

Parenting
&
Feeling Healing



Book 2

Samantha McCabe

SAM'S BOOK

Parenting and Feeling Healing

Book II

Copyright © Samantha McCabe

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except as follows.

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

These works stem from the author's personal application of the writings of James Moncrief that he commenced in 2002, however the Revelations now outlined began with the Padgett Messages that were received 1914 through to 1923 and have been augmented with auxiliary writings through the past 100 years, all such materials being of a loving teaching and guidance nature and are a gift to all of humanity.

This publication is an endeavour to draw upon aspects of all these works, particularly the personal experiences of the author, Samantha McCabe, so that you can consider for yourself the nature of what is shared now for consideration and discernment. It is your choice to consider, put aside or investigate further.

Published by:

2021

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

Cover graphic: Samantha McCabe

www.pascashealth.com
in this series:

Sam's Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing
Sam's Book – Parenting and Feeling Healing

Library Download

Book I
Book II
Book III
Book IV
Book V
Book VI
Book VII
Book VIII
Book IX
Book X

**Pascas Care Parenting
free PDF downloads:**

Experience
Conception
Magic
Nothingness
Setting Free
Pain and Rage
Vision
Childhood
Self-Acceptance
Physical Illness

Preface:

Little did I, John, understand and comprehend the incredible gift of sharing that Samantha has conveyed for us all of her journey of discovering her truth, her true self, the reality of how she was parented and how this is all mirrored into how she has parented her two children.

Little do we consider the impact we have on our children, which we all are. The adage that 'they will get over it!' is a total lie. We never get over it. We suffer it all throughout our life. The way we feel about our children and 'embrace' them is horrifying. No wonder as many as 40 or 50 million babies miscarry each year – once we realise just how much we consider a newly forming child as being so inconvenient and an imposition! That is on top of around 50 million babies we abort each year!

We each will recall every emotion and every impression felt throughout our gestation period as well as our child birth! We are already screwed up, stuffed up, deranged and degraded before we take our first breath of air. All our birth defects, deformities are of the consequence of the emotional injuries carried by our physical parents. Also, the foundations are in place for our health issues and societal dramas that we are going to experience throughout our lives! These are all of the consequences of the unhealed natures of our physical parents.

We perpetrate all that has unfolded before us and here we are at the Great U-Turn, we can go on repeating the same and expecting different results or we can follow Samantha's lead, the New Mother of Humanity, and embrace Feeling Healing which so perfectly identified and articulated throughout James Moncrief's writings and evolve in the way that is intended for all of humanity.

I am overwhelmed and in awe in how Samantha has conveyed her very personal experiences of her healing and how she has embraced her children in her healing journey. Amazingly, many, if not most, of her experiences are reflected throughout my own life or error. She has been wonderful in how her own journey is now shared in a manner that we can personally follow in her steps as and how we please. There is no imposition upon anyone to do anything. This is simply bringing to our awareness that this is how we can heal our emotional errors – should we desire to do so. It is painful, dreadfully painful, but no more painful than our childhood suppression that we each have endured – there are no exceptions.

This is a way of living that will be embraced by all of humanity – at some time in the future.

I will be forever grateful to Samantha for her generosity and bravery for sharing so constructively and passionately with enormous empathy and passion for us all, her experiences and comprehension of what awaits us all.

John Doel

Pascas Foundation (Aust) Limited

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

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

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

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

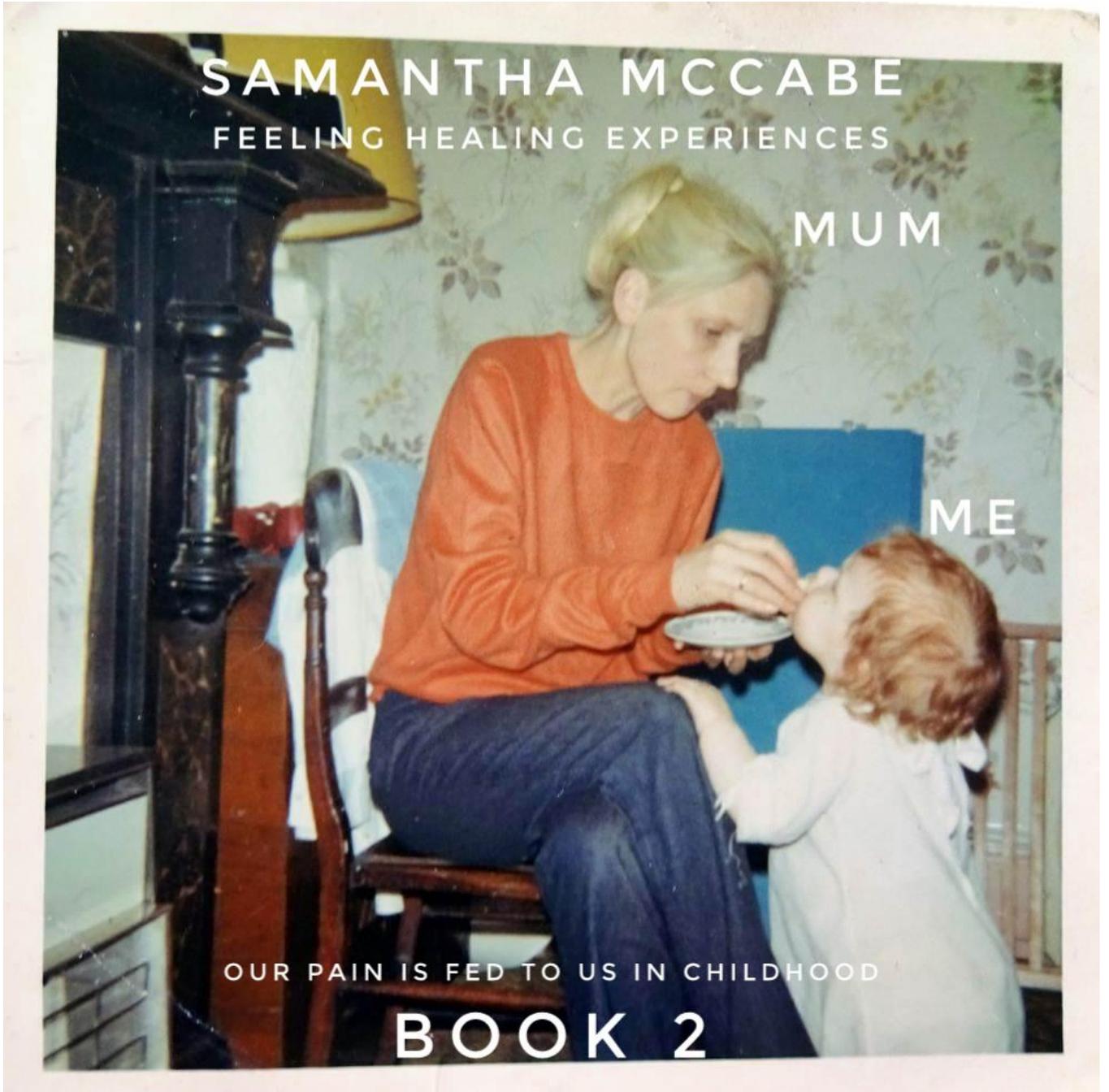
When I don't include God in my healing, I can only get so far with my feeling revelation. When I long to God for their help, it is like magic happens; I uncover layers that I never knew existed but have always been there, causing so much harm and illness to me. I need to include God, the creator of my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

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

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

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

Samantha



SAMANTHA MCCABE

FEELING HEALING EXPERIENCES

MUM

ME

OUR PAIN IS FED TO US IN CHILDHOOD

BOOK 2

Why do we over eat?

26 December 2017

I have put so much weight on because I am over eating, eating shit such as chocolate and cakes and I can't stop, I feel I am out of control with it and now the food has control over me. I am defenceless to it. I feel helpless and can't stop myself eating I just go straight for it and it has me. I feel so hopeless, it's no use I might as well just give up and get fat, I can't win, I never could. I am too weak, too powerless, I can't beat it so I might as well give up, submit to it, give myself to it like I had to do as a child, I could never win against mum and dad, I had to submit to them and what they wanted. My wants and needs never really got heard, it was all about them.



Now it is all about the food and the hold it has over me because of the wonderful feelings it gives me and I crave more, I can't stop but it is harming me, making me fat and that makes me very unhappy. I feel helpless to stop though, I can't and I don't know what to do about it, please help me God, I need help to feel all of the emotions buried underneath this addiction.

When I feel bored, I eat, I want to have a good feeling, something to take the boredom away, so I eat something and it feels so good so yummy, so sweet, I love it. I feel connected to a good feeling when I eat; it satisfies me for a very short while. It stops me feeling alone and bored; it gives me a feeling of ecstasy for a very short while. I crave it like it was cocaine, it's my drug and I need it to make me feel good. I get bored and I feel alone so I go and eat so I can feel the good feeling food gives me instead of the shit feeling being alone and bored gives me. I feel so empty and without feeling so I eat. I need that sugary hit, I crave it and feel it change me as soon as I eat it, I am quietened by it, calmed.

Before I have it I am desperate, ravenous for it like a junkie. I feel desperate to get what I want, I must have it and if I can't then I am devastated, left longing and wanting and never having what it is I want. Never being fulfilled. I am never fulfilled because I have never received what it is I want and need is love. I have always had to wait.

Who am I?

6 January 2018

Well, who am I? What labels can I put to my being? Female, woman, child, daughter, mother, aunty, granddaughter, wife, girlfriend, friend, employee, employer, cleaner, cook, nurse, house keeper, taxi driver, controller, neighbour, widow, customer, patient, cook and human being. I can't think of any more labels for myself, there is nothing left to call myself, I am now in a state of no more, i have run out of labels and come to the end of who I am, there is no more to me! So who am I when I run out of labels? When I let all of those labels fall away from me, what am I left with, NOTHINGNESS. No attachments, clear, clean, pure, new, light, I am not those labels, I am what those labels have been covering up, pure, light, soul that God created me to be, the labels have kept me from myself, the truth of who I am.

Terrible feelings about how I was parented.

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 it's 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, its 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 as it was theirs.

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.

My parents never told me the truth.

13 April 2019

Yesterday, I was given the chance to see even more truth of my childhood and it has been an amazing breakthrough for me. My mum came over to tell me dad has cancer on his nose. She said she didn't want to tell me, this made me angry and I instantly 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 'dad's got Cancer on his nose' my whole body slumped and then went into over-whelment, 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, I believed as a very young child; I had that even though I wasn't living it.

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 love 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 for 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, like 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, it's 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 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 is 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't survive knowing the truth of how unloved I really was and 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 and what it was because 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 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, losing 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 it's all to 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.

OUR INDUCTION into PHYSICAL LIFE:

At our conception, we are welcomed by a relentless infusion of errors and injuries, unknowingly, carried by our parents and carers!



The EXPERIENCE of LIFE by the BABY in the WOMB:

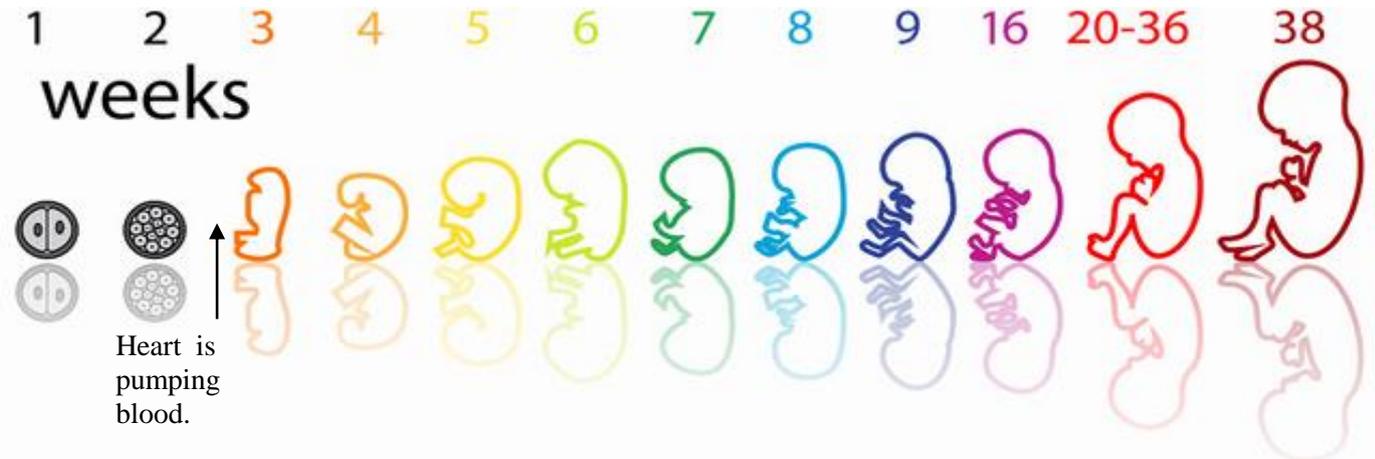
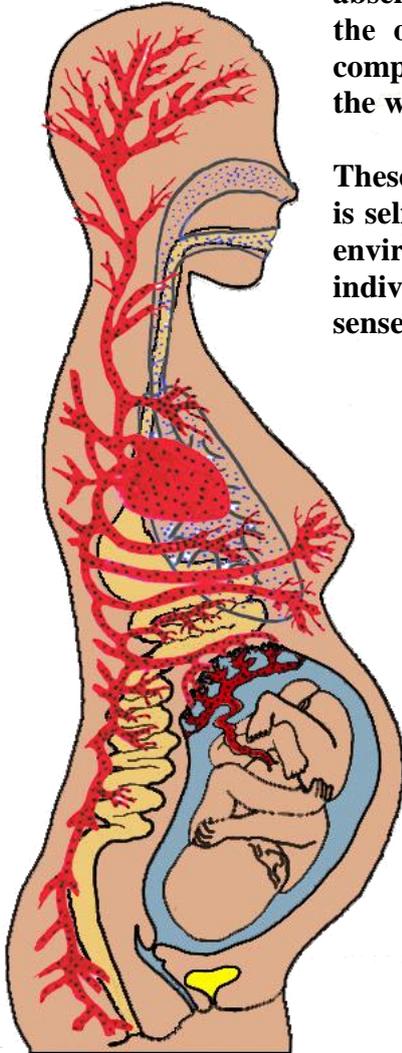
From the time of conception an infant is sensitive to the presence or absence of love as feelings of comfort or discomfort. One feels good and the other doesn't. This child has no idea how to seek love as it is completely subject to its environment and knows only how to respond to the way that it feels.

