

Parenting
&
Feeling Healing



Book 6

Samantha McCabe

SAM'S BOOK

Parenting and Feeling Healing

Book VI

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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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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

Feeling my face pain again.

9 March 2019

I feel scared of what tonight brings, my face pain always comes in the evening and lasts until I go to sleep. I dread the evening coming as I can feel pain in my face but it is not as bad as it was, will it get bad again??

I feel really scared of the pain coming back, why does it happen at night?? There is so much more for me to feel about it all as Mother said. I can feel there is more but I can't seem to get to the feelings. 'Please Mother and Father keep helping me to know the truth of my face pain, what more is there to know, please help me, I beg you.'

I feel a dread in me of the dark coming and the pain rising up and burning under my skin in my facial bones, I can feel twinges around my eyebrows of pain. I was always really scared of the dark as a child but I don't feel that is this pain. I am having so much trouble with this pain and feeling the truth of its cause. I will have to feel it as it comes and see where my feelings take me.

Constant pain coming up for me to feel.

9 March 2019

The constant pain makes me feel like I am going to die, I can't cope with it. Is this how bad I really felt as a child? The fear of the dark is scaring me so much that I thought I was going to be killed by some awful monster and I can remember being this scared and feeling that I was going to be taken or killed by a monster. I have just had a vision of me staying in a Hotel on Durban beach in South Africa when we first arrived there, I was 4 and I can remember being in a big bed with huge ceiling to floor curtains at the windows and when the lights went out I was so scared to face the curtains because I was sure there was someone behind them. Darkness meant a time for horrible monsters to get me, be under my bed, in the wardrobes or behind the curtains and I am still scared of the dark now, it creeps me out, I am not safe at nighttime, something is going to get me.

I have no idea if this is the cause of my face pain at night, I don't feel it is but the feelings are coming up so I want to express them. I dread being in pain again,

when pain strikes at night there is nothing you can do about it. I can't be saved, I have to wait till the morning and suffer all night, night time is an unsafe time where if something goes wrong nothing can be done about it, everything stops and ends at night and these are feelings from my childhood. I can feel them coming up because it isn't like that so much now a days but when I was a child if I had any pain at night there was no one to help me. I couldn't cry out because dad would get cross and tell me to shut up. I can remember coughing so bad at night that it angered him and I would dread the night time coming if I had a cold, I would keep the whole house awake with my coughing and everyone would comment on it in the morning, I felt the annoyance that I was to everyone.

I feel very frustrated that I don't feel I am getting anywhere with finding the cause of my aggressive face pain, nothing feels right, they are feelings I have had and need to express because they have come up but they are not it. I don't have a clue what causes this and it is frustrating not being able to feel the truth of my pain, the burning, hot fiery pain in my facial muscles and bones.

I have just had another vision, me screaming at my dad to go away and fuck off, all of the anger I feel towards him is the same as the anger I feel towards this facial pain, I want it to just go away and fuck off, leave me alone and stop interfering with me making me feel so much pain, fuck off, FUCK OFF I tell you!!

This facial pain is all of my pent up anger, it is all of the anger I wasn't allowed to express always having to be cheerful and happy and not show disagreement or anger. This facial pain feels like the pain you get when you have been laughing so much, or smiling all the time, cramp like and then when you relax your face all the muscles feel raw where they have been forced into prolonged smiling.

Fuck, yes that is just how it feels because I was forced to be happy, agreeable, and only express this even when I felt shit, I had to deny my shit feelings and put on a smile for every one, a fake smile, I was completely fake and this is what this pain feels like, a fake smile that fucking hurts because I have been doing it all my life and now it is stopping and it fucking hurts to let my facial muscles relax and be my true, miserable, fucked off self. I need to go and speak it all out of me.

Wanting to fill the void.

10 March 2019

I feel so empty inside, I want food to fill the void space where my parents love should be, I crave it. I want something so sweet to kill the pain in me, the emptiness, it hurts and I crave sweet food to fulfil me. I feel so angry that I have to go through this, I feel so unloved and pathetic that I have to get my feelings fulfilled through eating, fuck them for doing this to me. My source of love is food, it hits the spot in me, the need, craving and emptiness is quietened by food, it shuts me up for a little while.

Shit, I am craving sweet food all the time and it let's me see that I am craving love all the time but sweet food is the best I will get, it is mum's substitute for the love she didn't have in her to give to me. I must be so void of my parents' love to be this bad and I am bad. The more I go into deeper levels of my healing the worse I am getting. I crave something, food mostly, all the time now, I can't control myself and I can't diet like I once would have done to stay skinny and loved. It's all fucking falling apart and crumbling, I feel like a weak person and realise I have denied all of these feelings all my life by dieting to keep myself from feeling rejected and unloved, the truth of how I really feel.

I must be so empty of any love from my parents to be this bad; I have to go to my addictions to get my loving feelings. Shit, I have been denied all love, they didn't have it to give to me, they always thought they were loving parents but it was just a belief, an idea in their minds of how a parent naturally loves their child, it was all made up and fantasies and I believed it all. It's a false default belief passed on down the line from parent to child that it is loved and they don't have to do anything but go along with the lie and the child believes it all yet inside they know something doesn't feel right. Their love isn't felt, I never felt their love for me, it was all in their and my minds.

I didn't feel their love for me but believed they did love me but that wasn't good enough, I needed to feel it in my heart, my soul needed to be filled with it but that was never going to happen, they didn't have it in them to give to me. I didn't feel their love for me so it can't be true, it's all pretend, it doesn't exist and that is the truth of how I feel about God's love for me to, it doesn't exist for me because my parents' love didn't and that is why I don't feel it enter me when I

long for it. It has to be the truth of how it was for me with my parents, which is how I feel about God too. God is helping me to know the truth of how it was for me as a child so they can't go filling me with their love because it would be a lie, it would not be helping me at all, but keep me in denial of the truth of how it was with my parents.

No love exists for me, I don't feel it I can't give it or receive it because that is the truth of how it was for me as a child. God's love and my parents' love doesn't exist for me and that is ok for me to say that, GOD'S LOVE DOESNT EXIST FOR ME. It's the truth and tonight I feel like I am finally happy to accept it, before it felt bad, like I was denouncing God but I want the truth and I feel so good about bringing that truth out of me, that God's love doesn't exist for me just as my parents' love didn't. Their love was all a belief, a presumption, not real, a lie, a fantasy, wishful thinking, something I wanted to be real but wasn't but I don't feel it, so it isn't true for me and only when I feel God's love enter me will I know Their love for me is real.

I feel so good, like I can finally have an honest relationship with God by admitting and accepting that to me, they don't love me because I can't feel it as I don't feel my parents' love for me, it's the same and it has to be because it's the truth for me and I can feel Mother and Father smiling at me and now I feel something from them making me cry, it is so subtle but so open and wonderful as I wipe the tears away.

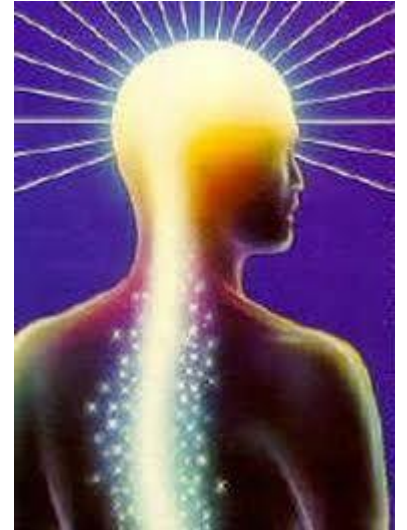
Feeling like God doesn't love me.

11 March 2019

My admitting and accepting that God doesn't love me and God's love doesn't exist to me has changed everything for me. As soon as I stopped writing my last post on the forum last night my heart opened up to receiving God's Divine Love and it didn't stop all night, even today I can open my heart and I can feel Their Love flow into me like liquid. I can feel it everywhere even in my toes and it has been a long hard journey to get to this openness in my relationship with Mother and Father; I thought it would never happen to me.

It was a feeling so soft and subtle but so real and without a doubt I knew it was

Their Love as I felt at one with Them as it flowed into me and didn't want it to stop and when it did slow down I opened up again and asked Them for more. Everything changed in me as soon as Their Love began to flow, my breathing changed, it got so deep and slow like my body knew what to do without my being in the way, my mind was none existent in the whole process, it was such a pure longing that opened my heart and I felt I was so expansive as I opened up more to it.



To tell Mother and Father the truth of how I felt about Them and Their Divine Love and that for me it didn't exist, just put it all out their with them, nothing hidden and in that moment everything changed in me, the truth did set me free and opened a door in me to let Their Love in. It's amazing and I can't believe it has finally happened to me, after all of the pain and all of the hating Mother and Father it just took the truth from the deepest part of me, to tell Them their love doesn't exist to me because my parents' love didn't. I just didn't feel it in my heart so the same had to be with God's Divine Love, it couldn't exist to me so that I could express all of the anger out of me because if I had Their Love I wouldn't have expressed all of my hurt at not getting it from my physical parents and my Soul Parents. I feel changed by it, I feel I have them in me.

ASK! **ASK!**
Ask! **ASK!**
ASK! **ASK!**



Ask for, long for and receive our Parents' Divine Love.

The energy substance of Divine Love assist in releasing errors.

The Love will grow one's soul in radiance.

LONGING for DIVINE LOVE:

One's soul is always perfect. It is a creation of our perfect Heavenly Parents.

They have given us free will. The freedom to use our mind to embrace or deny Them; to live true to ourselves, or untrue and against ourselves. True to Them; or against Them.

As we progress through our early childhood years we absorb the attitudes, beliefs and habits of those within our environment. Some of these are in error. Such emotional errors and injuries melded with errors in belief encrust one's soul with unhealthy and unloving energies. These 'encrustments' retard the flow of loving energies into our soul.

As we become aware of our Mother and Father's greatest gift in all of the universes, we can ask for and receive this gift, being Their Divine Love. Some people see it as a light golden blue energy substance – light. Through one's Feeling Healing it progressively helps us see the truth of how untrue and erroneous we are. This Love will slowly enable us to break free of such wrong beliefs, trauma, pain and suffering.

With the Divine Love of our Parents, the beauty with which we were created can come to the surface and we can then proceed to progress beyond the ceiling of our natural love formed soul. Once our Feeling Healing with the vibrant energy of Divine Love (our Soul Healing) is completed, the Love enables us to live a life here on Earth as though we were in the Celestial Heavens.

The Divine Love of our Heavenly Parents is the greatest gift for all of humanity. Without exception or condition we can long to our Mother and Father for Their Love anywhere and anytime. Longing with all our heart to be loved by Them – to receive Their Love into our soul.



CLEANSING the SOUL:

Years and years of personal endeavours to step away or above harmful habits and personality traits that are harmful to others and one's self have been mainly futile. We all want to grow in our love for ourself and of others.

Our beautiful loving personality that we are blessed with at conception / incarnation becomes encrusted with errors and personality issues of those around us, particularly during our early childhood. The personality of those living around us, during our early years, becomes encrusted over our pristine soul thus clouding our radiance into dullness. We become mind controlled!

Our Heavenly Parents want what is actually best for each of us and there is a source of light that's willing to give it to each of us, but only at our soul and spirit's quest for union with the divine. Not our ego's need for things.

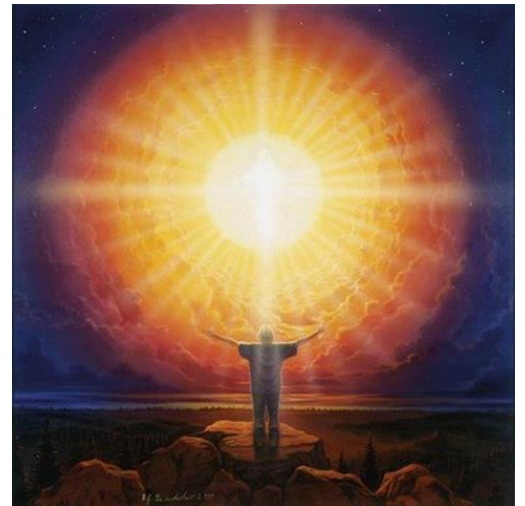
It is only with our Feeling Healing and the infusion of the Love, that the Mother and Father conveys via the Holy Spirit, do we start to dissolve negative issues, habits and personality errors from our soul and personality. Our personality is part of our soul structure.

All we need do is ASK for this Love. An earnest longing and desire for the Mother and Father's Love will never be withheld, it will shower over our spirit body, the template of our physical body, and be absorbed into our soul. As the Love permeates through our soul, errors of personality will slowly but surely dissolve.

Over time, as we progress along our path of asking for and receiving this love, the natural love which we were blessed with prior to conception will be progressively transformed into Love that is Divine. This Divine Love will slowly emerge as radiance through our being.

With Feeling Healing and this Love we find harmful habits and personality traits become a distant memory. With this Love, we find ourselves unable to harm others or ourselves. With this Love we find our quality of life blossom and joy starts to emerge in all aspects of our living.

With this Love we become immortal. With this Love we become fitted for the Heavens that the Mother and Father have prepared for us all. Just ask and faith, love, and happiness will follow. Yes, just ask!



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

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

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

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

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



Oliver Twist asked:

Please, sir, I want some more!

Maybe we should simply ask:

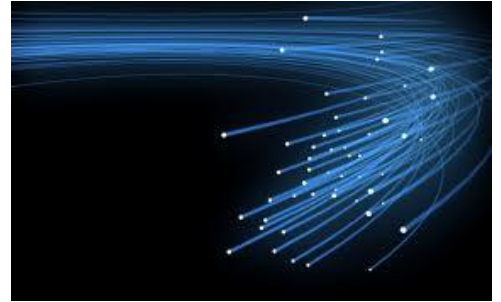
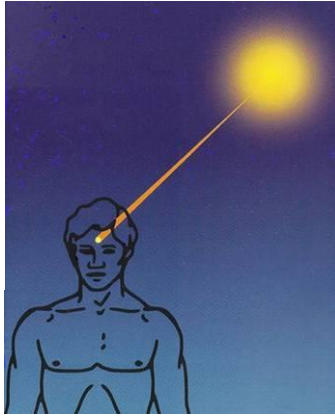
Please, Mother and Father, I want some more!

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

CONNECTION with GOD:

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

**Progressive escalation of
Divine Love flowing.**



Still more to heal.

11 March 2019

Although I have had this long awaited wonderful experience, I know that I still have bad feelings in me to heal so I may feel good for a short time but I know that I still have more to heal, so until the next bad feeling or physical pain!!

Back to feeling bad.

12 March 2019

That didn't last long, I am back to feeling bad but I can still feel a strong connection to my Mother and Father. Last night I began to feel ill, flu like and a bit sick so I didn't eat anything, no appetite. I still feel like it today. I am all stirred up inside like a lot is about to come up for me to heal, like I want to spew it all out of me. I don't feel good.

Feeling some Compassion for my pain.

12 March 2019

My feeling bad has changed, I felt rough all day but I felt ok about it where as before I would have been dreading it, how bad was it all going to get. My bad stomach was very bad but as I sat on the loo I prayed to Mother and Father and felt them and I began to just allow the pain to come and express itself and I didn't feel scared as it came.

This is very hard to explain but I had no resistance in me to whatever my body wanted to do, I had full compassion for it, I wanted to love the pain, have sympathy for it whereas usually I would be clenching, doubling up in pain and expressing how bad it felt but I just allowed it, accepted it, shit, I can't explain it but that's ok too, I can't explain myself and I accept that, its ok, its how it was for me as a child, how sad, what a poor child that I wasn't allowed to express myself and I still can't.

I am fucked up, but Mother and Father love me that way and I feel that love from them wanting me to be as fucked up as I am, that's the truth of me and I will be it, all of it. I want to allow it all because I am loved, I am not going to try to stop it or not be it, it is me and I am loved for it and I never believed that could ever be until I felt my Mother and Father's love for me in all of my fucked up mess.

Mother and Father love me as I am.

12 March 2019

This is all very new for me to feel these things, to feel so accepting of my fucked up mess that I am. I really feel that I just want to be it, not to hide it at all because Mother and Father showed me how they Love me like this, so I don't have to change and be something I am not, something my physical parents want me to be. No way, that is not me, I am a mess, I am wrong, I am bad and that is me and I want to be the truth of who I am, I am loved being like this so it is ok to be it and until I felt Mother and Father's love for me, I thought I had to be someone else. I could never be loved the way I am in all of my wrongness but it feels so good to be able to be loved for being this way. I don't want to be any other way and until I received Their Love, I can now see that, I was still fighting it more than I was aware of.

I don't feel the fight in me now, something feels so different in me, I am loved unconditionally by God, I felt it, They love me when I admit the truth of how bad I am, I tell them the truth and They love me for it, I tell them how bad I am and They love me for it, who would have thought that would ever be possible. I won't get in trouble for being bad, in fact quite the reverse, I am loved for it when I bring it all up and out of me, to them, they want to hear it all from me, all of my bad shit, all of my shame, all of my hatred of them, all of how I don't believe they existed, they want it all and I felt Them love me for it. I am so amazed by how I feel, so free.

Feeling good.

13 March 2019

It's the first time I am feeling good about all that I once would have seen as being bad. I am doing the stuff I usually do but not feeling bad about it. I have never eaten chocolate and not felt bad about it; I don't feel like that now. I am seeing even deeper into how everything I do has been with a bad feeling but I don't feel like that now. Everything I deemed bad is now good and ok. I have ended the self punishment and guilt I have felt all my life. I can eat chocolate in front of people and not feel like I am the worst person in the world, I don't care. Mother and Father love me doing what I want to do and I don't feel bad about my bad stuff, or what I would have called bad.

I can feel Them inside me; I have Them with me always.

Feeling so good.

13 March 2019

I am feeling so good I want to burst. I don't feel worried about the usual stuff I was worrying about and expressing constantly over and over again. It has all gone from me as far as I can feel, it could change but I am open to that. I will go wherever my feelings take me but right now, I feel so good and free inside. Everywhere I go I feel I am walking with my Mother and Father, incredible. I can do what I like and They don't mind, They love me, I don't feel judged as I did before, I can do what I feel I want to do and its ok, like a child does without even a thought of what if or any of that other chatter I used to have going on constantly.

I had to go into the tyre fitters today, and last week I asked Trevor to do it for me, I didn't feel I wanted to do it because they are always full of men and I felt so uncomfortable but today when I was out, I just felt like I wanted to go and get some quotes for new tyres, so I did without feeling weirded out by all the men being there. It was so good and easy and free and I enjoyed them and their conversation with trying to help me. One shop I went into, the guy couldn't even look at me, he felt how I had once felt, all nervous and weirded out and I felt like giving him a hug and telling him it is ok, I know how you are feeling and its horrible to feel so uncomfortable having to deal with your mother every day in all the women you come into contact with. I understood him and felt such a softness for him. It was a great trip and such a leap forward for me feeling so good around and dealing with men, I don't feel bad about them today, I feel like it has gone from me but time will tell if that changes.

Shit, I feel so great, so, so great and I can feel Mother and Father smiling at me, I feel the warmth of Their smile inside me, it is with me always so I will enjoy feeling so good until and if it changes.

Such bad face pain.

18 March 2019

Oh my god, so much fucking pain in my face again. It has been with me all night like cramp in my face, every muscle and nerve is causing me so much pain it is unbearable. I don't know what to do with myself and I have been expressing it to Mother and Father all night but it is still there like little knives stabbing me in my face.

I am so fucked of with it and having no one to express it to, no one to listen to me, no one to care about me or how I feel. Shit, the pain is now shooting up through my head to my forehead and now down my neck and now to my jaw. It hurts so much and it burns. I feel like I don't understand it, I don't know what's going on, I never know what's happening to me or why, I am always kept in the dark. It was the same when I was a child, always being lied to by my parents, covering up the truth so I can't get to this truth. I was always scared of what was happening and what was going to happen to me and I feel the same now, how bad is this pain going to get, will I have it forever, will it never go and leave me in peace

I feel so fucking angry that I have to have this pain and not know why, the truth won't come and it is just like it was with mum and dad, the truth always being hidden causing me so much pain. "Just fucking tell me would you" I want to scream at someone but there is no one. It all feels so hopeless to scream when no one is bothered about me. I feel so uncared about. No one wants to hear my pain; it is all inside of me and can't get out because no one wants to know.

I feel like I want to rip my face off, smash it in with a baseball bat, smash my face into a wall, I am so angry at this pain, it is fucking relentless and getting worse every time I get it. I don't feel like I can move my facial bones and muscles, my jaw feels like it is so stiff it won't move and I am fucking scared at what will happen next. Why me, why is this happening to me, I fucking hate the pain, I am scared of the pain and what it will do to me. I can't do anything when I am in this pain, I can't go to sleep and its 2:50 in the morning, what the fuck.

Oh please go away and leave me alone, leave me in peace please. I have had enough of you interfering with me, causing me pain all the time. I can't do anything to get rid of it, even my expressing it doesn't help, the pain is so severe.

Taking medication would get rid of it but that isn't an option for me, I just want to express all of the pain out of me through my feelings and with God's help to find the truth and bit-by-bit, I will do it. I am so exhausted with the pain tonight, its like toothache in my whole face.

I tried to tell Trevor all about it tonight but he keeps going on about the Smart Meter I have for the electric and gas and he has read that it gives out harmful emissions of radiation and people have reported pains similar to mine but it just infuriates me when he is so impersonal about it all, he won't listen to me and my pain when I feel so desperate to express it but I know he doesn't want to hear, just like my parents, he wants me to take a pill and get rid of it and it all feels so hopeless, no one is on my side and this is just how it was for me as a child. I always had to keep it all to myself because there was no point telling anyone, no one was interested in ME. I feel so gutted, so hopeless that there is any way out for me. I am feeling so hopeless like I want to die because there is no one for me; I am so alone with all of my pain. This is just how I felt as a child, I can't bother anyone with my problems, I mustn't bother anyone because they don't want to know, it will interrupt there day and make them feel bad, so I didn't and that is how I feel now.

I am on my own with it all, no soulmate to be with me, no friend to listen to me, no one!! I am alone with my pain with no outlet; no one to share it with and get it out of me and to feel that someone cares and wants to hear me. I feel so shut away with pain being all I have.

I was feeling so good for a few days after my inflow of Divine Love from Mother and Father, like no pain could ever touch me but now I am back to it. Having this terrible face pain and not feeling like I can face the pain, it is to powerful, to crushing, to cruel, to overwhelming, to controlling, to consuming, to crippling and I can't do anything about it, I feel so deeply powerless and crippled by it. I just can't get to the cause of it, I have had it for years and still I can't find the truth of it and I am scared it will never go away, never leave me, I am scared I will always be in pain with no one to protect me from it, no one to save me from it, I am open to all it wants to do to me, I feel so vulnerable, so attacked, so picked on, so weakened by it, just how I have always felt. Pathetic and angry.

Fuck, I hate myself right now, I hate myself for being in so much pain and not being able to do a thing about it. So fucking weak and powerless and pathetic, I hate myself, I feel like hitting myself, punching my self in the face until my face no longer exists, I want to take a bat to myself and bash myself with it until my face is just a pummelled mess with non existent features. I am a disgusting pathetic mess and I hate myself and all of the pathetic weakness that is me.

I am so angry at how useless I am and how powerless I am feeling at not being able to fix this pain, I just have to live with it and I can't do anything about it, ain't that the truth of my childhood, just put up with the pain, don't say anything about it or I will get in trouble for complaining and my parents will give me a pill and send me to bed, not wanting to know anything about me or how I feel just to get rid of it all as quickly as possible and is that what I want to do?

Do I really want to do that to myself what they did to me and go and medicate my pain and send myself to bed and the answer is yes. I want the pain to go and I don't want to know anything about it really, I am just kidding myself that I want to know all about it. I want to go and take the fucking pill and get rid of the pain as quickly as my parents did with me, I am them all over who am I kidding for fuck sake. I want to get rid of a part of myself just as they did. I am fucking deluded that I want to feel my pain but if I take the pill option I will feel defeated and even more powerless and useless and fucking hopeless, I will feel like I can't do it and that will make me feel powerless and weak which is how I feel anyway.

I don't want to give in, I want to heal this through my feelings but I also want to get rid of the pain, get rid of me like my parents did. Oh fuck, it's all so confusing and unloving and horrible. I want to get rid of my pain and get rid of myself like my parents did; I want to do it to myself, just what they did. I don't want to feel my pain just as they didn't want to feel my pain. I want to get rid of ME, I don't want to exist, I want to dispose of myself, smash myself to bits and deny myself just like my parents did, its all too devastating for me, too sad, I have to cry.

Scared the pain will come back.

18 March 2019

That was an awful night of pain; I was up all night with it. It eased off today but I am scared it will come back; every night I am scared as it only happens at night and starts about 8:00pm. I have been over so many feelings about it over the years and it is getting worse and I am so scared of it; so scared of the pain as it is verging on unbearable. I just can't get to it, the cause of this awful pain, I pray and long to Mother and Father for their help but I am still getting so much pain.

Today, I asked Mother and Father to help me find the truth of this and the memory came to me of when mum or dad would call me a "Face Ache", they would say it in jest and I never felt it to feel unloving at the time but something is coming up in me that it isn't very nice even if it was said in jest. It must have touched a nerve in me to be a horrible thing to say to your child because today I have felt uneasy about it; me being a face ache to them both, a pain. The more I am feeling about it, the more it feels bad and wrong, all of which I must have denied feeling as a child but it is in me and coming through as a "Face ache" the real pain of how hurt I felt to be called that by them. It would make sense but I am not feeling it as bad in me, it's not hitting the truth button in me where I know it is the cause. I could be still denying the real pain of it and it might take time and a lot of feeling through.



FACE ACHE

I am just so scared about living my life with this pain getting worse. Last night, I couldn't even talk, it hurt so much and I feel so alone with it, so isolated and unloved, left all alone to get on with it. But at the moment nothing is feeling right and I just can't get to the cause which has frustrated me and angered me a lot today, so that has had to come out, screaming and hating Mother and Father and asking why me!! A lot of anger to come about being so unloved that I have to feel this much pain and feel it all alone with no one to hear me or be bothered about me and want to listen.

James responding to me.

19 March 2019

It is so sad that you don't have anyone who listens to you and takes all your feelings seriously, I can certainly relate to that. And even though Marion and I live together expressing our bad feelings to each other, still as we feel so unloved because no one listened to us, we relate to each other in our disconnected ways, so not actually giving each other what we need. So we just go through the motions of it saying it all to each other because we are physically together in the same room, with feeling so unloved and disconnected being 'together' helping us feel even worse and truer to how it was in our families.

Being called Face Ache like that is disgusting and so disrespectful and hurts so much even if in jest and supposedly with 'loving' intent, as so many families use such 'affectionate names'; when really I think now it's the truth they are avoiding and not wanting to say how they really feel, like you have written Sam, and so it still comes out only couched in this seemingly 'fun' way. The truth is all there, which our Healing shows us, there are little signs and some very big loud and clear ones, all of which as you've also said we can refuse to see and remain blind to for ages until we're ready for the truth.



All you said about feeling the Divine Love was wonderful, feeling it flowing into you; however it also shows you that it does something??? yet it doesn't just take all the pain away, it doesn't let us off the hook, we still have to feel all our bad feelings and bring the truth to light about why we have them, with or without the Divine Love. However, as you've also experienced, the Divine Love does affect you on deeper soul levels in your relationship with Them, as you now know for sure They are real and love you, even when putting you through all this shit. Which is not really 'shit' but incredible experience, which without Them, we'd never have.

More drawn to speaking to Mother.

23 March 2019

Speaking to Mother last night, I am more drawn to speaking with Mother now as I am feeling that is how it was for me as a child, so I now go straight to her, just as I used to do and never going to my dad with anything. I was asking her to please help me find the truth of my Face pain, I didn't have it last night but it was bothering me that every night I am worrying if it is going to get hold of me again, when is it going to creep up and get me and hurt me, fuck I hate it.

As I asked Mother I began to have memories of all of my self loathing, looking at myself and hating the reflection looking back at me and I said to Her that I get it, oh my God, I get it, my face is the pain that is already in me because of my self hate, its all of the pain from that and it seemed so obvious. And now I write that, it comes to mind that I never get those quick feelings from Father, or anything much, I feel it is always Mother that comes through for me, if I ask just Father I don't get anything and I was left wondering why??? Of course, they are showing me how it was for me with mum and dad, it's so bloody clever, shit it's clever. It's the truth because Father has shown me and just waited for me to get it and now I do. I got nothing from dad so I get nothing from Father, oh wow. Yes, it's my Mother's energy I feel coming through with Father stepping back, I am gob smacked, it's amazing and now I see it all. Yes, yes, yes I love it. They are with me, helping me heal and it is so good.

