeing just how I need to use food to comfort and love and protect me and it has made me put on weight, the very thing I dreaded happening and I grieve over the body I used to have, it feels like such a loss and something I want back so much but I can't diet.

I just can't do it now I am feeling my feelings, my feelings are leading the way as I feel all the feelings connected to my eating habits and how much self-hate I have been denying by staying slim through dieting, so I can look good and be loved because I look good. It's all so fucked up the way I have used food in my life, all so wrong how I have used food all my life, starving myself to stay slim and wanted, and now over eating as I am feeling the truth of how unloved I really feel and go to food to get the loving feelings I need. Fuck, it is so confusing, all these chefs making all this food, making a living out of feeding our addictions, making TV shows out of it, how wonderful they can make food so we eat more and more and binge ourselves up with food to deny our feelings.

I think food is all I have left and I am using it to make me feel good, to give me all the feelings I need and now I am feeling into it more it is all I have, I shop for it, I buy it, I cook it, I eat it, I shit it out, my whole life is revolving around it so I can feel safe, kept alive. I am eating to keep my physical body alive, without it I will die. Shit, I even have to have a bar of something in my bag when I go out because I get a sudden drop in blood sugar and that is the worst feeling ever, it is like I am going to die, it is like a sudden drop in love, it is the most unloved I can feel so I eat something and I am loved again and feel ok again.

That drop in blood sugar is like a really quick glimpse into the truth of how unloved I am, it is the shock of suddenly feeling unloved by my parents and I felt that as a child when I got told off, there was no love and it felt like I was going to die. Loved by them, unloved by them, it happened as quick as that and I went into panic and needed to feel loved again to feel ok again, its the same as my blood sugar drop and then having food to bring it up again, as quick as that, it's the same and I can see that now and how it is connected to the sudden drop in my parents love for me and the shock of feeling that, it feels like dying,

This is a huge area for me but I feel I have seen more truth today, I will keep feeling my way through it all as it comes up.

Food controls me, Food is my parents.

30 October 2018

Food now controls me as my parents controlled me, I need it as I needed them, I want it to make me feel how I needed them to make me feel but it just ends up making me feel bad, like they did. I am now the one controlling it but I am so out of control also. I am the one putting it in my mouth but I feel like I am not in control of it as it is them still controlling me. It is so confusing. Food is not real love as my parents' love was not real love, not fulfilling at all, not lasting, not permanent, not real, and actually hurting me. It is a lie pretending to make me feel good, it is a mind love keeping my mind content for a very short while, while my heart is empty still, it doesn't feel any love from any of it and it leaves me discontent and unfulfilled and unloved. I don't have their love inside me from childhood and I am still making up things to pretend I feel loved, using substitutes. I am so fucking exhausted with all of this but I want to feel my way through it.

I have only put on a little bit of weight but I feel so devastated, like its all over for me, I am forgotten, not wanted, not loved, thrown away as a huge disappointment to mum and dad, I have let them down so I have to be excluded and denied as I am no longer one of them, I am the outsider. I used to be so in control of my weight, now I have never felt more out of control and I feel like a runaway train heading for a huge smash. I am embarrassed by myself, I want to hide the fact I have gained weight, I am ashamed of myself, this is a physical manifestation of how weak and unloved I really feel, it is weak, it is sad, it is not being in control of my feelings by using my mind to diet, all of that has gone.

My feelings are showing me why I felt I had to diet constantly, to stay accepted and loved and wanted and attractive to others. As long as I was wanted I was happy. It is all about how others feel about me and what they think about me and now I will be hated and dismissed, not even seen and thought of as not being important because I am not societies and my parents' idea of perfect and in control. I am none of that. I feel like a let down, I feel like the way I used to be was a fantasy me and this is the real me, warts and all and I fucking hate the real me, I really fucking hate being like this and it is going to take some feeling to get to like it.

I can't see that time because I am in so much hate and I am in shock at how much self-hate I was denying by dieting and keeping myself slim. It's going to be very hard to chip away at this and accept the reality of how I really am and let go of the fantasy me. It's so hard, this is so, so hard to be the truth of my feelings but I can't be anything else now, I can't do what I used to do and go back on the healthy eating plans and diets, it is out of the question as those diets were all my mind controlling ways of keeping me feeling loved because I was slim and looked good, mum and dad liked it, they were proud of me looking good.

I give up, I can't keep doing it any longer, I am defeated and I want to say I give up, I can't do it any more so hate me if you want to. I am exhausted with the fight of trying to be who you want me to be, I am not her, she never was real, she was trying to live up to your perfection and it was a fantasy ideal but it is not me, THAT PERSON WHO I WAS, IS NOT ME AND I can't KEEP IT UP, IT WAS TOO HARD, TOO DEMANDING. I am my feelings and they are in pain and I want to be true to them only, that is me so for the time being, this is me, warts and all. I am being the person you taught me not to love or want to be, I am nothing like the person you wanted me to be, she was a fantasy made up person and I couldn't find myself in her. I can find myself being my feelings.