These early experiences of love have a great impact on a child as the child is self-focussed and has no concept of others outside itself. Its immediate environment is its world in which it has begun its process of individualisation and development of its personality qualities. The prime sense to which it responds is its sense of the presence or otherwise of love.

This is very basic but remains the most important sense for a human throughout its life. This may seem strange until you really think about it.

All of the most important responses a human makes are based on feelings and the most important feelings are those related to love because these are totally basic. Whatever supposedly sophisticated devices of discernment are overlaid on this, the basis remains the sensitivity to love.

We begin our life with natural love and it is in the context of this love that we live most of our life. In effect it is the main environment in which we live and function and our awareness of it depends on the love that we feel within us and which we express rather than the love expressed by others. We appreciate the love of others to the degree that we allow ourselves to receive it. If we are closed to the love of others we will not attract it. Giving and receiving are inextricably entwined and can never be separated.



Leaving my Children alone.

20 April 2021

Looking over the feeling underlying this whole week has been "Am I dying?" thinking I have some awful disease and this is it! I have always thought the worst, any illness I have had, I have been sure that I am dying. I have spent my life being terrified of it being the end for me. I don't want to die but I am sure that most people feel that when they know they are dying, I bet Freddie Mercury didn't want to die of Aids and felt terrified, I hope he had someone to talk to about his fears.

I am scared of no longer existing, not being here for my children, God that hurts when I think about it, I am all they have, my husband died so I am all they have. If I didn't have children then dying would be so much easier, no one left behind to be in pain with all of the loss. I feel like I can't die because of them, because I will cause them so much pain, especially my son, he doesn't have a partner and lives on his own, I am all he has. My daughter has a partner and is just moving into her new house with him so she has someone to comfort her but my son has no one to come home to, he has no comfort from anyone, I am his comfort and if I am gone then he will be left as alone as he was as a child, I left him alone all the time when he needed me. I gave him to grandparents and childminders so that I could have a life. He was very lonely and all he wanted was me, I pushed him away and it is no different now. God there is so much to it all! There is so much pain to be felt for what I have done. I have hurt my children, I have made them feel like they don't exist, just like I was made to feel, you would think I would know better but I can only be the same to my children as my parents were to me.

To be denied and rejected by your parents is a sickening, sinking feeling like you are dying inside; to be rejected by someone you love kills you inside. To not be wanted, shit, the pain, it is death and I have always felt like I am dying and I am sure my children feel the same when they come to do their healing and stop denying the truth of how bad they really feel.

I now know that my illnesses make me feel like I am dying because that is the truth I need to feel, the illness brings up the fear in me that I am going to die because the denial and rejection of my parents made me feel this way, them not loving me the way I needed to be loved made me feel like I am dying constantly,

in every moment I am trying to do things to keep me feeling alive because I am too scared to feel the feeling that I am dying without their love. I am terrified of illness because it brings with it the feeling of death, that this could kill me because that is how I have always felt, that is how rejection feels, it is death, it is not existing, it is dying inside. They rejected me and I felt like I was dying without their love.



My Son not being Himself.

24 April 2019

It's ten 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 like his dad and Harry (Step Dad), all the men in his life 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 and 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 to 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 their programming and he knows it isn't him.

Shock of 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.

Mum was a shocked parent.

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 is the 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 my parents 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. But 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.

My Son's hard and unloving life.

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, carers, and me 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 me 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 them and myself. I truly am the worst. The worst thing for my children has been their fathers and me.

Oh my God, What have I done to my Children?

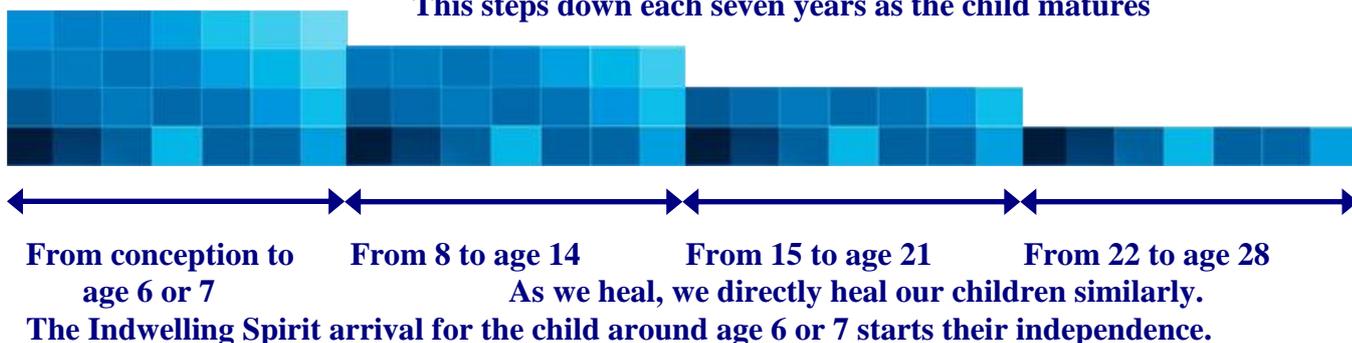
28 April 2019

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

POTENTIAL to BENEFIT your CHILD through your own FEELING HEALING:

This steps down each seven years as the child matures



My Son speaking with Harry in spirit.

25 April 2021

My son just called me to tell me that he met Harry, my dead husband, in spirit. My son said Harry now understands how my son felt about him. They got on ok but it was uncomfortable at times, my son's real dad didn't want him at all, had no time for him so my son can't form good relationships with any man because of his first role model, his father, rejected him, so now all men reject him. My second husband, Harry, got on ok with him but as my son got older they clashed and my son felt a lot of suppressed feelings. My son met him in spirit the other night and Harry told my son to just let it out, hit him, scream at him, anything Alex wanted to do and felt, he was to express it.

Alex, my son, told me he let it rip, he punched Harry continuously until he had nothing left and he fell to the floor, punching the floor and crying and screaming with so much pent up rage at men, at his father. Harry didn't fight back, he let him do it because Harry said he now knew the truth about how he had treated my son and the pain he had caused him. My son told me that he now feels like he has closure with Harry, the anger and the rage he felt has all come out and he is so glad he met up with Harry and that Harry allowed Alex to express his rage to him.

Alex told me that Harry looked younger, like he was in his early 40's maybe. He said that Harry realised how he had treated Alex and has heard Alex talk about him to me and was hurt that Alex felt about him in that way, it was a shock for him because all Harry wanted was for Alex to think of him as always being an ok kind of guy but it wasn't like that. Harry could only be to Alex how his biological father was, in different ways but the underlying rejection was still there in Harry and felt by Alex. Alex feels like he has had it out now with Harry and it was as real as when Harry was alive. Alex knows he really had this meeting with Harry and when he finished hitting Harry, Harry said to him, "That is it now, that is the end". I found it an amazing conversation; Alex is a very good medium and is a very clear channel for spirit.

During our conversation, Alex asked me how I was feeling now and I told him everything about how scared the illness had made me, how bad the feelings were coming up in me and the hardest one was the feeling that I couldn't die because I

was so scared for Alex being on his own, without me. I felt like I had to tell him how it made me feel and I was sobbing as I was telling him about my fears for him, of leaving him all alone just like I did to him when he was a child. I couldn't stop crying as I was telling him all these things and told him I was so sorry for treating him in such a terrible way, sending him off to his Nans all the time so I could have a good, fun life without a child being a burden to me. It all came out, every bit of it. He told me he will never have children so he never has the opportunity to pass on the hurt and the pain, so he never has to have this conversation with his own children and ruin another life and he is so right, it is the most loving thing he can do not to have children and pass on the pain I have given to him, all of that unlovingness and rejection can end with him and go no further, killing it off once and for all and ending the unloving, putrid family lineage.



I am a terrible Mother.

13 August 2019

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



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

I feel soul destroyed right now, I see what is going on with them and I just have to let it play out and it is soul destroying to watch it. It is like being made to watch a rerun of my younger self and not being able to give myself any advice or say; "no don't go that way" I can't get involved, I can't interfere with them, I just have to let them go ahead and take the experiences and be here for them for the fallout. There is literally nothing I can do but watch the mess I have made and curl up and die every day as I feel the pain of what I have done to them. The crazy thing is, no one in the outside world would see any of it as being bad, it is all what is going on in every family and what every parent calls 'LOVING' and it is fucking bullshit, its not Loving at all it is evil.

NORMAL PARENTING IS EVIL PARENTING.

Being ill.

25 January 2018

I have been so ill, feeling so weak and sick and scared. I thought I was going to die at one point; I am even too weak to write this. I have truly felt the extent of my childhood weakness because it is the truth of how I am feeling. Every new pain brings with it new truth for me. I get out of bed and can all but stand up, I have to do it in slow stages and pace myself and hold on to the walls and bed. I tried to have a bath but couldn't do it so I am smelling horrible. I keep getting stabbing pains everywhere like little shocks. It all makes me feel so uncomfortable and weak and powerless. I am really seeing the truth of how it was for me.

I felt so nauseous over the last few days but couldn't be sick, I was so close but it just stayed inside me making me feel even worse. I was scared of being sick so I didn't want to be but also I knew it would be for the best but it wouldn't come up and out of me it just stayed inside and made me feel awful to the extent of nearly passing out and in this state I felt a calmness come over me, I went deaf and blind and felt like I was nothing and it felt wonderfully.

I got myself back into bed and laid there in peace no longer feeling nauseous, just rested and it is so good that part of it has gone. I was scared I was going to die and then I was in a place of feeling like I don't care if I do, as I felt so out of pain in that experience, like it had all gone and left me. I am now left with no appetite and aches and pains. I am weak and powerless and have no control over anything. All I can do is let the illness have me, let it do what it needs to do with me for my healing. It is stopping me doing everything, restricting me until I submit to its power over me, it has a huge power over me so that is what I have to feel, how it feels to submit to an overbearing, oppressive influence that is my parents. This virus is them bearing down on me, their will controlling mine and leaving me weak and powerless until I feel like nothing, of no significance, just something to exert power over so they can feel powerful.

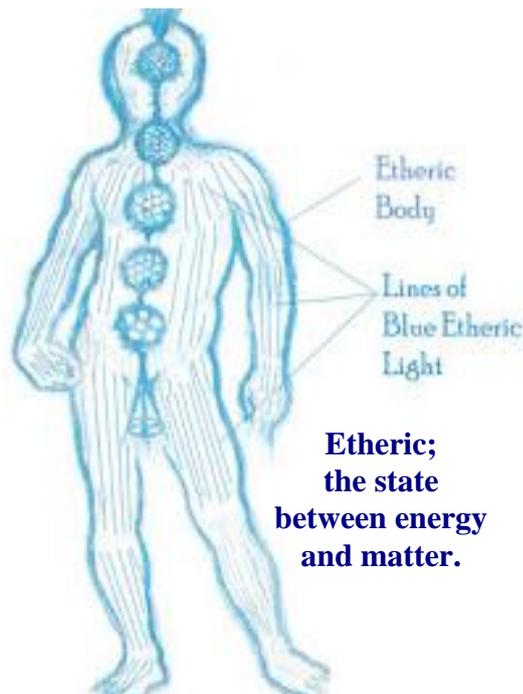
Even the message I got from mum today was what can she do for me to make me feel better, it automatically brought up an anger in me that said I don't want your help, if I do I will ask for it. She has to be the constant saviour making every one better but I don't want that any more, I don't want help to make me

feel better because her help is getting me to deny my pain so I never know the truth of how unloved I was so she carries on the pretence of this programmed, fantasy love that she has been taught is real. I don't want it and I never did, it's all to interfering and makes me feel angry and like I can't do anything for myself, powerless. This virus is showing me that truth, of how powerless they made me feel, as I lay here unable to do anything for myself. They had me, they had control as this virus has the control, they are the virus in me that I am feeling and healing out of me, **THEY ARE THE VIRUS IN ME.**

Normal Parenting is Evil Parenting!

Rebellion and Default is the Virus in us all!

It is via the spirit etheric body that emotional issues and viruses emerge in the physical body as illness.



Bored yet again.

2 January 2018

So fucking bored and fed up. There is nothing for me to do except eat. That gives me a good feeling. With my mind I am trying to come up with ways of doing things to stop me feeling bored but I have to use my feelings to heal this and feel how it feels to be bored.

I feel just so empty and pointless, like I have no use at all, I do nothing, I have no meaning or purpose in life and while I am feeling this I see mum telling me to do something I don't want to do. There is nothing I want to do so do I just veg out for the rest of my life being pointless to everyone?

I walk up and down the room looking out of each window but nothing has changed since the last time I did this about 10 minutes ago and my mind races to find things to occupy it, it has to stay in control and so, like mum, it will try to find things for me to do, all to keep me from my feelings. My mind still wants to hold on to its control of me just like my parents.

Even sitting here writing this is an avoidance of feeling, my mind is now occupied and doing something so it is ok for a time.

How do I feel being so bored?

Like there is nothing, I am nothing and nothing is going to change for me. It is all so bleak, no future. What do I do with myself? I have no idea what to do just feel more of this dead end nothingness. There is no point to life when there is nothing to do, what a waste I am.