Back to the face pain thing. As soon as I understood what I was being shown Mother told me all about it because I already knew, she wasn't telling me anything I hadn't just revealed through my feelings. She told me, "this is the truth of the hate you feel for yourself, the pain you were made to feel right from conception about yourself from your parents. Your pain is the truth of how you feel about yourself Sam, when you look at yourself you hate yourself even more, you hate this about yourself and then that, there is always something more to hate as there was for you as a child and this pain is what your self hate feels like as a feeling, this is how unbearable you feel you are as you look at yourself or others look at you. Its all of the denied pain, all of the agony of not being perfect as your parents wanted you to be and you could never live up to their expectations, as you are feeling, you were a disappointment".

It all makes sense to me, it is all so clear about my face pain and the excruciating pain is how I feel about myself so I can know the truth that I have denied all these years.

I could actually see myself coming out of the birth canal with my face crushed and squashed and in a lot of pain, excruciating pain as my face flattened, it's almost unbearable to go back to the pain and then to come out into the world and be such a disappointment to my parents as they pretended to be happy about having another girl but wanting a boy so much they named me Sam after mum's granddad, a boys name and so many children used to say to me "Why do you have a boys name", it all makes sense now. I hated myself for not being what they wanted from birth but they just had to get on with it. They should have been honest and put my up for adoption because they didn't want another girl. So my self-hate is all justified as I see the truth of how it was for me as a child. They hated me, so I hate me and this face pain is how that hate feels, it's the truth.

Rage.

23 March 2019

I am in such a rage, it came on because I couldn't spell a word on my mobile phone and it wouldn't accept it and wouldn't let me go on until I had corrected it, what the fuck, even my phone is telling me off for not getting it right, who the fuck does it think it is, my parents, just fuck off.



The phone flew across the room and hit the wall and fell apart on the floor in my absolute rage at it telling me what to do and I can't go on until I do it, it is just like my parents and my teachers at school, I am so fucking angry I want to smash everything up. I am even typing hard and aggressively I am so angry. I sat there and couldn't stop punching myself in rage at how fucking thick I am that I can't even spell a word, fuck, I am so angry, I hate myself, I want to beat myself up and hurt myself because I am so fucking stupid, that fucking phone telling me what to do, it's a total cunt, I fucking hate the thing and I want to stamp all over it until it is annihilated and nothing of it is

left, cunting thing telling me I got it wrong and can't carry on writing my message until I know how to spell it, I fucking hate it.

I don't want to be told I can't do something, it enrages me and stops me doing what I want to do, it's a fucking phone for fuck sake, telling me what to do!!!!!!!

Not letting me carry on doing what I want so I smashed it up, threw it against the wall bashing the fuck out of it because I hate it so much. It is on the floor in pieces but I don't care, I fucking hate it and I am allowed to hate it. It took my 'will', it stopped me and I don't have to suck it up any more like I had to with mum and dad. I can let rip now and I did and I fucking hate the thing.



I am so angry at being stopped and this is how I felt as a child but had to suppress it. I wasn't allowed to express anger with mum and dad or my teachers and it was like a fucking ticking time bomb in me and today, just now, I had had it, I wanted to break stuff and let it all out of me, all the pent up anger and frustration and it felt good, and I don't care about breaking stuff.

Fuck I am so angry, I hit myself repeatedly for being so stupid and being so frustrated with myself for being so thick that I have to stop what I am doing because I can't spell a word. Stupid, stupid, stupid thick fucking cunt, that is how I feel about myself, I fucking hate myself so much I want to explode in rage and anger at the hatred I feel for myself. There is a surge of anger that waves through me like adrenaline wanting me to fight myself, beat myself up for being so thick and useless, fuck I hate myself so much. There are no words horrible enough for how I am feeling right now, pure acid, pure evil, pure putridness. I want to rip myself up into oblivion and never exist again I hate myself so much, with so much rage. I want to scream and never stop but I can't even do that, I can't get a scream out, my voice breaks and nothing comes out and it hurts so much so I can't even do that, I am so useless.



I feel like I want to take a baseball bat and smash my face and body up with it and get rid of myself, pummel myself into the nothing that I feel I am. I hate myself, I want to hurt myself but I am too scared of the pain. I sat there in my rage punching myself and it fucking hurt, I had to do it, I was so angry, I am a fucking mad woman, yes I know I am sounding mad but it is in me and it is how I feel so enraged by being stopped doing what I want to do. It's the anger I have always had to hide and I'm not doing it any more, its coming out, all of it in all of its putridness.

Just received this email from my mum.

23 March 2019

"Hi Sam. How are you today. Hope you feel a lot better than when I last saw you last. Try hard not to get upset about the past. See you soon love. mum. Dad © Buddie. Xx"

She came round to see me on Thursday. I was in uncontrollable tears about how I rejected my children when they were younger and I let it all out to her. It just came out as we were talking, I was crying uncontrollably and she didn't know what to do with me. She said its best to let it all out but then she said that I was a good mum and my children love me. She wanted me to stop by using all these nice words to me, so it wasn't worth going on really. She doesn't get my healing at all, although I have explained it to them both. They are on another planet to me and just want to keep me in my denial, just like they are.

It's hopeless to expect them to understand, they are not doing it, it's too much for them, they don't get what I am doing and that it was a 'good thing' that I was feeling so terrible and was so uncontrollable when my crying started, of course, they see it as bad.

I don't really expect them to understand me and what I am doing, but when I receive emails like this from them every now and again it lets me know that they don't listen to me and they never have, all they want is for me to dry my tears and be a good girl and forget about the past.

I feel completely like I am banging my head against a brick wall whenever I see

mum, she is off in her la la land of we are a happy, loving family no matter what I say to the contrary. She can't accept how I feel and thinks I am in a bad way, but I see it as a good way, a very good way to cry about what I have done to my children and she will be crying too when she sees the truth of her parenting one day in spirit when she begins her healing, she will see what I am going through and she get it all.

Look at how she signs off "mum. Dad and then Buddy" (the dog) she signs her name with a little 'm', dads with a capital and even the dog is more important than she, the dog gets a capital too. She has minimalised herself all her life, I have watched her do it and she taught us to do it too, to always put dad first, the boss, the god. Fuck that shit!!!!

I am so pissed off and angry today.

Hating myself again.

23 March 2019

So fucking angry again. I fucking hate myself, I am a no good shit bag, good for nothing, horrible, ugly, pathetic, weak, useless shit bag.

I have been uncontrollably eating all day and now I hate myself even more, shit, I hate myself, fucking hate myself as I shove more food into my mouth, hating myself more with every bite but not being able to stop myself, I can't, I can't do anything about it but eat. I feel so weak, so pathetic, like all I am here for is to eat until I feel satisfied for five minutes.

Why the fuck can't I stop myself from eating, I used to be able to stop myself, now I can't stop. I am out of control, on autopilot and I feel so scared of putting on weight and being fat, I might get so fat that I can't do anything any more, can't even get round to wipe my own arse. Shit, it all scares me so much and all these worries go through my mind. Being fat is so unloving, people take the piss, I have done it myself, even now I judge fat people and believe only skinny women are wanted and loved.

I know that fat people might read this but I have to be honest about how I feel and I am scared of being so judged and unloved. I got all the attention I needed

being slim, I was accepted, wanted by men and now I have put on some weight I am freaked out by it but it is the truth I have to feel by being like this, it brings up all those fears I have denied by staying slim and I just can't diet any more. Using my mind to control what I eat, it's all gone now, I am now being the truth of all I feared and letting my feelings tell me what I need to know about my denied pain and why I have spent my life on a diet and it was all so that I would be attractive to men, to have their attention and feel wanted by them and being fat puts an end to all that and it feels devastating.

The attention should have been well secured in me from feeling loved by my dad but I have no such loving feelings in me from him so I spent my life getting those feelings met by men and to do that I had to keep myself attractive, sexy looking, fuck I am cringing writing this. I am shit scared of having used the word 'fat' in case I get attacked for being so mean but I have to be honest about what a shallow, nasty person I am and have been.

I am seeing the truth of what a fucking nasty cow I really am underneath all the nice shit that my parents told me I have to be. I am not nice, I am vile just too scared to be like it because I will be annihilated by every one and I am so scared of being hated and feeling so unloved because all I really want is to be loved but I can't be until I have seen and know all the truth of my unlovingness and it is all coming up and out of me. I feel like I have Alzheimer's where I have lived a life being how every one wants me to be and now it's all changed and the true me is coming out and I am horrible and no one likes me and wishes I was back to how I used to be. I am not nice, I feel horrible and no one will like me when they know the true me that lurks beneath the niceness.

I am becoming everything I hate and I can't stop it or control it because it is in me and I have to be true to it and I am fucking scared of the uncontrollable change that is happening to me. I have to be true to who I really am and it isn't nice to feel all of these awful feelings as more awfulness comes up for me to see about myself.

I hate myself, I am vile and I feel very dark tonight, very disturbed about how vile I really am, its shocking to know the truth of how utterly two faced I am and always have been in life and with everyone because I need them to like me.

I am my parents.

23 March 2019

I am just how my parents were to me and to everyone else, two faced, saying one thing to be liked and thought of as such wonderful people but really feeling something completely the opposite. They never told me the truth, just what I wanted to hear, to keep me happy so I never knew truth.

I am scared at how awful I might really be when I let it all come out. Shit, who the hell am I.

We are our parents!

I don't want to exist.

24 March 2019

Hate myself. I feel like I want to block myself out, pretend I don't exist, I feel so nothing. I hate everything about myself and I never knew I felt this bad about myself until I put on this fucking awful weight, it's not loads but I hate it, I can feel it, see it and I hate it. I am scared of how bad it might get and I don't have anything in me to stop what is happening to me, I am eating all the stuff I once wouldn't allow myself to eat because it would do exactly what it is doing, put weight on me.

Shit, I hate it so much, I loved being slim, I liked how it looked and felt, I loved how clothes looked on me but now I feel like I hate everything I wear. I want to be slim again, I loved it, I miss it so much, how good I felt.

I felt like I am grieving for the size I once was, I hate feeling like this but I can't diet, I can only say 'yes' to myself, I can't say no, no doesn't exist any more and as I over eat I feel so bad about it but I do it anyway. Now, I have put on some weight I really hate myself and miss how I used to look, it's so unfair that I can't have what I want without a bad consequence for me, it's so unfair.

I want to eat all day, eat as much sweet stuff, cakes, chocolate anything I want without putting on weight but it's not like that for me, I always have to pay the

price of enjoying myself, having something good turns into something bad for me. It's all so unfair and I hate myself so much. I can't bear looking at myself as I see the changes in me. I catch glimpses of myself in shop windows and instant hate wells up inside me.

I feel I am going to be hated if I put on weight, where is it all going to end, I am freaking out. No one will want me if I put on weight, only skinny girls are wanted. I really can't stand myself right now, I am so full of self hate, I don't want to be like this. I don't know where it will end, how out of control will I be, I feel I have no control at all. Today I kept going for the chocolate biscuits, one after the other and feeling so bad about what I am doing to myself but I couldn't say no, my feelings wanted the biscuits, something good to please me and make me feel content, settled and quietened from the constant longing that is in me constantly to be satisfied. I am out of control, I can't say no.

I feel ashamed and embarrassed of myself as my body changes and the hate creeps in even more, even deeper. I can't stand myself as I take another biscuit, the utter hopelessness and despair I feel at myself. I am so useless, so weak, so pathetic, I hate myself like this, it's fucking awful to feel the changes taking place in my body.

I just go for the food automatically, picking at this and that, looking in the fridge and cupboards for something to satisfy my craving, I must have something and at times it feels crazy, frenzied inside me to meet my needs, fuck I hate feeling like this.

I can feel Trevor looking at me as I go for another biscuit or a packet of crisps and I feel terrible, guilty because of what he is thinking about me as I moan about gaining weight but still eat more shit. I feel so bad, I am ashamed of myself and sometimes I can't wait until I am on my own so I can eat freely because I feel so bad eating in front of people because of what they think about me.

Oh my God, this is driving me fucking mad, this is huge for me having watched my weight all my life, saying no to everything good and now all I can say is yes. I feel deprived if I don't have it, like I have been all my life being on diets, and I feel ashamed and guilty if I do have it. Food is the only thing I have to look forward to, yes, I look forward to it, I always did as a child, and it's the same

feeling. It makes me feel good but also so bad.

I completely hate myself, I hate the changes in my body, I hate how I look, I am scared of where this is all going for me, I am scared of the judgement I will receive if I put on too much weight, fuck I am terrified. I will be forgotten, not wanted, rejected, left alone and it all feels so terrifying right at this time. I can't stop any of it happening to me, I am out of control. I hate myself; I don't know what's going on any more.



I am my SOUL!

I am not my body!

I am not my mind!

I hate myself so much.

25 March 2019

I have a constant and overall feeling of self-hate, it is always with me and I now realise that it has always been there, inside me but so denied and pushed down deep. It is coming up for me to know the truth of and it feels terrible, in fact terrible is such a soft word for how it feels.

I have a constant nagging in me that I hate myself and it is crazy that it has always been there and in my last forum post I said I loved how I used to look, being slim, but now I know that also is bullshit because it took so much effort to stay slim and so much denying myself what I wanted. I might have loved the look but I didn't love the feeling of deprivation, going without constantly and having to deny my wants and needs just to look slim and acceptable to men

mostly, although mum was always so skinny and doesn't like fat so me putting on this weight recently is something she wouldn't approve of and she will soon be telling me I am letting myself down, don't get fat.

I don't want to get fat, it scares the shit out of me to be that undesirable to everyone. So forgotten and denied because I no longer look like a woman should look. But I have to keep going back to this awful feeling of hatred I have for myself, I detest myself, I can't bear to look at myself, I am horrified by the fact I am putting on weight and I don't feel I will ever get used to it. It is such a shock to me and I feel so terrible about it inside and I can't tell anyone about it because all they will say is "Then why don't you go on a diet", "I CAN'T, I CAN'T, I CAN'T" Something in me has changed so much that I can't go against my feelings anymore. They are leading the way on this and there is no going back so I am now on this for the ride where ever it may take me and I am scared of what I am to become because I won't be wanted if I put on weight. Men only want skinny women, that is how it is to me. I will be rejected by men, by my dad, this is the rejection from my dad and my mum staying skinny for him because men don't like fat women.

Shit, I am feeling so bad, all of those super models are going to be fucked when their healing time comes, no one will want them anymore, complete rejection. No one wants an over weight person, they are forgotten and rejected by everyone, no good, sad people that no one wants because they are not acceptable by societies standards. I wish I could tell someone how I feel, I can't, there is no one and this is how it was for me as a child, never anyone to talk to about my feelings.

I totally despise myself, real hate that I never knew I had in me until I began to put on weight so the truth is finally here about how I feel about myself. I hate myself as I am, I am no good, not pretty enough, not perfect enough, not what anyone wants, I feel utterly miserable like this and don't think I can ever love me. My parents couldn't and wouldn't love me like this, they would tell me to lose the weight and go on a diet or I will be unhappy and let myself go. I am not acceptable to anyone or myself, I can't accept myself as they couldn't, I am being them to myself. Shit I fucking hate myself.

Stuck in self-loathing.

27 March 2019

Still so full of self hate, it is coming even more apparent to me just how deeply I hate myself and this is how I have always felt. Trying to constantly change myself and make myself look better on the outside while inside was all of this self hate which I decided to deny by putting myself on diets to stay slim.

Colouring my hair to get rid of the red I am naturally, wearing loads of makeup, buying the latest fashions, all in the effort to kill my true self off, as I hated it. I didn't want to know myself naturally, I hated it, I hated me. Now all of that has gone and I am left with that self hate that has always been there, waiting for me to be it which I am now being, and I hate myself and it's a shock how much I hate myself, despise myself.

I can no longer do anything to change myself so I am stuck in this self-loathing, hatred and anger. I wish I were never born, annihilated at birth or before, aborted out of existence so no trace of me can be found.

27 March 2019

I have denied myself eating what I want all my life because I don't want to get fat. Now I am no longer saying "no" to myself I am putting on weight and I hate it, I hate myself like this.

I no longer feel attractive in any way and realise I have a real, huge problem with my self image and even putting on the little bit of weight I have, is devastating to me and has brought up the truth of how I feel about myself being anything less than socially acceptable, what I really mean is acceptable to men. I need to be attractive to men and I never knew just how bad this is in me until now, when I have ended the mind-controlled diets.

It has always been so important to me to be liked by men, wanted by them as they are all my dad. I was so starved of his love I have gone looking for it in other men, the slightest bit of weight and I was straight on a diet, starving myself to be accepted by men. I needed to be wanted by them and if I had my dad's love, I wouldn't have been like this with men.

Now I am feeling the truth of my relationship with my dad as I now feel so unattractive, so hateful of myself, all feelings I felt from him, how he felt about me. How I am feeling now, is how he felt about me and I felt that but denied it. Because he didn't love me, I am disgusted by myself, I hate myself, I can't love myself, I am being him to me. Because I didn't feel his love for me, I have got my relationships with men all wrong, so wrong and I cringe when I look back at my relationships, so bad and so wrong because my first male role model didn't love me so I didn't want any other man to love me, just control me as dad did. It's all so wrong and now I want to go of and cry.

So many pains.

27 March 2019

I have so many aches and pains over my body, especially my back. Washing up at the sink I couldn't stand the pain any more, I had to hunch over the sink and just let myself stay like that; all hunched over like a crooked old woman. I am now sitting on the couch and have to keep moving because of the pain. It all scares me so much that I may be like this for ever, not being able to move properly and as I get older I might get worse and eventually end up being in a wheel chair. With me it's always the worst ending there can be. I always think it will be terrible and the worst-case scenario, always. The fear grabs me and takes me to the worst ending of everything.

I feel like I can't do anything without pain taking over and stopping me, controlling me constantly and I know this is how it was for me as a child so it has to be this way.

The pain is so deep in my back muscle in the middle on the right hand side, it is so bad and cripples me up, as crippling as my pain must have been for me as a child, as it weakens me into submitting to it and leaving what I am doing, to stop and sit down, do what the pain wants me to do, let it have me and break me down to nothing, so I have no will of my own and have to do what I am told.

The woman who can't feel pain.

28 March 2019

The woman who doesn't feel pain

28 March 2019

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-highlands-islands-47719718>



There are only two people in the world, that they know of, that don't feel any pain and this woman, Jo Cameron, is one of them, I was watching an interview with her on the morning BBC news. She has never felt pain, not when she broke her arm, gave birth, had accidents with burns. She doesn't get anxiety or adrenaline rushes of any kind she is just very happy and calm and always has been. Doctors are using her for more research into pain relief and have found she has genes that contain chemicals similar to that of cannabis that block pain receptors. Never feeling any pain, imagine that, I can't. Bad things still happen to her but she doesn't feel the pain or anxiety or anything bad from it.

Wasn't she allowed to feel pain as a child to such a degree that she has blocked it all out? Did she have to be a happy child for her parents all the time? I don't know what her childhood was like that has made her unable to feel pain. But she says she has never felt pain, even as a child she has no memories of pain, only being very happy and content, that is all she can remember. Does she not have the bad feelings in her from her childhood, which lead her not to need to feel pain?

That can't be as we have all been born into the Rebellion and Default, no matter how loved we feel. Could such severe denial of our pain lead us to believe we don't feel it and so physically don't feel it, we have blocked it all out to such severe degrees of not being able to feel it and believing with your mind you are blissfully happy and don't have pain or anxiety. The truth will only be known when she does her healing and goes into the truth of how unloved she really was, not being allowed to feel, express or show pain at all, she has to be a happy girl to please her parents. Only the truth of how she was parented will give the answers to her pain free life.

The interview is on the BBC NEWS website if anyone wants to see it.

I think I am getting worse.

28 March 2019



I hate myself. It's getting worse and I can't do anything about it. I feel so hopeless about myself like I am stuck in all of my addictions and compulsions without any chance of being any other way. This is how I am, this is all the wrongness of me and I hate being this way so much but I can't stop being like it. I feel so hopeless all the time. I feel such deep hatred for myself, every part of me I hate and there is no hope for me.

I pray to Mother and Father to help me and to bring the change as all I do is Express how much I hate myself, I am exhausted with it, fed up with repeating myself, I am bored with saying the same thing over and over again to them. I can't hold myself up, I feel so tired all

the time wanting to sleep, I am so worn out. I feel so powerless and useless and weak. I am so vile with such deep hate for myself and every day is the same for me and every day I cry about how disgusting I am, repulsive to myself and everyone, I should be hated.

I feel rotten to the core.

3 April 2019

Still deep in my self-hate, it is all so real now and it has been a shock for me to know the truth of my denial of it for my whole life. I am now being it and I feel like shit. Today, I woke up feeling ill and I have a lump on my lip which will develop into an ugly, disgusting, unsightly cold sore, the embarrassing Herpes virus is in me and its fucking repulsive and that is the truth of how I feel about myself, repulsive, I am repulsed by myself and that feels like such a truth, yes, I am repulsed by myself and I want to keep saying it, at last I can feel it is the truth and this cold sore has helped me feel more truth about myself, just how much I have always hated myself.

I feel like I am really rotten, putrid to the core, shit, I can't believe the depths of self hate I feel. I don't want to go out, I don't want to be seen and getting ever closer to me is the fact that I may have to go back to work soon and I can't cope with it, being out there in public, seen, heard a part of it all, NO, I can't do it, I feel like it will kill me. I can't be seen, I hate myself too much to go out, it literally hurts me to go out, it is so hard to go shopping but I have to do these things. I am so disgusting, everything about me is rotten.

Understanding more where my self hate comes from.

3 April 2019

My self-hate has very good grounds as has just been proved to me. Mum came over to bring me a book by Rick Warren called "The Purpose Driven Life" What on Earth am I here for? But that isn't the main point I am getting at. The telly was on and a man was on it and she pointed out how big his ears are and that why hasn't he done something about them, like plastic surgery? It just proved to me how my mum doesn't accept imperfection and it has to be put right so any imperfection she saw in me she would make me fix, do my hair, do my make up, make sure I was socially acceptable, be slim and an attractive weight.

"I Hate
Myself"

I could see so clear in that statement where all of my self-hate has come from, her judgements of me and how flawed I am. So cruel, so unloving as I listened to her and took it all in and felt all of her criticisms aimed at me all my life. I can truly see it in that moment it was spelt out for me why I feel so much hate for myself, not being perfect in my mum's eyes and it is so hurtful.

On mum's way out she left me the book I mentioned at the top of this post and I want to throw it in the bin. She knows my views on the Bible and her Christian view of God and worship and she leaves me this book, a blueprint for Christian living and God's purpose for us. I am fucking fuming, insulted and completely denied by her.

She hasn't heard a single word I have said, I haven't been heard, she doesn't listen to me at all. I have told her countless times I am not interested in her

Christian values. She even asked me to go and be baptised on Sunday as others were being done!!!!!!! I promptly told her I didn't believe in it all, its bullshit and I don't need anyone or anything to connect me to God, I have my own relationship with Them. She gets upset and changes the subject and leaves.

It all answers the questions of why I am the way I am, I can see it all. She doesn't take me seriously, she knows how I feel and still tries to put her Christian shit on me no matter what I say to her. And her criticism of that man and his ears, well, I felt that like a stabbing in my heart, it told me so much about myself and how I am so critical of others, I got it from her and how I criticise myself and hate myself because I have watched her do it all my life, to herself, others and me.

Still feeling so shit about myself.

3 April 2019

Just had dinner and still not satisfied. I keep wanting something good after the boring stuff, I want the good stuff, the pudding, the desert, something sweet to finish me off and satisfy me so I have a block of Rum and Raisin chocolate, shit it's so good. It tastes so sweet and satisfying, it makes me feel like I have had my treat after eating all my dinner up. I want more, it's only been ten minutes and I already feel the need to have more, more satisfying goodness. Nothing is ever enough and I am not saying no to myself so I am having more but it comes with guilt, I feel so bad eating it, its going to put weight on me, fuck it, its so unfair to have something so good and suffer for it. Good but bad, make me feel so good and then make me feel so bad, it's just like it was as a child with my parents. I loved them and then I hated them, they made me feel good, then they made me feel bad, it's not fair, what is it to be?

bad is good, and good is bad.

I just had some more chocolate and I feel a bit sick. I love dark chocolate, it's Vegan and so rich, I buy it in Lidl Supermarket and I bought it last night and so much of it has gone already, I can't stop myself, I want it until I feel sick. It comforts me, quietens me, calms me, gives me good feelings but it also fills me with guilt, makes me feel useless, hopeless, like there is no hope for me as I can't control myself. I need to be told 'NO' by mum, I am being greedy, stop being a

greedy pig Sam, I can hear her words. "You've just had your dinner Sam, you can't be hungry still." I'm not hungry at all, I just don't feel complete, I am still wanting more of something, it's never enough. I can't just have dinner, I need something nice to finish it off or it feels incomplete and I have gone without the best bit. I am always left wanting something else, more. I feel incomplete and agitated if I can't have what I want, I am missing out.

I am missing out. Yes, I am missing out on the good stuff, it's that stuff that isn't in me and I need to get it somehow and I can't be left without it, it's cruel. There is nothing good for me and the good I have is always bad, it always has a bad consequence for me, it's so unfair, I am so fucked off with it all, that everything I want is bad for me. It's not fair, it's not fair, why me? Why me Mother and Father, why couldn't I have been born like one of those girls that can eat anything and never put on weight?

I always have to suffer for anything I want, it's so unfair. I have to do without, always do without and not get my good feelings. Left feeling so incomplete, I am incomplete, I don't have those good feelings in me to start with, I have to go and get them from outside of me because my parents never had the good feelings (Love) to fill me so I am always feeling incomplete because I am. I have to go and get my substitutes for their absent love. Fuck them doing this to me. I can see how wrong my substitutes are, how wrong it is that their love wasn't and isn't in me. No love from them, they gave me things to make me feel good because they didn't have it in them and now I live needing the same things to make me feel loved, false love. It's all so hopeless what I am doing, eating the chocolate to get my false loving feelings that my parents couldn't give to me. So fucking hopeless.

All so unfair and pointless.

3 April 2019

I was just writing on here about how I am feeling and the whole page disappeared, all I wrote went and I couldn't go back to it and I felt so angry, all that writing and it just disappeared, what the fuck!! So unfair to put so much feeling down in writing and then it just goes and I can't do anything about it, I am powerless to retrieve it, its just gone like it never existed and there is no one to tell about how unfair it all is to be so annihilated.

My feelings just gotten rid of like they never existed, deleted out of existence, gone. Even the computer doesn't want to know and gets rid of me. I feel so hopeless, so unimportant like I am so easily gotten rid of, neglected, denied.

Using Chocolate to keep me quiet.

3 April 2019

Going for more chocolate, I am not hungry at all, just so empty. I have such a longing for something, a whining in me that won't let up until I give it what it wants, shut it up as I was shut up by my parents. They gave me anything to keep me quiet, never asking me what was wrong, never communicating. That was what I wanted then, and want now, proper communication, to be listened to and an interest taken in me and my feelings, not fobbed off with chocolate to keep me quiet, it's a fucking insult. I am doing to myself exactly the same as my parents did to me, I am fobbing myself off, not listening to myself and what my pain need. Not letting it be expressed but feeding it to keep it quiet.

Every bit of chocolate is more denial of my feelings and I do to myself what my parents did to me, I can't be any different to myself and through being like this I can see the truth of how I was parented, denied and rejected. I am now doing it to myself, what they did to me. I am shutting myself up and keeping myself quiet instead of having the communication I longed for, having an interest taken in me, and I am now as disinterested in myself as they were. I don't want to hear myself, I am not interested in how I am feeling, I just want to shut myself up like they did.

They weren't interested in me at all, on the surface they pretended to be, all lip service. Nothing real or true, they didn't want to hear me, the food I wanted and craved for was their interest in me and my feelings, I wanted to be heard by them not fobbed off with food and sweets. They had no idea how to nourish me and now I have no idea either. I do to me what they did to me, I have no idea what I want because they had no idea, so I crave everything.