Am I getting a cold, I feel so weak.

1 November 2018

I have woken up feeling so awful, like I am getting a cold. I have a sore throat and headache and feel weak. I just want to cry I feel so bad and like every time I feel like this I fear how bad I will get, I fear the worst, and I always do this. All my muscles are aching and this has occurred after feeling so much self-hate, there is nothing about myself that I like, not just physically but every aspect of me as I have seen how bad I am with respect to how I judge others as I judge myself. I have felt so bad about myself and how I think and feel about others, how I judge them and it has gone un-noticed by me at just how bad I am and it has sickened me. I feel so terrible about what a horrible person I am, really nasty at times when I am judging others and it all happens so naturally, I am naturally vile. I am shocked as I have been so hyper sensitive to my thoughts and feelings about others, even my children.

I looked at Faye and thought she had put on weight and it worried me, if she

gets to big no one will love her, oh please don't put on more weight Faye, you will be so rejected, it scares me at how rejected she could be, men don't like fat women. All of these thoughts and feelings run through me about everyone and they have always been there but I have just not paid any attention to them, judging everyone. It was like mum's voice in my head, talking to me.

I just had to stop writing to go to the post office with all of this in my head, who am I going to judge on my way there, who is going to judge me? I am now aware of all of my thoughts and feelings and it is maddening once you know what you are like. I catch myself doing it all the time and I feel crazy with how I am, I hate being like this but I have been like it all my life and it being a normal art of my life, judging myself and others, actually hating, I want to change, I really do.

I feel today, like I have been brought down and held in this problem, to see it and know it is a part of me and what I do to others and myself, it feels terrible so no wonder I am ill, I am very ill inside and it has to come out, all of my vileness. I am not the nice person I portray, underneath is a whole load of shit going on and I want to get to it and tell everyone the truth of how I feel, accept I am like this and I want to change it and heal it with God's help.

I am feeling very bad even writing this about myself, I am scared of the truth coming out and how I will be hated as I have had to keep all of these secret vile thoughts and feelings inside of me because no one will want me if they know the truth of my vileness, its horrible and I want to change so much, I don't want to be like this and pray to Mother and Father to help me change and to feel all of these terrible feelings of unlovingness.

I am not love, I am vile and that vileness is coming out in many ways and today it is making me feel ill and weak which is the truth of how I feel and judging others gives me power. Its sick I know but I do it, it is me at this time, I am ashamed of myself for being so unloving but it is me, a judgmental, vile person running on a programme of the vileness put into me from my parents and now it is a part of me, I think it, I feel it, I speak it, all the vileness I believe is true and every word has my parents' voice to it, telling me it is right because they said it, it must be ok and right to think, feel and say. But it's not, its awful and I am

feeling how bad it is in my physical body, it weakens me and it weakens others, it leaves us powerless and feeling like shit.

I was looking at a woman yesterday and my first reaction to her was, wow she is big! And instantly I wanted to punish myself for thinking it but I have had to accept I am like this, I have these horrible thoughts and feeling about others and myself. I began to speak to her and we got into a long conversation about how she has lived a life of being hurt and ridiculed and rejected because of her weight, even to the extent of having to move area to a place where she is accepted more for it, what she was telling me was so sad and I felt the feelings of compensation coming to me because I am one of those people who have been awful to her, even though I didn't say it to her face, I thought it and now today, I am suffering myself.

She went on to tell me she is a singer and Burlesque dancer and teaches it to others and she now lives in Glastonbury where fat women are accepted and seen as Goddess's so she feels safe there, like she can be herself without being attacked but she went on to tell me that she went to a neighbouring town and she received so many awful remarks from men and looks from women judging her and couldn't wait to get back to Glastonbury, back to safety and as she told me her story I could see her childhood in front of me, one of attack and judgment, she is still that hurt child being picked on by her parents and needing a safe place where it all stops but even moving to Glastonbury is denying the pain and not wanting to feel it because as soon as she goes out of the town, there it is, all of her pain coming back to her. Glastonbury is a town of denial for so many because they can't be how they want to be any where else, they are attacked for it.

This woman was telling me how people like me make her feel, they hurt her and she has had to run away to find a safe place and I judge myself the same because I was judged by my parents. Its horrible being like this, I feel disgusting inside to be this way and as I write it is helping me see more how painful it is and I truly want to change and I pray for the help I need to feel my way through it all, to see more of how I am, all of my vileness, I want it out in the open.

I am a horrible person. I am judgemental of myself and others. I have been like it all my life and I want it to change. This nice exterior is not true, my feelings

and thoughts are quite different to how I show myself to be, I am a fake and I am so sorry and I want to change, God I want to change.