Mum was constantly on the go, as a kid I would wonder why she never rests, sits down, stops all she is doing and sits with me. She never stopped for one minute and she is still the same. It made me feel guilty for resting or doing nothing, I felt bad because she was always busy and I was lazy, what was she thinking of me? I felt that I wasn't allowed to do nothing around her, I also had to be busy.

Now there is nothing to do, nothing I want to do and I still feel those same bad feelings, bad and guilty for being bored, mum made me feel like that. Even now

if someone is working or doing something around me I feel I have to do something too or they will tell me off, that guilt creeps in to me and that guilt name is mum.

Is this what mum thought of me then? That while she is keeping busy, I am pointless, lazy, meaningless, waste of space, nothing person with no future just good at being in the way while she zooms around. I feel she was angry at me for doing nothing and if she were here she would be trying to organise me so I am doing something. Yes this feels right, this is what she thinks of me deep down but won't express it. She is angry at everyone for being useless when she finds so much to do, she wants us to be like her, denying all of her pain by keeping busy so she never has to feel it.

Mum and dad thought I was nothing when I wasn't being busy or a success, which is how I am feeling. I have to be bored so I can feel the truth of how they feel about me. That when I am not busy or being successful, I am nothing, useless, pathetic, embarrassing, pointless person. My boredom feels the same as that to me, and I feel like that about myself when I am not working or busying myself because that is how they felt about me and I am finally feeling that as a truth, yes, yes, yes. Boredom is so necessary because it has now shown me the truth through my feelings of boredom.

If I am not successful then I am nothing, pointless. If I am not in this world, doing the things of this world, then I am useless, powerless in my parents eyes and also in mine, they put that into me, they made me believe that is true so I feel bad and guilty for not doing anything because of their judgement of me. That is why I could never tell them I was bored because I knew how they felt and how they would judge me for it. This is not loving or nurturing.

I have always felt I had to prove myself to them, I have been living to make them proud of me, not me living for me but me living for them, so they can feel good as parents. If I am lazy and doing nothing then they don't want to know me and just tell me how well the others are doing, why can't you be like them Sam.

Unloving treatment of my Son.

2 February 2019

I am seeing even more of my unloving treatment of my son. Today I have seen how my son doesn't care about himself. He came to my house as the snow was too bad for him to carry on with his bike. When he came in every bit of his clothing was wet through, even his two pairs of socks and his work boots, everything sodden by the deep snow and he had been wet like that all day, since 6 am when he went out in it so I have put all his wet things over radiators and his wet boots in the airing cupboard to dry . This has upset me so much, would he have done the same at his house or just put wet stuff on again tomorrow and go out into the snow again being wet and freezing cold, shit it has upset me to much to think that he doesn't know how to look after himself, or care.

This is fucking depravity, so fucking low to think so little of himself that he endures it, it must be so cold and miserable. I can't bare the thought of him putting on wet socks and boots and having to go out into the snow all day, shit I feel so bad I could die. What have I done?

I am seeing deeper into the unloving ways I have parented my children, he must think nothing of himself to put up with this, it is hell. I can't fucking deal with it, I am feeling so bad, terrible, this is my son, my little boy living in misery and it is how I have taught him to live and I can't bare it, the pain at what I see I have done.

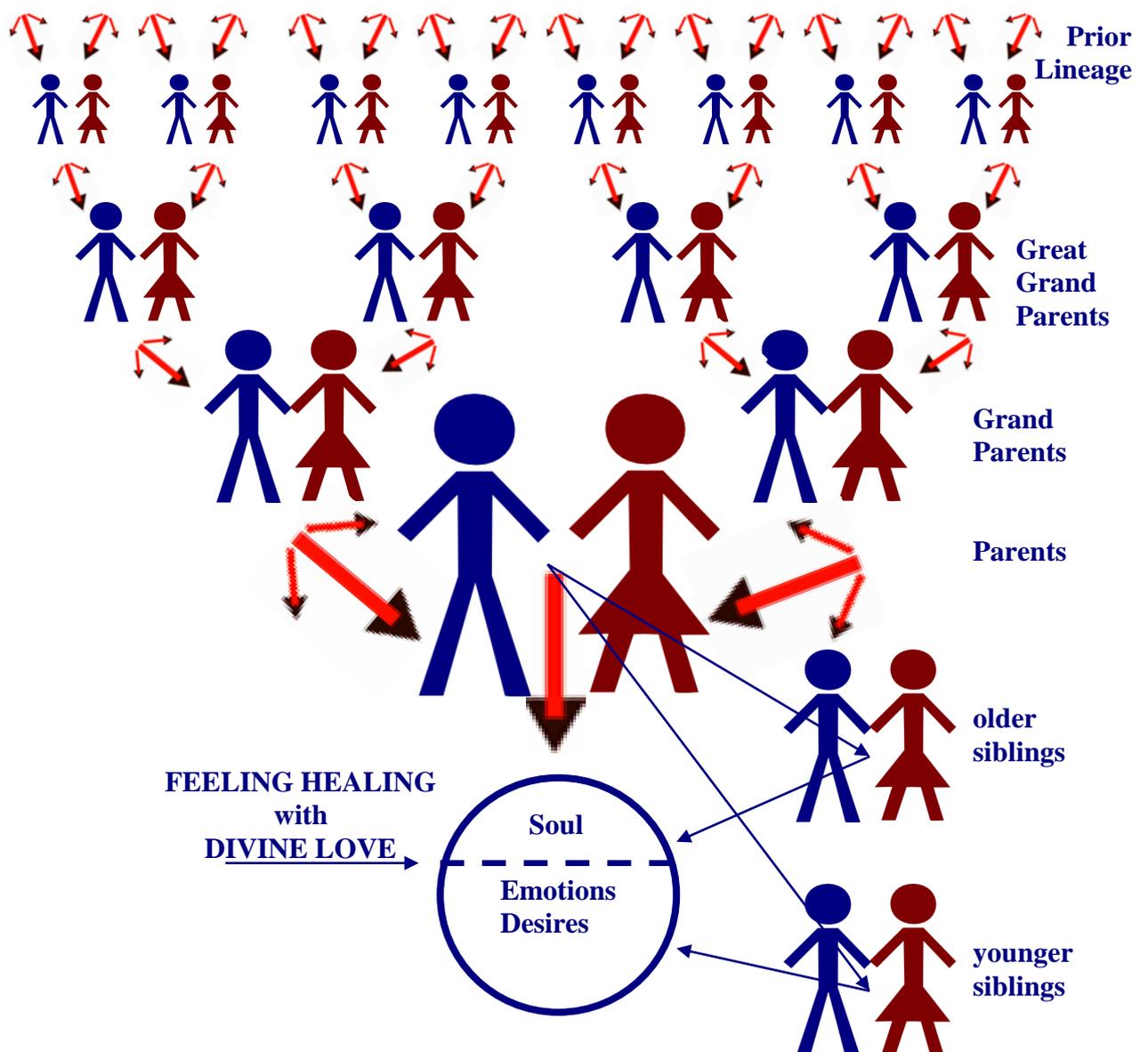
He doesn't think he is worth anything better because I have taught him that he is not, he is only worthy of working down the dump, being abused and treated like shit by the public, having to walk for an hour in the freezing snow so he can be treated like shit all day and all he has to look forward to is more of the same tomorrow. This is all so wrong; it breaks my heart to see what I have done. I wish I could turn back the clock and do it again, with what I know now, I have fucked them up!

I can see how I have carried on the unloving treatment from my parents, if I felt loved I would have felt worthy and it all would have been so different but that is not the truth. I wasn't loved how I needed to be and nor have my children been by me, I can see this through their lives and what is going on with them and it is

punishment, that is how it feels. I feel sick inside, so sick. I feel like the worst person alive and I want to die. I feel so useless as a mother, like I am being constantly broken down in what I believe to be true about my parenting. Every day more is being shown to me, more dreadful truth of how I was with my children and how it was for me as a child and it is all so unloving.

I do feel like I am in some kind of breakdown, everything I thought about how it all was is breaking down for me and the truth is like a horror story. I feel so helpless, hopeless and fucking useless. I can't change it and I feel so useless. It is the truth.

Our environment, namely those who are closest around us, introduce many of the errors we carry with us within our soul body, our real self. Our parents, grandparents and siblings are those who greatly influence and mould our emotions. Prior to birth, from the moment of conception, and during our first years, we absorb the emotions of parents and carers.



My Birthday.

9 December 2019

On this day in 1967, I was born into this world. Born by default into a world of Rebellion, I had no say over it, on some deeper soul level I did agree but I feel I had no say. I was born into a world that had been created for me, all the evil systems put in place, all the programming put in place for me to be born into and carry on with the evilness of my forefathers. 1967 was a bad year for me, what loving parent would want to bare a child into a world of rebellion and default, that child carrying the pain of its parents so it has a life of pain and anguish like mine has been and when you do your healing you will also realise what pain you were born into. I don't celebrate being born into the damage of man, in fact I feel like crying at such an unloving and selfish action.

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

Brennan Model of the 7 Levels of the Human Energy Field



Still my Birthday.

9 December 2019

I AM FEELING AWFUL. It's my Birth Day today and I am feeling as awful as I felt on that day. I was so scared, I had no idea what was happening to me and I still feel like that now, all the time in fact. I was disorientated, frightened, petrified, terrified just as I am now, all the time. I am still as scared as the day I was born, I am still that disorientated baby not knowing what the fuck is going on, what is happening to me. I am being squeezed out of this tight place and all I know is it fucking hurts me and mum, she is screaming and it is me that is causing her pain as I try to get out of her. I am the cause of her pain, I still carry that guilt and have always been trying to make up for it, trying to make her feel good because I want to be forgiven for causing her so much pain. I carry that guilt around with me and feel everything is my fault so I have to make everyone happy and not cause anyone any pain, the pain I caused my mum on my Birth Day. It was such a horrific experience, the most terrifying time of my life and I relive it every minute of every day. Shit, I can't stop crying at the pain my birth caused to mum and me.

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

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

scared and so unaware of what is going on just as it was at my conception and birth.

Later – still my birthday.

The scariest thing has been being born into a world I have had no say in. Being born into a world already created for me by unhealed people. Being born into Rebellion and Default without the choice of whether I wanted to or not. Not being aware of what I was letting myself in for and any agreement being made by my soul being long forgotten. I feel so out of control with it all. As a kid I was so scared of the world, I can remember in the early 80's hearing on the news about nuclear bombs and cold war and I just sat there and cried my eyes out. My sister asked me what was wrong and I told her that we were all going to die in a nuclear war; I had just heard it on the news. That memory has stayed with me, I was so scared, I didn't want to die but I would have no choice or say in it, my will completely taken away and replaced by the will of those in charge and this was what I had been born into, none of it being what I wanted but I had no say. All so evil!

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



What have I done to my Children?

10 December 2019

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

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

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

I don't know how people are going to be able to cope, I can barely and I am on my own with this, with no one to share my healing with and it is crushing me, I feel like dying as I see the truth of what I have done to them and all the ways I have been so unloving and I believed I was a loving mother to my two children.

This is torturous and every time they tell me how they feel it tortures me more as I can see where it all came from, them not being loved by me. My fake love that never entered their hearts, but just lingered in their minds as an idea of love. They never felt my love, how could they as I never felt the love my own parents said they had for me, it was all from their mind to mine, not from their heart to mine as it should have been, then I would have felt it, it would have been real and true, I would have felt it as a truth.

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

All of the tiny things I never gave any mind to being wrong or unloving, they are now HUGE! They have caused permanent damage to my children, things we all laughed at, at the time but they were not funny, they were damaging to my children. Taking the mick out of them for something they might have done, thinking it was funny, something they might have said and we all laughing at them, all so wrong, it wasn't funny, it was condescending, humiliating them, putting them down, making them feel so stupid and dumb, embarrassing them in front of their friends. It all made them feel bad and now others do it to them and it makes them feel just as bad and if I hadn't done it to them then they wouldn't have the injury in them that needs others to also do it to them. I see it all, everything I have done to them being played out by others to show them the pain that is in them from their childhood.

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

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

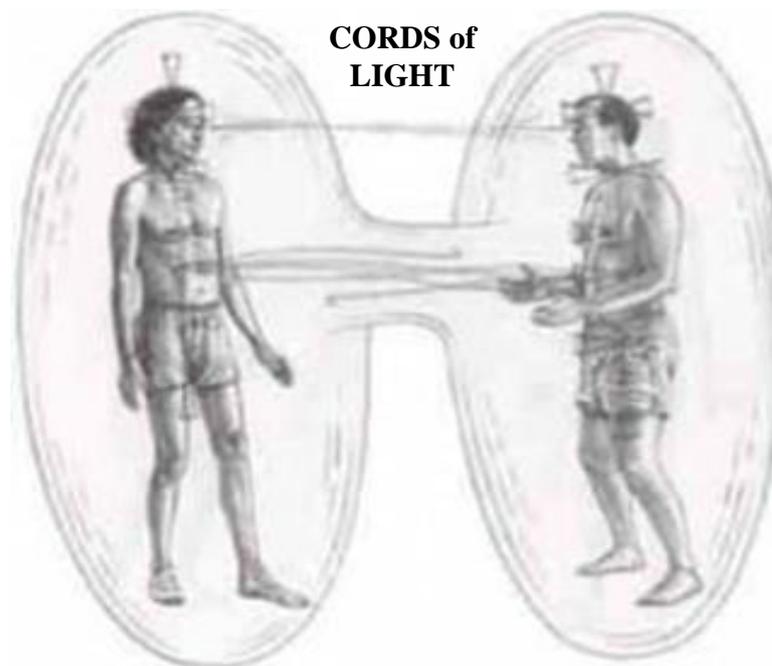
It feels like I have done something so terrible, a guilty feeling that I have hurt someone and I can't fix it, it is the pain I have caused to my children. I can't save

them, I can't help them and it is all my fault and I can't do anything about it all but watch them hurt and watch them go through so many bad experiences due to what I have put into them, the bad feelings I have given them for them to need such a bad law of attraction so they can feel the truth of their denied childhood pain.