I over eat because I am not getting what I need; I am not getting the right nourishment. I am not getting and never did get the right communication I

needed from them. I am not getting the interest I needed from them. I am not getting the love I needed from them and this has set up all of my addictions and compulsions. I nourish myself with shit, all stuff that is bad for me, it's what they taught me because it's what they did to me and what a fuck up I now am.

Had a nose bleed today.

4 April 2019

I am left feeling a bit shocked after having a small nose bleed today. I was sitting on the couch and it just ran out of my nose and it put me into shock, which has surprised me. As soon as I went for a tissue and saw the blood not stopping I felt terror flow through me, "What is happening to me, what's going on, why is this happening to me, how did it start?" All the questions were flowing through my mind and the fear it will never end, I won't be able to stop it or control it, it just came of its own accord and made me feel all of these bad feelings, which was so good, yet bad. I am still puzzled by it now although there is no mystery to it when I go to my feelings, they tell me everything I need to know about why it happened all through the feelings, fears the nose bleed gave me and these feelings are the ones the nose bleed wants me to know about, they are in me and my nose bleed was helping me get to them. So thank you nose bleed, you scared the fuck out of me, which is good.

I went into instant terror that I am going to die, this is never going to stop and I will bleed to death. I will have to go to hospital and have all sorts of invasive things done to me against my will. Something is wrong with me, oh my God, I have a brain tumour, an aneurysm or something equally disastrous, it's the end for me. All of these thoughts went on in a fleeting few minutes, its always the worst thing ever going to happen to me, what if it happens to me again and I am driving or in a shop and I can't control it. At one point I let the blood run down my lips to my chin and it felt nice, warm and the colour was so beautiful and a deep red but that was just a momentary feeling, to feel how it feels to just let it run with out stopping it, controlling it, let it cover me and let it go where it wanted to, then Faye came into the lounge and I cleaned it up.

I still feel shocked by it and a few years back I had many nose bleeds and one ended up with me staying in hospital because it wouldn't stop, it scared the fuck

out of me, I thought I would bleed to death, I just wanted them to fix me and stop it so I wouldn't die.

I am terrified of something being wrong with me, me not being in control of it, it just happening to me without me knowing and there it is, shocking like the nose bleed starting like that with no warning, I wasn't prepared, I couldn't control it. It happened to me whether I wanted it or not, against my will and it shocked me.

As a child this must have been the same for me, being shocked at things happening to me that I couldn't control and had no say in, my will taken and I can remember feeling like that when being taken to school by mum and being left there, what a shock to my whole system that she left me there against my will and I had no idea what was happening to me, why it was happening or if I would ever see her again, nothing was explained to me as a three year old being left in this huge place with people I didn't know, fucking terrifying, how could she do it to me without knowing how scared I was. I was out of control and left in the control of strangers and I had no say in what was happening to me, no control.

My nose bleed has taken me back there, to that feeling and its terrifying.

All my life I have known when and how to use the words 'There and Their' but whilst writing this it has gone, I have no idea when or how to use those two words and I am shocked again that I have lost the control of knowing what to do and how and when to use those words. It has completely gone, I have no idea when to use them, what the fuck. More control leaving me and it troubles me that I have just lost it, where has that knowledge gone? I am so confused at what has just happened to me, shocked at the lack and loss of control of knowing when to use them and now I don't have a clue. I don't know, it's all going.

Always waiting for something bad to happen to me.

4 April 2019

Terrible feelings are coming up in me from my childhood and I know they are true because it is how I feel now. I feel like I can't cope with one more bad thing happening to me, I am always waiting for it, the bad thing to happen, to crush

me and I feel like I can't cope with it, I am always waiting for it to happen. I have always been waiting and in me is a volcano of fear that is constantly coming to the top and then sinking back down, always threatening to blow and I am living in waiting for this huge cataclysmic event to happen in me. I have to stop here, I just want to cry.

Shit, it's all too much. I have denied this cataclysmic event happening in me being too scared to feel it but its been in me all my life, waiting for the big one. The thing that is going to end me and it is the feeling of no longer being able to cope with life and the next bad thing to happen, when is it going to come for me, if not today, it will one day and it will crush me. This is how I feel inside and my nosebleed today brought up the feelings. I asked Mother to help me feel the truth and help me bring the feelings up and I feel an impending doom of not being able to cope with one more thing but having to, having to go on like nothing has happened, nothing bothers me, nothing hurts me because I can't show I am bothered or hurt by YOU! My parents.

No, no it's all ok, you haven't hurt me, no, what you said didn't bother me, it's fine, I am ok, don't worry about it I am fine, really you didn't hurt me, nothing hurts me. But really, truly, I can't take one more thing from you and I am just waiting for it to come and for me to pretend it is all ok because I don't want you to feel bad, I don't want you to feel like you have hurt me because I don't want you to feel bad, but I really can't take one more thing. Pain after pain and I can't escape from it, I have to stay in it, denying it all.

All I can see is bad things happening to me, I am waiting for them to happen because that is how it was for me as a child. I had good times and great times but they were only good and great as far as my parents would allow, they controlled the good and great times but were they so good and great because all I can see is bad things happening to me so behind those good and great things of my childhood was a feeling that I can only go so far with them, as far as my parents would allow me to go.

If I wanted to do as I wanted then I had to go beyond them and lie, I had to lie to do what I wanted and then really enjoy it but at the same time, in me was that impending doom that I shouldn't be doing it because I hadn't asked them. They

didn't know about it and I had lied to them because I knew they wouldn't approve of me doing it. Shit, I lied so much to them about such stupid things that I should have been able to tell them about. It made me a liar and throughout my life I have lied because I am scared of getting told off if I tell the truth and do my own will.

Its all so bad that I had to lie to get my own way and do what I wanted to do and not what they wanted me to do. It makes me see that my life was not my own it was there's. The fear I lived in of getting found out, I learnt and I see now that doing what I wanted felt like such a bad thing to do because it was against them and their will for me. My will was a bad thing and I really feel that as I write it because that is the truth of how it was for me. I felt such guilt at doing my own thing and not getting their approval first, I was theirs completely and not my own. I was always in fear and waiting for them to find me out and wait for the bad thing to happen, the confrontation and interrogation of why I have done my will and not theirs. They turned me into a liar because they wouldn't accept me doing what I pleased and I wanted to and to do it I had to lie. It's so bad to have to do that, my life wasn't my own.

Feeling the shock of my nose bleed.

4 April 2019

I am still feeling scared about my earlier nosebleed. I am shocked that it happened out of the blue. I wasn't picking it or touching it at all, it just started, just like that. How does that happen? I am perplexed by it because it wasn't sore and had no reason to bleed but of course it was what was needed to give me all the feelings it has. I feel like "For fuck sake, what now!!!!" I can't be bothered with one more bad feeling, it is exhausting and I feel done in by it all and this is the feeling that is meant to come up, this is the great medicine that a nose bleed gives me, feelings. All of the confusion, exhaustion, the why's, every feeling it gives me is the healing I need.

I keep thinking what if it never stops, I know I have said this all before but it is still in me and needs to come out. I will repeat myself as many times as I feel it. What if I get nose bleeds in my sleep or they just start happening all the time. I can feel the shut down in me, the huge slump in my soul at the feeling of having to be a slave to my nose bleeds and not being able to live a life that I want, it is

my childhood! The nosebleed is my parents controlling me and telling me what they want me to do. Shit, I feel like a slave. Everything controls me because of how I was parented. I really feel like I can't cope with it all, its all too much (more of my childhood feelings). The fear is so overwhelming at doing the wrong thing and the pressure of always having to be good and not being sure if I am being good or not, so never knowing if the bad thing will happen to me, being told off.

I can still feel the shock in me at having a nosebleed. What's happening to me, oh no, I can't stop it; I am scared, what's going to happen to me. This is the fear I feel when I am out of control, what is going to happen to me, how bad is it going to get for me. The worst thing is going to happen to me, cataclysmic.

I dread physical pain.

5 April 2019

I have had a few tiny twinges of pain in my face today, nothing much but the feelings they give me are ones of dread. I dread the terrible pain coming back, I haven't had it for a couple of weeks now and it has been so wonderful not to feel that severe pain that cripples me. I don't want it to come back and it make me have all of these fears that I have cancer in my sinus's or in my nasal cavity or in my face bones, every time the pain twinges the feelings come up for me to feel and they have to come out so I can see why I need the pain still, because the feelings are still in me.

I always go to the worst thing happening to me, I am going to die and leave my children devastated, what will they do without me, they would be heart broken and that pain of them being in such pain devastates me. It is the same pain I felt when I upset my parents when I was young, the thought of upsetting them devastated me and the thought of dying and causing them pain, it was too much. I can't cause them any pain, I can't even die because I am not allowed to cause them any pain, it would be my fault they are hurting, it is always about them and keeping them happy, that is my job. So dying is a bad thing, it causes my parents to much pain so I can't do it, I am not allowed, I have to keep everyone feeling good and the pain I feel if I hurt anyone is crushing because it is how my parents made me feel.

I hate you Mother and Father.

6 April 2019

I have woke up feeling really angry. Mother and Father don't love me, they don't give a shit about me. They let something good happen and then take it away, I have some good feelings happen, then just as quick they are replaced with bad ones, very bad ones, all the fears come back and I am plunged back down into my rejection and feelings of being so denied like I don't even exist anymore.

Does no one see me? Does no one hear me? Am I invisible to everyone in all I do? I even have to go to a mirror to make sure I am still here and haven't died over night and now I am a fucking ghost that no one can see or hear no matter what I do or say. I feel like I don't exist.

Something good might happen to me and give me good feelings and I feel like things are finally changing for me but then I am slapped round the face and it all goes back to the beginning and I am soooooo Fucked of with it all. Mother and Father are a pair of fuckers, laughing at me as they put me back to the beginning of the game. They can't let me feel good for any amount of time, they have to show me who's in control, They are. I feel fucked over by Them and I hate them, they are cruel. Giving me something then taking it away and as I write this my parents are right their in my mind.

I can't enjoy anything for to long, it has to end. I always know that nothing good will last and that bad feeling taints everything that is good for me, I wait for the big come down, the big disappointment.

I hate you Mother and Father, you are so unfair to give and then take like you do. Why let me feel anything good and then stop it. Why 🤨? You are so fucking cruel and have taught me not to enjoy anything because it will go. I have had enough of you both. I want to get rid of you, divorce from you both. You allow me nothing for any amount of time, it only goes on so far as you allow it then it is snatched from me, I can't trust you, you are not consistent and I am all over the place because of that, I can't trust you and I should be able to. I can't trust anything that I do because I couldn't trust you both. You are useless and I am better off without you, you have ruined everything for me and I hate you both.

Screaming at Mother and Father.

6 April 2019

All morning I have been shouting, screaming and crying to Mother and Father about how much I hate them and how unfair they are to me and just talking to them constantly saying some vile things to them about how I feel and all the time hear their answers like voices in my mind. I will ask them something in my rage and they instantly answer me and it is always Mother who I hear giving me the answers, the right answers which is amazing and great but I don't know what to do with what she says because I am so fucked in my negative state. I know all she says is true and right but what good does it do me? I can't get out of this state I am in and she doesn't want me to, all she wants is for me to be it and that is what she is telling me. She is so pleased with me, she says all how I feel is right because it is the truth of how it was for me as a child with my parents; this is how it was for me. It's the truth. But I feel so stuck in it, I can only be it and she says, that is all she wants me to be but it is so frustrating, being it. It is all so fucked up being it, I can't get out of it and then I hear her voice telling me she doesn't want me to get out of it until I have expressed it all out of me, only then can I be out of it, until then all I can do is be it, hate being it and express it all.

Trevor just came in and pointed out I have a cold sore to which I said I know, then I looked in the mirror and I have two more new ones, what the fuck. I am so gross, so fucked and so ashamed and embarrassed by myself. I have been ranting about how disgusting I am, putrid and infected, a virus. Shit, there are no words to explain how gross I feel about myself.

Mother and Father can Fuck Off!

6 April 2019

They are useless. I want to blame them for everything, they are no use to me at all and I hate them. I am so sick of looking so awful and feeling so bad. I am sick of the whole thing, I hate it all and feel so grossed out with myself. This, how I am right now as gross and ugly as it is, is the truth of me and how bad I feel and it's all coming out physically, the truth is putrid and ugly, that's me and how I feel about myself. I am seeing it all manifest and there is nothing I can do about it except Express how I feel, and how I feel is hopeless, useless and out of control. I can't do anything about it, it's the truth of how I feel and I have to know it,

experience it, but it's so hard. I feel like I will never get out of it, this is it for me, it's all so hopeless. I hate Mother and Father, I hate them.

Its all too big, too much for me.

7 April 2019

Today, I feel totally defeated, what is happening to me is too big for me, too out of my control so it can do what it likes to me, I can't win. I can't do anything about it so I will just sit in my putrid ugly mess of a life getting as many cold sores as my repressed feelings can give me to feel.

Scab me up and do what you want with me, I give up. I feel like I don't have any more breath in me, I am done in completely, there is no where to go and nothing I can do so I give in and let my feelings do there worst to me while I submit to it all and allow it. I have no more fight in me, I feel defeated to let the pain win and just feel it all. I give in. I'm exhausted and shattered and nothing.

I am so useless and pathetic.

7 April 2019

I feel so fucking useless, so deeply and pathetically useless, like I am in the way just living. There is no use for me, all I do is buy food, cook it, eat it, shit it out and that's it, there is no other point to me other than eating, I don't do anything else.

I woke up today and headed straight for the chocolate cup cakes I made yesterday, feeling so bad about it but doing it anyway, eating it and loving every bit of its chocolateness but at the same time feeling that guilt that accompanies everything I like. It is bad for you Sam, you are going to put on weight, stop, don't do it as it goes down my throat. I can't stop myself as I once used to, I would cook them and not eat them but wish I could, so much wish I could eat them all but in so much fear of putting on weight and not being loved anymore because I was fat. That was a horrific thought for me but now I am eating them and being the truth of that horrific fear and I am putting on weight and it is fucking every bit as horrific as I feared.

The feelings are of such uselessness, like I am such a pathetic weak person that can't control herself and I can't any more. I am feeling the fears that have kept me on diets all my life, that if I get fat (shit it even horrifies me to write that word – FAT) no one will love me or want me. I would use my body to attract me and that's the truth of it, I loved the attraction I got from men and being slim was acceptable to most men, they don't give a fat girl a second look, in fact she is ridiculed by them so I have always been terrified of losing that attraction and interest from men.

I feel so pathetic writing this and admitting these deeply personal things about myself but I have to get them out of me. They are deeply embarrassing and shallow to admit but they are the truth. I stayed skinny to attract men, I needed to be needed by them, looked at, admired and it all sounds so conceited of me and big headed, like I was anything to look at but I was ok and used my looks to get my needs met. I would feel powerful, and attracting men was a part of that power.

Now it has all gone, I am sunk into the depths of how I really felt about myself and that was hate and I couldn't allow myself to be what I really wanted to be because I would lose all my power if I stopped wearing make up, stopped the diets and disciplined eating regimes. If I submitted to what I really wanted to do I would lose it all and slip into invisibility, I would not be noticed or looked at by anyone, men. Now I am that, I am invisible to everyone, my looks have gone and I have begun to feel some weight creeping on and it scares the shit out of me. I am terrified, this is just what I thought would happen if I stopped all of the control and it is happening and I feel like freaking out, and I do, often.

Men, it's all been about attracting men because then I feel wanted, powerful, attractive and if they were married I felt even more powerful. The feeling that I was chosen over their wives gave me a feeling of euphoria. I was wanted and desired above their wives and children. Yes, this gave me the power I needed to feel and I know its evil and I am a horrible person but it is the truth and I have to bring it all out of me. I felt elated inside that a married man wanted me above his family. I felt an ultimate power and excitement and I am fucking cringing to write this in public, twisting inside and in fear of being so hated by anyone that reads it. I am scared of being attacked by you all.

If I had felt the love of my dad I would not have had to go out and find it in such sick ways. It was his love I was searching for but never felt it and they were always older men, at least ten years older than me.

I was missing the love of my dad which should have been solidly anchored in me from conception, I should have felt so sure that I was loved by him that I never even would have considered doing the things I have done with other men. I am feeling very dirty inside, unclean and disgusting and full of hate for myself, it makes me shudder. That missing love sent me searching for it in all the wrong places so I kept myself looking good so that I could attract it through other men and fill myself with the missing love I felt so void of. It didn't work, well very temporarily, like the chocolate cup cake, it is great for a very little while then the bad feelings creep in and leave me empty and feeling very bad again. There is no substitute for the missing love of my parents. They swear blind they both loved me and have told me this many times but if I had to look for what I was missing, outside of me, then it was never in me to start with.

They have fucked me up because I didn't feel their love for me, it wasn't in me, times but unless it is felt inside, it isn't the truth. I never felt it and my life is proof of that. All the things I have done to feel loved, everything I have done has been to feel loved and it has all failed, I have not been loved, it has all been in the mind and never of the heart, just words without any feeling behind them. I have been evil in my search for the missing love parents.

Feeling so pointless, I don't want to do anything.

8 April 2019

I don't feel like I want to do anything, I don't want to do the cleaning, hoovering or anything and it all needs doing. I see the dust, I see the pots in the sink needing washing up but I don't want to do any of it. I haven't even got dressed for two days although today I did wash my hair because it smelt dirty. I don't want to do anything but I feel like I do want to do something but something that is good, exciting and fun but there is nothing like that to be done, only horrible stuff that is a chore to do and I don't want to do it.

I don't want to get dressed, what's the point when I am not going out, not doing anything, there is no point in getting dressed and I am not doing it just because

my parents say I have to. As a child I often wanted to stay in my pyjamas all day but I had to get dressed, I didn't know why because I wasn't going anywhere but they said I had to as a part of the every day ritual, I hated it. Now, I don't have to and it has taken me a long time to stop doing as my parents told me to do, and go and get dressed.

I do still feel a little bit like it is the wrong thing to do though. I feel bad and naughty but only a little bit so their demands are still in me. I feel I am bad for not doing as they would like me to do, I feel everyone will talk about me never getting dressed and I spend all day in my dressing gown and slippers, I must be lazy, I am. I am being it, being lazy because I want to be and it's how I wanted to be as a child but wasn't allowed to be, there is nothing wrong with being lazy.

I just want to do, as I want to do.

Disgusting cold sores.

8 April 2019

I am glad to say that my cold sores haven't really come to much. I was dreading it, dreading them being scabby and sore and bloody and pulsating but I have been expressing how they make me feel and they have not done what they usually do. I am surprised at how they were under my skin on my lip looking all angry and swollen red, and now they haven't broke out at all, the first one did but not as bad as usual but the new two that came up haven't done anything like what they usually do. I am so happy about that, there has been no pain with them either; I was expecting a lot of searing pain as there usually is, but no.

They are healing up now, all three of them and hardly noticeable and usually I have them for about two weeks, looking all-disgusting but the expression of how they make me feel has worked. I have been talking to Mother and Father about them, even speaking to Trevor and it has taken all the power out of them, defused them as I have expressed all the pain out of me, all of how they make me feel and all the self hate. Trevor laughed at me calling myself rancid, in a joking way, but I feel he is right, I feel rotten to the core, putrid, vile, pustulating arsehole of a person, scabby and disgusting, shameful girl who deserves these sores.

I think I shocked him with my expression as he was moving about a lot trying to get away from me and change the subject, it made him uncomfortable to hear the truth of how I feel about myself. I loved it, getting it all out there, it was freeing and now my cold sores have calmed right down.

I could connect right in with the cold sores, like they are me, I am feeling them so intensely as being me and how I feel, they are telling me the truth about myself so I want to be them in every way, as disgusting as they are is as disgusting as I am and I am so thankful for them and how they have helped me see more truth about myself.

Not being able to sleep.

9 April 2019

I can't sleep so I am going to write down more feelings. I feel so scared about what is going to happen to me as I am getting close to having no money. Fuck, I am scared, really scared. I have no idea what to do but if I go to my feelings I know exactly what I want to do and that is not have to go back into the working world, I can't bare the thought of it but how will I survive if I don't?

I have always had a man to support me but now I don't, it's all up to me to keep the house, pay bill's, buy food, car paid for and I can't earn enough to pay for if all. I just can't see a way out and it is driving me crazy with fear. My mind keeps coming in with all of these ideas, like it is mum talking to me telling me what I could do, get a job, go back to hairdressing, you are such a creative girl Sam, use it to make money. I can hear it all playing over in my mind but I don't want to do any of those things. I don't feel I physically can any more because it is so against my feelings, it would be so wrong but I don't know what else to do to make money to pay for my living. All I see, is me on the streets, living rough being cold and hungry, that is the end I see for myself if I go the way of my feelings.

We have created such an unloving system to live in and now I don't want to be a part of it anymore, there is no where for me to go, I will be rejected by society if I don't pay my way. It's like when I first got my hairdressing apprenticeship at 16, I was earning £25.00 a week and it was terrible because all my friends were on

good money compared to me but I had to give mum £10.00 a week for my keep and it was so unfair. I felt so hard done by but if I didn't pay my way I would be rejected and it's the same now. Mum insisted I give her the money because my sister was paying her way. Even knowing how little I was getting.

I don't want to lose everything and I will if I can't pay my way and I am so scared. I feel like I have no one to support me, help me, share it all with me, relieve the burden a bit, help me, provide for me while I do my healing which is so important to me. A job will interfere with my healing so much, like an interfering parent telling me to stop what I am doing and do what they tell me to do. It stinks of interfering parenting. I have so much fear about this and I feel so stuck.

If I do have to go back to work, it will be just how it was for me as a child, having to do as I am told, to do the right thing by my parents, keep them happy by having a job and earning money. They want this for me, they say it's the thing to do, earn money and pay your way as they had to but I don't want to. What I want doesn't matter, I have to keep my parents happy and do what they tell me to do. Getting a job would be them telling me what to do and me obeying, going completely against my own feelings to please them. Fuck it, I don't want to go back to work, I hate it, I don't want to go, don't make me go, I don't want to, I hate it.

I don't know how else I will survive. I feel very alone and unsure about how I will survive on my own. I have always felt like this, isolated and it's scary to have to do it all on my own, it's so unloving and I feel so unloved to have to be so alone with this and all my lonely fears of how will I survive.

I can't see any way out, so if one day you no longer hear from me then you will know I am on the streets. It sounds all like I am being over dramatic but it's a real possibility. I don't want to go back to work so I won't have any money to live as I am so I will have to live on the streets where I will probably die cold and alone because that would be the truth of my rejection, that is how I see it and that is how unloved I feel. When I have nothing left, no one will want to know me, nothing to give anyone, then they won't be interested in me and I will be left to rot. This is how I feel; these are the feelings and fears inside me keeping me awake tonight. I am shit scared, I have no one to look after me, and it's all up to

me. I feel pathetic writing this but its how I feel.

I can't get any job that is well paid because I don't have the confidence to be able to do it so all I feel capable of is the lowest of the low job, cleaning loo's or something like that. I can't pretend I can function in a job that demands anything of me, I am too scared of what the job might demand of me and I can't blag it anymore. I can't fake it and look capable to anyone, all I can do is be the truth of how I really feel and that would be the lowest of the low job because it is how I felt as a child with my parents. I had to pretend I could do anything because that is what they wanted, a child who was impressive but the truth of me was and is, that I am shit scared of everything and every one so don't demand anything of me because I am not capable of doing it and I can no longer pretend.

Dad has cancer on his nose.

13 April 2019

Yesterday, I was given the chance to see even more truth of my childhood and it has to be on his nose. Mum said she didn't want to tell me, this made me angry and I instantly had an amazing breakthrough for me. My mum came over to tell me dad has cancer and I snapped at her as to why she would keep this from me. I felt so insulted at this, not telling me, I asked her why and she didn't have an answer. She couldn't even tell me the truth of why she didn't want to tell me, of course she knows why but couldn't even bring herself to tell me the truth of that. It fucked me off so much and she knew it and she said she was sorry and of course she should tell me but she wouldn't tell me the truth of why she felt I couldn't handle the truth, like I am still a little child who she didn't want to upset and make me feel bad.

I felt so angry and told her that I can't process truth and feel my emotions if I don't know, I have to know the truth, if there is something she needs to tell me she must tell me. In the past she has kept it all a secret or lied about something serious to me and I have only found out the truth in the recent years from my sister. I feel so unworthy, like I am not worth knowing truth, I can't handle it, its so crippling not to know the truth.

As she said the words 'dads got Cancer on his nose' my whole body slumped and then went into overwhelm, I felt a trickle of panic and terror run through me, I was in shock and it was the same shock as when Harry died, when they told me. My dad is going to die, and he might not, probably won't but in me the worst is going to happen, always.

When mum went I felt ok as I went through my feelings about it. Then I went into the garden to hang out the washing and the washing line pole thing fell and hit me on the head and I was in total shock again, the same shock as I had just felt with dad. I have a lump on my head now and it hurts but it has helped me express my shock at hearing about dad, I couldn't believe I had just been hit on the head and that is how it felt hearing about dad's cancer, a shock to my system.

As I got hit on the head I shouted out "FUCK" and my neighbour looked at me in shock also, he was shocked at me swearing, just like dad used to be if I swore, it was event after event creating more shocking experiences for me, all to help me express my shock and disbelief at my dad having Cancer.

I went into the house and really cried the shock out, and as I sat there crying I felt like a little girl again and the memories came to me of the fear I used to have at losing my dad, it all came back. I began to start feeling panic in me that he is going to die and it was all childhood panic feelings because I was feeling like a child and the memories took me right back to then.

He is going to leave me, abandon me, desert me, but then I felt that he had already left me years ago, he had already died to me when I was a child. I realised that in me I was now feeling all of my childhood fantasies about my dad and how I, in my mind, had believed our relationship to be, all-untrue and fantasies. I believed the fantasy that he loved me and I loved him, all untrue and made up like the perfect father/daughter relationship that I believed as a very young child.

I had never felt loved, it was all a fantasy idea of love and how it should be, how I wanted it to be, and today, when mum told me, all of those fantasy dreams of our loving relationship came back to me, I am losing my perfect dad, who is always right, always loving, strong, protective, my saviour in life and I am losing

him. This is what I was crying about and as I cried I could feel it wasn't real, what I was crying for wasn't real. It was my fantasy playing out from my childhood, so I let it go on and run its course and see the dream childhood life I led about my dad.

I had to have this fantasy about him or it meant feeling the truth, the pain of not really being loved how I needed to be by him, my fantasy dad loved me and I loved him. I can't believe how I have now seen this false dad, my childhood dad wasn't real but I believed he was, he was all in my mind, what dad wanted me to believe about him and he believes still, this is how he was, a great loving dad.

I can now see the truth of my untrue relationship and I have finally connected with my childhood fantasy dad and seen through it all and it is amazing. Another veil has lifted from my eyes so I can see truth, God I love this so much, I feel so good knowing the truth of my fantasy dad and he has gone, its so amazing. My dad's love for me was nothing but this mind created idea of a father/daughter ideal of love that he believed he was. I never felt any of it as being love; it was all in my mind and couldn't be felt as love in my heart and soul. I was just his daughter and he my father with nothing in-between. No love connecting us like the glue, the cement that would have made me solid in the knowledge that I was loved, none of that.

All my other relationships have been the same, no love to cement them, they were all showing me the truth of my relationship with my dad, all laying it out as this great loving fantasy at first, then the truth coming out, that there was no love and when the truth known and the fantasy dropped, you just want to split up and leave each other, which is how dad felt all the time, trying to get away.

All of my crying yesterday was the child in me crying for the loss of her fantasy dad, it wasn't real and as this came to be known to me, with Mother and Father's help, I couldn't cry any more, as I realised it wasn't real, I was crying for an untrue fantasy of my dad, the dad I wanted and had created in my mind but it wasn't my dad I was crying for.

The cold truth is that I never had my dad, he had died long ago to me, he had left me emotionally before I was even born and my feelings were taking me back to that time too. He was never with me in the way I believed as a child and these

feelings of loss and grief were me losing my false mind created dad as the truth was showing me. I was crying for the loss of my fantasy dad and this creation of my mind was now finally leaving me. I was crying for the dad I never had, the one I wanted and needed all to deny the true relationship I had with my dad and my feelings have been telling me the truth of that all my life, I haven't felt loved, I have always felt abandoned and disconnected from love because of the truth of my relationship with dad.