I am now feeling so very cold and very ill, my throat is sore with all of the vileness that I can't say but feel and think, it is all stuck in my throat so I am going to go off now and voice it all to Mother and Father, I need to hear how I am, what I sound like speaking how I feel in all of its vileness. I want God to hear it coming from me, I want to be true to my vileness and hear the words of my evilness.

Judging makes me feel superior!

1 November 2018

I was speaking to Mother and Father about my judging of myself and others and They asked me to feel for why I feel I need to do it, what do I get from doing it?

It makes me feel superior; it gives me power feeling that I am better than them. Shit, this is awful, I feel terrible writing these things. I am such an arsehole, so bad and horrible but it has to come up and out of me. To put someone else down makes me feel better about my shit self, like I am not that bad, they are worse, fuck, that is awful but it is how I feel. To judge another, they are worse than me, I am better than them so I feel better about that and good about myself all because I truly feel so powerless so I have to de-power others.

I am cringing at writing this, I can feel so much resistance to wanting to know this about myself but it is all true. I judge others to power myself up because I am really so powerless and I don't want to feel the truth of it. I don't want to be powerless so I bitch and judge about others, putting them down, lower than me when the truth is I am the lowest just trying not to be. I can't tell you how easy it would be to just delete all of this and not put myself out there for all to know but at the same time I want to heal myself of my unloving state, I don't want to be like this any more and it has been brought to my awareness that I am like this so I am grabbing the bull by the horns and getting to know my true vileness.

I have just had a sudden feeling of deep sadness of being how I am as a child, not being good enough and being so sad about it and not feeling there is anything I can do about it, I am stuck with being useless, weak and powerless me. I am no

good, nothing, pathetic and I don't want to be like this, I want to be powerful. I have a feeling in me of being so sad at being such a nothing person. I can see myself as a child wanting to be someone else, anyone but me, I am no good.

Mum and dad are the powerful ones, I must be like them to be powerful, being me is no good, I have to be them to be powerful. Somewhere, I made the decision to be like them and that all they did was right, I was impressed by them and how they were, they had power and control over me and I want that power over someone too, so I will tell them what to do, judge them for how they are and be just like my parents judging every one and everything because they are the all powerful ones, I want to be like that, feeling so powerful and lording it over everyone.

I can see it all, them moaning and whining about everything speaking about how it should not be like that but be like how they want it to be, them putting the world to rights, judging everything in it and being gods putting it all right. They were the gods of my world as I watched them and learnt from them how to gain power by putting everything and everyone down, it all being wrong in their opinion, which was the only opinion to me as a child. I took it all on from them and now I am being them, exactly the same, I am them and it's all I can be, them, no matter how much I hate it I am them and that just felt so fucking awful, I just had a wave of powerlessness go through me, shit, I feel physically awful now as I have no power being me, only when I am them.

I am ice cold and shivering, I feel awful, I really do as I see where this all began. I am judging everyone just as I learnt from mum and dad, it was their way to gain power and stay powerful as they talk about a really fat person they saw today and laughed about it and said how awful it is being that big and letting themselves go like that. I listened to it all and took it all in and now I am being the same as them, it's all I can be. I learnt this from conception as they began their judgment on me. I was being judged in the womb and blamed for everything as mum and dad's fears grew about how they were going to cope with another child and all the other shit that passed through them both, I took it in.

My parents felt good judging, they felt power from it as I do. I am now them as I

observe what I am doing and it is just the same as them as I am taken back to see how it was with them and what I sucked up from them about how to be, they taught me it all and now I believe it is the right way to be, just as they did.

"Please Mother and Father, help me know more truth about how I am. I want to see more about how it was with my parents and how they gained power from judging others. Help me feel more feelings about this as the day goes on, Thank you Mother and Father for all You show me".

LET'S TALK
IT OUT



I feel so bad.

1 November 2018

I am now feeling so bad I am in bed with such bad weakness and a headache, I feel terrible. I feel like I can't do anything so I have just gone to bed; I am so tired and unwell. It feels like I am going down to the levels of the weakness I need to feel because it is this weakness that makes me judge others, I feel this bad inside, this weak, that I have to gain power by judging others to make me feel good. I feel shit, weak and pathetic and shit.

I feel so ill and lifeless, like I am nothing, a horrible, nothing, pointless person full up with evilness and so much vileness as I see more truth of how I am and what I do, it is shocking. I feel so remorseful at how I am and how I have been towards others, I can't get over how awful I am feeling about the way I judge people and to think I never gave it a second thought. I have been doing it again today as I talked to my son about his friend, I judged him and it tripped of my tongue so easily as I caught myself doing it but I can't stop doing it, if anything I am worse since I have been aware.