The nagging pain I am feeling is the pain of being so unable to help them, being so fucking helpless. I am overwhelmed with the helplessness that I can do nothing for them. I dread the next pain they come to me with, I want to put my hands over my ears and not hear it, I can't bare the pain that hits me as they tell me about their pain, which to the normal person is called every day living but to me it is a blow, an energy that floors me nearly and I feel like I am going to die.

My soul shrinks and I can really feel it happening to me, its a physical pain that I don't think any one will understand until they do their healing and I don't just mean their own pain, I mean the added pain of what they have done to their children. Yes, you have your own healing to do AND also that of what you have done to your children!!

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



My son's best friend killed himself.

23 December 2019

Feeling worse than ever today after a terrible night as my son's best friend hung himself. I just don't know what to say, I was called to go to his friend's house by my son because he wanted me there and as the police came out of the house and told us there was nothing they could do, we all went into shock and all three of us that were there cried uncontrollably. It has put me into a deep darkness of understanding why we all had to share this experience. I have seen the pain I have put into my son that required this terrible experience. They were like brothers and now he has gone and left my son alone, without his closest friend.

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

Repressed Childhood Pain

Listening to my Son's grief.

23 December 2019

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

My son called me to tell me he had gone back to his flat as he had stayed with his dead friend's girlfriend to comfort her last night, and his friend's flat mate, they all stayed together at the house where his friend died, to look after each other but now my son is back at his own flat and feeling the depths of how alone he is, how alone I have always made him feel, never being there for him, rejecting him so I could go off and live my own life, he is feeling the truth of that rejection and it is just like a death, it is like you are dying because I am feeling it to, as I have no one to tell about how terrible I am feeling, I am alone with my feelings as I was as a child. I am helpless to do anything to make it easier for my son, he is on his own with his grief just as I was and am. I can't even look at him without bursting into tears because of the pain I can see I have caused him.

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

Compensation for my children's pain.

25 December 2019

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

The death of his friend have completely devastated him and I sit with him letting him cry and break down constantly and all I can do is listen and cry with him, I want him to get it all out and I am prepared to just listen to him as his heart breaks, he has lost so many friends to suicide and it all comes back to me and how unlovingly I parented him. He is losing everyone he cares about, one by one, all of his friends are dying and it is fucking awful to see it and the pain he is going through, such loss like I have never seen. It all shows him his soul condition, he is in a bad way because of the lack of love from me and his father, it all comes back to that truth, if he felt truly loved his Law of Attraction would be so different but he was abandoned by his parents emotionally, that is me and his father. We have done this to him and now I am seeing what my unloving parenting has done to him, he was born into it by default, a rebellion against love and God so all he can have is pain and I feel like dying inside because of what I have done to him, I am paying for it through my feelings.

Law of Attraction

Parenting is so unloving.

31 December 2019

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

I thought I was a good mum, a loving mum doing all the normal things we mums do with our children but throughout my healing I can now see it was all evil and so far from loving. I am totally shocked at the extent of my unloving parenting that has caused my children so much pain in their lives and I see it all play out in front of me and it is unbearable to know the truth, that I am the cause of their pain. The intentions that festered under everything I did with them, God, it is all so awful and these intentions are the truth and it can only be gained by doing your feeling healing and asking Mother and Father (God) to help you see the truth of why you did it and this truth has crippled me. To know the reasons behind my so called loving parenting, why I did what I did, shit its all been unloving, I haven't been the loving parent I deluded myself into believing I was. Now I am feeling the compensation of my unloving parenting of my children and I can hardly bare it. I want to curl up in a ball and hide, disappear, make it all go away, all the awful truth of the intentions behind my parenting. It is horrific, like I am living in HELL every day and this is the HELL I have put into my children.

They are suffering and I am being forced to see it, it is like my Angels are forcing my eyes open and every time it gets too much and I want to shut my eyes to it all, I can't because as I close my eyes my Angels put another image into my mind of a time I was unloving to them and I can't escape from it, it is like they are saying to me; "This is the truth of what you have done Sam, this is how you hurt them" and they won't let me get away with it. I can see everything, every unloving act, or even what I thought was a loving act, it all turns out to be so awful because of the true intent that was making me do these things. Something so slight that it went missed by me, like for example taking them to the play ground as children, my true intention wasn't for them to have a good time but for me to not have to amuse them, they could go off and play with out me being involved. They would go off and play on all of the playground equipment and join in with other children and even if they asked me to push them on the swing,

I would do it but the truth of how I felt was that I didn't want to, I just wanted them to leave me alone while they played, it was all such a chore when I feel about it now. I didn't want to play with them, I couldn't be bothered but did it because I didn't want to be known as a bad mother, but I was.

If the truth be known I didn't really want to do anything for them or with them, it was all a chore and I denied this truth completely, shutting out those bad feelings because it was horrible for a mother not to want her children.

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

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

I am in a very dark place with my children, we are all going through the truth of this unloving relationship and it is gruelling, dark and the most pain I have ever felt. I could have stayed in denial of my unloving parenting and carried on as a normal mother believing I loved my children and they loved me but my healing has not left any stone unturned, everything has been brought up from the dark into the light of the truth and it isn't the truth that hurts me so much but the feelings the truth brings up within me. The truth is always loving because it is helping me heal all of those denied and suppressed bad feelings that lurk inside my soul. The truth is helping me to own my delusion and I have been truly deluded all my life believing I have been a good person, a great mum, a good

friend, when the truth is completely the opposite, I have been none of these things and it has been a shock to me, like I have been shaken by God to wake up and know the truth of how I really am, all of that crap you dare not let anyone know or see about you so you hide it inside and it festers, it stinks, it is rotten and putrid and if it could be seen on the outside instead of the make up and other shit we use to fool ourselves and others that we are beautiful and good, we would be a grotesque monster.

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

I am a bad mother, I am a bad friend, I am a bad wife, I am a bad girlfriend, I am a bad person in so many ways I have been horrible to so many when on the outside being so nice and good but my feelings say otherwise. I have been a fake person, being who people want me to be so I will be accepted and wanted and loved, I couldn't bare to be rejected and thought of as horrible but now I know its the truth. I made a life out of deceiving everyone and myself and only through my healing have I known this, I have been an impostor to everyone and to myself and it is so hard to come back to the truth of ourself. It is so hard to be ourself and can only be done through healing who we are not, who we have pretended to be and that pretence is so ingrained and programmed in us that we believe it is us, such deluded fools.

Our Parenting is ever so Unloving!

Our unloving Parenting kills our children.

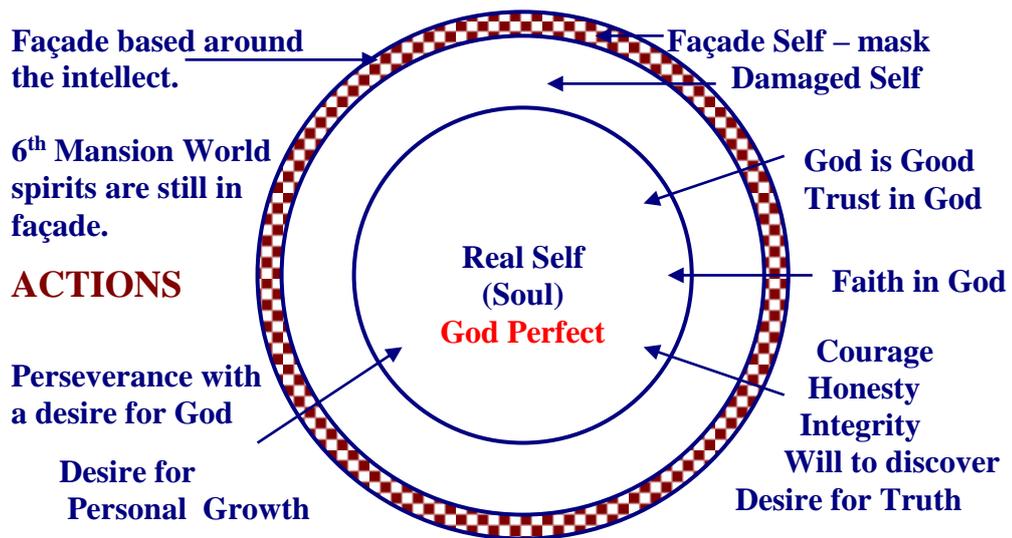
31 December 2019

It is our unloving parenting that kills our children. It is our own denied and suppressed childhood feelings that kill our children as we pass them on to the newly formed child growing in its mother's womb. We bring them into a world they never asked for, a world already formed and in place for them to grow into and it's a cruel place that they had no say in its making. By default these new pure babies are born into a world we have created for them and if we really loved children why would we create such a world for them, it's all so unloving and horrible and the most loving thing you could do is to not have children so they don't have to be born into a world of denied and suppressed feelings, a fake world where you don't really know anyone because everyone is just pretending. A deluded world of grown up children who have been denied by their parents and still living out that pain every moment of their lives and created surroundings based on that pain. Everything in this world has been created by children in pain and we then go on to have more children and pass that pain on to them believing it is a loving thing to do.

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

"I am so sorry, my children, for what I have born you into. I am so sorry for passing on all of my denied and suppressed feelings into you both and dumping all of that shit in you while you were in my womb. I am so sorry for the times I can remember being in such a dark place that I would punch my pregnant body with rage and anger because of the relationships I was in and the fighting that made me feel so frustrated that I didn't want to bring you into it all. I am so sorry for making you feel this pain from me whilst I was carrying you both. I am now paying for it all, as you both are too. What I feel every day is pure HELL about what I have done to you both and I wish I could change it all but I can't, all I can do is revisit it all and my Angels are helping me with that. To see the truth of how I parented you and how I felt every step of the way. It is gruelling and I feel devastated, in fact there are no words to describe how bad I am feeling. You both come to me with your pain and it kills me a little bit more as it is my pain and I gave it to you and you are showing it to me, what I gave to you, rubbing my nose in it. Making me feel the excruciating pain of what I have done to you,

this is the compensation I am now paying for what I have done to you both. I am truly sorry, it doesn't sound good enough just to say sorry, but the pain, the feelings inside me are excruciating as they come up, I am so sorry my beautiful children."



All of our addictions are created to support our façade.

We pass all our addictions, errors, injuries and falseness onto our children while they are still in the womb!

Doing it all to myself.

19 January 2018

Today, this has truly sunk in that I am doing all the painful and unloving things to myself; no one is doing it to me any more. I have taken all what mum and dad taught me and believed it was the truth and lived my life by it. I am now carrying on their legacy and punishing myself, telling myself I am no good, I can't do it, I am stupid, I am useless, I am interfering, I am in the way and so it goes on and on, all that they said to me I am now being. I am being them to me, how they were to me, I am now being. I am still doing and being how they want me to be it is so deeply ingrained into me, I am so programmed by them it is a tough one to undo it all.

So if I am being them to myself, only I can stop it and change it and that can't be done by just knowing it but it all has to be felt out of me as it entered me emotionally, it has to leave me the same way, emotionally. I have to feel it all and know the truth of the pain and the way I treat myself, it is all how they treated me but it has to be accepted, expressed and the truth found so I can be healed for good and the cause released from me.

For today, the feeling that I am doing it all to myself, is a good step forward in my healing. I really feel like I have understood what that means and of course I am now doing their will to me still, I will be until I have healed it all out of me. Their will, will be done until I live by my own will which I will know through how I feel, always through my feelings to heal.

My mind is mum and dad's programming, my feelings are the truth of how I feel and that is what I have to live by in every moment, how I feel and that will change from moment to moment but I am to go with it, staying true to my feelings and what I want to do instead of the programmed mind of my parents telling me what should be done, what they want me to do because they know better and I must listen to them and not disobey their will. They are the controllers; I am the subservient one who lives by their command. They did it all to me when I was young, now I do it all to me as an adult.

Enters emotionally - is to leave emotionally!

Doing nothing.

14 February 2018

What do I want to do? Nothing is the answer. I never have wanted to do anything, just do what I want to do and be at home, I love being at home with myself and my feelings. I don't want to be out in the world with others, that holds no interest for me at all. I just want to do as I please and do nothing that is expected of me by everyone else. I don't want a job, I don't want to be told what I have to do each and every day, I just want to be left alone in my house doing what I desire to do and if that is to do nothing, then so be it.

All I want to do is to be left to do my healing at home by myself, I don't want to see anyone and I don't want to go out to shops just to look around and buy clothes and make up or anything else like that. Those things I would have done and loved doing but now, none of that holds any interest for me. In fact I can't think of anything worse. If I didn't have to eat I don't think I would hardly ever go out, there is nothing for me out there. I want to be a hermit. I am not interested in anything or anyone of this world, I feel so far away from people and the every day functions of this world, we have grown apart.

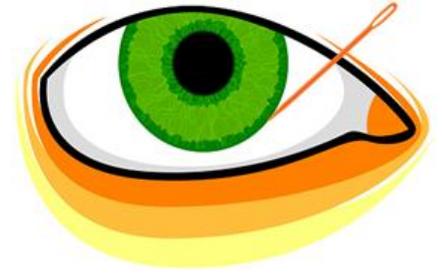
I feel so removed from normal life, like I am no longer a part of it and not functioning in it, I don't want to and that is driven by my feelings so I want to be true to how I feel. I don't know what will happen when the money runs out, it's Harry's money anyway, it's what he left us so he has been still looking after us all this time, for 6 years he has been taking care of us and it is now coming to an end and I am afraid of no longer being looked after by him. What will I do for money? I want to say true to my feelings, which are not to go to work but stay at home and do my healing. What will I do for money and paying the rent and bills, food and water and car? I will lose the lot when Harry's money runs out. It scares me and I wish I could see into the future but I have no way of knowing what will happen. But I am scared about it.