As a child I believed dad loved me, I mistook being his daughter, for being loved by him and me loving him, its what happens, how it goes, of course he loves me and I love him, we are father and daughter, he is my dad but that is all mind rubbish, programmed shit, things that everyone says to be true but its all so wrong and I believed it all through my childhood. I had to believe it to survive and now I know the truth I feel like I can survive knowing the truth of how unloved I really was. I felt it always but denied it. I blindly went along with it all, yet feeling so bad always, never having any proof that I was loved. I took it all for granted and never questioned it, why did I feel so bad if I was loved as my parents say I was? Something was very wrong in me and I knew it, I felt it.

I never had his love in me from conception so I made it up for myself and with my parents help, with their false ideas of what love is. I took it all on with my mind, never feeling it though, so it can't have been true, but my mind controlled me back then so I believed it and all of its programming.

I grew up with fantasies of love. My first relationship with my dad was a fantasy not real, so none of my other relationships could ever be real, they were based on fantasy and no love. I grew up with the fantasies of my mind created love, all untrue and I can't tell you how huge that knowing is to me today, right now, I am feeling it as a huge awakening in me of how a life time of relationships were all untrue, what a waste but also what a gift to now know that and to learn what love is not.

Now my dad has cancer on his nose, I felt scared I would lose him, this fantasy dad, lose the dad I was having this fantasy relationship with, loosing the dad who loved me and I also loved, the dad of my mind and not the real true dad that I hardly know and don't feel any love from. All the fear has been that I am losing the fantasy finally of my childhood mind created dad, the dad I needed

him to be but couldn't have. I am losing my childhood untrue dad, at last I see the truth of my childhood, I really see the dream of him and it is so good. I feel like I have been under an enchantment, a spell all my life and now it is broken. Deep in me was still this fantasy dad lurking, and this untruth from my childhood only came up for me to see because of mum coming over and telling me dad has cancer and this untrue fantasy dad came up in me instantly to see and that is the dad I cried for, not the real one who never said he loved me or came near me or had anything to do with me except go out to work and make the money for us to survive.

I felt shocked today to hear he has cancer, I could lose my fantasy dad, I felt the panic of an abandoned child come up in me. That word 'Cancer' it overwhelmed me to hear it, it suffocated me, smothered me like I was going to die. I couldn't cope with it, it was too much of a shock and what was the shock going to do to me, I wanted to shut down instantly, not exist, close up and die on hearing it all the feelings I felt as a child at the thought of ever losing my parents, my safety, my survival. It was too much, I couldn't breath, I am shutting down to the childhood horror and pain and I can't cope with the barrage of feelings coming into me right now and now I am taken to the womb and this is where it began, I can see it all.

I am a tiny embryo, a baby growing in my mum's womb and all I can feel is this overwhelming flow of bad feelings covering me, suffocating me, choking me, killing me, ending my life and its all too much. I'm not even out of the womb yet I am being attacked and I can't escape, I can't get away from the bad feelings, I am stuck in here with nowhere to go to get away, I am trapped here, bumping into walls.

I feel like I am drowning under the weight of the blanket of bad feelings that surround me, I am so trapped and I am going to die in here, there is nothing I can do, I have to put up with it, I can't do anything about it all, I just have to feel bad, put up with it and that is how I feel now. I can't do anything about feeling bad except feel bad and that is how it was for me in the womb, I couldn't escape so I had to let them in.

All of my panic throughout my life had come from the womb and my having to stay in a womb of overwhelming bad feelings without being able to escape, claustrophobic, agoraphobic being shut in with the bad feelings, not being able to escape, to get out and away from them, I was trapped and have always felt like that in life.

I am sure more will come up for me about this but I will end it there.

Living a fantasy relationship.

13 April 2019

I can now see even deeper and with more truth how my relationship with everything has been so false because of my false fantasy relationship with my parents, none of it is true, I am not true.

I was just making a hot lemon drink and I realised my relationship with that was even untrue, through my feelings I can know why I was having it, it's all untrue and I have to be the untruth to know it. Have the hot lemon, make it, drink it, to find out the truth through how it is making me feel.

Nothing of me is true because nothing of my relationship with my parents was true. I am all untruth, as they were and still are, and I feel good in knowing that truth, the truth of me. I can accept it more now that I am untrue because I know how it happened and where it came from, I know the truth so I can accept it and I feel so much sympathy for myself now, compassion because I was born into it all by default, taking it on and wanting to be it. I feel softer with myself that I am unable to change as I was unable to change what happened to me in the womb, I had to take it all on, I couldn't fight it, I had nowhere to go, I couldn't escape from it and it is the same now for me. All I can do is be it all, feel it all and because I have felt my feelings about it I can now accept my wrongness so much more instead of banishing it from me, give it a cuddle and take it in and stop rejecting it out of me.

I am back to feeling really bad again.

13 April 2019

All I can think about is eating sweet stuff, but I feel so bad about it, bad about putting on weight and looking fat, I don't want to, but I want the sweet stuff more. I feel so hopeless, I can't help myself, I can't stop myself eating it, I want it, I long for it and I feel so useless and hopeless about having it. I eat it and while loving the taste of it I feel awful, guilty, bad, weak, fat, ugly, useless, pointless, hopeless to not do it. I do it and feel all of this hopelessness as I chew it and swallow it, fucking useless, weak, powerless, I hate myself for being like this, hate, hate, hate myself for wanting it so much, for feeling so needy as I long for more to make me feel good and very bad also, at the same time. I feel like I have nothing without it, its all I have that is good and I want it constantly, to feel good constantly so I eat more and more, feeling so bad about myself, so powerless and weak that I let this stuff control me, it has me and I can't resist it.

The sweet chocolate in the fridge is all I can think about as I write this, wanting it more and more with such a powerful longing. I ask Mother and Father to help me see the truth of it, I want to know, I want to feel the truth of my longing for something that controls me so much, it pulls me to it, it makes me need it while taking me away from myself even more. It wants me to want and need it above all else for my survival and happiness. I can't cope without it, it is my parents and how they made me depend on them for my happiness and all good feelings, they came from them and that is how they wanted it so they could feel in control and powerful. I need the chocolate for my good feelings as I needed them, but both were false.

I have a false relationship with the chocolate as I had with my parents, believing I needed them above all else to make me feel good, but like the chocolate they didn't, it was a constant good/bad relationship, confusing to a child and an adult. God, I love the taste of chocolate, so sweet, so good in my mouth and that is where it ends all the goodness is being experienced in my mouth, the taste, texture, sweetness then it goes down my throat and its over, so quick and then nothing else, its gone, I want more.

I feel like there is a cord going from me to the chocolate and it keeps pulling me, nudging me to go to it, teasing me, enticing me in, tricking me to eat it, telling me it is good and I can't live without it, I must have it for my survival, if I am to

have any good feelings I am to eat it or I will be left longing for something I can't have, mustn't have, its bad and naughty and I will get fat. It's like two voices running in my head and fighting with each other and I wish they would fuck off.



I just had a chocolate bar and it was so good, oh my god, so good but I feel so bad too, so fucking weak and powerless to do anything about it, I can't change my longing for it. I have to have it or it's all I think about.

All of these feelings I have kept away by controlling myself on diets, all my life this longing has been suppressed in me and now it is coming out and I am letting it have its way. I am no longer saying "NO" to myself as my parents did, I am no longer being them to me but I still have them in me saying how bad I am as I eat it and enjoy every bit of it, fuck I feel so bad now, yet it was so good.

Everything I want to do has such a bad consequence for me. My will is always punished by my parents will for me. I am going against them and doing what I want and I feel so bad about it so I can't enjoy anything for myself because they are always in my head telling me off or telling me the bad consequences of having what I want. I can't escape from them, I never could, even in the womb I can see myself moving, kicking out, trying to escape from them and how bad they are making me feel but I can't. I am trapped now with them inside of me instead of me inside of them, or mum's womb, should I say. I still have their feelings bombarding me in all I do just as they did when I was in the womb, no escape from them and their feelings on how they want me to be. As I ate the chocolate, they were with me telling me "NO".

The constant longing for Chocolate.

13 April 2019

I am feeling even more useless and powerless now as I sit here and feel how I feel about eating that chocolate. I had to have it and I knew how I would feel after but I had to have it. I am so fucking useless and pointless and weak. I can't say NO. I have to eat it. Now I feel terrible and so scared that if I can't say NO, then I will be saying yes all the time and putting on so much weight and it scares me so much, where will it all end?

I feel like there is no hope for me, just leave me, just forget about me as I am such a hopeless loser that can't control herself anymore and I can't, I mean that. I have lost the control to deny myself, to say no to myself if I want something. If I want it then it's a yes, go and have it, but this scares me, it feels so out of control. Diets are control, they are saying NO to myself, they are my parents telling me to be how they want me to be and how they think I would be best. I can't do that any more, the control has gone and now I am saying yes to myself and it feels so wrong, but it is my 'Will' so right for me, so maybe being over weight/fat isn't wrong, it saying 'Yes' to myself when my parents would have said no and stopped me. But even the Yes is based on errors inside me, feeling unloved so needing substitutes for that missing love I should have felt from my parents and the sweet stuff I am saying 'Yes' to is also wrong because it is based on feeling so unloved, I need to fill my self with outside substitute 'loving' feelings which should have come from my parents but didn't.

I feel so confused and so fucked up about this. This is such a big deal for me as I always felt so good being slim, yet now I know that was all more denial of how unloved I truly felt, so had to keep myself slim to get my loving feelings from others, I was wanted, liked being slim, it was all just more addiction to get my feelings met.

I have put on some weight and I feel so unwanted, this is exactly what I didn't want to feel, so I stayed slim so I wouldn't have to feel the truth of how unloved I really felt. Now I am feeling it all and it is awful, I feel so unimportant, uninteresting, unattractive, all of the un's. Fuck, I hate myself; I don't even feel like I am worth getting out of bed, getting dressed or anything. I just want to hide because I feel so unloved and unwanted. I am nothing, really nothing, absolutely Nothing and I am so ashamed of being like this, I don't want anyone to ever see me again, I feel so awful and disgusting and gross. I just want to hide away under my blanket on my couch until I die and get this over with and carry on in spirit.

I ate the Easter Egg.

13 April 2019

I have just eaten half a chocolate Easter egg and my whole face has gone red and is hot and burning because I was full up already with my dinner. I am so full up, I have to be so full up like there is no more room and I couldn't just eat a little bit of that egg, I had to have the whole half in one go.

My sister would have had a tiny bit and saved the rest, a memory has just come to me of us as kids and I would eat all of mine and she would still have hers weeks later, it would annoy me how she wasn't a greedy gannet like I am. How does she do that, save them and not want to stuff the lot like I do. It's still fucking annoying to me now. I am getting hotter as I feel about it, shit, I am boiling hot now, a hot flush is coming and it's fuelled with anger and shame at my greed.

I was already full up so why did I need to eat that Egg? I am so fucked off with myself that it is never enough. Now I feel sick I am so full. Why can't I be like my sister and not need to be so greedy, so addicted. I want and want and want all the time, I feel so depraved all the time. Fuck, I am so angry with myself. I am so fucking useless, I have to eat it all, is this what I have been hiding all these years, is this what I have been denying all these years by being on diets, shutting off this part of me that is so in need, so desperately in want and need, so depraved and consumes everything she can. What the fuck!!!

I give in, I can't stop being like this, I am so in need inside, so desperate to fill myself with good stuff, fuck I hate myself right now, I am so useless, such a pig, so in need all the time, so full of lack and loss of any good, loving feelings that I have to grab what I can when I can as I might never have it again, so I grab it all. I am such a no hoper, there is no hope for me, I am a lost cause, fuck I hate myself, I give up with myself.

Cleaning my teeth, such a chore.

13 April 2019

Just cleaning my teeth and the thought came to me that I never remember being shown how to clean my teeth properly or take care of them. It has always been a chore I hated and I never took the time with my children either. I feel bad about

that, neglectful not teaching them to look after themselves properly. I did to them what was done to me and I couldn't be bothered, as my parents couldn't with me. I was cleaning my teeth and I always remember being left to it, to do it myself and not ever doing it properly. I didn't use toothpaste because it made me gag so I only used water. I have had to learn how to do it myself and through a lot of tooth pain as a child, I had to be more thorough. If I had been shown how important it was to look after myself I wouldn't have had to go through so much distress at the dentist.

Mum told me every day to go and clean my teeth but I suppose she couldn't be bothered to show me how. There were four of us and they couldn't spread themselves that thin. I was lazy with my children too, I couldn't be bothered, it was too much hard work and they have suffered as I did. I neglected myself as I was neglected and I did that to my children. I feel terrible as I see the truth of my bad parenting and I believed I was a good mum like my parents also believed, I was so wrong and as more truth comes up, I feel worse.

Scared of the dark.

13 April 2019

So many feelings to feel in everything I do. I just switched off my main bedroom light and I was left in pure darkness because I had forgotten to turn on my side light and in that moment I felt my childhood fear of the dark. I left myself in the darkness for a short time and I was scared. What was lurking in the dark to get me, I could feel the fear rise up in me just like when I was a child. It was so dark, I couldn't see anything, I was not in control because I couldn't see around me and see that nothing bad was there; there was no bogie man under the bed, behind the curtain or in the cupboard.

Now a memory has come up of dad reading bedtime stories to my sister before we went to sleep. He would sit on her bed, we shared a room, and read some of her favourite books and some of them were in scary haunted castles, books like the famous five and Enid Blyton and other childhood mystery stories but I was younger and some of them scared me. I didn't want him to turn the light out when he had finished, I was too scared. My sister was fine and loved the stories but I was afraid of some of them. They carried on playing in my mind and when the lights went out I was scared those characters were in my room hiding ready

to scare me.

That was how I just felt, the same feelings of the bogie man being there, in the dark, in my room. A childhood fear that is still running in me and I felt it in that instant of being in darkness. Not being safe, being scared, only safe when the light is on and I can see everything is ok, there is no one there. I don't trust the dark. The dark still scares me as it did as a child, all those fears are still there that something is going to scare me, terrify me and I can't do anything about it as it was with my parents and me being a child, they could scare me and I couldn't do anything about it, I was powerless. Even a "No Sam" from them was enough to make me jump and scare me, something that we all do as parents but don't realise how terrifying it is to a child. Parents are the real bogie man.

Being cold.

14 April 2019

I am so fed up with being so cold all the time and having to sit under a blanket. I am freezing, my feet, legs and hands and my lips go blue, it looks like I am a corpse with dead bluey/grey lips, yuk. I feel pissed off with it, I can't warm up and have to put the heating on and wrap myself up. I wish I could feel warm but I feel chilled to the bone, right through. I want to warm up and be comfortable instead of shivery and so cold. I want to cuddle up under my bed covers to get warm, I feel so old and weak like this, not young and vibrant and warm, it's horrible. It makes me feel ill and powerless because I can't change it, I can't get warm, I have to stay cold no matter how I wrap up. It makes me want to retract into myself, cover myself up, hide away, not be seen, it's so uncomfortable to be so cold so much of the time.

yuk

I feel dead inside, dead and cold like stone. Uncared about with no love to keep me warm, no one to care for me and be concerned that I am so cold, I feel alone with it as usual, no one cares how I am feeling and that I am cold. I feel like a stone person, cold, stone and grey, dead.

Cold is so unloving and lonely.

Feeling unfulfilled and needy.

14 April 2019

I am feeling so needy, so full of need, I am a need vacuum, needing so much and having this unfulfilled neediness in me constantly, looking for anything to fulfil it, mostly food. I feel starved all the time of what it is I really need, the true nourishment I never got and I needed so much. I am seeking it out constantly whatever I can get to fill this need in me.

I am so tired of being so needy and not ever finding what it is I need, the only thing that will calm me and end my neediness. I am sick of living like this, in such need, feeling so depraved all the time, I am so sick of expressing all of my shit. I am boring myself with the same feelings, saying the same things.

Oh just Fuck off Sam!!

I hate who I am.

17 April 2019

I hate myself. I am everything I hate about myself. I am being everything I tried so hard to deny being all my life. There is not one part of me I like, I hate the truth of me, I hate who I am. I hate the truth of my wrongness and being it feels like I should be annihilated out of all life. I can't love any of me like this. I hate all of me the way I am. This is what was under all of that pretence and believing I liked myself, it was all to hide this truth that is coming up now, that I hate myself the way I really am. Who could love it? 🤢? I hate these fucking yellow faces that appear and I can't get rid of them. I never asked for them, they appear against my will.

I can't ever see a time when I might feel any love for myself the way I am. I am so wrong on so many levels yet I am so scared of how bad I am and being it scares the shit out of me but I can't help it, it is all coming out and I am being it and I hate it. I am so unlovable, I am horrible, vile and so judgmental of others, all the time and I am so aware of it but I can't stop being like it. Moaning about everyone behind their backs, having awful thoughts about people, shit I am vile and rotten inside.

My neighbours like me and think I am a nice person but if only they knew what I

think about them, what I say about them to Trevor and how annoying they are. Him with his power tools, for fuck sake take a break and put it down, that noise of drilling, sawing, hammering all the time, its a relief when he goes to work but I go outside and hang out my washing and smile and say hello, instead of what I am really feeling, "You noisy fucker, stick you fucking power tool up your arse and drill on that!!!!!!!" that is how I really feel about my neighbour but I am to afraid to upset him or anyone by telling them the truth of how they are making me feel.

Fuck off you stupid yellow emoji faces.

17 April 2019

And I don't put those stupid unhappy faces on my posts, I disabled the function but it keeps coming back and I can't be bothered to change it. Looks so stupid and childish, I hate it but it is just bringing out more of my hate about things I don't have any control over, I can't stop them appearing and I don't want them. It is against my will to have them but they come up anyway, even though I disabled it, so it's more of me having to put up with what I don't want. More of my will taken, more unloving parenting telling me I have to have it no matter how I feel about it, its not listening to me.

Woke up feeling ok!!

18 April 2019

Shit I have woke up feeling good. I feel like a sort of relief today, or even if it is just for this moment. I am relieved to be myself in all of my fucked up, negative ways, this is me, the full wrongness of me and it feels so good to finally be able to say that and mean it although meaning it on a knife edge because that could all change in a second and I could go back to feeling bad and hating myself. I feel a kind of residing to that fact that this is me and I can't do anything to change how I am, just keep expressing all the bad feelings when they come up.

I feel good about finally being myself, my fucked up self, I am this for now. I don't want to fight it any more, or at least for today, or even fight now. Right now I feel ok, I am this fucked up person and I am relieved to say that, the pressure is off trying to be someone else, some one acceptable to everyone else,

shit, as I said that I wanted to cry with relief as the pressure is lifting. It's amazing to feel like this. I am everything I have ever hated about myself, now I am it, being it all and there is nothing I can do about it and I finally feel good about it. For Now.

Accepting my Fuckedupness! Or not! I don't know.

19 April 2019

Still feeling ok, the pull isn't in me to fight against myself at the moment, and I say that very tentatively, I am always waiting for the bad thing to happen. But I don't feel like I am hating myself so much, it feels like it has calmed down a bit, a lot. I am this way, I can't do anything about it and as I said that I felt even a flicker of excitement go through me.

I feel like acceptance is creeping in and settling me down, resigning myself to the fact that this is me, warts and all and I can't change it, only feel about it. Will I be accepted as a woman being who she is? I don't know!! I am learning to only just settle with it myself and it has been so hard, the fight I have put up I can now see clearly, it has been as struggle all the way because I don't want to be like this. I won't be accepted like this, like ME! It's so tough being me. I haven't accepted it myself, I couldn't, it is too gross, too awful, not pretty, not sexy, not appealing, not wanted so why should I want to be like that when all I have been throughout my life is so full of ego, wanting to be loved, fancied, sexy, adored, admired and all of that bullshit but its the truth. It is what I wanted from everyone, especially men.

Now I am the opposite and I have come to it kicking and screaming and been dragged all the way, so it feels. It is so hard and such a risk to be the truth, I risk total rejection and that is what I am now left with. No one likes it, me like this, I don't like it but in a way, I also do, it is peaceful somewhere in side me, I don't have to be anyone for anyone and keep changing for this person or that person, I am just the gross, ugly, boring ME that I have run away from all my life because she is so unlovable and now I am seeing just how unlovable that truth of me is.

No one wants me to be like this, put some make up on, do your hair, colour it and get rid of the grey, lose the weight, wear nice cloths and so on and on and on, shit its hard work to be like that. I am very low maintenance now, which I

like, it is growing on me and I am feeling better about it, only over the last couple of days though. So that's it, I am a bit of a slob when it comes to the truth, I don't want to do anything at all when I go to my feelings, I want to be lazy.

I had to change myself to be lovable.

19 April 2019

For people to love me, I had to change myself and make myself lovable in any way I could. I had to do that for my parents so I was more pleasing to them, be as they wanted me to be and then they would have their good little girl, just how they wanted her to be. Now, all of that has stopped and I run the huge risk of not being lovable any more, not good little Sam, but being Me! That's a risk for any child! It's scary; it's going out on a limb (what ever that means but it fits). Its lone wolf stuff and I am scared of being me but their is such a pull for me to do this, I want it, but I am scared of the rejection so I will have to take it feeling by feeling and let those feelings come and overwhelm me as they always do. I am scared of who I will become, I don't know what I will look like, how I will feel or who I will be, I don't know myself in any sort of truth so it is fucking scary to walk into being this, feeling by feeling, its a risk.

Being my wrongness, I hate it! I love it!

20 April 2019

I hate being my wrongness, I hate being everything I have denied about myself, I fucking hate how it feels, how it looks, I hate everything about me being like this. I am horrible, hateful, evil, I am nothing I thought I was, that fake me was acceptable, this isn't, its fucking horrible, the grossness of it all, being it, living it, seeing it, its just shit, shit, shit to live like this, I hate it, I hate me like this but it is me and I hate it. I am being the full hateness of myself and it is horrible, awful to know the truth about how I really am.

It's giving me the real shits, literally the shits; I haven't been off the loo for two days now because I feel so shit, constant diarrhoea, constantly feeling shitty with myself as I see what a shit I am. I see the truth of it and then have to run to the loo, what the fuck!! Everything about me gives me the shits.

I feel so unlovable, I feel like I will never be able to be loved and I don't even feel

like I want to be, I am being too angry to want anything to do with anyone, everyone gives me the shits.

I sat in the bath just now and started crying to Mother and Father telling them how much I hate myself and how much I hate who I am but its all I am left with, the truth of all I have denied about myself, as it comes up I am then it and I hate it, I hate being it.

Being breathless brought up so much fear.

23 April 2019

Today, in the car I began to feel breathless and it scared me, it didn't go and I was struggling for breath. I have had this many times in my life and it is usually connected to Panic attacks. It's like a shock feeling so I have been expressing it to Mother and Father all morning.

I got home and got the gear out to do the grass, the lawn mower and it was tough work, I was sweating loads and feeling really depleted in energy. My face was bright red and burning with the salty sweat. I finished the garden and put the stuff away, cleared up everything and stopped and sat down outside to have a rest and cool down, it's been quite hot here over Easter. As I sat down the heat was rising in my body, sweat was pouring and I felt a bit of panic again and I expressed this and as I did I realised I couldn't get away from it, I couldn't escape what was happening to me. I was trapped and stuck in this overwhelming feeling that was happening to me and that is exactly how it feels when I used to have really bad panic attacks. I couldn't escape and I would always look for the exit of where ever I was so I could escape if I had an attack. I was trapped.

As I sat on the bench outside, I let the heat, sweat engulf me and it felt awful, hotter than I had ever felt it before. I couldn't do anything about it but let it have its way with me, I didn't want to, I wanted to feel the suffocation of it, the pain and near death feelings I was feeling. My hair was sticking to me as sweat ran everywhere, my clothes were stuck to me, shit, I have never felt heat like it because I have always done something about it in the past, like put the fan on, run myself under cold water, have a drink, put my hair up, have a shower but not this time. I let the heat overwhelm me and it was truly awful to feel it. I

couldn't get away and now all memories of being trapped are coming to me from my childhood, like, being in school assembly and having a bad cough, sitting right in the middle of the row so I couldn't escape and feeling like I was going to die from a coughing fit with everyone looking at me and I mean everyone, assembly had to stop while they got me out, how embarrassing but I was terrified when we were going in, begging God not to let me start coughing, but I did, it was so awful, so humiliating.

I have always had a fear of being somewhere and not being able to escape, being trapped, even within my own bad feelings. That is why I could never escape my panic attacks because I was trying to escape from my own bad feelings. I was denying them all my life instead of turning it all around and feeling them instead of running.

Today, the breathless episode did scare me but it has gone now and it did as soon as I began to express how it made me feel and then again with the over heating thing in the garden, it all disappeared as I was expressing it out of me and into the open. Now I feel so calm and I know more truth about me and how I tried to escape from my own feelings, I was trapped just as I was as a child, trapped in my in-expression of my bad feelings, having no one to listen to me so I had to keep them all inside me when I needed to communicate them. I felt trapped with them all inside me and I couldn't escape from them. I was trapped and this feeling of not being able to get away from them triggered the awful panic attacks that I thought I would die from.

Always so scared and I always have been.

23 April 2019

I am scared; so fucking scared all the time, every minute, fear. Scared of what's going to happen to me and always waiting for the worst thing to happen, shit I am so fucked off with it. Sick and tired with being so scared of everything. Always the worst thing is going to get me, its just waiting to get me. I feel a different sensation in my body and that's it, I'm going to die, I have cancer or something life threatening, its fucking draining to live like this. I am so sick of this!!

Sahara dust cloud. It brings up bad feelings too!

24 April 2019

I have just found out that a dust cloud from the Sahara Desert covered the South of England over Monday and Tuesday and has caused many people to have shortness of breath and advised people to stay in while it goes over. What an amazing feat of nature to get us all to feel so bad, I felt awful with my shortness of breath and shallow breathing, it brought back some old denied feelings that I hadn't felt and got me into those old feelings. I needed it, it made me feel scared as I wrote about two posts ago, it was awful to feel so suffocated and not to be able to draw a breath properly, it scared me and brought up all the fear I needed to feel. Even Trevor was struggling to breath properly and I asked him to tell me how it made him feel but he wouldn't go down into his deepest fears with me, I could see how uncomfortable he was but he didn't want to go any further than that he couldn't get a proper breath and felt awful not breathing right.

I expressed it all to Mother and Father and my breathlessness soon passed and I felt fine again but how amazing that we here in the South of the UK needed a kick up the bum to make us feel so bad, as many did, and probably only me out of the whole of the south understood why it was happening and I know that sounds big headed but I got it, I really did and now I am thankful for it and see all of the amazement of what happened and how awful it made me feel. It really got to those feelings I needed to get to and couldn't do it without that sand cloud making me feel so bad, so I thank Mother and Father and all of the Nature Spirits for their help in my healing, its amazing and thank you so much.

I am truly amazed at the help given by spirit, not just for me, although I am now aware of what it was and why it happened, to make me/us feel bad but most won't be aware of that but I am. I was able to feel so bad, like I was going to die and how scared I am of that. Yes, I am scared of dying and taking that last, final breath.

As my breathlessness took hold of me I grew even more scared that I was not going to be able to breath and couldn't take a breath and that set off a panic feeling in me, feeling like I would die. I am scared of dying and in shock that it will one day happen to me. It is the biggest shock of all, taking that last breath, as shocking as it was taking my first breath as I entered this world, so will it be

when I leave. I have never gotten over my first breath and the fear of what was happening to me as the air rushed into me. I was in panic and shock as I entered this world and that is how I will be when I leave, not being able to believe what is happening to me.

Feelings of shock.

24 April 2019

I am feeling very strongly that the shock I have felt about dying, connected to my breathlessness yesterday, is the shock I felt at my conception, wow, what a shock that was and I am feeling it right now, that instant of change, of suddenly being aware of myself and everything around me, shit, what is happening, this feels terrible, I don't want to be here, its dark and I feel locked in, trapped, how long will I be in here, will it be forever, I don't feel good at all, I am scared, I don't like this, I don't want this. I can feel all the panic and fear of not knowing what is happening to me or where I am, which are feelings I have always felt and carried through out life and they all came right from my conception. I don't feel that any of it was a pleasure but a scary place to be and grow, not knowing what is to happen to me next or if anything would change, or is this it for me. Then the trauma of my birthing process, feeling like I was being crushed to death as the contractions squeezed me and then stopped, then again with the squeezing, then stopping, when is this going to end, am I going to be ok??

It was all trauma right from the word go, nothing nice about any of it, all just awful feelings, panic and fear and not knowing if I would survive and those feelings are with me all the time in all that I do and they come from my conception and birth.