I am so arrogant in my judgement of people, like I am perfect so I can judge them and be right. I know nothing at all, yet I give my opinions and judgments out like I am God, God doesn't even do that. I am being my parents.

Healing brings out all of the worst in me for me to see. I hate how i am being, it is evil.

I feel like death.

1 November 2018

I have had an hour's sleep and I now feel even worse, I even have pains in my thumb. I went down stairs to get some water and coming back upstairs to my bed has been terrible, I feel so weak. I feel like I am dying in some way as I become aware of more vileness of how I am and feel my way through it, I am sunk into the truth of how I feel, of what is underneath the way I have been being, the denial. All the feelings that underpin my evilness are coming up for me to feel and it is crippling weakness and powerlessness that has kept my judgmental state alive and I am feeling how attacking I have been with my judgments, all to give me power.

Shit, I am feeling like death, just being my weakness and powerlessness, allowing it to be and I can hardly walk as the truth of what I have been hiding comes up. Now the pain has just moved from my thumb to my toes and now to my head. I am letting the weakness that I truly am take me over because it is me and with saying that I felt a huge emotional acceptance of it and am now crying with relief and feelings of sadness that I have pushed this part of myself away for so long, not wanting it, hating it's weakness. Now I want it, it is me, a precious part of me and now I am surrounded by a wonderful feeling of tingling energy, a buffering feeling around me and it is nice and comforting. I feel it is my Angels helping me and letting me know I am on the right track, it feels so good to feel them right up next to me and as I said that, the feeling came again, yes, it is my wonderful helping spirits, they are with me throughout this pain.

I will now stay in this acceptance of the truth of my powerlessness and weakness, it is me.

Accepting how weak I am.

1 November 2018

It's gone, the pain and weakness has gone completely. I feel like a different person within that short moment of acceptance that I am weak and powerless and this is why I judge people so unlovingly, I feel stronger now I know the truth to the mystery of why I do such unloving things and it's because I am weak and powerless and I didn't want to feel that truth, now I do and I have had my Angels and spirit helpers and Mother and Father to help me feel all I need to feel to reveal the truth and know myself truly. All of my pain has gone away and I feel good in such a short amount of time, it has all changed for me.

I am judgmental because I am scared of being weak and powerless and that is who I am because I was judged and weakened as a child so my parents could be the all powerful ones and as I grew I wanted the same power as them so I did what was done to me, I cruelly judge others. I still have the pain of that judgement I have inflicted on others, I can feel it in me still, like the compensation I have to pay for what I have done, its not like, oh well, I feel good now so I don't have to worry about the pain I have caused others, I can feel that still in me and I feel so sorry for what I have done, from my heart i am sorry at

my cruel judgement of others, my thoughts and feelings and cruel words behind the backs of others now feels so cruel and when Mother and Father know I have felt it all out of me, they will transform my soul and I will change.

I have such bad Face pain, I can't cope with the pain, any pain!

2 November 2018

I am having terrible pain in my face again. It comes on instantly at about 7.30 to 8.00ish in the evening, not every night but quite often. Fuck, it is so painful, like every bone in my face is in pain; all of my sinuses are alive with pain and the pain moves around my face, nose and head. At the moment I feel like I can't cope with it, it feels like I am being touched and every touch is pain and the touch keeps moving around my face and head, it's very weird. I want it to go, I hate it, it hurts so much as it moves from place to place, now it is in my cheekbones and the bridge of my nose and it feels like cramping. I feel like I will never get out of this pain, it controls me, it has me and there is nothing I can do about it. I am scared of this pain and how bad it might get, I am so scared of pain, I want it to go.

This pain totally shuts me down, I have to just go to bed and give in to it as it has just moved into my jaws and my teeth. Oh, for fuck sake, fuck off and leave me alone, just fuck off, I am sick of the pain, tell me why you are hurting me. I don't feel like I can cope as the pain seers into my nose and my cheekbones. I can't stand this any more, it's too much as it has now moved into the right side of my head, skull. My whole head and face is alive with the pain.

Please help me Mother and Father, what is causing this pain? I can't bare it any more. Please help me to find the truth of my pain. I can't cope, I can't do anything, I can't function, I am not in control of anything in my life with this pain constantly hurting me. It hurts to blink, to talk, to move my head, even to sniff, I just feel terrible like I have to shut down completely and let it control me, and there is nothing I can do. This is the restriction I felt as a child, the pain of being controlled and having no power to say to them "Fuck off, you are stopping me do everything I want to do, you are controlling me and it hurts".

I had to do as I was told no matter how much I didn't want to and I have to do what the pain wants, let it have its way without a care for me, I have no say, it

will hurt me and I have to let it. Shit it hurts so much as I express it all to Mother and Father. I feel so weak and powerless as it takes me over and I have to feel the pain of its control, this is how painful it feels to be controlled.