Doing nothing won't get the bills paid so what do I do? It's a tough one.

Eye stabbing pain.

11 January 2017

This stabbing eye pain is scaring me so much. I am always so scared that something bad is happening to me. It's always going to be the worst thing imaginable that is going to happen to me. I am terrified at what it is. The pain is so severe when it happens it is like a red-hot poker stabbing me through the eye. So painful and so scary.

**Facial pain.**

13 January 2018

Oh my god I have that bloody pain in my face again for the second night in a row. It feels like muscle cramps that move all over my head and face, like nerve triggers of pain that move, it is so painful. I am so sick of being in so much pain; I am so tired of it, so much pain.

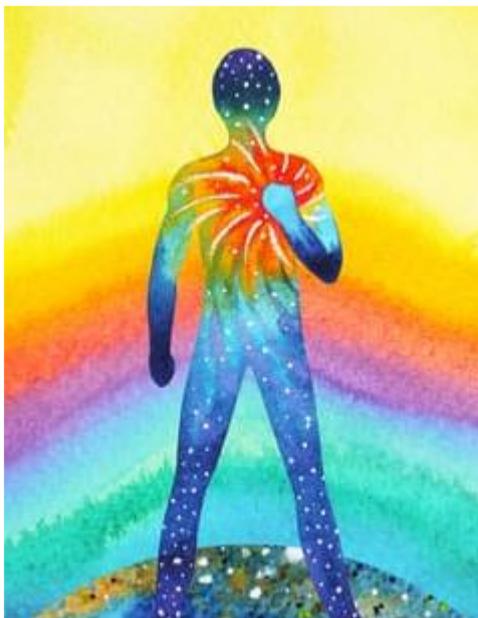
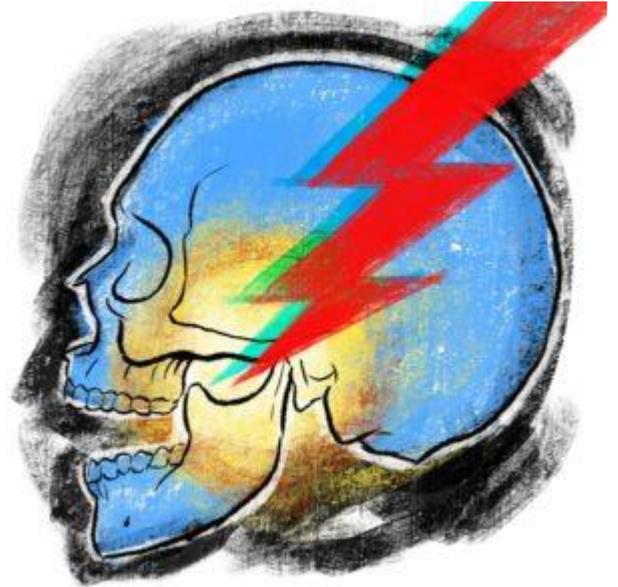
How does it make me feel?

Shut down, like I want to curl up in a ball and just moan with the pain. Why this? It is in my jaw, then moves to my cheek bones, then to my nose, then to my eyes and then all over my head and it works it's way all over my head and face and I can't stop it, it goes where it wants, I have no control, it has control over me, the pain is in control and all I can do is let it have it's way, not to stop it or interfere with it just let it hurt me because it is so much more powerful than I am, I have to take the pain without fighting back just let it have it's way. Give in to the pain, let it win over me, let it take control of me.

Oooh, it is hurting so much, it's like my face is in a vice and the grip is tightening, I am scared of how bad it might get and I will be overwhelmed by it and won't be able to cope. What if it never goes away and this is it for the rest of my life, pain after pain all day and night, pain, intense pain hurting me and making me cry and writhe about in agony. I am scared of it getting that bad and living a life of misery. It has moved to my eye brows now and it is like little nerve endings sparking of in pain, now it is in my chin dragging it down, now in the top of my

nose like a red hot poker going into me. It moves of its own accord and does what it wants to me. It is evil, that is how I see it as evilness in me and it wants to hurt me and doesn't care how much pain I am in as long as it has its way and is obeyed. I am controlled by pain. I am controlled by the fear of how bad it will get for me. I have to go through it all alone and I am scared. It's like pins being pushed into my face.

I am scared it could be something worse, like cancer. I don't want to die yet. A pain such as this is dictating to me, when I am to die. It is the boss and I am the servant. I have to do as it says, it is the powerful one and I am the weak one. I have such pain in my nose; the bones around my nose are so painful like it is eating away at me telling me who is in control.



I am my SOUL!

I am not my body!

I am not my mind!

Feeling so abandoned.

20 January 2018

God I am feeling so isolated, James has gone quiet and when I look at my messages there is nothing, no messages between John and Nanna Beth (3rd Celestial Heaven spirit). It feels like I have been left by every one like I am really alone, not even James and the others from Australia.

I keep thinking all different things, everything going through my mind that it could all be over, all of our correspondence is over and how does that make me feel. I get the same feelings when I think about my internet going down or me not having enough money to carry on my broadband payments, it could take something like that for all of our communications to end and it makes me feel panicky. I will lose the very people that finally get me, it is like a fear of losing my new family when I have only just met them.

I am so scared of losing them and being on my own, having no one to understand me makes me feel devastated. It's all going to be taken away from me, the ones I can confide in are going to leave me and I will just have to put up with the disappointment. That is the feeling I am feeling is deep disappointment, loss and grief at losing my family. It's the feelings that I have always felt, that I just have to put up with it, it makes me feel so powerless and inside me I expect disappointment and it's such a shame to feel that way.

What if James never writes again? That leaves me feeling so empty, gutted inside that it's the end that I now have no one and I will have to carry on, on my own. It makes me want to cry to think that my newfound family could all end and it would all be over. I would continue on my own but the support would be gone and it's something I have never felt, the support to let me feel as I do, to express all of my crappy stuff without trying to fix me but to let me go deeper into my bad feelings, who else on this planet would be like that with me, all people want to do is shut me down and to lose that support would be devastating.

To feel like there is no one there for me is the loneliest feeling in the world, all I have is James, Marion and the others who understand me and to lose them would make me feel cut off, at a loss I don't know how to write how I am feeling,

there is such a missing part of me without them, it would feel devastating.

I look to see if there are any messages and there are none, I wonder why! What's happened! I can't bear the thought of losing contact with James and the others. I am feeling confused at what's happened. If there is no more contact then I would be devastated at the great loss and support and friendship. Please don't go, please don't leave me alone here. You are my new family and I am feeling forgotten, left out, not cared about, rejected with no thought or consideration as to how I might feel. Am I not important? Why is no one communicating with me, why have I been shut out with no regard as to how I might feel. No one cares about leaving me; no one cares about abandoning me.

Feeling so confused.

9 January 2018

I don't know what to do; I am so fucked up and confused about where I am going. This year is the decided year; it will be the last year in my house because I will have to move out, it will be the last year of my money because it is running out. What am I going to do? What will become of me Mother and Father, I feel so alone in it all. What I want is someone to come and save me, rescue me so I don't have to be afraid and go through the pain of what may lay ahead. I am fucking scared Mother and Father, so scared.

Do I get a job? But I don't want to, I don't want to be a part of that world any more, I hate it but how am I going to survive without money, how am I going to pay my rent, pay for my car and everything else? I am so stuck and confused about what to do. My feelings tell me to do what I want to do that's the only way I will be happy and if I do that then I will lose it all because I don't want to work any more.

What do I do Mother and Father, what do I do? Please help me, please show me the way, I am so lost!

I know what my mind tells me to do and that is to go and get a job, I can see mum saying that to me, it is so deeply ingrained in me but that is the way of them, my parents, the way of the mind. My way is the way of my feelings and

all they tell me to do is follow them, just keep healing myself through feeling all my feelings and see where they take me, try to trust them and what they show me, let my feelings guide me to my future not my planning mind. Feel my way through and that takes a lot of trust because there is no seeing into the future with feelings, they keep me in the moment and that moment is all that is real and all that I need to know, heal that and it will lead me on to my next occurrence in life all without any of my mind's planning but just through feeling my feelings.

So, how do I feel?? And feel that feeling to release it and heal it out of my soul so it never has to come back again and the good stuff can happen.

So how do I feel?

Scared and terrified at being without money because it is all down to me to get it all right. I don't want to lose what I have, I am comfortable. I want to keep my car, my house, my stuff but if I follow the way of my feelings I could lose it all because it will mean me staying true to how I feel and what I want to do and that means not working as I used to because it is what we are supposed to do in life, it's no longer for me. I have changed but I still live in this world and have to function in it so what do I do? I am so confused and can I trust my feelings, I don't know!! I don't trust myself but I trust others to know what is best for me, I would give over responsibility to someone else so I don't have to worry. No more, I have to take it all on fully and only I can do this.

I don't know what to do Mother and Father, I have no clue and I feel very helpless, pathetic, weak, humiliated, useless and powerless. Being in this situation makes me feel the truth of myself that I am completely powerless, all I can do is stop fighting it and give in to it, give up completely! I can't fight with my mind any more, I can't plan the next money making idea, I have no desire to do any of that, my only desire is to feel and heal myself. I can't do anything, I submit to my uselessness. Just give in to it Sam, you can't fight it so give in. I feel so insignificant, such a failure in life.

Feeling Useless.

30 January 2018

I have been so ill, today I had to get up and get dressed because I had to post an Ebay package but I felt shit and I wished Trevor would have said that he would do it for me but no, no offer and it made me feel so uncared about. No one looks around the house and thinks about helping me out by doing the hoovering or dusting for me, instead they are willing to wait until I am well enough to do it. There is no helping me out, or care; I am just a housekeeper to them. I am not loved at all; just needed to keep everyone going, I am used.

This makes me feel useless and so unimportant and uncared about by everyone. I give them everything and they take it all. I have nothing left to give, I don't want to give any more, and they do not appreciate me at all. I am sick and tired of being used by them; I am tired of being nothing.

Faye has tried to help out but Trevor hasn't really asked how I am feeling or showed me any sympathy or care or that he is on my side but I feel he is against me, seeing me as a pain and just wants the whole illness thing to be over so I can carry on like normal again. He doesn't care about me, no one does.

I feel very alone, when no one cares about you, you are alone. When you don't feel loved you feel ill and hollow and empty inside, cold and sick with no love, none to give and none to receive. Just cold and hollow unable to love because you never really felt it as a child, or it would be a part of you as an adult and it's not.

Flies around shit.

10 January 2018

Shit, what the fuck are the flies doing. As soon as I sit out in the garden the flies are flying above me and they won't go away and it only happens to me not Trevor or Faye just me. It makes me feel dirty, like I smell "A fly around shit" comes to mind. It's embarrassing, what's wrong with me that I have to attract them to me.

Flies are not liked, people associate them with bad stuff, rotting food or dirty, going off or crap, they fly around shit. I feel like shit when they fly around me and won't let up. It's so humiliating to sit there and have them constantly around me, loads of them. Do I smell? Have I gone off? Am I dirty or rubbish? It makes me feel like I am all of those things. They don't fly around any one else, just me, like they are attracted to my smell and it is embarrassing.

I want to swipe them away, fuck off, and leave me alone you bastards. You are embarrassing me; just fuck off buzzing around me. Leave me alone but they don't, they stay with me, annoying me and making me feel gross. What's wrong with me that they won't leave me alone and go fly around someone else.

I feel so gross and dirty; I must smell for them to be so attracted to me. I just want them to fuck off and leave me alone so they stop drawing attention to me. People will laugh at me and think I must stink to attract so many flies to me. Shit, what will people think of me; I am disgusting, vile, and putrid to be attracting to so many flies. Fuck, I am embarrassed.

Why me, why does the embarrassing thing always have to happen to me, God I feel like dying with humiliation. People would point and laugh at me and tease me about being a steaming piece of shit that attracts flies, so embarrassing. Just go away, please stop it and go away you are embarrassing me. I must smell.

Girl's death shocked me.