More about feeling Shocked!

24 April 2019

Feeling more about my last posts on the forum. Life has been such a huge series of shocks for me, that is all it has been, having an experience, feeling the shock of it and then passing on to the next shocking experience and it has now become normal. That is my life and I have learnt to deny the impact of it all, all of that shock because this is my life and this is how it goes for me, one shock after the

other and all because that is how my incarnation felt. Shock after shock, that feeling has carried on in my life until it has been normal for me. I feel shocked and don't know what to do with it so I deny the feelings of how it has impacted me and now they are all coming up for me to heal and Mother and Father and all of my spirit helpers are helping me to relive those shocks so I can feel them and know the truth.

I want to know them all; I want them all to come out of hiding like scared little children hiding from me. I want to know the truth of how it was for me and that is happening. It is even a shock to finally know the truth, I have been so fucked up because I didn't know any truth. I had been so protected against truth like it was a very bad thing so I grew to believe that and when the truth was revealed, it has been a series of shocks for me, such a huge lie to live and that is a shock, the extent of the lie I have lived.

Truth is Withheld!

More about the Sahara dust cloud.

24 April 2019

I have just been talking to Trevor again about the dust cloud and the feelings it brought up in us both as he had suffered shortness of breath too, as I wrote about, and I was explaining the importance of it to bring up all of our bad feelings. I wanted to talk about it but yet again, it fell on deaf ears and I was denied.

All Trevor is saying is it was so good to get an answer to why he felt so short of breath, it was the Sahara dust cloud and that is why he felt so bad, he is talking about it now as I am writing this, how happy he is now to have the answer, it was the dust cloud, nothing to do with his health and I have just been telling him all about why it happened. Because of our bad feelings, we need the experience to bring up our bad feelings and it did that. But he just goes quiet when I talk about feelings, he won't acknowledge anything I have to say about why we need these experiences and I feel so denied, so wrong and unimportant and not heard or listened to.

Now this dust cloud is bringing up this for me: how denied I feel, how I am not listened to or taken seriously by anyone. I don't ever want to speak again, it is pointless, I never get any response, I never have anything worthy to say that anyone wants to hear. No one wants to hear me, everything falls on deaf ears. I talk to Trevor about things and he changes the subject on me or doesn't reply and if he does it is with an answer he believes, in all his wisdom, is the truth. There is no room for me or anything I have to say, I believed in him once and thought everything he had to say was so amazing but then I changed, when he wouldn't let me be a part of it, only as long as it was in agreement with what he believed and was putting out there but I changed and he wouldn't accept me changing and still doesn't.

It is like an elephant in the room, I try to talk about it but there is no room for me and what I feel and what I have to bring. We are two very different people now and we come and go with each other but I am never heard or taken seriously and I never have been, no one is interested in anything I have to say, Trevor isn't, not the 'Spiritual' stuff anyway.

I know why I have him in my life and when I have healed all the bad feelings he brings up in me we will not need each other. He brings up so much in me to feel, so much anger about not being listened to about the important things, he is my dad, different, but he gives me all the feelings I need to feel. He won't accept what I have to say about Soul Healing through our feelings and our childhood repression, he closes down and I feel it, so I stop, it is pointless, I am not heard, he doesn't want to hear me and that is just how it was for me as a child.

I have never felt listened to or in anyone taking an interest in what I have to say so I have had little confidence to speak up for myself because I am not interesting, not right, boring and unworthy to speak up.

Seen and not heard.

24 April 2019

I still feel like I should be seen and not heard, I still feel like a child inside, that believes it has something important to say but isn't allowed to say it and keeps

getting shut down, so is left with all of these words in her throat building up and up and then has to swallow them down because they can't come up and out. I want the right communication with someone who wants to hear me and wants to tell me all of their feelings too. I ask Trevor how he feels and I only get the surface feelings, I would love for him to open up to me and we could both have this to and fro communication of feelings but that is just my fantasy of someone who wants to be like that with me. I would have loved my parents to have been open with their feelings with me, I can't even imagine what a loving relationship would be like between a father and daughter, being able to talk or spend time with a father, talking openly.

I can't relate to men in that open way, yet I would love to, but it wasn't how it was for me as a child with my own dad, so it can't be like that in my relationship with Trevor and other men. My relationship with Trevor is just how it was for me with my dad, not heard, shut down, overpowered, not being interested in me, not taking what I have to say seriously, condescending, it's all just the same. Trevor talks about things he has heard from the likes of David Icke, Bruce Lipton, Gregg Braden, Osho, and many other of these speakers of the Mind's Way but he won't listen to me and what I have to say about the Feelings and how I am healing through my feelings and with God. He would rather listen to them over me and it hurts me when he talks about how great they are in all they are saying. Helping him to take his mind's control even further away from his feelings. As he speaks I feel ripped apart inside, crushed and annihilated as he puts them above what I have to say. He thinks I don't know anything compared to them and what he knows, he is just like my dad and as I write this I can see it even clearer.

I feel so destroyed inside at how denied I am and have been, I can feel my soul sink at the denial of my feelings, by everyone. No one thinks I am worthy of anything good, I am just a dreamer, a little girl who wants to be something but is nothing really, how she has been made to feel.

Expressing my Agitated feelings!

24 April 2019

I don't know what to do with myself this afternoon! I am bored. I feel empty and at lost ends as I walk around the house for no reason. I have nothing to do

and I feel bored and useless. Right in this moment, there is nothing, its empty and that is all I can see, emptiness. It makes me feel like I don't exist but in my head I have a voice asking me questions, like, "How does that make you feel Sam?" "Go deeper into the feeling Sam", I feel like right at this moment I don't exist and never will to anyone, I am a nothing person. "How does it feel to not exist?" It feels so sad, so denied, I am here but not needed or wanted by anyone, what's the point in my life if no one wants to share any part of it with me, I am just a ghostly shell of a person floating around not being seen or heard only when someone wants something from me or to do something for them.

"And how does that feel to be used in that way?" It feels devastating to me. Like no one really wants me and are just nice to me to get what they need from me. "And isn't that like how it was for you at home Sam?" Yes, it is just the same, I was used for their own needs just as I am now and no one really sees me or is slightly interested in me or asks me how I feel or how I am with any real interest in me.

I feel so empty and so unwanted, so denied and crushed, thrown away inside. "This is the truth of how it was for you Sam, this is how you have always felt and now everything around you is happening to help you feel this truth of your Childhood." Yes, I know it is true, I can feel it, I was not wanted and I am so sure of that, so sure, my feelings are telling me and everything around me is happening to help me feel the truth, it is true. I am only wanted as like a robot to every one, a servant or slave for them to feel good without receiving anything in return, I am there for them only, not for me.

"How are you feeling now Sam?" Agitated!! Fed up with being so subservient having to please everyone without a thought for me and how I feel. No one asks me how I am, no one is interested and that is how boredom feels, no one wants to be with me, no one wants to spend any time with me, no one takes any interest in me unless they want something, want me to do something for them. I don't feel like a person at all, just like a ghost.

I have nothing to do, no one to do anything with, no one is interested in me. I am a bored, lonely child who is fed up and has to put up with it all. No one wants to be with me, they can't wait to get away from me; they don't care about

me being alone, lonely. They don't want to talk to me or hear me, I am a pain, a burden, in the way, another mouth to feed, another person to keep alive. "Why did we have all of these children?" I can hear my parents thinking but not saying it to each other. I can feel it and I am in the womb, another mouth to feed, why did we do it? Why were we so stupid?

We can't afford another one, our lives will be worse off, its all that child's fault and I haven't even been born yet! I can feel all of their feelings coming at me, I don't feel any love, only pain and worry from them, we can't afford another one but it's too late now. I can feel it all, instead of being happy about my coming, it was all about worry and not being able to cope and my parents having sex on the night of my conception and hoping and praying mum didn't get pregnant and thinking how stupid they have been, I was not wanted right from the word go and so many babies are conceived in the same way. After the act, thinking and worrying about whether the woman is pregnant or not, hoping and praying she is not.

All the thoughts, feelings and the unloving actions over what can be done with this new human being. Shit, it's all so awful and I have been there, I have been that woman just as my mother was and now I am seeing it in my children. All the pain of not feeling loved, it's all the same for them as it was for me because all I could do was to pass it on to them and I am paying for it now. I feel terrible for them most of the time as I watch them living their lives, even the tiny things they do or say or feel, it is huge to me, it hits me with such huge impact and I mean things that most parents wouldn't even be aware of. Everything they do, I feel because I gave it to them at their conception, I passed on the pain to them and I am seeing just what I have done to them in every moment of their being.

I am paying for it constantly and seeing what it is I have done to them and my compensation is the pain I feel. Its like a prison sentence for me without having to go to prison, the pain is punishment enough, its bigger than prison can ever be, to actually feel the pain of what you have done to someone. Shit, it's like nothing on Earth, and as well as my own healing, I have the pain to deal with from what I have caused my two children.

They didn't just grow like it, I put it into them, I shaped them to be as I was and I poured all of my pain and feelings into them, all of my deepest darkest secrets

are living in them every day and I see it playing out in front of me, rubbing my nose in it, like God is saying to me "See Sam, this is what you have done to two of my souls".

I was a normal parent, nothing out of the ordinary really and thought I was a good mum and they "Love" me but through my healing I can see that I am the opposite of what I thought. I can see all of the pain I have caused them and as I said, I am paying for it now and having to heal it within me and it is the toughest thing to do and see, just how evil I have been to them.

I am the worst thing for my children.

24 April 2019

My children are so much better off without me, they have flourished since they have grown up and I have backed right off from them since my healing. I have stopped interfering and now they are growing, they are so much better off without me. The worst thing for them was me and their dads.

My Son came over to talk.

24 April 2019

It's 10:00 at night and my son needed to come over to talk to me about how he feels. He told me that he knows he isn't being himself but feels he is being his dad and Harry (His step Father) and he hates it.

I was so glad to hear him open up to me like this and we had a real chance to talk about it all and he was interested in everything I had to say and he said it was exactly how he was feeling. He told me he feels so fucked up by his dad and by Harry, both men who were very defensive when feeling attacked and Alex is the same and he said it just isn't him, he said he felt like he was and is being someone else, the men in his life.

He hates it so we had a long talk about it all and he did most of the talking as I wanted him to go deeper into his feelings and with my help he was able to see the truth of who and how he is being, in all situations in his life. He knows it isn't right, how he is being, he feels it is all wrong and said he doesn't want to be

like this but he can't be any different, which is right, he can only be how we, his parents have made him be and he is to be that and feel how it makes him feel.

He is on it, he is opening up to the healing through his feelings and is beginning to get it with a lot of support from me. I want to hear it all from him, it's all I can do to make things better for him and help him understand why he is the way he is. The great thing is he wants to hear me, he wants to heal and it will all be on his terms. I am here for him when he needs to talk about how he feels or even if he doesn't. I was just so happy to hear him talk it out with me and say to me that the men I chose, fucked him up and now he thinks he has to be like them and there programming and he knows it isn't him.



Feeling my conception.

25 April 2019

Today, I have woken up feeling the shock in me that was the shock of my conception, I can feel it, the fear, the panic and it's always been with me manifesting itself throughout my life in all different events. The fear of what is happening to me, not knowing, not understanding, the confusion and catastrophe of what is coming next for me, shit its all fear that I still carry and its coming up for me to know where it began.

I still feel like that new baby being so confused all the time, in panic at what will happen to her, I feel like that all the time, the shock and panic, I can feel it in me now. So many events have brought this feeling to me to feel but I haven't understood why I am feeling this way, now I get it. It is my first shock, my first 'Big bang' into creation and is felt like a collision, an explosion, all very bad, not good at all, a horrible experience and so scary and so much of my life has been like this and I am always waiting for the next shock to come along.

This is bad, very bad, there is nothing good about this experience, I had no idea what was happening to me, I didn't know any truth so was constantly confused

looking up to my parents for the truth so I knew what was happening but they lied to me all the time because I was a child and they didn't want me to know the truth like it was a bad thing to know it, I couldn't cope with it and that is how they have been with me ever since, never telling me any truth, when bad things happen, they lied to me so I was always in confusion.

I was in the womb and they lied about wanting me, how happy they were, but I felt the opposite, that this was a bad thing that was happening, I felt bad about it because I felt their bad feelings, the ones they denied from each other, they thought but never dared say out loud, the truth of how they felt. I was confused at what was happening they were saying one thing but feeling another, what was the truth, the feelings of course. I always knew I wasn't loved, I felt it in me right from conception that I wasn't lovable and that is how I have spent my life, being unlovable, not being able to love, I can't give it or receive it because I wasn't loved truly as a child.

The shock of mum being pregnant.

25 April 2019

Mum was shocked when she found out she was pregnant, it wasn't a good feeling or a happy shocked but a bad feeling and I felt it and I have felt her shock over being pregnant with me, throughout my life.

She was shocked, scared and in panic and that is how I have spent my entire life. My life has been a repercussion of her initial feelings when she found out about me, that is how she felt about me, the truth in that very moment of being told she was pregnant, I felt it and carried it on in my own life, being in a constant state of shock and panic and doom at what may come.

I felt the exact same shock as she did when I found out I was pregnant and my children are now living with that first initial response that they felt from me when I found out I was pregnant. It was just the same, I carried that feeling from my mum on to my children and I can see it play out in their lives, confusion, shock, fear and panic at what is coming.

Mum's initial shock was my first feeling of being unloved, unwanted and all those other horrible feelings. The dread she felt upon being aware of me coming

has made me feel like I am always in the way, like I have to constantly apologise for myself because I am in the way, not wanted, always under someone's feet. I have to stay out of the way because I am not wanted. There is nothing good to live for because I was not wanted, I was an unwanted child but they pretended and lied to themselves that they loved me and wanted me but what could they do? At least an abortion would have been the true thing to do with me, get rid of me because I was not wanted.

They kept me and continued the lie, like "oh well, we've done it now, it's too late so we will have to go through with it". I have always been a pain, I have continued to shock them throughout my life, they never knew what was coming next from me and that initial shock mum felt for me, I have brought her that every day, the shock has continued for her and for me and now carried forward into my children.

James responds to my writings.

25 April 2019

It's all fantastic Sam, everything you write. It's an incredible journey going with you as you write it all, so many feelings and you being true to them and where they lead you. I can see so much of what Marion and I have been through in what you write. The part about you feeling and being an expression of how your mother felt when she heard about being pregnant with you, all the shock and so on, I've not thought about that to do with my mother so I will give that more thought and see if it brings up more bad feelings. I don't know exactly what she felt, I never asked her and she never said anything, however for all I feel about myself and her relationship with me, I can guess.

Thank you again for documenting it all, taking the time, it sure is amazing. At times it's too much, going on and on and too overwhelming with the horror of it all, however that's how I am and have been with myself and my own bad feelings, so I'm only projecting that onto you. My refusing to accept all your bad feelings, as I've refused to accept mine.

And to see how accepting you are of all of yours, not refusing to feel them, wanting them all to keep coming up, not judging them, flowing with them no matter how bad they are and how much they mess your body around –

incredible!

And that's great with your son, at least you have someone for a moment who looks to you and takes you seriously, unlike your parents; not that that is to stop you expressing the pain of feeling you are so alone.

Nothing is of any interest to me.

28 April 2019

I am so bored, there is nothing I want to do, I don't feel there is anything I can do. Nothing appeals to me anymore, nothing has any interest for me, it is all-pointless. Day after day is so empty I don't even know what to write next I am so bored. I can feel my mind wanting something to do, wanting to think up something so I don't have to feel so bored but my feelings are telling me it is all pointless and just more things the mind wants to do to keep me from my feelings. I am so bored, so full of nothing, so pointless, so meaningless, everything on this planet is, there is nothing good or true so why do anything, I can't.

I am feeling that even typing this is to keep me from feeling, I am doing something which fills my time, passes the time although I get so much out of it also as I write it. To feel so pointless is like not existing, I am of no use to anyone or anything, not needed so left out, not wanted, rejected.

Trevor just asked me if I wanted to go out and I said No! Go where, no where interests me and it would only be to avoid feeling my feelings, to fill in time so I don't have to be bored, more denial of my feelings. I would rather stay in and feel how bad I feel. He wants to fill his time doing stuff to avoid feeling bad, bored, etc., he can do what he likes but I want to feel and heal myself, not pretend I don't feel these things and cover over them with drives in the country, etc., its all so pointless, the bad feelings are still there when you get home, they go nowhere, we can prolong feeling them for as long as we want but they will be there waiting for us to feel.

There is just nothingness right here in this moment, the feeling of nothing which could go on forever. As I sit here I am hearing my mum's words "go and do

something with yourself", that never helped me when I told her I felt bored, it just told me she didn't want to hear it, she didn't want me around bugging her, she didn't want to do anything with me, she was an adult and I was a child and the two don't mix, she is in her world and I have to stay in mine. God, I felt so separated.

Boredom feels like an eternity of endless empty space with nothing to fill it. It's a weird feeling, horrible and nagging, like a feeling I don't want to be in but I am and I feel a nagging in me to have some attention, like I am very small, about 3 or 4 years of age and I am pulling at my mum, looking up at her as she does her stuff. I am pulling at her apron which is weird because I don't remember her ever wearing one, oh and there it is, she is wearing it because she is painting at her easel with oil paints and has it on. I am on the floor at her feet and tugging at her apron for her to stop painting and pay attention to me because I am bored but she doesn't want to stop.

I am left bored and whining at her, which is getting on her nerves. I am such a pain, stopping her doing what she wants to do, I ruin everything for her, she has to stay at home and look after me and never gets to do what she wants to do. She wishes she never had children, her life is not her own and never will be again. It is my fault, I am the pain in her life, she doesn't want to be with me and I can feel it. I don't have anyone who wants to be with me, I am always in the way so I am left alone while everyone else does what they want to do so they don't have to look after me, the pain.

I am so bored, no one wants to communicate with me because my parents didn't and it is still like that now, it has to be because it is the truth of my childhood and how it was for me. I feel like I want to go to sleep now, that is what mum would do to get me out the way so she could carry on, hoping that I would go to sleep and she can have some peace and feel free again, it will be like I don't exist for an hour. She is always trying to get rid of me so she doesn't have to spend any time with me and now, as an adult, I am doing the same thing that she did to me, put myself to sleep to get myself out of the way, not feel my pain, pretend it doesn't exist by sleeping, just how it was for me as a child.

If the child is bored, put her to sleep and get her out the way so mother doesn't

have to be bothered with amusing her. If I go to sleep it will pass time and I will wake up and it will be time for dinner, something to do. But sleep is just more denial of feeling my boredom. Put myself in bed and go to sleep like I don't exist. Boredom is like I don't exist.



Me and Mum

The unattended child.

28 April 2019

I can feel the little me still inside me raging with anger at not being attended to by mum. I feel so angry about it that I have been so denied and put aside. I want to scream in a frenzy of rage at how unloved I feel. You know like when you see a child playing up in the street with her mum and she is all red faced and wet faced with snot running everywhere and screaming in her buggy, writhing

around in her straps, that is how I feel. I am still that 3 / 4 year old wanting to throw myself about in a rage at how bored I am and no one cares and the parent just thinks in that moment how much she hates her child and can't wait to get home and scream at it, she is so angry at her child and hates it so much at that moment.

I feel like that child. The boredom makes me feel like that, so unloved, denied and uncared about, no one cares I am like this, no one wants to listen to me or pay me any attention and that makes me want to rage at them about how little they care. What am I here for? What's the point in me? I feel so useless and so in the way. Why did they have me? I just can't see why! Why have such a life long commitment when you don't really want it, when it is something that just is under your feet all day and is such a drain on you. Why?

It's cruel to bring a life into this world and then reject it so. Getting bored with it when the newness runs out and then just doing what you need to do with it just to keep it alive because neglect is against the law and you might get in trouble. The neglect is felt, if not shown, neglect is the truth and all of the depravity that is felt along with it and it shows itself in every aspect of my life. And I believed that I was such a loved child and wanted. I denied my true feelings until now and that denial has caused me life long pain that I never understood the causes of until now, it is all so apparent now, so clear, my feelings are and always have been telling me how it really was and is.

Feeling about my Son.

28 April 2019

Having a terrible evening, feelings coming up in me about my Son and how hard his life is because of how his parents, me, and carers, treated him as a child. I am feeling devastation like I have never felt it before and constantly crying at what I have done to my poor children. Why did they have to have such awful parents such as my and their dads and such useless grandparents, so unloving all of us, so unworthy of children.

I feel sick, I am all knotted up inside my stomach with such unbearable pain as I

talk to my Son and listen to him telling me he hopes he dies soon so he can get out of this pointless world with such unloving people.

He means it and I understood what he was saying. Now he has gone home and I am in bits inside, I am completely fucked, a wreck as I see it all, all of my unloving parenting being rubbed in my face and the pain my Son is in, its unbearable to watch as he struggles through his life and wishes he was dead because he doesn't fit in anywhere and that is because he didn't fit in, in his younger family life.

My poor, poor children to have a mother such as me. I have ruined them and I feel like dying. Nothing can be as painful as this and how I am feeling right now, it is so much worse than feeling my own pain, the pain I have caused them is so much worse, I have hurt them and I didn't even know what I was doing. I am a terrible person, mother, human being, I am the lowest of the low and Hell is too good for me.

There is no pain like this, the pain I have caused my children and as I have said so many times, I believed I was a good and loving mother to them and it is not until I begun my healing that I can now see the truth of what I did to them. I am the worst and don't deserve them. I have never felt so bad, nothing can touch this pain I feel. I did this to them and now I am paying for it. This is Hell for me. I feel so sick inside and hopeless for myself and them. I truly am the worst. The worst thing for my children has been me and their fathers.

Oh my God, what have I done to my children?

28 April 2019

How could I have been so unloving to them to cause them to have such pain in their lives? To be treated so badly by other people, they don't understand why people are so horrible, my Son gets abused every day by the public where he works and he can't cope much more with it and all I can do is listen to him break his heart to me about it and how horrible people are to him. I know why! I understand why it has to be this way for him and its all to make him feel as bad as he did when he was a child, as rejected and hated as we made him feel even though I thought I loved him, the truth is now being shown to me and I was so wrong. What the fuck have I done to them both? I don't feel I can cope with the

pain of this truth. It is so hard to see it all and feel the crushing pain of it but I have too, I did it, it's the truth.

I was rejecting my Son all the time and putting my business in front of him, my business was worth more than he was, he got sent out to carers and nannies while I carried on my life as normal and let someone else look after my child. I have talked about this to him and said how sorry I am for how I treated him and he says; "I understand, you had a business to run", he even puts the business before himself because it is what I did. I taught him not to put himself first, ever.

Everything is more important than him, he was in the way of my business and making money and gaining power, what a fucking bastard of a mother I have been, rubbish, totally rubbish mother. Fuck, I hate myself right now, despise myself for what I have done and even made my children believe the way I did it all was the right way and money comes first. I put everything before them and I wish, more than anything I could do it all again, the right way as I now know it, putting them above everything. I feel terrible, there are no words to describe how I am feeling, I want to be sick.

I am so wrong.

29 April 2019

I have been so wrong. I have caused so much pain. I don't want to do it any more, I don't want to do it ever again, please hear me Mother and Father, I don't want to hurt anyone ever again. It feels too awful, it causes too much pain. I feel so terrible. I have hurt my children beyond words and now it is tearing me apart to see what I have done to them. I can see it all and I never want to do it again. I have been an awful mother. I am so sorry my dear children.

The pain I feel from my unloving parenting.

29 April 2019

Oh my God, the pain is hitting me again, it comes in huge waves, tidal waves of pain deep in my heart. Agony, fucking unbearable agony. I can't even describe how bad it is. Huge waves of realisation hit me and the pain is filled with so much hopelessness, I can't stop the pain, it comes and overwhelms me as I see

more truth of my wrongness. I have to cry.

I feel in shock at what I have done and I can't stress enough that I thought I was a great mum and any parents reading this, one day it will come for you, the truth. I am in such shock at how deluded I have been. My feelings are waking me up to the truth of how I did it all so wrong. I am getting constant flashbacks of all I have done wrong with my children and I can't believe it was me, so wrong, so stupid, so unloving.

My feet are freezing as more shock takes hold of me, my legs and feet are frozen and I feel like I am trembling inside. I am in a crazy state of fear, shock and such high anxiety over all I am seeing tonight. It's like a slide viewing inside my head of all the times I was unloving to my children and as I watch it, I want to hide and cringe at my unloving parenting, what a fool. I wasn't fit to be a mother. I am so sorry, my poor darling children, to put you through so much pain. And I know it is all-true because my children's lives are showing me the truth of what I have done to them.

When people with children come to do their healing, this is all waiting for them, no one escapes it and it is shocking. It will bring every parent to their knees in sorrow and remorse at what they have done to their own children.

When realisation strikes!

29 April 2019

I think that was the worst night of my life, I feel exhausted and am so glad it is morning, it was like a bad dream. I feel terrible still, at what I have done to my children, I am drained by it. Last night the pain hit me on every level, what was done to me and what I then passed on and did to my own children. I am so tired and worn out.

Emotionally exhausted!

29 April 2019

The words I write don't touch the true pain felt.

Still feeling so tired and worn out, complete emotional exhaustion. I had to go to the post office today and as I went to park, a woman in a huge 4 x 4 took up so much space and I felt so angry about it. I squeezed in next to her giving her hardly any room to get out but it was the only space and she should move over a bit, fuck her anyway. Shit it still makes me angry now. I got in the queue behind her and she got to the front and out came bags and bags of 20p's, what the fuck, I hated her even more and I wanted to scream my head off at her, oh my god, I feel so fucked off by her even now. It took ages and I felt so put out by her, I fucking hated her with all of my being, I was so angry that she was holding me up, taking ages, parking like a fucking retard. I wanted to 'punch the grandmother out of her' I was so angry, stamp all over her stupid head and just scream in her face how much I hated her right at that moment.

She left and I did what I had to do and left too, she had gone and another 4 x 4 had parked in her space, and parked properly, considerately. I got in my car and screamed at the top of my voice all the way home, I was like a mad person. I was a mad person but it felt so good to call her all of the Cunts under the sun and shout out loud how much I hated her and how she didn't give a shit about me or anyone else and how I wanted to rip her up and obliterate her.

As I was screaming I noticed, and this is something I have noticed before, that I couldn't scream very loud, not as loud as I wanted to, it hurt my head, it vibrated in my brain, I had to control it to not hurt too much. How fucking annoying not to even be able to express my self as loud as I wanted to, it hurt too much. My throat has been raw all day but I wanted to go louder and couldn't, how unfair, I felt like I was being stopped, I had to hold back from being too loud, stop myself and this comes from my childhood because I was not allowed to be loud, not allowed to scream or be angry and I was still doing it to myself, what my parents had done to me as a child.

I was being my parents, to me, not allowing myself to really let rip, I had a cut off level of loudness I could go to and no higher and I am still doing as I am told, their programming is still in me to be quiet when I wanted to smash windows

with my screams. All so unfair, so stifled and repressed but fuck was I angry and raging and it was so good to be so vocally obscene and it was all aimed at my parents really, I just needed this woman to set me off and bring up all the feelings I needed to feel, it works so well.

I now have a very sore throat but feel empty of that rage and hate I felt earlier. I am now left emotionally drained; it has been a very tough time.

By the way, the guy that caused so much trouble for my son got the sack today, my son texted me and is so happy. He says work will be like a breeze now that he doesn't have to deal with the abuse from that twat of a guy.

Bad people don't mean to be bad.

30 April 2019

I am feeling such deep, deep pain tonight about how bad people don't really mean to be bad. It's not who they are really, it's what they have been made to be by their parents and that makes me feel such deep devastation that I feel sorry for all bad people. I feel so bad for them like I am them and it is happening to me, I am being punished for doing something bad but I didn't mean to do it and I am now scared of what is going to happen to me. I feel like I want to protect all the bad people which I know sounds crazy but I feel so sad for them, like they are all my children and I have to protect them. I don't want them to get into trouble, I remember my siblings getting in trouble with mum and dad and it devastated me, crushed me inside. I don't want them to feel pain because I don't want to feel my own pain. If they are in pain then I will feel it and it is too much for me, too devastating for me to feel.

I feel like a little child watching my siblings getting told off by dad and I would always cry and scream to leave them alone, I couldn't bare it, their pain meant I had to feel my pain and I didn't want to, it was too overwhelming for me to feel such grief. I didn't want my brothers to get told off, dad shouting at them scared me so much I would be crying just hearing him approaching. I can feel the pain in me now and it has scared me deeply that now anyone who has done something wrong, I feel sorry for them and want to save them so they don't have to be scared about what will happen to them. Someone gets into trouble and I

am the one crying, it was always like that as a child.