I hate this pain so much, I can't carry on writing, it's too much, I can't cope and write, it's too painful. I can't carry on doing what I want to do I have to let it have control of me and stop what I am doing.

More expressing my face pain.

3 November 2018

My facial pain last night was excruciating and I am dreading tonight, in case it comes for me again. I looked it up on the internet and it is called Trigeminal Neuralgia, compression of the facial nerves but it doesn't matter what it is called, all that matters are the feelings I feel, it doesn't need a name, it is all a feeling.

The only thing that gets rid of it is sleep and today I have been praying to Mother and Father to help me feel the truth of my pain and I have been made aware of just how tensed up my facial muscles are, when I relax them it feels like my whole face relaxed and my muscles drop in that relaxation, my muscles must be constantly clenched and that is what this pain feels like, face cramp and electric shocks. It has shocked me just how tensed up my muscles are as I relax them in my face.

I have been faking all of my expressions, holding my face in an untrue expression and it hurts, it is like being made to smile all day and it begins to hurt after a while. My facial expressions just go into an un-natural and untrue programmed expression, one I have been told I have to hold, smiling when I don't feel happy, laughing because I want to be polite and laugh along, looking like I am interested when I was bored stiff all to keep others happy and to be accepted and liked by others. If I held my face in its natural resting position I would look miserable all day and I wasn't allowed to be unhappy or miserable or angry when I felt like it. Some days I have to stretch my face to relax it where it has been so clenched up all day and it takes an actual remembrance to relax my face.

I don't feel I can be how I feel so I have put on this smiley face to please

everyone. If I relax my face and take all of the tension out of it, I can feel all my muscles drop and un-tense, its crazy that I live with this untrue face on and it is hurting me. To smile or laugh when I don't really feel it, it takes effort, it's a mind control action so I will be liked and not hurt others by not responding to them in the way they want me to because this is how I had to be with mum and dad, faking it constantly and I am still doing it.

As I said earlier, I am dreading the pain coming back, I can't cope with it and its intensity. It is the intensity of the pain felt by not being able to be myself but to contort my face into someone acceptable and not show how I really feel, not happy, not feeling like laughing but being how I really do feel. I am not being true, even now I feel like I have to smile at everyone and be happy and laugh when someone else is laughing, I don't even know what the fuck I am laughing at.

I feel so fucking angry that I have to do this and saying that I feel my facial pain is anger at having to be what I am not and I can't stop being like it, I am too scared to not smile at someone, not laugh at someone, I am too scared to keep my straight face when they are being how they are being, I can't be true around others. They are my parents and I have to be happy and show it or I will hurt them, they will be upset that I am not joining in their happy time or responding in like. I just can't be myself and I feel so fucking angry about it and I feel my face is full of pain and anger at having to be something I am not. Having to be so false and untrue with my facial expressions just so I can be accepted!

I am so programmed to do this; I can't break it, I just need to express how it makes me feel until it all changes for me. My muscles burn with the tension of being put into positions that are not how I truly feel inside, just to relax every muscle in my face feels like such a relief and I have been so unaware of how I carry myself just to please others and be accepted and not attacked for not being happy or smiling. People will hate me if I don't find them funny and laugh along with them. If I just keep a straight face they will hate me and think I am miserable, I might be a very miserable person if I let myself be true and not act how I think others want me to act.

I am so angry that I can't look how I want to look, I am stopping myself being true

because I don't want to upset anyone so I have to be how they want me to be and I am fucked of with it. I wasn't aware of just how much I contort myself to be how others want me to be and I am still doing it even to the checkout girl in the shop, I have to be polite and happy and smile, what a fucking fake, it is my untruth being untrue to her untruth.

The car is a great place to scream!

3 November 2018

I just went out to pick up my daughter and I always find the car a great place to really scream like in a horror movie, so I did. I felt angry and agitated about how powerless I feel about not being able to be myself in life so I had a good scream and now my throat is raw but I let out a lot of anger. I am being aware of how my face is feeling when I don't contort it to please others and it feels good, miserable to look at but good to feel. I have been holding my face in such tension and not even been aware of it and now my facial pain is letting me know more about my untrue state and how I use my facial expressions to please others and be false to myself, I am not really feeling how I am looking, I am just doing it to be accepted and miserable isn't accepted. If I just let my jaw drop all of my facial muscles drop with it and it feels so good not being able to tense up.

I am still feeling the dread in me of the pain coming back. I am scared of it never going and having to live with it every day as some people do, even a lot of them becoming suicidal, as I read today. I can see how the constant pain would lead you to feel like that as last night it was terrible for me. I am scared of overwhelming pain, I can't do anything about it. I won't take pain killers because I want to do it all with my feelings, taking anything is out of the question. The pain only comes at night, not every night but in flare ups so I have been dreading the night coming as the pain may start for me.