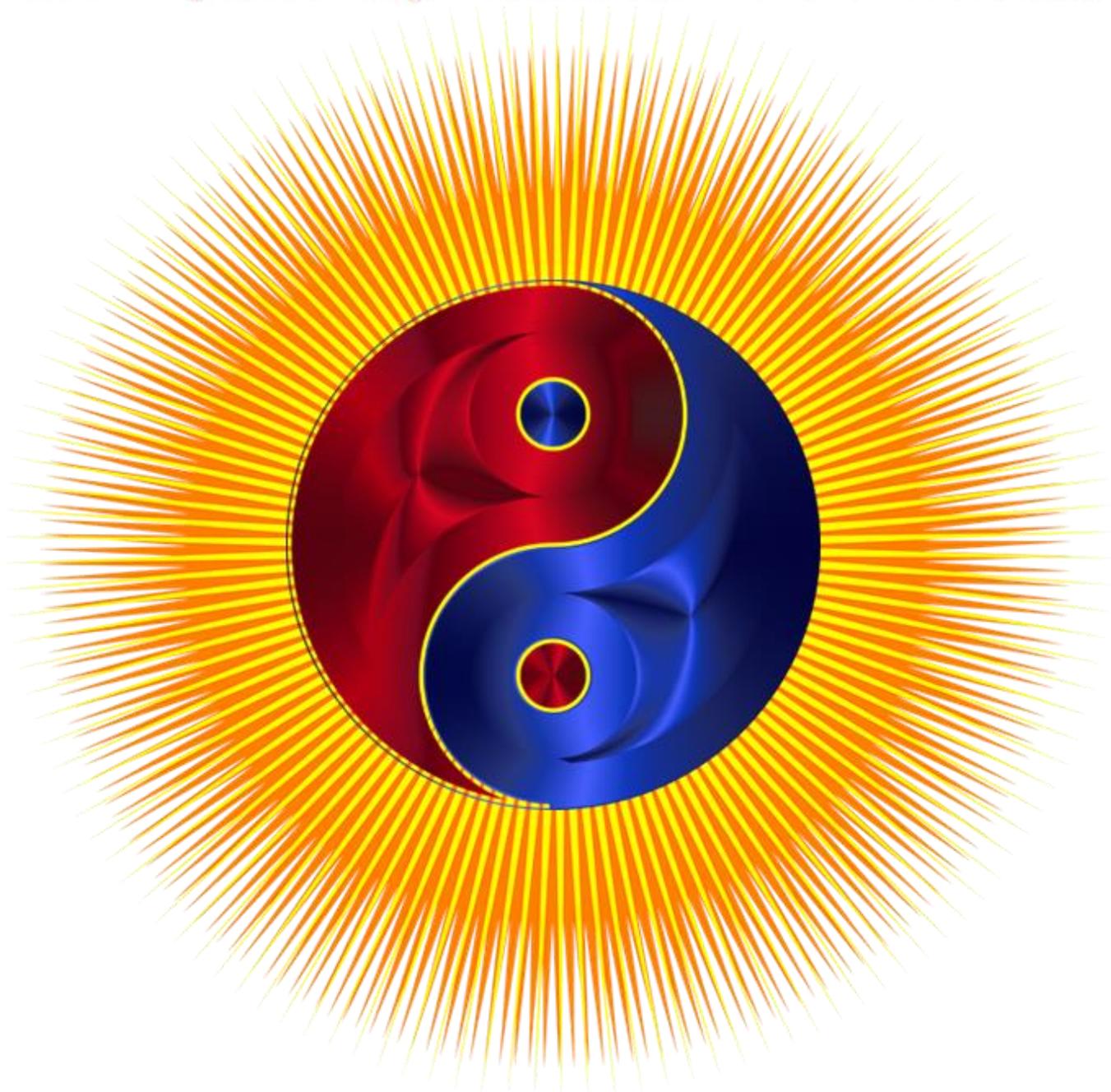
12 January 2018

Today, two 18-year-old girls died in their car at Old Basing. It has saddened me and I feel so much pain in my heart. I am feeling all the pain of no longer being able to be together any more with their families and how helpless their parents must be feeling not being there with them at their deaths. Dying alone and so suddenly. It's the separation that is devastating me, not wanting to die but wanting to carry on living with their friend, boyfriends and family, wanting to have a life and the shock and sadness both parties will be feeling. It's just so sudden and so shocking to be taken so soon. I am feeling that families and those girls pain, I am feeling it so badly in my heart and it hurts so much. I feel like I am them but this grief I am feeling is my own, somehow I have this pain inside of me, this separation pain is in me, it's my pain.

Help me God please to feel and know the truth of where the pain has come from in my childhood, it must have because I am feeling it in me as if it's my pain and I want to know why I have always felt other people's pain as if it were my own, that is because it is my own grief, my own utter devastation that I am feeling, like I have died and been ripped away from my parents and I am beginning to feel that truth.

I was ripped away from them at school, I felt this devastation and pain one moment I am with them and the next they are gone. As a child I thought it was for good, forever. It was devastating, I was not told by mum that she will be back later to pick me up, she never explained to me that it was only for a short time and it was school and she would pick me up later so all I knew was that she had abandoned me to a strange and scary place, I was terrified.

Our Heavenly Mother and Father



God.

19 January 2021

Mother and Father are soul, feelings, and They work on my soul helping me feel when I ask Them to help me heal and feel all I need to feel to find the truth. I don't have to do it alone, They are with me when I ask for Them, we were never meant to do this alone. It's a relationship between Them and me on the soul, feeling level.

I ask for Them to help me feel the truth and They are there, helping me as the truth comes and I find out some new revelation about my feelings and myself. They are soul, and they communicate with my soul, that's all They are interested in, my soul and healing it so we can be together one day.

For me to deny my soul is to deny Them because They are soul and the Creators of mine. When I deny even one little feeling I am denying Them, saying I don't want Them in my life, I will go the way of my mind instead and ignore how I feel, ignore the Truth, ignore God.

I feel so close to Them knowing that, we are both soul, I am made in their image, soul. That is the level of our communication and relationship, soul not mind, God cannot be found there as all the minds programming is a creation of our parents going against ourselves and against Truth, God can never be found there, only our souls are having the relationship.

God is not mind, God created the mind as a tool for the soul and its contents such as feelings, emotions, memories, personality and so on, so that the soul could express itself through the mind's thoughts which come from the soul's feelings. The mind was always meant to be an excellent tool for the process of the soul's expression of how it feels, the mind is an organ of the spirit body that is why it can't be found, it sorts the feelings into thoughts and then the brain, an organ of the physical body, processes the thoughts into words and speech for expression.

God is soul, I am soul, and that is where I will find God, not in the mind, the mind is secondary to the soul. My feelings are a part of my soul and God is Love and Love is a feeling and that is how God communicates with me, through the

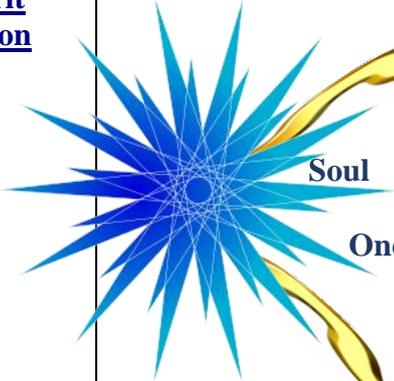
FEELING of love and because God is feelings They are there with me in every feeling I have, guiding me through Them when I invite Them into my life and ask them for help because that is Their job, They are my Parents and they want me back.

Soul Partners

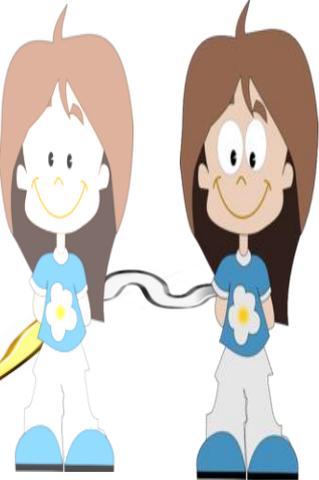
- Physical / material body
Brain
- Spirit / etheric body
Mind
- Soul + Spirit Combination
Senses
Desires
Memory
Passions
Intention
Free Will
Emotions
Creativity
Awareness
Personality
Aspirations
Intelligence
Consciousness
The Real You is your Soul!
Our Soul orchestrates everything!

ONE SOUL = TWO PERSONALITIES

The two personalities from the one soul are eternally compatible once they are healed of their Rebellion and Default.



Soul

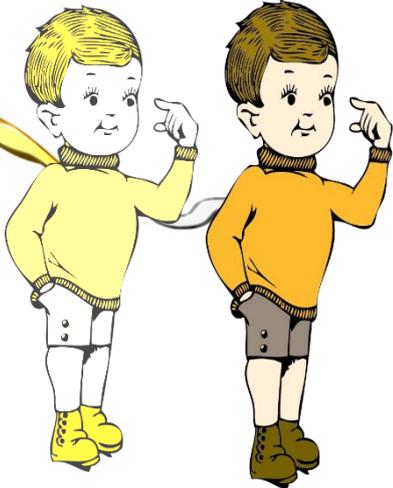


Spirit Body

Physical Body

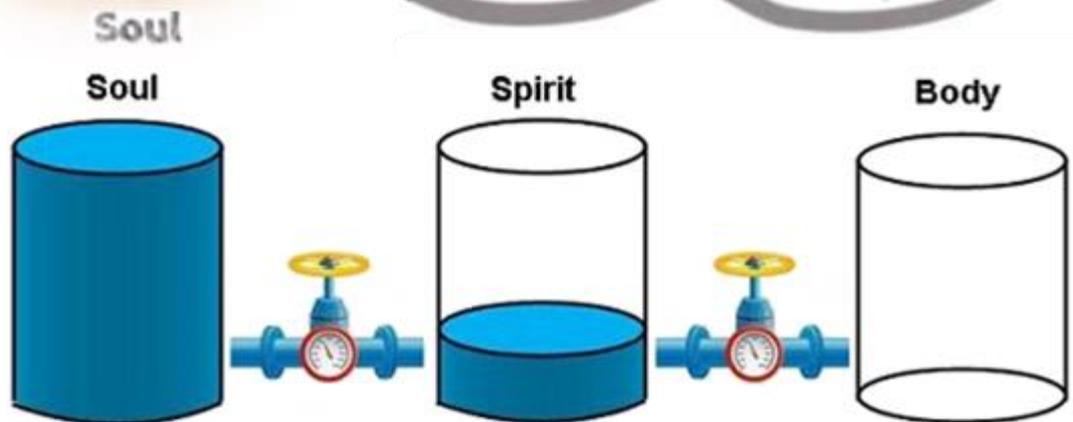
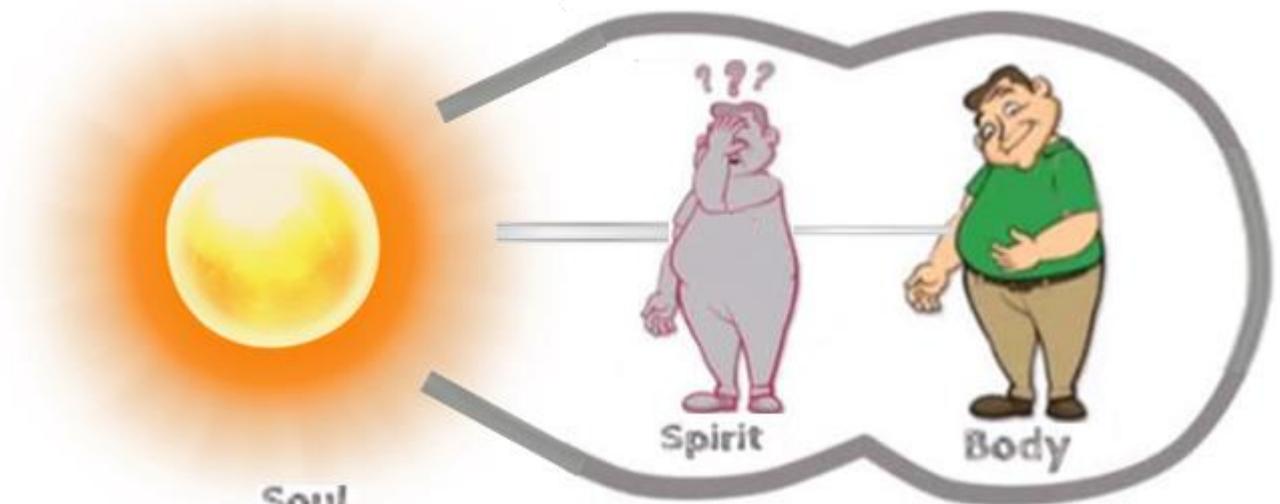
One Soul = Two Personalities

The capabilities and potentialities of every individual personality is only limited by their childhood suppression and repression. Once we heal, then our self-expression will reveal our true selves.



OUR MIND constricts OUR FEELINGS!

Thousands of years ago, high level spiritual leaders erroneously guided humanity to embrace their minds as the way to live. Our minds are addicted to untruth, they cannot discern truth from falsehood, and our minds are addicted to control over others and the environment. Our minds are also addicted to untruth! We are self-contained. It is our soul-based feelings that we are to allow to surface and guide us. Our minds are to then help us implement what our feelings are leading us to do and understand. All truth flows from our soul and it is our minds that are to allow such truths to be accepted and followed, not the way we are now being taught. We are to live Feelings First.



**Spirit Body
Personal Computer (mind)**



**Physical
Body**

**Dumb
Terminal
(brain)**



How does it feel being ill.

30 January 2018

Cold, achy, painful, sick, weak, useless, like an encumbrance. I feel like I am a pain to everyone, always ill, a fucking nuisance. "Just get better would you Sam, your annoying us all with your illness". I am laying here feeling useless to everyone, I can't cook, clean, look after every one or taxi them around, I am a waste of space of no use to anyone, I am only worthy when I am being of service and when I am not, I am useless.

I am just in the way, a blob on the couch that should just be stepped over and ignored until she is better and back in use, she is useless when she is ill, no good to anyone when she isn't being of service.

I don't feel cared about at all. Weak people are not cared about, not wanted. Rejected.

I am running out of money.

6 February 2018

What the fuck am I doing, trying all I can to make money and nothing works, I am so desperate. So scared of being without money. I am buying shit to sell hoping that I strike on the right thing and it makes me some money. I am so pathetic. Just give it up Sam; it won't work. Just stop it all, it is futile. Just give up. Stop the endless trying of this and that, stop the pure desperation. I don't want to work I just want to do my healing at home, I love my home, I love being at home where I can do as I please. I just want to be at home and do my healing. I don't want to go out to work for someone doing a poxy unloving job that I don't want to do. I want to have enough money to keep me going until I die so all I have to do is to do my healing. That is my desire for the rest of my life, just to do my healing.

I am so scared of not being able to do that, I will not have any money so I will have to go against my feelings and go and do some job I hate, that would be living untrue so it will make me unhappy and ill. I will be living against my soul so I will be ill. I want someone to just say, here you go Sam, here's enough money to last you for the rest of your days and all you have to do is heal yourself. That's what I want to happen. Yet more dreams of being saved because I can't do it myself, I don't want to, I want someone else to save me, it's easier. I don't want to do it, I hate working and I don't want to do it. Please Mother and Father send me some money so all I have to do is to stay at home and heal myself, that's what I want.

I don't want to work, I hate it and there is nothing I want to do. I just want to stay at home and heal myself, please God help me make that happen.

I don't want to do anything except heal myself.

I am so fucking bored again.