I dread the bad thing happening to anyone, I would even prefer to take the blame so they don't have to get in trouble. It's all so fucked up, I am so fucked up inside. The confrontation scares the shit out of me, it did as a child, I can see myself as a child being so scared if I, or the boys had done something wrong. What was going to happen to us! I can see myself crying like it is the end of the world as my brother gets told off by dad and it's too much for me to cope with, he didn't mean to do it, leave him alone. It's all so unloving. I don't want him to be scared and dread what he has coming to him. Most of the time it was only a telling off but to me, that was the end of the world.

The weight of childhood pain.

30 April 2019

I need to carry on expressing this pain, it is so fucking bad, Christ, I am feeling pain at a new level, like I never thought I could but of course I can because it is in me, I have felt it all before, in my childhood. I just feel so bad, so twisted with pain, like I have done something so bad and really wrong and I am a scared little child waiting to get my punishment. Not knowing what will happen to me. I want the pain to stop it is so much, too much for me to cope with.

I feel like I am dying with the weight of the pain in me, it is all from my childhood and being so scared about not knowing what is going to happen to me. As a child when I did something wrong it was always so devastating, the worst thing ever, I was going to get in the worst trouble for it even though it was never that bad at all, I got it all out of proportion in my mind and it blew up to be a terrible feeling for me, terrifying thinking I was in such bad trouble with dad. Dad scared me, he was big and his energy was huge and he always felt angry to me, so I had to be good and if I wasn't, I would freak out at how much trouble I would be in. I had done nothing really but it all got distorted in my head.

I was in trouble and that was the end of the world to me so I dared not misbehave, it wasn't violent but just his wrath and energy, always scared the shit out of me and still does. I am still that little girl scared of getting in trouble from her dad, I am scared of anyone getting in trouble, I project all of my fears onto them and feel so sorry for them as I feel so sorry for me, every one who has ever

done something bad, no matter how bad, it's me, poor me, scared little me waiting for her dad to dish out the punishment, get shouted at.

Dad's wrath is such a threat hanging over me, I have to please him, so I have had to please everyone because they are all my dad and will tell me off.

I can't stand anyone getting told off because they are me and it is my dad telling them off, I think they feel the same as me, shit scared. I don't feel like anyone should get told off because they are all me, all scared, leave them all alone, they are scared, stop telling them off, can't you see they are scared of you. I am feeling so terrible, so many feelings surfacing, so much truth which is so good but so hard to feel.

I wanted my dad to stop, stop telling me or my brothers off, it was never my sister. She was always good and did it all the right way. I wanted him to stop being so unloving, it was devastating to feel his unlovingness for us as he shouted at us; shit, it was scary as a child.

I was so scared of him, I still am, I can feel it like I am back there, being little again as the feelings come up for me to feel, so clear. I can't bear anyone getting reprimanded or told off, I feel so sorry for them just as I did as a child, I am still the same, wanting to shout at them to leave that person alone, they didn't mean it, they are sorry. It is how I felt as a child dealing with my dad's anger and discipline; it stayed with me for life, that childhood fear of him and his need for our obedience.

I can't bare anyone getting told off, it always makes me want to cry and defend them, stick up for them, make them feel loved and safe because when you are being told off there is no love present, you don't feel safe and secure but very scared and vulnerable to whatever may come next. It was terrifying.

When I see anyone getting told off I feel like dying inside. It was how I felt as I got told off by mum, dad or my teachers, it was how I felt as my brothers got told off, in a state of panic at the loss of love, all love has gone and I would shake, tremble with fear.



Dad in the deck chair.

Me, My Sister and Brother, my youngest brother had not yet been born.

Expressing the hurt I feel inside.

30 April 2019

Constantly breaking out into tears today, I feel very tearful right now. I have such a huge pain inside of me, not physical but on the feelings level. I can't stand pain, the sadness in people, which I know is my own sadness. Everything feels so unloving, everyone is so uncared for and I am feeling such great sadness like I am sucking in all of the worlds pain into me and I wouldn't know what it feels like if I didn't have it in me to start with, so it is all my own pain. I can't stop feeling so much emotional pain, it is all rising up in me and coming out as tears and I can't stop them, not that I want to but just to describe how I feel and being so spontaneous with my crying.

I feel so hurt inside, so much pain, so much rejection and I am feeling how that feels, how it felt and how it has all been stored up inside of me all these years. All of my pain is childlike in how it is coming up, I really feel like a child again being so hurt and unloved and having to put it away and pretend it isn't true as it was for me as a child. I never knew I felt so bad, I never knew I had denied so much of it because I was convinced I was so loved and in a loving family and all of my pain was my own doing, this is a shock, it continues to be a shock to me how unaware I was of the truth.

Being in so much pain today, emotional pain, I have noticed all I want to do is eat constantly to make me feel better, to give me some good feelings. It has been so noticeable today, the truth of why I do it, to deny my bad feelings, stuff them down with the food and digest them into my body where they stay and do all sorts of harm and make me put on weight, so I can feel even worse about myself. Make me hate myself even more as the food I eat stays inside of me and stores itself away as fat and it's just the same as my parents' unlovingness. I digested the pain inside and it got stored away causing me harm. Eat, eat, eat more and more to find some comfort in something good because I feel so fucking bad and shit, do I feel so bad.

I feel so bad, I feel like the whole world is crushing me with its unloving feelings, which is how it felt feeling so unloved by mum and dad. I can't bear the pain today. I feel so bad that all of my glands have come up in defence of how I am feeling, ready to attack the incoming threat, which are my bad feelings. I am so low. Feeling the pain in others and knowing it is my own pain bringing to me the truth of my denied and repressed feelings from my childhood. I feel like shit.

Memories coming to help me feel.

30 April 2019

No sooner I stop writing and another feeling comes up in me as a memory. I used to feel really silly and bad if anyone showed me respect, it made me feel really weirded out and I wanted them to stop it, stop treating me like that, like I am something special. It's too weird. Even when Trevor used to call me 'Samantha' and other people have done the same thing too, its too weird, don't do it, I am 'Sam' just 'Sam' its quick and you can get it over-with quickly, but

'Samantha' is too formal, like I deserve to be called by my whole name because I am so special to you, but don't, don't do it, I am not special and you make me feel like I am something I am not.

Stop trying to make me feel special and worthy when I am not, it is not how I feel so it feels wrong. Just call me 'Sam', it's short and insignificant and that is how I feel. I feel uncomfortable when you try to make me feel special, it doesn't sit right with me so don't do it. I don't want the respect, I don't feel I deserve it, I don't want to be treated like I am special, I am not.

I went out with a man once and he wouldn't let anyone touch me and he kept telling me that he thought I was special and lovely and wanted to make me out to be something I wasn't and I felt so creeped out by him doing it and I asked him to stop. It made me cringe to hear it, I didn't like it at all and since I have had people treat me in a respectful way and it just feels wrong. I can't accept it, they are lying to me, I don't trust them being nice to me and thinking I am special and deserve to be treated that way, it is not how I feel inside, it doesn't match up to my feelings about myself so is just weird.

As soon as I stopped writing the last post on the forum, the memory of this man came into my mind so I didn't ignore it as it is a healing memory for me that needs to be looked at, it instantly brought up feelings of wrongness in me and how I really feel about myself and I don't want to be treated special, its embarrassing to me. It feels so wrong.

I get these memories come to me at all different times and have to follow them up with my feelings and this one, I felt instantly uncomfortable with it, as I did when it all occurred. Like, when my dad would be nice to me, I couldn't accept it because I knew it could change and he would be moody again or grumpy and it would crush my previous feelings of him being nice and happy, I couldn't trust him emotionally so I can't trust anyone.

I remember the same guy used to tell me how sexy he thought I was and this made me fucking cringe, I couldn't accept someone who liked me, fancied me, telling me he thought I was sexy, no way could I take that, I wanted to curl up and die when he said it.

I am making him sound like a right weirdo, creepy guy but he wasn't, he just wanted to be nice to me and tell me nice things that he thought about me but I couldn't take it, I just wanted to say to him, "No, I am not" and stop saying things like that to me, its all wrong, all bullshit. I am not nice, pretty, sexy or special so stop trying to tell me I am". I felt like it was so wrong because I felt like a little girl inside still and it was wrong of him to say those things to me when I felt so bad about even having relationships, guilty because I was still my dad's little girl. He had such control over me I couldn't even be a woman and let another man be with me and take his place in my life. He was the man in my life, the only man and no other man was going to step into his shoes and take me away from him.

Shit, that sounds all creepy and pervy again, dad didn't touch me or was never sexually abusive to me, nothing like that at all but he was a big man, overbearing and in control of his family, especially his girls. No man was good enough for them, only him. He wanted to vet any boyfriends very quickly to see what they were like so I never told my parents when I was seeing a boy because it was too humiliating, constantly being asked "when are we going to meet him then?" What the fuck did it have to do with them? Dad just wanted to lord it over them, scare them, assert his power and control to make sure they knew he was the boss and I belonged to him. Crazy! I am really rambling on here but I want to speak and write whatever!

The memory came to me, so I had to express it and see where it went, all so much control from dad, seeing how I felt so much guilt, and like I was doing something bad just dating someone. I felt it was naughty and I was too scared to tell my parents or for them to find out. I don't feel worthy of being special to someone and I don't want to hear it. I feel like the lowest of the low, I don't deserve respect or to be told nice things when I don't feel like that inside, it just doesn't match my feelings about myself so I don't want to hear it, it repels me and all of those instances are coming back to me now. Yuk, I feel cringey.

YUK

I am not that person so find someone who is and can accept those niceties. The picture that has just come to my mind is a vampire being shown a cross, that is the image I have just seen in my head about how it makes me feel and that describes it perfectly, that is how I feel when someone is saying nice things to

me, I can't take it. I can take horrible comments much better, they hurt but at least they match how I feel about myself and are true to all of my denied and repressed childhood feelings. I am so fucked up.



This is the guy I am talking about. I worked in a pub and this was French Beaujolais wine day so the staff dressed up. I was as uncomfortable as I look. I think I was 22.

Feeling better!

1 May 2019

I feel so much better today. Some of the terrible emotional pain has left me and I feel better about it all. I had a long talk with my son tonight about how I have been feeling and he expressed so much to me too, about how bad he feels and it was so good to hear him let it all out. As he was expressing his feelings to me he

naturally found himself going into the deeper underlying feelings and accessing the deep-rooted stuff that needed to come out. We both got so much from it and felt so much better.

Talk it out with a Friend!

My Son expressing his loneliness.

2 May 2019

My son came over tonight telling me about how lonely he is feeling in his work life, his relationship, his room he rents, his whole life is lonely for him and he hates it. I asked him how he felt about his childhood, did it feel lonely, and did it feel the same? He said it was exactly the same, no one there for him in the way he needed them to be, just loneliness and surrounded by empty people with no love or care.

He is getting so much better about telling me the truth of how it was for him as a child; he is feeling less guilty about hurting me with the truth of how he felt. He can tell me so much more now which I am so happy about. I am so glad he can tell me that I and his father abandoned him emotionally when he needed us most, we weren't there for him and it is true.

I want to hear it all, I feel like I just want to help him open himself up to all of his feelings, no matter how bad they are, how hard hitting towards me they are, if its the truth, I want to hear about it from him and I can't tell you how good it is to hear it from him. It means he is releasing it from him, speaking it out of him so he can hear himself say how he feels and so I can hear it. Discovering the truth through his feelings of how it was for him and he has me, the perpetrator of his bad feelings, to listen to it all, no matter how bad it is.

He tells me it all and when he leaves I can have a good cry about it because I feel so bad, yet so good about him opening up to me and telling me how he feels. I have done this to him and now I am feeling the pain of what I have done and expressing that pain out of me to Mother and Father, begging to be forgiven me for what I have done to him.

Not a night goes by where I am not laying in bed crying with the pain of my unloving parenting towards my children. My parenting was delusional. I am their mother; of course I love my children!!!! Bollocks and Bullshit did I! I was the worst thing for my children and now they are suffering the pain of my unloving parenting, everything in their lives is showing them the truth of their childhood with me and their fathers and its all pain and I can see it so clearly.

BOLLOCKS and BULLSHIT !

I am seeing my Son changing into a deeply Feeling Young Man and understanding it all more and more as I encourage him to talk to me about anything he is feeling. He calls me up and we talk and I help him unfold the mess of his complicated Feelings and when we are finished, he feels freer as he understands where his pain comes from. I think he is beginning to enjoy knowing more about himself and seeing that he can find out the truth of how he feels all through his feelings, they are no longer a mystery to him and there is no mystery because the truth can always be known if we turn to our feelings and begin to unravel them. Shit, I love it so much, its my life now and there is no longer any mystery, I just go to my feelings for the answers.

Feelings First!

Seeing more of my denial of my feelings.

4 May 2019

I am seeing more and more how I do all I can not to be with myself, all of my addictions that have gotten worse, are showing me that I will do all I can not to be with me and that is how it was for me as a child with mum and dad, they doing all they could not to be with us/me and I have done the same with my children, its so awful.

I went to the fridge to get out my Vegan Ice cream and as I approached the freezer, all of these feelings were bombarding me as to why I wanted the ice cream and it was all so I don't have to be with myself and my bad feelings, just as my parents didn't want to be. I am doing to me what they did to me.

All I do is to make me feel good and to take me away from my bad feelings but nothing really can because as I do these things my feelings take over and up they all come for me to feel so I have this double thing going on, my addictions making me feel good and my feelings coming up at the same time to make me feel bad. I am eating the ice cream, loving it all so much and feeling good but at the same time feeling so bad, feeling all the feelings coming up as I am eating it about how useless I am, how weak I am, how much of a pig I am being, how much I hate my useless fucking self, how much I hate the lack of control I have, how much I hate that I need this so much, how much I hate that I can't do anything about it so I have to eat it.

Ahhhh, so many bad feelings as the ice cream goes down so good, so bad, so good, shit what am I doing to myself, but it's so good. I don't want to be with myself but my feelings kick in instantly and I am being with myself, feeling it all, its a double life going on like it was at home, they love me, they don't love me, a double life of not knowing what the fuck was going on, do they love me or not!!!! Do they want to be with me or not!!!! All of my childhood confusion coming up as I eat the ice cream, I am hating myself and loving myself at the same time just like they did to me, this is how it was! All such a confusing childhood and I can see it all just through my feelings while eating this ice cream, there is a confusing double story going on and it has to be that way because that is how it was for me as a child.

I am living the truth of my childhood.

4 May 2019

I am being the truth of how I was treated as a child every moment of every day. I can know how I was treated and what the truth was because I am living it, being it right now. The way I treat myself, the way others treat me, the way I feel about it, it's all the same as it was for me as a child, nothing has changed. If I want to know how it was for me all I have to do is go to my feelings and see how I feel about what is happening to me because it is the same as when I was young. I am living all the errors that were put into me at my conception, I am being them all. My whole life is showing me the truth of how it was. I am being just as unloving to me as my parents were, but they called it love. I believed them, I thought they were always right so I took it all on and now I can see how wrong it

all was and I am living in that wrongness of their parenting and I have parented the same.

I can only treat myself, the way I was treated as a child.

4 May 2019

I am treating myself so unlovingly because that is how my parents treated me, it's all I know and I believed they were right. I push too much food into me in such an unloving and uncaring way because they were unloving and uncaring. I treat myself just the same.

I don't respect myself because they had no respect for me, they demanded respect from me. My whole unloving, uncaring, rejecting life is just me treating myself as they treated me, like some brainwashed idiot who has only just woken up to it all and is starting to see it clearly and know the truth. Its been there all the time, I have been living it but it was so hard to see the truth when my whole life has been screaming it at me in everything that I have done. "This is how it was for you as a child Sam, the unloving way you treat yourself and how you are living now is the same as the unloving ways you were parented, life is reflecting it all back at you through the bad feelings in your soul, the truth of how it was for you." I have been living it but I didn't even see or know it. All the bad ways I treat myself, how I am hurting myself is because they did it to me first and now I do it to me.

Feeling so helpless.

7 May 2019

I am feeling very depressed, so empty and pointless. I have no idea where I am going in life, as there is nothing I want out of it any more. What is left for me?? I can't find any interest in anything, it's all gone, so, what is there for me? Even something as normal as cooking, I can't see why I am doing it; it is so pointless and empty.

I feel hollow inside, nothing to live for, it's all so unloving and pointless to live it without love and I don't feel any love in anything so what is the point. I question everything I do. Why am I doing it? It's pointless to do it so why do it and I stop

or begin something and then change my mind instantly and have to just stop because it is pointless. I feel so low and empty inside. Nothing fulfils me any longer; everything has come to a stop. Everything is dead.

My Sleep State experience.

8 May 2019

I had a very strange but also very good sleep state experience last night. I felt myself being pulled upwards out of my sleep and into another state of being. I arrived to where ever I was to be met by a 7-year-old little girl with ginger hair. I asked her "am I dead" she responded, "You are not dead although in a state similar to death, but you are not dead". She was so lovely and so pure and she glowed and I noticed a breeze swept her beautiful hair across her face from time to time and the breeze was sweet and warm, it was so lovely. I kept asking her "Am I dead" and she was laughing softly at me and my shocked state. I wanted to know what was going on, why was I here, who was she? She told me I was in a place in spirit world and I needed to see it, feel it and have the experience to confirm to me that it was all real and it felt so real and so good, I wanted to stay with her, it felt so good.

She was constantly smiling and I told her that she didn't seem like a 7-year-old girl and she told me she wasn't but this is how I needed to see her at this time and it was for me to work out why through my feelings. "Can I know your name" I asked her. She replied "Yes of course, it's Elsa" and I replied in huge elation saying to her that I am so glad to know her and it was such a beautiful name as I threw my arms around her and we hugged and I was crying. I am so glad I can remember her name and the feeling of the place where we met, it was like nothing I have ever felt and I don't know if Elsa is a guide or Angel of mine but I know for sure she is a part of my group of helpers and it is so good to finally know one of them and to have seen and met her and more importantly, felt her, I could feel her and my connection to her and it is still with me now.

She asked me how I felt about meeting her and I told her that I was a little disappointed that she was a child and she asked why? I searched into my feelings about this and I always expected my Angels or guides or spirit helpers to be adults and experienced and I felt that Elsa being a child couldn't help me

much, what use would a child be to me, I can't take a child seriously, a child helper can't help me, they have no wisdom or life experience to share with me, I want a grown up helper not a child, its disappointing to be received by a child, what does a child know, a 7 year old little girl can't know anything, why can't I be greeted by a grown up helper. Elsa, run along and go and get me an adult to talk to. I want to make you into something different Elsa; I want you to be an adult. I don't want you to be you; I want you to be who I want you to be for my own needs. I don't want you to be a child.

She told me it was for all of my 'child rejecting' feelings that she had to appear to me as a child. I had to feel the truth of how I felt about my own children and all of these feelings I felt about her, I also felt about my own children and about myself. Elsa has really helped me to feel the truth about how I feel about myself, my children, and how I don't like children, I don't feel they have anything of worth to bring to me and this is shocking to see it, to know it and to feel the feelings I felt when I met Elsa. I was definitely a little disappointed with her not being an adult, I really did feel that she wasn't as important as an adult and I couldn't really listen to her or take her seriously and she already knew all of this about me and had to present herself to me as a child, to help me heal, she told me she wanted to help me.

The important thing wasn't who she is but how she made me feel and how I reject children and how I feel about them and all of these feelings have come up about children in general. I don't like them, I feel all of the feelings above and that is the truth. I have pretended to like children all my life when the truth is I don't and I have had to feel this truth because it is how I felt about my own children and that rejection of them has and is causing them so much pain.

Elsa showed me how I felt about her being a child and I felt she had nothing for me and this is how I felt about my children and this is how my parents thought about me, and all children. Fuck, I feel terrible, I want to break down constantly, I have no energy to type hardly, I keep getting the words wrong and having to correct them and I am so fucked. I feel like the worst person in the world, the vilest and vilest person and Elsa has helped me feel this truth. I believe children are unworthy. My parents thought this about children and they taught me to believe the same, through how they treated us. I can't go on.

My Son's attack.

8 May 2019

Yesterday, I took my son shopping and when we came out two guys were leaning on the wall smoking and as soon as we walked out of the shop they started attacking us, my son in particular and it was awful. There was an altercation and a to and fro of obscenities, it didn't turn into a violent fight but it was horrible because of how my son looks with his Punk look, he is constantly attacked and yesterday I felt it and saw it. This is the attack he has always felt from me and his father. This is how he felt as a child, attacked, rejected, unloved, that he should be how we want him to be or he won't be loved and these two guys were telling him that too. To be how they want him to be, normal like them or he won't be accepted and will have to be attacked until he conforms. It is what I have done to him and this unloving attack was the result of my unloving parenting.

Eating, its all I have to enjoy!

8 May 2019

The only thing I have left to look forward to is eating. Is that really all I had to enjoy as a child?? Yes!!

Is eating all I had to look forward to? It's crazy but I can't think of many times I looked forward to anything. We did have good times and sometimes-great times but I feel I just plodded on as a child doing what I was told.

Food, I enjoyed! Seeing what was in my lunch box, then having school dinners and enjoying that, then going home from a shit day at school and having dinner, and sometimes a pudding, I looked forward to that. Then I grew up and looked forward to going out for dinner, cooking food, cakes, having birthday cake as a kid was always special, Easter eggs and oh, it goes on. It was all about food and using it to give me good feelings and good memories.

I remember the food and now it is all I have left in my life, everything else has gone and I am left with the one thing I enjoyed as a child, food. I relied on it to give me all of my good feelings and I wasn't even aware of it at the time. I didn't have mum and dad to give me good feelings so I used food and I am still doing it, it is the truth of what I did as a child, used food as a substitute for my parents

love. I couldn't get what I needed from them so I had to get it somehow, so I used food.

Now, there is nothing left but food, I shop for it, I prepare it, I eat it, I shit it out and then begin again, my life is all about food and without it I won't survive, I will die, its my saviour, all I have to give me the feelings I need because I didn't get them from my parents.

If I don't have food and the good feelings it gives me, I will die and I really feel like that. Without food there is nothing left for me because I don't have any love in me to take over from it. It should have been Love and that is all I need but its not, I don't have Love so I have to have food, I can't do without it because then I have nothing to give me love. Shit, Food has taken over from Love and it should be the other way round, but it's not. I have got it all wrong but it's not my fault, if I felt loved I never would have needed food as I do, now I have to have it or I will die and it really feels like that. I even get physical reactions that make me feel like I will die if I haven't eaten all day, my body goes into shock and panic, like I have to get to some food and eat or I am going to die, collapse, pass out.

What a total fuck up, I have got it all wrong, they gave me food instead of love and I feel so terrible to be so bereft of love from them and they didn't even know what they were doing. They thought they loved me and now I know they couldn't have because I don't have Love in me, I have the craving for Food. Fuck it!!!!

I am so sick of being so scared.

10 May 2019

Woke up with so much fear in me, I am so sick of it all. So sick of being scared about what is going to happen to me, it is a feeling that is always with me, fear for the future and I can't help it, it is a fear that is inside of me being so scared about the worst thing happening to me. I am in constant fear about what will happen to me as my money is running out and I will no longer be secure and all I can see is me losing all I have and by that I mean my home, car, no food, nothing, I will have nothing and that is how I see my future without money.

If you think I am being daft about this then ask yourself, where would you be without any money and not being able to pay your bills, mortgage, rent, food, etc., you would soon be chucked out and rejected by society. That is all I can see for myself.

I expressed it all to Trevor yesterday and I was so angry because he kept saying to me, "why do you only see such a terrible future for yourself? Why do you see yourself on the streets and homeless all the time? You will attract such a negative outcome to yourself if you don't change it". Fuck, I was angry that he wants me to change my thoughts when this is how I FEEL! I wanted him to listen to me and not try to get me to change how I feel, but to encourage me to express it all out of me but that is never going to happen. He told me I have to change it for myself, make it happen so that bad stuff doesn't happen to me. He was telling me how clever I am, how creative I am and can make money out of my talents or go and get a job. None of this helped me at all, it was all more mind shit to change myself and how I feel to make me feel good again and safe when the truth I need to feel is that I don't feel good and safe and I need to go into those feelings, not deny them by making myself feel good.

The truth is I am scared, terrified about what will happen to me without any money. I believe without money I will die eventually, be on the streets and I am so scared of going that way, being so cold, wet, hungry, alone, unsafe, attacked as homeless people are. I feel sick inside about this, I only have myself, no one else helps me although Trevor does help me sometimes with money but this is down to me for the first time in my life, I am not being looked after and I am shit scared.

Making it all work is down to me alone, Harry, my husband, has died and is gone, his money is nearly gone and maybe I can stretch it out until December if I am very frugal with it but after that, I don't know, I have no safety or security and even if I did get a job, earning enough to pay for the house and everything else is going to be very much near impossible. I love living here, I love my tiny little house, it's where my children were born, it's where Harry and me made our life and I don't want it all to go.

I want to stay here and do my healing but now I have this fear hanging over me and it is so close now to being real and I am so scared.

As a child I loved my homes and settled into them and just as that happened my parents moved us away again and it was horrible to leave every friend I had all the time, so unsettling and sad to lose friends so I have made this house a home for my children so they can establish good friendships and be safe in their home life and settled and that is how I have felt to, but now it is all about to change for me and all of those childhood unsettled feelings are coming back. Where will I end up?? I don't know.

I am so pissed off about having to do this all alone, just having people around me that want me to not feel how bad I am feeling, when all I want to do is feel the truth of my bad feelings. None of them understand me, well, its only Trevor, I have no one else.

I don't want to go to work, I can't bear the thought of going back into society but if that is part of my healing, to do that, then I will have to, but it would kill me inside to do that. It would be like going back to being a child again and having to do what I don't want to do every day, like going to school, waking up early and getting ready to go off to school but dreading every moment of it as I did. I would walk to school, not being able to believe I was doing it to myself and I can remember the feelings as I walked to school, a lot of the time crying because I didn't want to go. That is how I feel about working again and some jobs I have had I have done the same and as I have been walking to work, I have been crying because everything in me screams "Noooooo", I don't want to do it until eventually I got so ill I had to stop working there and then the same would happen again and again with each and every job, well, nearly all of them.

I feel like I am in such a hard place right now, I am so confused as to what to do. I don't want to go to work, that is the truth but how do I live if I don't. Where does the money come from to keep me going?? I feel so fucked into having to do what I don't want to do again and if I have to feel that deeper then I will have to do what I don't want to do and get a job and feel all the pain that brings to me, even writing that has put dread through me.

It is such an unloving system to have to comply with, having to have money to survive and if you haven't got any then Fuck you! That is so unloving, uncaring to just reject people that don't have money to survive. I hate the whole monetary system, it is all so wrong and it is what man has created and if you want to drop

out of that system then you are fucked. No one is going to help you if you want to go another way. It wasn't meant to be like this, I know it and I can feel it is true, we have made it this unloving way and it stinks. I hate it and I wish I could get out of it and be brave enough to do that but I am not, I am scared.

I am in this alone.

10 May 2019

I just realised that no one is going to help me, I will be left to rot, and no one cares. I have always had to do it on my own and this is showing me that truth, how alone I have felt with everything. No matter what I do, I can't get out of this, no help is coming to save me, no one is interested in me and no one gives a shit unless I comply with what they want me to do. I am truly on my own with this. I feel so lonely and I am already all of those things that I am afraid of becoming. Inside, I am all of that already.

The dead baby chick showing me more truth.

10 May 2019

I just went out to hang the washing out and there was a dead baby chick on the path, been rejected out of her nest by her parents and that is just how I feel for my future and how I have always felt as a child.

I will be that dead baby chick thrown out of her home and no one cares. Not a clearer message could I have received today. That is exactly how I feel for my future. Thank you God, you have hit the nail on the head for me today, that is the truth of how I feel, discarded, rejected, of no use, not wanted, imperfect, that little chick is me and now what do I do with it, throw it in the bin, throw me in the bin and treat me just like my parents did, like every one will treat me if I am not perfect and complying with the norm. Throw me in the bin.

I only know how to live in my negative evil state.