This has been going on for three years, I think, it might be more but is getting worse and all I can do is keep on expressing how it makes me feel until I get to the cause of it and it makes me feel hopelessly powerless to do anything about it as it was for me as a child, I just had to put up with it and the anger is in me, letting someone or something control me and cause me pain and I am fucked off with it. And as I wrote that I felt like I don't even have the energy to be angry

about it, I have to submit and give in because I can't beat it, it is too strong and I am too weak, it is my parents will over mine and I won't win.

TALK OUT

More expressing my face pain.

3 November 2018

More feelings about my facial pain, I get continual insights through my feelings, once I open up to them more is revealed. My fear is 'Facing' the pain, I am so scared of it, facing up to it and how bad it gets, it scares me that it could get so out of control and I am so out of control. I can't control it and that scares me so much. I have not had any pain tonight, slight feelings in my face that indicate I might be going into pain again but as soon as the feelings come I express them and nothing comes of the twinges. I am scared of pain, I am scared of 'Facing' it and letting it have me, how bad is it going to get for me, I won't be able to cope with it and I will be completely overwhelmed by it.

My whole face has been in tension trying to resist pain, like it is tensed up ready for a fight, in a state of protection and defence against pain, in a constant fight or flight mode and when I relax the muscles in my face I allow myself to be open to the pain, taking down my guard and letting it in. All the time I am tensed up, I am saying no to facing the pain, not allowing it, not accepting it just trying to push it away and reject it so unlovingly, I don't want it but it is a part of me. I am not allowing myself to feel or face the pain because I wasn't allowed to express it as a child so I am doing this to myself now.

Allowing such severe physical pain is so hard, to turn it all around and accept it instead of pushing it away like it is a bad thing and not allowed, as I have been taught as a child, it's so hard to do.

How does having severe pain make me feel?

4 November 2018

Like, it will never end for me. Like, it is a living hell of never ending pain. Like, it will be with me every minute of my life, non-ending suffering. I will be the pain's slave; I am a slave to it and kept in an impoverished state. That all I have to look forward to is nothing but this pain and I don't know how severe it will get.

I see myself writhing in endless pain and wanting to be put down, someone kill me and put me out of my pain. It's like I am not able to enjoy life ever again. Only having pain to look forward to. I can't get out of it, I can't escape, I am trapped in it forever, and this is my life. I am controlled by a will stronger than mine and I have to do what it demands and if it wants to hurt me it can.

My life is not my own. I am being controlled. I am scared of moving in case it starts up. I can't do anything I want. The pain begins when it wants to and I can't do anything. There will be no end to it. It makes me feel weak and powerless. My life is not my own, pain owns me. It can start whenever it likes and I can't stop it, I am not in control. I want to control it and stop it instead of accepting it and feeling it, I want it to stop but it won't.

There is nothing I can do to stop it, it comes and goes when it wants to. A life of pain is not worth living, it's too much for me to cope with, I beg it to leave me in peace. The pain will kill me if it gets worse, I will die. I feel so angry that I have to let it hurt me. I feel so angry that I have to submit to it and cower to it, I feel so pissed off that I have no control over it and I have to let it get as bad as it wants, even kill me if it wants to.

Expressing more Self-hate.

4 November 2018

Going through more feelings of deep self-hate right now. It has come as a shock for me to feel this is how I truly feel about myself as I always thought I looked ok, not too bad, but only when I was fully made up, I liked the way I looked but that wasn't the truth, I was making myself up with makeup because I didn't like myself and never would have gone anywhere without makeup.

Now I don't wear any, I don't want to and I am now seeing how much I have hated myself and how I look. I look at myself and want to cry and I do cry. I feel so ugly now and as I felt that I had a twinge of facial pain. I feel a kind of grief for the person I used to be as all the falseness leaves me. I want to be the truth of who I am without covering it up with makeup but at the same time I am sad that I am not naturally beautiful, I still believe I won't be accepted as I am. Ouch, I just got another bad face pain as I felt how unacceptable I am when I don't wear makeup.

I feel so denied, invisible, like I am nothing to anyone, nothing special and when I wore makeup I could make myself look good so I was noticed and got all the attention I needed being my false self attracting people to the false me so they never got to know the real me. I hate myself like this, I am ugly, and nothing about me is attractive. I hate myself so much today and I am feeling it so deeply that it really hurts me. I don't want to go out, I don't want to be seen, I am ashamed of myself, I just want to hide away and die.

I can't accept myself looking so ugly, I hate the way I look naturally, I can't love it. Who could? I don't want to be seen. I don't want to exist outside of my own house, I don't want anyone to see me, I don't want to go out. I want to shut myself away, not to even look at myself in a mirror and I have started to turn the mirrors away as I can't bare it and I never knew I felt this bad all the time I was making myself up to look good, I was denying how I really felt inside, deep down and it was so hidden from me. I wouldn't let myself feel it but now it is right up in my face, literally, so literally I am having the worst facial pain as I can't stand to look at myself. It's a shock, the truth is shocking how bad I feel.