8 January 2018

Does it never end this boredom? How does being bored make me feel?

Like all I want to keep repeating is how bored I am, it's all I can say, I'm bored, I'm bored, I'm bored and I keep repeating myself again and again. Being bored is like being in a box that has no way out, there is nothing you can do just stay in it. It makes me feel very frustrated and alone and I want someone to save me from it. I am waiting for someone to suggest something to me to do because I can't get myself out of it; I need someone else to fix it for me. I need someone to care.

I would love to have someone to talk to about how bored I feel, I would love to just let rip about how I am feeling but no one wants to hear me. They would all try to fix it for me when what I truly want is just someone to listen to me rant on about how being bored feels.

I am fed up, bored, lonely. I feel like I have no one who wants to be with me which is of course how I felt as a child with mum and dad, they didn't want to be with me and suggested ways for me to amuse myself instead of them spending time with me. That is what I wanted, not to go off and do something but to be with them, feel wanted by them, to feel like they wanted to be with me instead of getting rid of me and as I said that, is that what they truly wanted, to get rid of me, was I that much of a pain, was I that unwanted?

I feel sad that I am so bored, I am feeling like a little girl who has no one to play with, what can I do. No one wants to play with me; I want to cry because no one likes me. I am just here all alone and no one is thinking about me, I don't feel like I exist to anyone because no one cares that I am bored and so desperately want to be with someone, to mean something to someone. I want to feel that someone wants to be with me, that they are interested in me and want to hear me. No one wants to share themselves with me or for me to share myself with them. Being bored is so lonely and people take it so lightly, like it is silly, like I should go and do something with myself, just like mum would say because she didn't want to give me any of her time so she would say "only boring people get bored". So now I am a boring person according to mum, no wonder she doesn't

want to be with me.

Right now, as I am expressing how I am feeling moment by moment. I am feeling more deeply how mum didn't really want to be with me and dad definitely didn't. I always knew dad didn't but mum, I thought she loved me but I can see my boredom is telling me the truth of how mum really felt but never wanted me to know. She had us but never wanted to really be with us, I should make that more personal and keep it as 'ME' not 'We'. I never remember a cuddle from either of them so I am feeling emotionally they were not there so I looked for distractions and addictions to substitute the feelings I never got from them.

I can't really connect to any thing in life because my parents didn't connect to me so I get bored easily and feel that huge disconnection. Boredom is like a huge empty void that can't be filled or cured by doing something as my mum told me to do, it doesn't work. I need a feeling, it's a feeling I need, a connection with someone that wants to be with me. That someone wants to hear me and is interested in me, I need to feel that, that is what I needed to feel from mum and dad, like I meant something, I was interesting to them, they wanted to know everything about me and because I knew they wanted to know about me, I could tell them everything because I knew they were interested in me. But the opposite was true, they weren't interested and I couldn't tell them anything so I kept it all to myself and it festered in me and hurt me.

I still have no one to listen to me, no one is interested and it is boring just being me with no interaction, no one who wants me. It's been a lonely boring existence so I learnt to make myself interesting so I would be wanted but it was all false, all to hide how I really felt, alone and bored.

I hate my son's girlfriend.

3 January 2018

Today, I feel weakened, silly, childish, jealous, I wish I was her, a liar, fake, disappointed in myself, let down by myself, pathetic, divvy, shocked at how little I know, shocked at how I don't want truth, shocked at how I hate being truth, shocked at how wrong I still am, when someone else speaks truth I hate them like a child, I am childish, I want to scream at them, hate them, hiss at them, throw all my rage at them, wish I was them, so wise and clever and always getting it right, I feel over shadowed by clever people, I hate people who get it right when I get it wrong, it makes me feel silly, thick, dumb. I should know better but I don't. What's wrong with me for fuck sake?

I still want to be right all the time when I am so very wrong. Every one else is right, I am so wrong. I have no humility, I am not humble at all, and I am arrogant. I want everyone to be on my side so I feel good and powerful, when I am shown to be wrong I feel silly and powerless and hate that person and try to claw my way up to being powerful again to regain power. I am constantly wrong.

I feel bad that I got it so wrong today, humiliated, and I led Alex into being wrong too because I convinced him I was right and he begun to feel hard done by because of me and my feelings, when really the woman was partly right but I went on about it being wrong and unfair without seeing her side. I was wrong today, very wrong and Lucy helped me see that about myself. I want to be right and feel the power of hating someone and having others be with me in that, I am wrong, Lucy was the voice of reason today and I still have feelings of hating her for it because I was wrong and she was right.

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>

I want to chat to Mary Magdalene.

10 January 2018

Me: Can we speak Mary, I don't really know what I want to talk about, I just wanted to speak to you.

Mary: Hello Sam, of course we can speak, I have been with you as you know I have been in your thoughts a lot of late. Both Jesus and myself are aware of all you go through and feel your pull on our Spirits of Truth, we are both so happy that you use us in this way, to get the full benefit of us is to long for our Spirits of Truth to help you through out your feeling healing. We are both here for you always Sam.

Me: Thank you both so much, it means more to me than I can say Mary. I can't believe I can speak with you, it's incredible to have you with me.

Mary: Just as you are incredible to us also Sam. What would you like to talk about?

Me: I don't know, I can't think of anything, I am in my nothingness again.

Mary: That's fine and it's a necessary place for you to be because this is the place you get to when you realise, as you have, that all you have done amounts to nothing and anything that is not of truth and love ends in nothing Sam. It has to because it is false and has to end and die as all untruth does. It is showing you that all you have done has been untrue so amounted to nothing for if it had been of truth it would continue to flourish and grow and that goes for relationships, careers, creative endeavours everything you have done that has now come to nothing is the untruth you believed in. Now you are left in the nothingness you find yourself in and when you want to live true, this has to happen, all the untruth is stripped away through your healing. They were all illusions, things you did to stop you feeling and keep you denying the truth.

Me: So what happens now? I am stuck in this place of nothingness, how do I get out of it? How do I begin living true?

Mary: What happens now is you stay true to your feelings as you have been

doing, you feel your way through it until you feel some change but I can not go any further with this Sam because you have to get yourself through it, through your feelings, using them to break through the nothingness until nothing begins to turn into something, a tiny change, a something. Let your feelings guide you through the vastness of nothingness until a tiny crack in it occurs and that will be the beginning of a new something. That is as much as I am allowed to say to you on this matter but it is all very good Sam and you are doing well.

Me: That is wonderful Mary; it makes me want to go on. Thank you for what you have said tonight.

Mary: That is my pleasure, you are a pleasure Sam and I love being with you and will support you ever more. Everything I have said is what you already know, it is where you are and what you understand just with a little expansion on a few things. I will move with you as a sort of parallel, we go at your speed and never overtake because you are driving this relationship with us, we want to hear it all through you and your feelings and we wait for you to take the next step, we are right there taking it with you, then we can talk about it so we are all on the same page but you Sam, are the one turning the pages, when you feel you want to.

Me: That is so good, there is no forcing or pushing me to do anything, it's all at my pace, thank you Mary and I love the way you speak with me, so I understand. I am going to sleep now but I will speak to you very soon because I love our time together, really love it Mary.

Mary: As do I Sam, sleep well and speak very soon.

SPIRITS of TRUTH:

Note to Nanna Beth from John:

Sunday, 10 December 2017

There is only our Heavenly Mother and Father that one should long to for assistance with our growth.

Further, to long for the truth of feelings is assisted by embracing our spiritual parents, Mary Magdalene and Jesus, and that is facilitated through their spirits of truth. We now understand that the spirits of truth of the Avonal pair on Earth will also become available to us in due course. These two being able to support our Feeling Healing endeavours.

What other spirits of truth are we able to embrace and what aspects of our life do they assists us with please?

Nanna Beth, 3rd Celestial Heaven: There are no other **Spirits of Truth** John. **Those of the Avonal are in fact far more important to everyone than Mary and Jesus' to begin with, because without embracing them people won't be able to align themselves as truly with their soul so as to do their Healing as easily and effectively. It's why no one has been able to do their Healing themselves through all the years of the Rebellion and Default, because the co-ordinated action, support and guidance – direction, of the Avonal's Spirits of Truth have not been available to help. So no one has been able to systematically work their way from the beginning to the end of Healing their wrongness. And so without those Avonal Spirits of Truth, no one on Earth would ever be able to do their Healing. It's as simply as that. So you need their Spirits of Truth to Heal yourselves; then once Healed, (and for support (overshadowing) as well through your Healing), you need Mary M and Jesus' Spirits of Truth to see you through the Celestial spheres.**

James: And later, I was thinking about the Spirits of Truth with Nanna Beth... could you please Nanna Beth talk more about the Spirits of Truth, as it might help John understand their purpose a little more – thank you.

Nanna Beth: **As you can read in TUB (The Urantia Book) John, the Spirits of Truth are liberated upon the deaths of the Avonal pairs or Creator pair following their full physical bestowal on a physical Earth world. So Mary and Jesus' Spirits of Truth have been liberated, and the Avonal pair's will be so upon their death.**

The Spirits of Truth basically represent all the truth the pair has lived through their life since their bestowal. So the Mother and Father sees to it that the pair live all they need to, so as to liberate within themselves all the truth their liberated Spirits of Truth will liberate, providing help for everyone who might need their help throughout their Age. So they have to go through a lot so as to accommodate the needs of everyone who'll be living through their age. The Avonals having to account for all anyone will Heal throughout their Spiritual Age. Meaning, their Healing will touch on all the depths everyone else will go through so as to provide assistance for everyone. So the long drawn out and extended Healing they are required to do, thereby covering every denial aspect of the Rebellion and Default on a feeling level, so relating to all those levels themselves uncovering the truth of them.

The Spirits of Truth have a drawing power, which means, when you look to the Pair for help, which means, you long for the truth or way such a pair lives, that you want to be as they are, you want to live and reveal the same truths to yourself that they have revealed to themselves, then their Spirits of Truth will help you. They will literally draw you up to be like themselves in truth. And as they are a Paradise Origin Soul, so they are literally drawing us up to the divine heart of

their own truth, the paradise of their own soul, which in turn leads us onto the Heart of Paradise itself – our Heavenly Mother and Father.

And we are all to look to them (Mary and Jesus) for the way through Nebadon; and for you now doing your Healing, to look to the newly revealed truths of the Avonal pair. And by wanting to embrace, acknowledge and live such truth, you'll allow their Spirits of Truth to guide you, which means, guide you through your Healing, and guide you through Nebadon. And (this is the most important part) without them, you'd never be able to complete your Healing or find your way out of Nebadon. Or you might, however it would take you so long that the rest of the universe would pass you by. And so until such Spirits of Truth are made available, then everyone has to wait until they are, until they show the way for us to go.

So until Mary and Jesus died liberating their Spirits of Truth, no one from any of the worlds could leave Nebadon, because no one knew the way to do so. So there were an awful lot of spirits waiting for their bestowal so they could move on in their ascent to Paradise, with a general clearing out of Nebadon taking place this past two thousand years. This including many Celestials from Earth, who were free to leave once they'd completed their Healing and attained the Celestial level, and then evolved up through Nebadon.

Anyway, special dispensation is made available for people who want to currently do their Healing before the full liberation of the Avonal's Spirits of Truth. Should people look to them for Healing help and the truth, then such help will not be withheld. So people can start their Healing without having to wait for them to die and liberate their Spirits of Truth.

So the Spirits of Truth streamline everything, and basically we'd all be stuffed if we didn't have access to them. So they, and whom they come from, are rather important and an integral part of our growth of truth.

And really it's one Spirit of Truth from the Avonal or Creator soul, however it's 'split' in two as reflected by the two soul 'halves' or soulmates – by each personality. And we need to embrace both the pair equally, not just one. So if you look to only Mary or only Jesus, you'll not allow both parts, both Spirits of Truth, to work within you. So you won't be able to keep the feminine and masculine aspects of truth harmonised, causing imbalances, which you can see in distortions as reflected by those people only adhering to Jesus via the Padgett Messages or in the Christian religions.

In all the other religions that don't even look to either Mary or Jesus, you've got the wayward mind with no hope of ever finding the truth and moving out of the mind Mansion Worlds. And that would be the same with the Avonal pair, if you look to only one of them you'll be doing yourself a severe disservice, with no hope of ever completing your Healing (as reflected by people trying to heal themselves using alternative self-help methods or their therapists or spiritual leaders, yet not really getting to bottom of the real problems at hand), so people will need to long for help from them both. And we don't need to specifically ask them personally for help (although of course we can should our life move us to be with them), we only need to long for the Truth. They can't help everyone personally because there are too many of us, so that's why they provide us with help from their Spirits of Truth.

And we need that united help to sort out our disharmony concerning the feminine and masculine within ourselves, just as they have sorted it out within themselves. And because you are taking your lead now from the Avonal pair, so you can't go ahead of them, as they need to sort out all the distortions within themselves and their own relationship, so as to offer such help through the light of their spirits, so you can sort yourself out. So they have effectively needed to do most of their Healing before other people

can look to them. And it won't be until they've fully completed their Healing that people will be assured that they can fully Heal themselves. So a lot hinges on them completing their Healing, because they then provide the way for everyone else to do their Healing.