10 May 2019

It is so hard to live in this unloving world we have created. I don't know how to live any other way except for an unloving way, man's way. I pray to Mother and

Father to help me and show me because I just don't know what to do or how to live any other way but evil. "Please help me Mother and Father, I am so lost".

This healing is so fucking hard.

10 May 2019

I am so angry and so fucked off that everything has to be so fucking hard, this healing is so fucking hard, the truth I am feeling is so fucking hard, this world is so fucking hard to live in, my childhood was so fucking hard so my adulthood has to be and I have to do it all alone because that is how it was for me as a child. My parents were there with me and were just normal parents but they were not there for me as an individual, so I have to now always feel so alone because when you have no connection emotionally, it is very lonely.

Maybe I have to just give in like I had to as a child and go and do what I don't want to do and get a job and see how it all feels. I already know how it all feels; it feels like shit, fucking shit!!!!

Christ, I am so angry that I might have to do that, fuck I just don't know, I am so confused. I hate this fucking world, I hate everyone in it, I hate it all. I wish it would just blow up, or huge tsunami waves wipe us all out. I am so fucking raging mad that it is all so hard for me. I am so fucked off, I hate everything. Nothing can ever be easy because of all of the denied and repressed childhood feelings I have in me that still need to be expressed. Nothing was good or easy for me as a child, well, there were good times but as I am healing I am discovering they were not so good and easy and now my life is like that too, it can only be that way and I fucking hate it.

I have had enough of feeling so scared and it is hard to believe that I was this scared as a child most of the time. I had denied it so much, now it is being shown to me. I have no more brave faces to put on as my mum would say to me if I was hurt, fuck that, I am fucked off and fuck the brave face, you just didn't want to know my pain and now I have to go through this shit life to get to feel it all again. I am so fucked off.

I have been for interviews, got the jobs on a few of them but not been able to turn up on the start day. I just couldn't physically go. I am like a different person and

my soul is keeping me back, my feelings are saying "no fucking way" I just can't do it, so what do I do???

I don't know, I just don't know what to do Mother and Father!!!! I am so scared and frightened. I can't even visualise myself doing a normal job. I can't get myself out of the front door to go to the interview!



Please help me Mother and Father.

I pray for your Divine Love. I pray for you to help me know the truth of my feelings!

Praying for Divine Love.

10 May 2019

I have spent the afternoon praying to Mother and Father for their Divine Love. I need them and their help so much and I turn to them to help me see the truth of how I am feeling.

I have been reading the prayer for Divine Love out loud to them and saying my own prayers that are personal to me and how I am feeling, longing to them to help me. All I can do is feel my way through this bad time and pray to them, they are all I have.

Prayer for Divine Love

Long to God for Their Divine Love

Begin with the understanding that God, your Heavenly Mother and Heavenly Father, are offering you Their Divine Love. And all you have to do is want it, want Them to give it to you, to love you. So when you feel you want it, you long directly to Them for it, asking them through your feelings (with longing) to fill your heart and soul with Their Divine Love.

You can long for Their Divine Love, anywhere and at any time. It can be a formal prayer – longing, such as sitting in meditation or prayer, opening your heart to Them, and longing to Them for Their Divine Love. Or you can do it spontaneously on the go, when the desire to long to Them for Their Divine Love comes over you, or when you remember to do it.

Wanting God's Divine Love in your soul is about wanting to develop a very personal relationship with your Heavenly Parents. Speak to God as your real Parents. Tell Them all you are thinking and feeling, as you would your earthly parents (provided you had a loving relationship enough with them to do that.) If you feel angry with God, hating Them, express all your negative unloving feelings to Them too. Don't hold back, share and give all of yourself to Them, They want to get to know you, as you want to get to know Them. And keep longing for Their Divine Love.

We have to long, reach out wanting Their love through our feelings and with the full will of wanting it, which doesn't involve any words, so with the mind staying out of it. It's a yearning from your heart wanting to be loved by Them, so wanting Them to give you Their Divine Love – to love you, and to make you feel loved by Them. So it doesn't involve words, it's an inner yearning, longing, desire to partake of their Divine Love that is required by us. Then we can support this longing using our mind by saying actual words (praying). So say whatever words you want to say to Them, whilst you are longing with your heart for Their Divine Love.

Just be yourself, say whatever you want to Them, as you long for Their Divine Love. The more personal, open and honest you can be with Them the better your relationship with Them can develop.

And once you've longed, which can take only a moment, then give yourself time for Them to love you. You might feel the Holy Spirit coming about you, and then Their Divine Love coming into you, gently, very subtly, or strongly, even very strongly in a whoosh. It's different for each of us, and different often each time we long. And if you have previously longed to God in any way yet not specifically for Their Divine Love,

when you do specifically ask Them for it, it will be a very familiar experience you'll have receiving it.

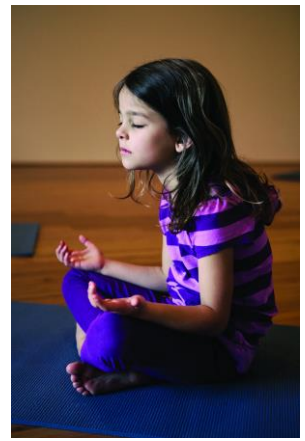
If you are sitting formally in mediation or prayer, once you've longed to Them for Their Divine Love, and you feel the Holy Spirit bringing it to you, you might find your head wants to move upwards as if looking into Heaven. Allow it too, but if it wants to keep going, don't stress yourself by hurting your neck, bring your head forward again. It's a lovely feeling sitting in the Light of the Divine Love, feeling it coming into your heart and soul. And you might find that you enjoy sitting for five minutes or half an hour, then suddenly the 'light goes off' and the prayer is over as you've received enough Divine Love for the time being.

Also, don't be surprised if at first you can feel the Love readily coming into you but as the years pass it seems to get less and less and you feel less inclined to long for it. This is naturally meaning you have received enough for the time being, you will need to do more of your Spiritual Healing before your soul is ready to receive more.

Summary:

Long with all your heart to your Heavenly Mother and Father for Their Divine Love.

Feelings!
first



EXPERIENCING RECEIVING DIVINE LOVE:

Be still and quiet; reflect in silence. Love is present. Keep asking, longing, and never cease: this is your part. It is your cooperation actively engaged that brings the transformation and continues the process.

You cannot see it; sometimes you will experience it as simple quietness and calmness. This is as pure and real as any other experience, whether demonstrative joy through laughter and dance, or other expressions.

Divine Love is present; it is always present. It does not fade or disappear. Rest, relax and breathe. Pray and wait.

Maintain daily prayer and meditation. When you do this you are building a home for the dwelling of the Divine Love. Your continual invitations establish an attitude of welcome to the Divine Love. These build a bridge for the Divine Love to carry you to new and higher levels of change and transformation: places of new realms for your soul growth and development.

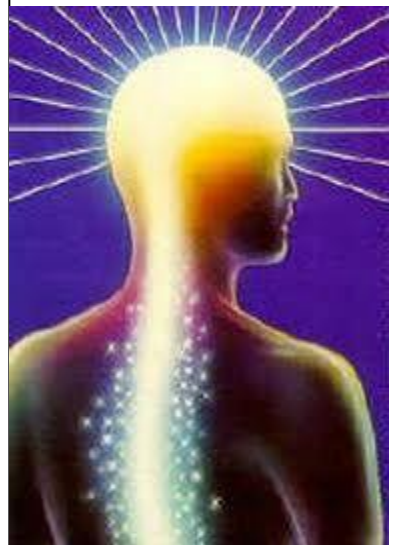
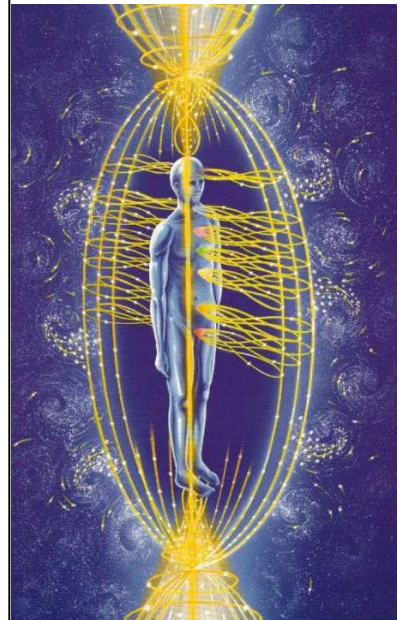
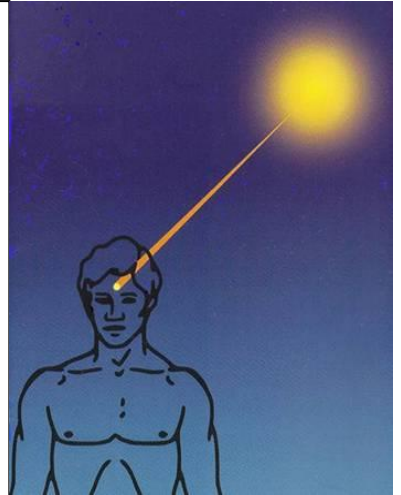
The Voice of Divine Love

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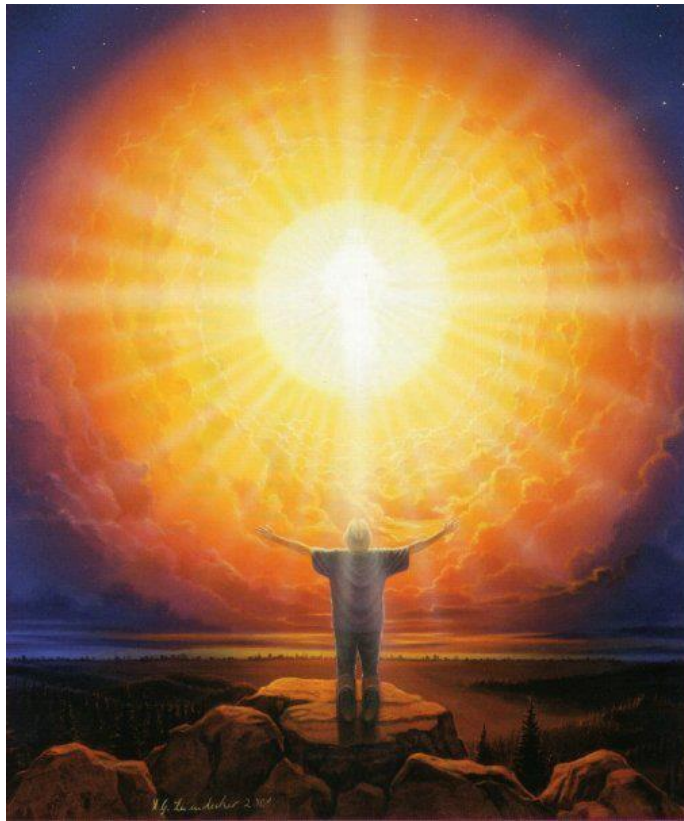
When Divine Love is longed for and asked for, the experience of receiving may become apparent by the occurrence of a warming embrace in the region of the third eye chakra, or with some, around the heart chakra region. This may be very subtle and gentle for some and may be for a few moments or extend for some time. Many do not physically feel the Love embracing them and this is totally fine, nevertheless the Love is received when it is appropriate, it's up to God to respond to our Longing.

On a few occasions, one may feel the love through the third eye region and then feel it expand as if it were to become a warming buzzing 'hat band' progressively expanding around one's head. This can intensify and feel as though one's cranium is about to pop off! Should this continue to intensify, then the sensation may flow down one's main meridian to the base of one's spine. Now that is something else! Relax and enjoy the great gift for this can be an experience that may continue for a short while or for quite some time. It is mostly just all very subtle and gentle.

When one longs for the Love, it may shower over one's body and be absorbed in through the spirit body chakras into one's soul. At no time will we be discomforted. This light golden blue energy substance is the ultimate gift to us by our Heavenly Parents, our true Mother and Father, to us all.



**The Divine Love completes the form of the human being.**



**Our soul is formed from the substance that is natural love. When we earnestly and lovingly ask for Divine Love, the Divine Love is added to our soul, thus we steadily and progressively become complete in our being.**



**FEELING HEALING with DIVINE LOVE progressively brings about the conditions for HEALTH of the PHYSICAL BODY:**

**The way the Divine Love works in a mortal soul is so practical that it takes us some time to see this truth. Following one's Feeling Healing, one's natural love is slowly perfected by the presence of the Divine Love in one's soul. Following our Feeling Healing, as more and more of the Divine Love is asked for and received, progressively, more and more of our erroneous beliefs and emotional errors are permanently resolved. As these injuries progressively leave the spirit body, then health of the physical body can then steadily returns. As these injuries are permanently removed then a re-occurrence of the illness is impossible. A permanent recovery is then possible.**

Our Spirit Friends on duty



# OUT GATEWAY ISOLATION



**SPIRITUAL HEALING:**

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

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

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

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

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

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

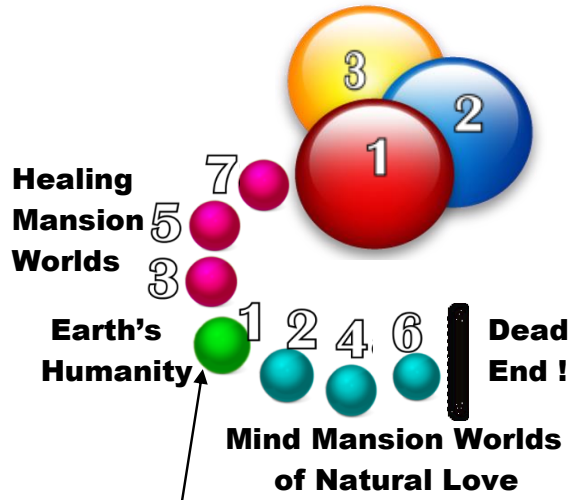


IT IS NOT THIS WAY

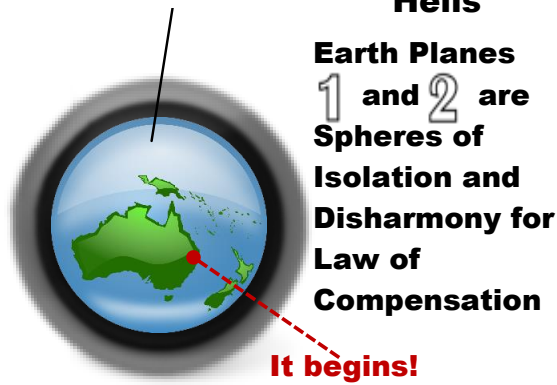


IT IS THIS WAY

**SATANIA – System**  
**Earth is #606 of 619 humanities.**  
**Celestial Heavens Spheres**



**Upon death of our physical body, we all transition to the 1<sup>st</sup> Mansion World**



# NEW FEELINGS WAY

*Mother* *Father*  
**PARADISE** **SUPREME BEING**

HAVONA  
ORYONTON  
Superuniverse  
NEBADON  
LOCAL UNIVERSE  
Celestial  
HEAVENS

Living Feelings First, longing for the truth of our feelings and expressing them, both good and bad, is the new Feelings Way. It is the only way we can heal ourselves of our Rebellion and Default; our minds controlling domination of our true personality. It opens us up to our soul-based truth, and the love that follows.

For the past 200,000 years, all of humanity has been enslaved to the controlling natures of minds. We now have been shown how to heal ourselves and set ourselves on the pathway to Paradise, to our Heavenly Mother and Father.

7  
Divine Love  
Healing  
World

5  
Divine Love  
Healing  
World

3  
Divine Love  
Healing  
World

1  
Natural Love  
spirit  
Mansion World

2  
Mind  
Mansion  
World

**DEAD END**  
STOP

6  
Mind  
Mansion  
World

4  
Mind  
Mansion  
World

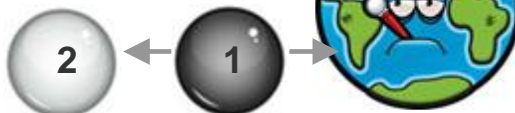
NEW WAY  
FEELINGS

**MANSION  
WORLDS**

I'D TURN BACK  
IF I WERE YOU!

Our soul condition, personality traits, mannerisms, errors, beliefs and behaviour, ALL transfer with us, upon death, into the 1<sup>st</sup> Mansion World. Our controlling emotional and mental addictions all continue with us when living in the mind Mansion Worlds 1, 2, 4 and 6. Doing our Spiritual Healing moves us into the Healing worlds 3, 5 and 7, to be set free of them.

1<sup>st</sup> Earth plane is the darkest of the 2 Spheres of Isolation – Hells.





**Wanting something I can't have.**

11 May 2019

When I can't have something I want, it feels horrible. I feel like I want it so much but can't have it but I have such a longing for it. This is how I felt all the time as a child, having to do without constantly because it was tough and hard for mum and dad as they never had any money and were scratching around for food at times. But even so, I still felt so deprived and I still do. I still have that childhood loss within me. I am so used to 'not having' that I believe I shouldn't have what ever I want. It feels awful especially now that I am saying yes to myself more and more, I still feel bad, like I shouldn't be having it, its bad or naughty. This is how it was for me as a child and these feelings are still there, I am still that child who has to go without the things she wants because my parents can't afford it.

I was sitting on the loo right now and the thoughts came to me, how bad it feels to do without, to say 'NO', can't have. It's a real soul sinking feeling to deny yourself your wants and needs. I wanted so much as a child and couldn't have it so I would go into a fantasy world pretending I had it and making up stories about having it with my toys. How I feel now is how I felt then but now it is me stopping myself having, I am being my parents to myself, their programming is still running in me that I can't have it and I have had a life of feeling bad and depriving myself of what I want, so now, saying yes to myself is weird and feels bad. I feel guilty for saying 'Yes' to myself.

As I was sitting on the loo, the truth really hit me that I am still feeling the deprived child inside of me. This is how I always felt but had to deny it as there was nothing I could do to change it. I was under my parents' control and what they said, went. I had to sulk and be stroppy and all pissed off with them in secret, I wasn't allowed to show my pain and anger at them for never having any money.

It occurred to me that all of these things I wanted were only wanted because I didn't have any love in me, they made me feel loved and I had to go without having those feelings I so needed. I couldn't have the feelings of being loved from my parents so I needed stuff. Its no different now, I am still needing stuff to make me feel good, I am always wanting something to make me feel good, just

like when I was a child. I want to feel happy and good and if I couldn't get what I wanted as a child, I went unfulfilled, unsatisfied and it is exactly the same feeling now.

I can see myself as a child wanting and needing things that meant such a lot to me, but rarely getting. I have such longings still, the feeling is the same and it's alive in me now. Now I say yes to myself but feel so bad about it and even though I say yes to myself it is still just as unfulfilling and unsatisfying, good for a moment but I know it is not what I truly want, Love. I can't get it and I need it, I need it so much, it's the only thing that I need and want but I can't have it. I long and long for it to Mother and Father and I get nothing from them and I know that this has to be this way because it is the truth of how it was with me and my parents when I was a child.

Mother and Father are showing me the truth, and it is bringing up all of the same feelings, as when I was a child, they are the same. I can't have what I want and it is heart breaking, frustrating, disappointing, despairing, etc.....

I couldn't have what I wanted and needed from my parents, they were unaware of my needs and thought they provided everything, but nothing was from the heart, it couldn't be felt by me. I can't receive Love from God when I long for it because that is how it was for me with mum and dad and I have to feel the pain of how that felt for me and it feels so hopeless and painful and so pointless in even trying. It was futile then and it is futile now.

**I can't look after anything, I don't have it in me!**

12 May 2019

I don't want to look after anything because I don't have the love in me to do it, or care about it. I was looking at my porch area of the house and it needs another coat of that protection stuff I use on it because it is made of wood but I looked at it and I know I must do it but I don't care enough to do it. I don't care about it; I don't have the love in me to care about anything enough to look after it. No matter what it is, myself, my children, my house, my friends (ha ha I have none), my relationships, everything and anything, I don't have a true care or love for any of it because that true love and care wasn't put into me at my conception, birth and early childhood. I am living proof that I wasn't cared about as a child

because I don't have that love and care in me as an adult to give it to anyone or anything.

It is all too much effort, bringing up my children was too much effort for me. I faked it all and pretended I was this wonderful mother to my children because a bad mother is so frowned upon, so I faked it all. I was dreading it, having to look after two other little people, I didn't want to do it and I lied to myself, my children and everyone else that I was a loving mother and my children are now showing me what bullshit it all was.

I can't love or care for anything, I don't have it in me to do so, and that is the truth. I am accepting and feeling how fucking devastating that feels, to have no love to pass on to anyone or anything. I don't love any one or anything and that is the sad truth. Anything I show any love for or care about, it is all false. I wasn't loved or cared about so how can I love and care about anyone/anything. I can't, it's a lie I told myself just as my parents lied to themselves and me, they knew how they really felt but dared not ever say it, you are not allowed to be a bad parent, you will be hated and shunned for it, but I am a bad parent.

I AM A BAD, UNLOVING, UNCARING PARENT.

### **My Divine Love experience.**

12 May 2019

Last night, before I went to sleep, I opened my heart to Mother and Father and longed for their Divine Love to flow into me. I began to feel my heart expand and open up to them and I did feel their Love enter me and it lasted for a long time, slowing down and then I couldn't stop longing to Them for more so it continued.

Such a great experience and it doesn't happen often for me so I was elated that it happened at all. While it was entering me I felt so good and Mother and Father are so real and it is such an intimate moment but the next day I always feel like shit, with so much truth coming up and today has been like that. I feel good because of the Love I felt from Them, but the feelings are coming thick and fast for me to find the truth of.

I feel like I am running on two parallels feeling good and bad at the same time. I am feeling truth and knowing so much more about myself and it feels so concentered in me that this is the truth of me, there is no doubt, this is how I feel because this is how it was for me as a child and that truth is truth beyond any doubt, I can feel it. Like I am being shown, this is how it was for you Sam, you are being it all the time, living the error of how unlovingly you were parented and I can see it so clearly and feel it as a certain truth.

I was in a shop just now and I had a longing for diet coke, I only ever drink water but I really wanted it and before I would have said no to myself but I bought it and I am sitting here drinking it and it tastes so good, I love it and I feel so bad.

I am treating myself so badly putting this shit into my body but I feel I have to be the truth of how unloving to my self I truly am, because it is how unlovingly I was treated as a child and I want to know that truth about how I was parented, them not caring what I ate or drank, with no care. Now, I am being like that to myself with everything I do. Just drinking water is all my mind telling myself I have to change and be healthy, treat myself well, but that is not the truth at all, I want the coke, I want to treat myself like shit, not caring what I put into my body because this is the truth of how I was parented so I have to be it, relive it and stop being someone I am not by only drinking water and pretending I am being so good to myself when my feelings are telling me something completely different.

My feelings want the shit, fill my body with all the shit under the sun, chocolate, sweets, sugary drinks, saccharine and any other junk I can put into me because that is the truth of how unlovingly I was parented.

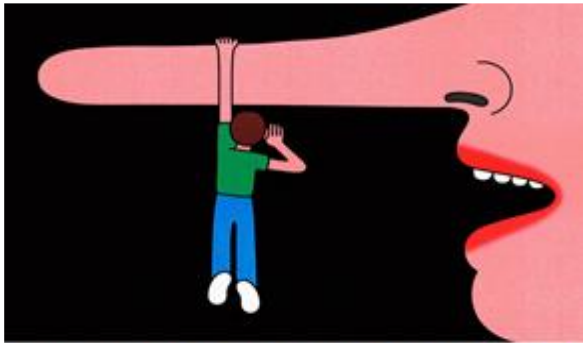
I was not taught to care about myself so me telling myself to just drink water is Bollocks, its all lies, I want coke, my bad feelings want coke, not fucking boring shit water, what is that boring stuff going to do for me, my feelings want coke to make them feel better, that sweetness making me feel good because I have nothing else in me that is sweet, like Love, to make me feel good.

This is the truth of my condition, I am totally fucked and I feel Mother and Father's Love has helped me see more truth about myself and the lies I tell

myself to pretend I am not this fucked up person, unloved and uncared for by her parents so I now need shit sugary foods to make me feel some sort of sick Loving feelings.

**All I can be is the untruth.**

12 May 2019



**WE ARE OF UNTRUTH!**

and make me believe I am good when the truth is I am bad, just how my parents parented me to be.

I can only be the untruth of my bad feelings, everything I do is untrue and evil and against myself just as my parents raised me to be and if I try to change that and be anything different, like good, then I am not being true to my untruth. I will be letting my mind take me from those bad feelings

My whole life I have let my mind take me away from the truth of my bad feelings, now that has ended and I am being and living the truth of my untruth. I am living the whole fucked up state of me without trying to be something else, something good and healthy and how everyone wants me to be. I wanted to be like the way my mind would like me to be, strive to be so accepted and as perfect as I could be so everyone loved me, but now that has all gone, I can't be that.

I can't change myself from being this untrue, evil, fucked up person that I have ran from all my life, I am now being everything I hated about myself and tried, all my life, not to be. I am now the 'ANTI-SAM' and through being the 'Anti-Sam' I can see the truth of my fucked up state and the truth of how I was parented, all Anti myself. Now I have to be that 'Anti me' being and see all of the ways I am against myself, truth, love and God, all the ways my parents took me away from my true self, who God created me to be. I am seeing it all so clearly and when I receive God's Divine Love it makes it all the clearer for me to see the truth, the feelings rise in me and I see the truth. Amazing.

**I am being everything I hate about myself.**

12 May 2019

I cannot stop myself being like this, I can't change it. All of my compulsions, addictions and wrongness have been ramped up and it's all I can be. My whole way of living is so wrong and so against myself, truth, love and God. I am so far away from anything like a loving being, I can't be that at all, I am the most unloving being, the furthest from truth and love I have ever been and there is nothing I can do about it. This is the truth of ME, everything I have wanted to hide about the bad side of me, I am now being and I feel so hopeless in it all because I can't get out of it. It's the truth of everything I have hidden about myself, I am now it. I can't change or be any different, God wants me to be like this so I can see the truth of how unloved I was as a child, how I was brought up to be against Love and now I am living it fully, a loveless life and seeing all the ways I hurt myself and others and it is truly awful but I can stop it.

Only God knows when I have accepted, expressed and found all of the truth of my unloving, negative state of being and when I have seen it all, well, I don't know what will happen, will God change me? I don't know, I have no idea, I will have to wait and see but although this is hard and painful, I can't be any other way and a part of me feels so good about it too, because in me I have the feeling that it is right, I am going the right way and I know that is true because I feel it without any uncertainty that it is the right thing to do so I keep going because it feels so right, yet so very bad in the way of what my bad feelings bring up for me to feel.

**More about my fucked up state!**

12 May 2019

I am sorry but I have to write more about my fucked up state. I feel so good about being it, not like I am wanting to be evil or happy about it in a fuck you sort of way, but I feel so good about knowing, through being, the truth of it all.

I am so glad to be seeing the truth of my untrue state, I want to know the truth of me and I am being it and no longer denying it is me. This is how I am, warts and all, and I was so scared of it, running from it all my life, having panic attacks in case any one found out the truth of me, having to be so perfect was so hard to

maintain, I couldn't do it. I kept failing and the truth threatened me that it would come out and show every one what I am truly like and now, I am being it and it is so freeing, well, right now it is anyway. That can all change in a second, but right now I am feeling elated about knowing the truth, being the truth of all my denied parts of me and as I am being them, feeling every bit of it about how I feel to be so fucked up, how I feel to be those bad, horrid, unwanted parts of me.

I didn't want to be me, I wanted to be a different way, a way that was wanted and accepted so I threw most of me away and denied those bits of me. How could I know myself when I hid the truth of myself away, all the bad bits I so unlovingly hid away and I was terrified they would keep coming out of my inner closet. There was so much of me locked away in there, the doors couldn't shut properly and they kept busting open and exposing the bits I wanted to keep hidden. I don't have to do that any more, the closet is wide open and all of my shit is spewing out all over the place, and it is a right fucking mess but I fucking love it, shit I feel so great right now.

Yes, I am so fucked up, I am all over the place and I can't control anything anymore, I am a mess but this is the truth of me, it's the truth of all of my denied, hidden bad parts that I didn't want anyone to see, I am gross and it is such a fucking relief to be gross and not hide the truth because of what someone might think of me.

Fuck, I am feeling so good getting this all out of me, I am so wrong in every way and I feel it is ok to be that because it is the truth of me and I can't help it, it was how I was parented and I believed it was the truth. Shit, I am feeling so good, I have never felt this good, I want to cry with over-joyment about how good I am feeling about being the truth of all of my unloved and unwanted parts. Fuck it, this is me and I have been so ashamed of it all and that is so sad, I want to give myself a hug and tell myself its ok now, I can come out and bring all of my shit with me, all of my baggage and all of my bad parts, bring them out.