A memory has just come to me, a reminder of how much I hated myself as a child, before I was allowed to wear makeup. I hated my nose, my freckles, my red hair, my bum. Oh my God, I had forgotten that, I did hate myself as a child but then I discovered makeup and it took away that hate, or should I say, covered it over, then I liked how I made myself look. It wasn't me; it was a painted mask I could wear to be accepted and liked to hide the truth that was rejected.

I was nothing as I was naturally and now I have gone back to that nothing person and I hate her as I did then and I can feel that hate as it was back then, always wishing I could be someone else, not me but someone beautiful. I am not beautiful at all, I feel fucking awful and mundane and ugly and I want to disappear. I was made to feel like I am nothing as I am, if I didn't wear makeup mum would say I am letting myself go and she would always criticise her sister for never wearing makeup and how ugly and dull she looked and she did nothing with herself, I heard it all from her and took it all in and now this is how I feel.

When people I used to know see me now, they looked shocked, I can see it in them and I feel embarrassed and ashamed and want to hide, I don't want to be seen, it hurts too much to feel their rejection and disdain and judgement of me, it is just like mum and it hurts not to be accepted and loved in all of my naturalness. I have no confidence being myself without my mask on, I crumble because I feel so rejected, I want to shrivel up and die. I hate my naturalness, it's gross and ugly and unacceptable.

I can't accept myself like this, there is no specialness about me, no pride in how I look, it's so mundane and nothing.

Always worrying about something.

5 November 2018

This morning I had a bath and noticed an angry looking mole on the side of my ankle, it was hard to get to and hard to see but it didn't look good. I didn't feel bad about it, not like the frenzy I would have been in before. I looked at it, I felt it and it was raised and blackish looking and to my amazement I didn't feel panicky, like, oh my god, I have cancer, I have a cancerous mole, I would have felt like that before and have had those scares and run straight around to the doctor to get it checked out.

Being a redhead I am prone to them and am quite freckly. My first thoughts would have been to go and get it cut out and it will be dealt with and gone and never to be worried about again but that seems like such an awful thing to do now, to have a part of me disregarded in such a brutal and unloving way and in saying that I just had a memory of mum having one cut out of her neck, saying

she felt dirty and unclean with it being there and she had to get rid of it, get it cut out so she did and now all she has is a scar where it once was. She got rid of the problem by cutting it out of her like she would do with us when we were a problem, cut us off, tell us to go and do something, go and play, go out, do our homework, anything but hang around her like an annoying cancer. Not wanted until she wanted me, it was all on her terms, I was at both of their disposal whether they wanted me or cut me out. I felt constantly cut out by dad, rejected all the time and I knew that but mum was the more caring one that I went to and that is why when she wanted to cut me out, it hurt so deeply, not knowing where I stood, loved, then so unloved and then loved again (using the word Love very loosely).

I could never do this to myself now, cut a part of me out and reject it so unlovingly. I don't want to do that to myself, it makes me feel sad for myself and so hurt at the rejection of a 'Bad' part of me. It's not bad, it's a good part of me, it's giving me feelings to help me heal and I don't want to just get rid of them by cutting it out of me. I want to keep it and love it and feel all its pain it helps me to feel, it is me and today I don't feel like I want to hate it, or kill it or get rid of it, I want this mole to help me heal by feeling all the bad/good feelings it makes me feel.

Mum wanted to get rid of all the bad stuff as quickly as possible, straight down the doctors like I was before my healing, in a panic and just wanting it gone because it scared me and made me feel bad. I don't want that for myself, at least not today, I feel a great deal of compassion for myself today and don't want to reject any part of me. It could all change at any moment but right now, this is how I feel.

I have just had another look at it and I don't think it is a mole now but a scab where I have caught myself but the great thing is it has given me feelings and memories to feel and I did feel different to how I would have once felt and that is so good to me, it shows how I have changed a tiny bit and the compassion I felt for myself was a nice feeling to feel. It's a part of me and I want to take care of it no matter what it is.

Living with pain every day of my life.

5 November 2018

Through my pain I am seeing more how I lived with it every day of my life, but in my denial of it I was not aware. I was a child living with it because I had to, I had no other way of living, I couldn't answer back or say; Fuck you, and gain power that way, I was too scared to do that so I sucked it all in and lived with the pain inside me. As I read through some of my posts on here I am seeing how it was all of my childhood pain and repression, everything I denied feeling. I knew that anyway but I have just felt it at a deeper level and through writing it all on here now, I can see it clearer, the extent of my denied pain and I never really was aware of just how much I denied. I was living this pain every day of my young life, this is it, I am feeling it now and it is fucking amazing the extent of it all. All this pain I am expressing now is what I denied and suppressed as a child. I fucking love that it is all coming up now and I am seeing the truth of how bad I felt as a child having to deny my pain.

A brief encounter with OK!

5 November 2018

I am having a good day with my feelings today, I just cut the grass and the lawn had some cat shit from the neighbourhood cats, it didn't make me angry at having to pick it up like it usually does, I just did it without the usual feelings and also Trevor snapped at me and it just floated off of me like it was nothing, it didn't hurt me or make me angry or bring up any pain like it used to. I don't feel the same today. Nothing is making me feel too bad and those bad feelings I would have felt are like memories but I am not feeling them. Trevor and myself were having a discussion about some of his healing clients that come to him for guidance and he asked me what I thought and I could tell he wasn't even taking any of it in, he was denying me completely, not taking me seriously and it didn't have the same deep pain attached to it. I just saw that he didn't really want to know what I thought at all so I stopped and removed myself from the conversation and went out to do the grass, I don't want to waste my breath on someone that isn't really interested, it is unloving to myself so I ended it instantly.

I feel very different today, good I would say.

Little flurries of feeling love, blink and I would have missed it!

6 November 2018

I have woken up feeling good still. It's the 6th of November 2018 and I feel good. I haven't woken up feeling ill or any physical pain. I feel ok, and it is a bit weird to say that and I know it could all change at any time but right now I feel ok/good. At intervals yesterday I was feeling surges of good feelings enter me which brought tears to my eyes, they only lasted a matter of seconds but I feel this is how Mother and Father know I can cope with them.

Those fleeting moments were beautiful and so pure and subtle. I wanted more but I couldn't make it happen, not even through my longing for My Mother and Father's Divine Love. These feelings came to me in waves of subtle feeling that were out of my control and made me feel that maybe I don't have to long for Mother and Father's Divine Love any more; They know when I am in a condition to receive Them in the way that is best for me.

I never got the love I longed for by asking for it from mum and dad, it never worked for me and they didn't see my longing and it has been like that with Mother and Father, I have not really received their Love by Longing for it as I never got anything I wanted in that way. I have had to wait and it comes to me when I am not prepared for it, expecting it, wanting it and so frustratingly not getting it. I have had to feel the anger of that and it has fucked me off so much, telling God they are just the same as my parents, a couple of Fuckers who are full of shit about loving me, I don't feel it from either of You. I have given up almost and it had to be that way for me because I gave up as a child, it was all futile and exhausting as it has been with Mother and Father.

These subtle flurries of Love have come in-between the longing when I never expected them to come and I want more and more and more but I have seen that even receiving Mother and Father's Love is not how I thought it would be, it is all still in keeping with how my relationship was for me with my parents as a child, it has to be that way and Mother and Father are showing my that truth of how it was.

I didn't get what I wanted when I wanted it, I had to wait and maybe I would get it and sometimes I did but it was all on my parents terms, they had the say in it

all and this is how Mother and Father's Love comes to me, in exactly the same way, when They are ready and on Their terms, it has to be that way for me because it is the truth of how it was with mum and dad. God is replicating it all the way for me, they are mirroring the truth to help me see it and healing me to feel the anger and frustration I felt in the anxiety of waiting, I was in a constant state of anxiety of waiting for what I wanted and needed and my whole life has followed this pattern, will I or won't I get it and in the back of my mind having to resign myself to the fact I probably won't. It has been the same down to the last detail, with longing for Mother and Father's Love.

It's all so amazingly clever and so loving to do it like this, for me. I can see so clearly the way it was for me through my relationship with Mother and Father, it has been hard, frustrating, and it has angered me and caused me so much anxiety and depression. Giving up with Them the way I gave up with mum and dad, it was a futile relationship. I have screamed at Mother and Father in the way that I could never have done with my parents, I let Them have it all, projected it all onto Them. Now I am seeing more what They are doing and how it has to be for me.

I still feel I want the big one, the huge inflow of their Divine Love like I had once many years ago, I want that again but it wasn't how it happened for me with mum and dad, it was not a love that was felt in my heart it was a love in the minds of my parents to my mind and not heart to heart and it has been so hard to feel love in my heart but those so subtle flurries I have been feeling went to my heart and produced tears, that is how I know it was love, because it moved me, I felt it, it was a feeling not a thought.

Right now, I feel quite good, but feeling into it more, there is still a discontentment, a BUT. What is next, where does all of this go, I want more, it is not enough. I am impatient for the bigger thing so I will spend time feeling into that today.



The Feeling Healing continues

Samantha McCabe

FURTHER READING:

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

PASCAS CARE PARENTING

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

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

Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

The Rejected Ones – the Feminine Aspect of God

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



Mind Centric Way

Feelings First Freedom

Feelings First

IT'S A WAY
OF LIVING.



Samantha

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha McCabe

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