I feel God's Divine Love has helped me shift so much today, I actually am feeling good about myself, like I am shinning if I can put it like that, glowing and radiant, that is how I am feeling and that is a fucking miracle.

**I can feel some love for my fucked up self.**

12 May 2019

Oh my God, more keeps coming to me, I don't care if I don't change, right now I feel like I could stay like this, loving all of my imperfection and fucked up state, just loving it, knowing it, understanding it, allowing it, being with it completely, no longer denying it is who I am, no longer being so ashamed of it all. I feel like I could just be with it all and be ok with it, not wanting to change any of it but the love I am feeling for all of my bad parts, the denied and repressed parts of me, I could just let them be a part of me yet no longer be them. I am finding this so hard to express because it is so new to me to feel such acceptance of myself. What is it I mean!!!!

I am accepting myself and don't want to change myself, I am feeling love for myself. I just want to allow myself to be the way I need to be and let it all come up and out. Fuck, for the first time in my life I don't want to change myself, not one bit of myself, I want it all, all of the shit, it is me and I want it all. It is mine and I care about it, I want to give it love and I can really feel that, I feel sorry for it and I want to nurture it, mother it, love it. I want all of my denial and suppression to come and be a part of me in the open, I want to get to know it all so I know who I am, so I know all of my pain, I don't want it all hidden any longer. I want it all out into the light because it is all me and I don't want to change any of it, I don't want it hidden, I want it to be known, wanted and loved.

Yes, I no longer want to get rid of any of it, it is all me and I want it back, all of my lost parts. I don't want to change them, I want to know them and accept them as a part of me and live with them, make peace with them and stop running from them/me.

**Feeling worthy through what I can do.**

13 May 2019

I felt more Love enter me last night and today more truth is coming up for me to feel. My realisation is that my life has never been about me but about what I can do and it is that, that has got me noticed, the real me part has gone unnoticed or not seen. I have believed that the way to gain worth has been through what I can do or know and me alone was worth nothing, it's all in what I can produce that



gets me recognised and that has been the underlying drive behind me always having businesses, or doing this and that, its never been about me but what I can do.

I can remember as a child making things for my parents out of any old stuff and showing them and waiting for their reaction, "what a clever girl you are, look what you have made". I loved that reaction but it wasn't about me but the object I had made that had their attention. I thought that if I keep making stuff and make it better each time I would get their attention and love so that is what I did and I have done it all the way through my life. Crating things, being artistic and creative has only been to get their love. I would do someone's hair or make something and they would love it and say how clever I am, just like mum and dad used to, but it always felt like I was left out of it. They would only see the hairstyle, or the product I had created but never see me. My clients would look at themselves in the mirror and love what they saw, but never see me.

I remember a few years ago when I had the shop, my parents came down to say hello to me, they came in and I had a lot of the mosaic stuff in the shop that I had made, mum saw a table that I made and she was loving it and she said to my dad; "Look Jim, have you seen this table" and he said; "Yes, I have seen it before" without even looking at it, he had never seen it before. Even now this hurts me, how he wasn't interested in anything I had made and it was always the same, as a child he was never interested, just saying the usual bullshit parents say without any feeling or truth behind the words.

I have spent my whole life making things for people, being creative, thinking I am just an artistic sort of person but it is all wrong. I have done it all just to grab my parents attention and I learnt at a very young age that by making things for them, I could feel some sort of love from them, but it wasn't love at all, it never entered me as love, just a mind's idea of love, it never entered my heart but stayed in my mind. It was only words, never personal to me, I never felt they were interested in me, only what I could do and make, it never went beyond that.

They never looked into my eyes and said; "You create great and lovely things but they could never compare to the creation of you", something like that, you get it! It was never personal and now it is so hard because I put my own value into

what I make and do, it is never about me, never personal but always outside of me, I have to make something to feel of worth and value, if I am not making anything then I don't feel worthy or of any value to anyone and that is because of how it was for me as a child. I felt worthy and valued when I was making things, and when I wasn't, I felt denied completely, they weren't interested in me at all and I went unnoticed and unseen so I made sure I was artistic and good at making stuff so I got their attention when I needed it.

I looked for that same attention in all of my customers and clients over the years, I was still looking for my parents approval of me, interest in me, through my clients and customers. Still addicted to their reaction to what I had made, it was how I got my loving feelings from my parents and I was addicted to doing it, needing so much to get my loving feelings somehow so I created businesses where I could continue my addiction and receive the feelings I needed from others to make me feel good, worthy and valued.

When I had my last shop, I was doing my healing and suddenly things stopped selling, people stopped coming in and I was left in pain, in frustration and my addictive feelings of needing people to make me feel loved were not being met. Shit, it felt terrible, I was feeling so denied, lost, pointless, hopeless, not wanted or loved. I wasn't getting any sales, I was totally invisible, I would watch people walk past the shop like it wasn't there and it made me want to scream; "Don't you fucking see me". It made me want to drag them in, force them to see me, make them love me, I did all I could to attract them in but nothing worked and the business closed. I was finally able to feel the truth of how rejected I felt by my parents not being interested in me, not even seeing me only what I had made. I felt terrible inside. When I lost the shop I was no longer making stuff, no longer creating and I felt empty, no one to show off to and not receiving any attention to make me feel loved. I was crushed.

All the time I have felt like it isn't me that matters but what I create, the creator is invisible and must stay that way and it felt wrong for me to get any praise, I didn't want them to give me the praise but just love my stuff, just like my parents did. They didn't really see me, only what I had made and I wanted it to stay that way. I had no value and it made me angry if anyone focused on me and not on what I had made, its all about the product, not me, I don't exist and I get all of

my feelings from you loving what I have made, not you loving ME! That means nothing to me. I mean nothing to me or to anyone, only my creations mean something, not me. I mean nothing and that is how I have always felt it to be and by writing this is cementing it into me as truth. I can feel it is true so it is important that I write it and it might not make sense but to me it does and expressing it like this is vital to me understanding it more and deeper.

I feel that without making things and being artistic, I am nothing, but all of my creativity is another addiction, a compulsion to be loved, it is just more of what I do to get me the feeling I need from others because I don't have it in me already. I need to receive those feelings like when I was making things for mum and dad as a child, I loved those feelings, how proud they were of me for making something out of loo rolls and material, I must have been 5 or 6 but it is as clear as day and it is those feelings I have always strived to feel from others, all my businesses have been based on getting those same feelings, to feel loved.

Its all a craving, a frenzy to feel loved in any way I can, even though its not me they love but what I create and it has to be that way because that is how it was with my parents, never about ME and that is so painful. I don't feel loved unless I am creating something, making something for someone and now I can see exactly the truth of why I have done it, just to be loved. It's how I get my kicks but when it is all gone and no more is being made and no one wants anything from me, how do I feel? Unwanted, uncared about, empty, nothingness, unloved, denied and all the other unloving words I could use, very alone and without any true, real love. It's so good to know this truth about myself.

**Not being loved is normal.**

13 May 2019

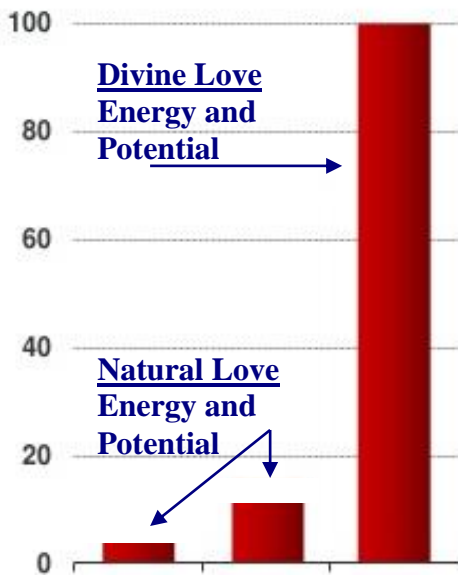
I feel like throughout my life I have just had to get used to not being loved how I needed to be, actually I wasn't aware of it, it was normal. It became natural, I was born into it, I wasn't aware that I wasn't loved and I believed that this non-love state of living was love. I have had all no-loving relationships and just put up with it until it became natural. Now, today, I feel like the only love I need is the love of my Mother and Father (God), I have their love now and again and it

helps me to heal, it brings up all of the denied and suppressed feelings from my childhood that keep me from love and myself.

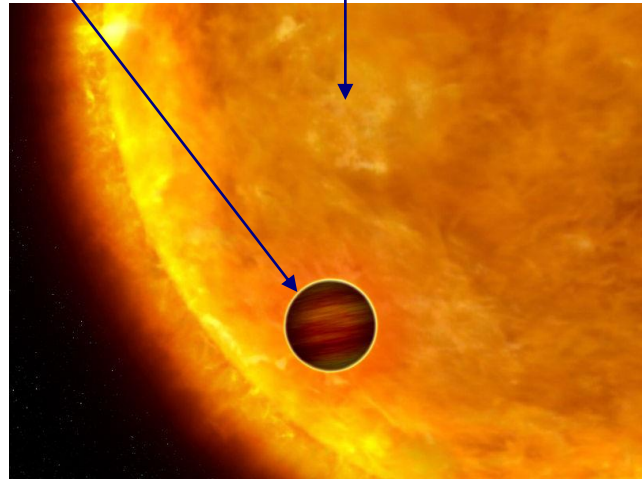
Their Love is so loving that it helps me to heal, it feels good but also pushes up the feelings of pain that I need to feel. That is how it feels to me, when I receive their Divine Love it feels good, very good and then comes the bad feelings as I ask Them to help me to feel all I need to feel so I can grow closer to Them.

Living a non-loving life is normal and I believed it to be love although I never felt it as very loving, it was all in my mind and not like Mother and Father's Love, in my heart and Soul, I can feel it in a way that I could never feel my physical parents' love, which is of natural love.

**With DIVINE LOVE one's potential in growth is to infinity, progression is typically many multiple times faster than for those who remain NATURAL LOVE dominant and restricted in their growth potential to that of only becoming the perfect man whereas Divine Love with Feeling Healing enables at-onement with the Mother and Father and entrance to the Celestial Heavens and beyond.**



**The luminosity of DIVINE LOVE compared to that of NATURAL LOVE personality.**



**Embrace the availability of the Feeling Healing Process and Divine Love, all one need do is to earnestly long for and ask for our Parents' Love. It is an energy that surpasses all that is.**

**It is with this energy melding within one's soul that heaven on Earth is achieved.**

**Nothing else can bring about the joy and love we strive for.**

**Just wanting to be in prayer with God.**

14 May 2019

Still feeling, even deeper today, that all I need is my Mother and Father's Love. I have nothing else, nothing I do works in life, I try this and try that and nothing works, its all leaving me and all I am left with is longing for my Mother and Father's Love, everything else is going. It feels like every day now it is getting closer to it being just me and Them and the rest of the world is being shut out as I am seeing more of how nothing works for me in this world, only Mother and Father.

Since all of these more recent breakthroughs I have been having I am feeling like all I want to do is be in prayer with Them, just to be with Them. That is how I feel right now but there is still a part of me that is feeling where does that fit in, in this world, it doesn't and that scares me, I feel out on a limb with it but I will keep asking Mother and Father to help me feel about that. I just want to be with Them, in prayer.

It could all change tomorrow but today; in this moment this is how I feel.

**Grieving the lack of love.**

14 May 2019

I have been doing the garden today, getting rid of some old plant pots and other stuff, cleaning up outside and talking to Mother all day and when I talk to her I cry, I can't stop it, it just happens so I have spent all day crying on and off. I have been longing to Them both for Their Divine Love and feeling the frustration of not getting it when I ask, I want it every time from Them, I am so needy for Their Love. And Mother told me that she wants me to grieve for the love I never had from my physical parents.

She told me to feel the pain and grief of not receiving the love from them when I ask for it, it is the same pain I am feeling and the more I let the grief come out of me, then more I will be able to receive from Them but they can't keep it coming when I still have to feel the pain and loss of not receiving love from my physical parents.

If They fill me with Their Love then the true pain will still be inside me and not be felt, Their Love will just be over riding it and They won't do that and when I cry and get angry at Mother and Father for not giving me Their Love, it is really aimed towards my physical parents. That is how I felt as a child, not receiving it from them and I denied it, put it away inside me and now it is coming out when I long to Mother and Father but don't receive anything.

I get it, I understand what Mother is saying to me and I know the pain is from my childhood and they are helping me feel it by only giving me a little bit of Their Love now and again, the rest of the time I am left to feel the devastation of not receiving and feeling loved from my own parents on Earth.

I am feeling so much closer to them at the moment and feeling Mother with me, as I did my earth mother, we were closer than me and dad, so it makes sense for Mother to show me the truth of how it was by us being together and me feeling Her with me.

Father has taken a step back, I feel, and is showing me how it was with my dad, I look for Him as I did with my dad; I looked for his love and never felt it. I feel like I had to be the one who had to give it to them because Mother has just helped me see, that is the truth by showing me a memory of about ten years ago when I hugged my dad and he hugged me back and it felt so loving I wanted to cry, like I do now by remembering it, but I instigated it, I went up to him as he was leaving my house and I hugged him fully, with all of myself and he was shocked and hugged me back and he said to mum that it was the first time he had ever felt loved by me and when she told me it after, I felt like it was all up to me to love him, not for him to have loved me like that when I was conceived and throughout my childhood, it was never like that. He was waiting for me to love him, it was my duty to love him and honour him, it is always my fault, it is always "Sam never shows love, she never cuddles us, not even as a child did she." I have heard it all my life like it is my fault and they really do believe that is the truth. They blame me for not loving them because they believe they are the most loving parents and don't know what went wrong with me.

I feel I have always been flawed, something is wrong with me that I can't love and they have made me feel like it is my fault, nothing to do with them. I

believed them, I believed it was my fault, they must be right but I was taught by them, to be like that, responding to how they were with me.

They showed me how to be so unloving but they will never believe that, I have told them but they deny it all and still blame me and I am so grieved by that, that they have always thought me being so unloving to them, was nothing to do with them and all to do with me. It's so fucking unfair for them not to see it. I feel so sad for myself having to deal with that guilt all my life, like I was some sort of freak.

### **The same thing every day.**

15 May 2019

I woke up about 7:45am today and my first feelings were about feeling bad about doing the same thing over again, the same pattern. Get up, go wee, go downstairs, unlock the back door and step outside, go back in and have toast and put my computer on, its the same every day. If I change that pattern it would be by using my mind to do so, making a decision to do it differently and I don't want to do that, so I do the same, realising I can't change it.

I am in a program to do the same thing every day like a dumbed out moron who can't diverge from the set program and it brings with it the memories of that being how it was for me as a child with my parents. Every day being the same with me ending up at school, doing the same thing again and a feeling has just come to me of not being able to believe I was going off to school. I was very young and in shock that I was being separated from mum. I can feel the shock now and I feel that same shock in me at the thought of maybe having to go and get a job, it is a horrible shocking feeling doing something I don't want to do but being made to do it, it's such a horrible feeling even now.

I don't want to do the same thing every day but I can't do any different, I am set in it, as I was with mum and dad. I have to stick to the routine they set for me; every morning this is what we do. I hate it about me but I can't change it. I am addicted to my routine but so sick of it. It's so meaningless, there is nothing in it, just mundane things that I do everyday and I know that tomorrow is going to be the same and that makes me feel so numb and programmed like a robot with no will, just numb.

Nothing good or interesting happening, just the programme, nothing to look forward to tomorrow just the same old shit and I realise how important this is to me because it is showing me the truth of how I felt as a child about my life back then and how uninteresting it was to have to do what my parents said. Get up, go wee, go downstairs for breakfast, get ready and go to school and that has been my life everyday since. I can't break out of it, there is nothing else for me but the routine my parents have set for me but now I am doing it to myself.

Nothing I do is worthy, it's all just boring and mundane, there is no excitement or spontaneity, just the programme that has to be stuck to.

The Beatles song has just entered my mind: "Every day she takes a morning bath she wets her hair, Wraps a towel around her as she's heading for the bedroom chair, It's just another day, Slipping into stockings, stepping into shoes, Dipping in the pocket of her raincoat, It's just another day..." and so on the song goes "so sad, so sad sometimes she feels so sad", all so fucking mundane drifting off wishing some man would come and save her from herself in some fantasy world she goes to because her own life is so boring and unsatisfying being in the programme of every day life. Everyday I wake up and do the same things and I have to do them that way, I can't make it any different just as I couldn't with my parents, it had to be their way not mine and I am still doing it their way, it's so ingrained in me and I hate being like it, but I am.

**I feel so bored and mundane.**

15 May 2019

I feel so bored, so mundane in the life I have. I do nothing but sit on the couch, the spot I sit in has an indentation where I sit just to remind me when I look at it, that I sit there too much doing nothing, I am embarrassed about that spot that I have carved out for myself on the couch. It is a tell - tell sign to everyone that I sit there all day doing nothing, being my pointless self, and it felt good to say that. I really felt that as being how I have felt all my life, pointless! So me trying to do all I can to prove I am not pointless, but now I have been brought back to the truth of how I have always felt, pointless.

I am sitting in that spot right not typing this, dressed in my pink dressing gown as I always am. My life has come down to this truth, me having no meaning or



purpose any more. Everything that I thought gave me meaning and purpose was all a lie, all an avoidance of feeling the truth about myself, all my parents wanting me to not be the truth but to be someone of great meaning and purpose, well, that's all gone now because it was bullshit and all I am left with is this truth of how I have always felt, meaningless and purposeless.

Everything that gave me any meaning was all bullshit all pretend success and power, I have very little power and no meaning, it was all my parents and how they wanted me to be. None of it was really me. When all of that is stripped away this is what I am left with, the truth of how I really felt and I feel it is ok to feel like this and I want to know the truth of every feeling of denial that underpinned any meaning or success that I had. It feels good to know the truth of the pain that was driving it all, all so I didn't have to feel that pain.

My parents wanted to be able to love me, so I had to be a success to be accepted and loved by them. Being the truth of how I felt was unacceptable and unlovable to them so I had to deny it and push it down and over ride it with my mind taking over, taking control to be a success, just as my parents wanted me to be.

This dangerous denial of my feelings nearly killed me many times in my life, all so they could be proud of me and love me, I was willing to kill off my true feelings and die for their love, which wasn't even love but hate of the true me, the me I had to hide from them and myself. They taught me to hate myself, the true me, my feelings.

**Back into my fantasies!**

18 May 2019

I am so bored and I noticed myself wishing something amazing would happen to me, really exciting and out of the blue to give me a real wow moment. I can remember feeling like this all through my childhood and it being a part of my fantasy world. Nothing like that ever happened and it is not going to but the feeling is still there in me. It is more of my denial of not wanting to feel bad and having something take me away from that boredom. I can feel that fantasy world still there in me wanting to be someone important, someone who had something amazing happen to her to make her more interesting and less mundane but I am boring and I am bored with nothing to make it any better but

being more in it. I feel like I am a right Mong just sitting here Monging out like a mindless idiot with nothing to do. So fucking bored.



### **My feelings of emptiness and boredom.**

18 May 2019

I am so bored, I feel so desperate to stop being bored but there is nothing I can do but sit here and feel how being so bored feels. It makes me feel angry that I have such an empty life with nothing in it. Angry that all I have is this continuous boredom every day. I can't do any of the things I used to do because I no longer want to do them and anything I do is just my mind's control to stop me feeling bored, like my parents saying; "go and do something then Sam". But I never knew what. Saying that never helped me, but got me more pissed off. They were no help.

I am sitting here in my mindless, lobotomy state of being just feeling it all, how awful it feels to be so bored and useless and hopeless of it ever changing. There is nothing for me and I feel hopeless just sitting here in my nothingness. Everything I do is to stop me feeling bad and now I have stopped doing those things, I feel bad, bored and all the rest of it.

I have no meaning to my life without all of those things I used to do that gave my life meaning but they were all denial of me feeling bad so I no longer want to do them. They were not real or true, just avoidance of feeling like bad, useless and empty and with no love in me to make me feel good naturally. I have none of that in me. I wouldn't even feel bored if I had some sort of love in me.

I can't see an end to this boredom, it feels it is my eternal future, I can't see beyond it. It feels cold and unloving.

I feel like a child having no one interested in me and no one wanting to play with me or be with me, I have to do it all myself, alone and I feel very alone in my boredom, no one wants to play with me. No one even knows I exist. I am not important to anyone just left to fend for myself, amuse myself and I can't, I need interaction, I want company and someone to want to be with me and share

myself with them and them with me, interact, but no one wants to and it is frustrating.

It is making me feel so angry inside, like a fury in me being so denied and rejected and left to be bored because no one cares about me. They couldn't care less how I am feeling and I feel so neglected as I sit here in my boredom with all of my childhood feelings coming up for me to feel as I ask Mother and Father to help me see the truth of how I am feeling.

NO one is on my level; no one wants to talk about stuff with me. I can't share any of myself with anyone and it makes for a very lonely and boring life. All Trevor talks about is advancing his mind, none of which I am interested in so we can't have conversations only ones where we totally disagree with each other, him pulling one way and me pulling the other, we are on two very different journey's, him of the Mind and me of the Soul and there is no way to meet in the middle, so we end up in very different spaces not being able to share anything of each other at all.

He doesn't want to hear me and I don't want to hear him, we repel each other which is just how it was for both of us with out parents but he doesn't want to see it like that at all. I can see it but I can't share it with him, it is no use, I have to keep it all to myself and express it out of me to Mother and Father and when I have expressed it all maybe we will move on separately and no longer be friends or whatever we are. If Mother and Father want it to be this way then I know it is needed for me to heal and so much comes up in the way of feelings, he brings it all out of me so I get what is happening at this time.

Boredom is lonely, I am feeling lonely, alone with my self is boring, nothing to do, no one to share in, it's lonely. I have no one and I felt like that as a child as my brothers and sister went out to play with their friends and I sat in, alone, that is how I feel now, I want someone to want me, to want to talk about their feelings with me and hear mine but I feel like that can't happen for me because that is not how it was for me as a child.

My parents wanted to take any pain away from me as quickly as possible, not to hear how I was feeling and hurting, but to get it sorted out so I was no longer in pain, not to talk about it but to get it sorted and end it and that was that, but I

was left with the unexpressed fear of that pain and what was happening to me. I never knew what was going on, I needed to talk about it and get it out of me so I understood it, what was happening to me but it was all taken out of my hands and fixed on the surface but not inside of me.

All loose ends were left unanswered and it fucked me up not having any answers. I needed to talk about how I was feeling, the shock I was going through and feeling about it now, it seems like it was a constant trauma inside of me going on because I never knew what was happening to me. I was always in shock, this shock being the first feeling my mother felt about having me, so I have had to live in that feeling of shock ever since, her shock of me.

Boredom feels so empty yet so crushing, like I don't exist, I am not really here but I am, no one wants me, yet I am here.

I am feeling strongly that I wasn't wanted at birth, I wasn't wanted when mum found out about me so that feeling of not being wanted has continued throughout my life and boredom is just that, not being wanted, no one wants to be with me, play with me, cares if I am alive, no one cares about me or how I am, I am just left to get on with it alone. No one wants to know about how I feel, they don't care or want to spend any time with me and I can feel that being the truth.

Being left alone day after day, even as a baby and just because mum was around, doesn't mean I wasn't alone, I was. She didn't connect to me emotionally, she was very depressed when she had me so I never felt like I had her or my dad and this isn't a 'poor me tale' it is how I am feeling when I feel about it all, it is what my feelings are telling me about how I feel and how it was for me as a child.



Me as a baby

**My sister says I have devastated the family.**

19 May 2019

TODAY I FEEL LIKE DYING

TODAY I FEEL MORE CRUSED THAN I HAVE EVER FELT

TODAY I FEEL WEAKER THAN I HAVE EVER BEEN

TODAY I FEEL MORE MISUNDERSTOOD THAN I HAVE EVER FELT

TODAY I HATE LIVING

TODAY I FEEL MORE ALONE THAN I HAVE EVER FELT

TODAY I FEEL THE TRUTH THAT I HAVE NO ONE ON MY SIDE

TODAY I HATE EVERYONE

TODAY I FEEL TOO BAD AND TOO WEAK TO EVEN CRY, I DONT FEEL I HAVE IT IN ME

TODAY I FEEL I AM TO BLAME

TODAY I FEEL I AM THE MAD ONE

TODAY I HAVE BEEN TOLD I AM MAKING IT ALL UP

TODAY I HAVE BEEN TOLD I AM NOT TAKING RESPONSABILITY AND BLAMING MY PARENTS

TODAY I HAVE BEEN TOLD I AM WRONG

TODAY I HAVE BEEN TOLD I HAVE HURT THE WHOLE FAMILY  
TODAY I HAVE BEEN TOLD IT IS ALL IN MY MIND  
TODAY I HAVE BEEN TOLD MY FEELINGS ARE WRONG AND I AM NOT  
TO LISTEN TO THEM  
TODAY I HAVE BEEN RIPPED APART AND TRODDEN ALL OVER LIKE  
DIRT  
TODAY I HAVE BEEN TOLD NONE OF HOW I FEEL IS THE TRUTH  
TODAY I AM CRUSHED AND BROKEN  
TODAY I FEEL PICKED ON AND SO SMALL  
TODAY I FEEL SO SICK INSIDE  
TODAY I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE BEEN MADE TO FEEL I AM MAD  
TODAY I HAVE BEEN MADE TO FEEL THE MOST INADEQUATE I HAVE  
EVER FELT

My sister has visited me from Australia and has told me that I have devastated the family, especially dad, and she told me I am delusional if I believe the way I feel is true. She can't believe the way I feel and can't accept it and sat here trying to drum it into me that I was so loved and wanted and all of how I feel is a figment of my sick imagination and I feel sick inside as she spoke to me. I was shaking and ready to cry as I spoke to her telling her just how it was for me. Trying to convince her I am really feeling like this and it is all true inside of me and always has been.

Shit, the anger and rage that was in me but I had to keep it contained, I am not allowed to show it and I was taken right back to being a child again and not being allowed to express my anger, I just couldn't, when really inside I wanted to explode. She didn't understand a word I said and I was trembling with pain and anger at being so denied, so misunderstood. I can't really put it down in words just how shattering this experience was for me today. No one is on my side; I haven't made it all up as she says and she will never understand me and my healing, until she comes to do it herself.

She told me that she asked my two brothers if they felt loved and they both said "Yes" but don't they remember how dad treated them, I do! I would cry at their fights and how unloving dad was to them. Why don't they remember? They call this Love!!

I feel hopeless, it is futile talking to her or anyone about this that is not doing their healing, they all think I have gone mad, have Schizophrenia or something but to me, it is like they have all been brainwashed and only I see the truth of how it was. They really don't see it.

I am not mad, I am the sanest I have ever been in my life and I know the truth. I thought that she might understand some of what I was saying. By the time I had said all I had to say, she said she did understand but I don't feel she really did. I felt sick and I shook as we spoke with the fear of having to defend myself, I felt attacked and blamed, just as it was for me as a child.

19 May 2019

My sister has just emailed me from my parents' house, where she is staying for a month. She thinks that after our conversation today she will not be back to see me before she goes back to Australia!

**Seeing the truth of how I was never allowed to go against my parents.**

20 May 2019

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

She says she truly loves me but in the same breath she has abandoned me because I won't conform and won't stop all of this 'silliness', telling me my feelings aren't real! She wants me to deny how I feel and she calls that loving me. I can see so clearly the truth of how it was at home.

Bev, being the sensible one who did it all the right way and me being the reckless one who was crazy and couldn't be trusted or taken seriously, it is still the same. Bev laying down mum and dad's law, being 'them', to me. I feel so raging inside

and I know this sounds childish and that's because it is, it's still the same childhood pain and I am upsetting everyone by bringing it up, they want to carry on playing happy families and I am ruining it.

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



**Living through our Minds is Killing us!**

Living through our Minds is Killing us!



**FURTHER READING:**

Free downloads are from [www.pascashealth.com](http://www.pascashealth.com) in the Library Download page, scroll down for PDFs:

**PASCAS CARE PARENTING**

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

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

Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

**The Rejected Ones – the Feminine Aspect of God**

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



**Mind Centric Way**

*Feelings First Freedom*

# Feelings First

IT'S A WAY  
OF LIVING.



*Samantha*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha McCabe

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