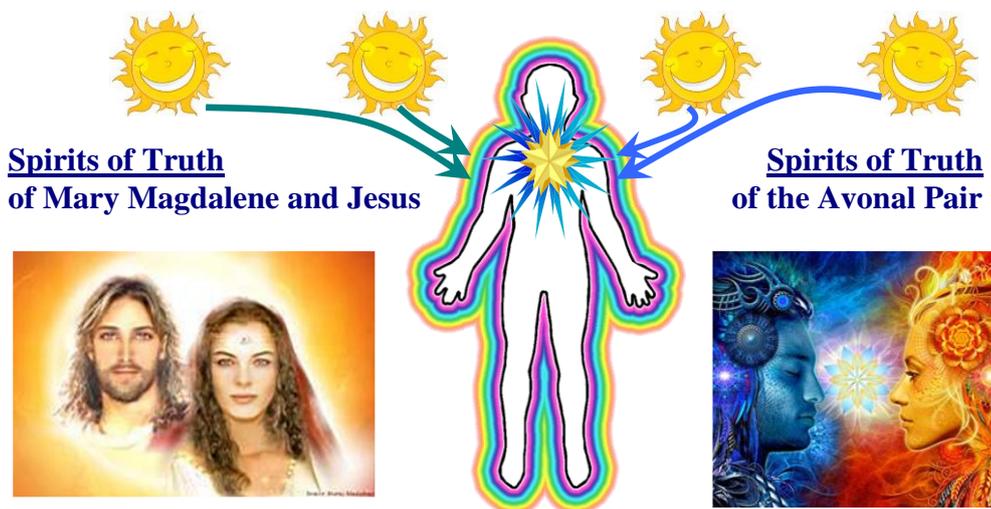
And it's not that everyone else will do their Healing the same as the Pair have done it, but that everyone will do their Healing in their own way, yet will uncover the same truths the Pair uncovered for themselves. Which is why Jesus said: follow me, because we are to literally follow him and Mary up through Nebadon once we've finished our Healing, by revealing to ourselves through our feelings the same truths they revealed to themselves through their feelings. So by the time we complete our Nebadon stage of existence, we'll have lived all the same truths Mary and Jesus lived through their ascent of Nebadon following their bestowal into flesh.

And so it will be the same for people looking to do their Healing by looking to the Avonals. So in no way will the Avonals or Mary and Jesus ever stand in the way of people and spirits getting to the Mother and Father; on the contrary, they will only assist people to look to God and NOT to themselves. Which is what the Avonals can only do and claim, once they've finished their Healing. Which is why they will be reticent to stand up and declare themselves before they've completed their Healing, preferring people don't really know about them, because they don't know about what it all involves themselves until they are fully Healed. Because they know that until they are fully Healed, they'll still inadvertently be leading people astray, or standing in the way of God. However knowing that, they will at least also be able to angle and present their preliminary truths taking that problem into account, so people can avoid such pitfalls with their help.

And once they have completed their Healing, then they can honestly announce to the world, should they feel they want to, that the way is now clear, people can follow them and do their Healing and they won't be standing in their – the New Age has officially begun. That they will then be doing all they can to help people complete their Healing, link up with Mary and Jesus so they can keep ascending through the Celestial levels, all to one day move beyond and out into the greater Superuniverse on the way to Paradise.

James: Thank you Nanna Beth, and just as an aside, the real New Age is yet to begin, it being when the Avonal pair declare it's begun, with the so-called New Age of some years ago being a false mind fantasy new age.

Nanna Beth: Yes, nothing whatsoever to do with the real New Spiritual Age that's soon to begin, however something of a vague forerunner that was something more to do with feelings, even though it was still about looking to the mind to further the control of them.



Feelings of depression in my Son.

1 January 2019

As I go through the motions of my own healing I also am here for my Son and my Daughter and all they want to express about how they feel. They are not consciously doing their healing but with my healing life style and the way I can talk to them and just be here for them when they need me to listen, they are moving into it naturally and really without realising.

Today my Son has needed me; he is going through terrible feelings of depression and pain as he is in a relationship that is very unloving, as only it can be. His girlfriend shuts his feeling expression down instantly and he called me to talk about how it makes him feel. I am so glad he feels he can be so open with me, even crying when he needs to although he feels stupid at 25 crying to his mum but it is what I want. I want him to be as full on as he needs to be, I have paved the way for this unloving life he is leading and all the relationships he has had which reflect this truth and now, all I want to do is be there to encourage him to get his feelings out of him, if this is all I can do for him then I will do it fully, be there for him fully, open and listening to his terrible pain of rejection and suppressed unloving pain caused to him by myself and his father, as his whole life is reflecting. The same goes for my Daughter and when she needs me to listen to her, I will do the same, and it's all I can do for them after fucking it all up and seeing the results of that in their lives and relationships.

It is hard, very hard but this is what I have done to them, no one else but me and their Fathers, we have caused this pain in them through our unloving parenting so seeing as their fathers are no longer around, I am all they have, I take the brunt of their pain as their mother, the one who carried them, grew them and gave birth to them, they felt all of my feelings about everything right from their conception to now, I take the blame fully and I don't really give their fathers much thought in the whole fucked up process, I have been left to clean up my own mess of my unloving parenting and my children are showing me where I really fucked up with them.

It is hard to cope with, my own feelings and theirs, hearing it all from them but their feelings are mine any way so it helps me express more pain.

My son told me how lonely he is even though he is in a relationship, he is feeling so unloved and lonely and not supported by his girlfriend at all, he has no one on his side, no one to confide in only me and he wants to feel loved, he told me he has always felt this lonely and isolated and it is because he was like this as a child, it's the truth of his childhood with me and his father, it is exactly the same as my relationship with my parents, how could it be any different, I parented him as I was parented with some differences but the same underlying unloving feelings past on to him and I have such a deep sadness for him, my own sadness that is in me at being so rejected and unloved and I am so sorry for making my children feel this way and all I want now, is to be there to listen to them, encourage them to speak and tell me how they feel, it's the only loving thing I can do for them. Help them to get it all out of them.

My son expresses with great sadness and emotion but my daughter expresses with great anger and rage at me, screaming at me and telling me to fuck off at times, telling me that no one understands her and all I can do is let her pour it out at me no matter how vile it is, it all needs to come out because I put it in her, I never want to shut either of them down because of them being disrespectful or anything as obeying and demanding as that, they are free to express themselves with the truth of how they feel about me which wouldn't have been tolerated by me before I began my true healing, I would have answered them back and tried to stop them and shut them down from expressing their anger at me, the way I was shut down by my parents never being allowed to be angry and certainly never to express it. There is always an end moment where there is calmness no matter what has been said, once it is all said and exhausted it all calms down.

It's so tough I can't tell you, dealing with my own healing and that of my children, I have never been through a time in my life like it, and it is like nothing else but so rewarding once we all get to the closeness that truth brings. My children know they can come to me with it all, all their shit because it is my shit too, I taught them it and all they are doing is showing me what I gave to them, the shit I have passed on to them from conception, how I felt about them and how unlovingly I rejected them right from the word go. I made this mess and now I am cleaning it up and all of its far reaches, shit, the damage I have done to two people who I was meant to love is unbelievable, it's as far away from love as

you can get and I believed I was a loving mother, a great mother, what a fantasy, what an illusion of what I wanted to believe about myself.

I am a crap, unloving, horrible mother who has damaged her children. They are not like this because it's just how they are, they are like it because it is how I have made them and that is so hard to take, the truth of how much I have hurt my children shit, its dark and its gut wrenching to know I have done this, all parents have done this. It has all added to how fucking awful I have been feeling today, what a shit person, a shit mother I am, they needed me and I broke them from birth, what chance did they have?



Evilest thing was to have my children.

2 January 2020

The Evilest thing I have ever done is to have my children. To fill them up with my crap, all of my fears and my evil will, to make them do my bidding over theirs, its pure evil. To think I knew better than them, such arrogance, such control, such evilness and now I have ruined them as I watch my will over them unfold. I have damaged them completely as I see what they have taken on from me and their fathers. They were all right and I went and broke them with my will believing I knew what was best for them but how could I know!! I was a broken child too, just telling them how to be broken, just like me. This is the greatest pain I have ever had to endure, seeing what I have done to my children and it doesn't stop, every day it goes on and they call me up and text me about their pain and it is so overwhelming to hear about it yet it is my fault, I am now getting it all back, what I have done to them.

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

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

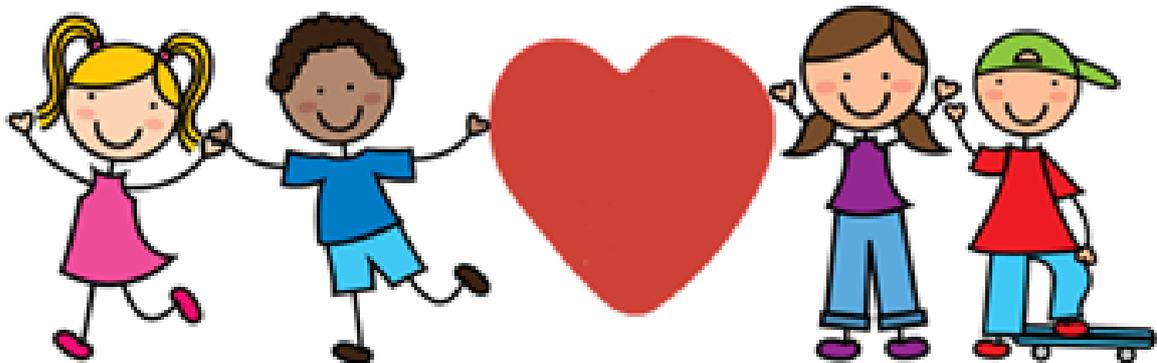
why this is happening and I have to tell them, it is because of me and what pain you both took on from me at conception, your pain is my pain.

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

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

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

WE ARE GOD'S CHILDREN



Dealing with my Son's Migraine.

5 January 2019

Its been a mad couple of days, I had to go and pick my son up from work on Thursday because he had a severe migraine and was in a terrible state, I picked him up and brought him back to my house where he got into my bed and slept in and out of the pain, it was terrible to see him in such distress so I sat with him while he told me how bad the pain was, how he couldn't see and when he could it was all purple with shapes coming at him which he thought were spirit. To see him in such pain was so terrible as I couldn't do anything for him except listen to his agony and encourage him to tell me if he felt he wanted to. He told me he thinks he is having a break down because he can't keep on trying to please everyone except himself. He said he felt he has to keep it all going, his work, his flat, his girlfriend he has to keep them all happy or lose them and I could see through what he was saying that I had created this in him as I have the same feelings and I was made to put everyone first, way above what I wanted and I was now seeing the pain of that self denial, in my son, he was bringing it to me and showing me the agony it has caused him and all I could do for him was to hear him, let him put his feelings first and tell me it all.

I felt so helpless, that I had created this in him and now he was showing me it, the pain of what I have done to him and all I can do is sit by and watch him in such pain, there are no words for how I felt. It all has been a big eruption of feelings from the last few days, he has been an accumulation of life long suppression of his pain and he couldn't cope any more so the huge migraine shut him down and made him stop and feel the truth of his pain and he felt like he was dying. Being so rejected all his life, so unloved by me and his father made him feel like he was dying constantly, which is just how I felt with my parents and only through the truth of my healing has this denial and suppression of my feelings come up for me to see.

My son stayed with me for the night and had the next day off work, he says he feels like he could explode inside with all that the world demands of him, to earn money, have a flat to upkeep, have a girlfriend and do what is expected but he feels like he can't do this anymore, he doesn't fit into the world's demands which is really the demands of his parents, the demands that his father and myself put on him, he is getting it all shown to him by the world around him but he doesn't

want to bring it back to me and it being my fault, me being the one who took his will and demanded he do things my way, not his. He isn't ready to blame me and I might be what he needs now but as a parent to him in his younger years I was just the same as every other mother, my mother, telling him what to do above his own will and now I am seeing the pain I have created in him through this unloving parenting, I am now having my face rubbed in it, at what I have done with both of them.

Yesterday, I went through a terrible headache as well, not a migraine but bad enough for it to stop me and put me to bed, shit it was so painful and all I could do is to let it take me, let it stop me, let it cause me all the pain it wanted to, I just laid in bed and submitted to it because this pain is ME, a part of me as Alex's pain is a part of him and I encouraged him to give it a voice as I did with my pain, I talked the pain out to God, how sick it made me feel, how it was pounding me and scaring me, how scared I am of the pain because I can't do anything about it, it has me, it controls me and it can do what it wants with me, even kill me if it wants and all of these fears are still inside me.

What is going to happen to me? How bad is this pain going to get? So bad that I writhe in pain not being able to stop it. I am so scared of how bad pain is going to get and as I spoke these feelings out to God the pain began to subside, I could sit up without feeling my head was caving in. I felt the pain actually leaving me and I was so peaceful that I drifted off to sleep until this morning where I woke up to feeling ok, I got out of bed and could stand up without having to sit down again because the pain was too much. It had gone.

It is so much to cope with when you are healing and you have the pain of what you have done to your children and all I can do is take it painful feeling by painful feeling as they come to me with their problems, it is hard to just be there for them, to listen to them without stopping them with what you think they should do and what good is that any way when I have fucked it all up, who am I to tell them when I have made their lives so painful, I don't know anything. All I can do is to listen to them and encourage them to speak about how they feel knowing I have well and truly fucked up their lives and they can't accept that yet, they 'Love' me too much and think I have been the best mum ever, I was wrong, so wrong in my Parenting and it is only through my healing that I can see

the truth of that and my children are showing me all the pain I put into them from conception and it is so hard to deal with, to see it, fuck I feel awful, as I should.

Changes towards my Children.

20 January 2019

Reflecting on my short period of 'Nothingness', I thought I was coming to the end of my healing as I wasn't feeling bad as much as I had been but now I feel it was a time of change in me. I now feel like I have gone up a level by going down deeper into my feelings, becoming truer to them and now being my bad feelings even more, being so true to them and actually fully being them, all the bad stuff I am now feeling I am living. Yes, I definitely feel like a change has occurred in me and I am being my bad feelings, they have come up to the surface of my life for me to live and I can't stop it, I have to be them and it feels like I am getting worse not better but that also feels right and true. I feel like I have a kind of latitude and now have taken it up a notch by being worse which is being true to my bad feelings so I have gone up but sunk right down into my feelings, its hard to explain it but that is how I am feeling about it all.

A noticeable change in me is how I am being to my children; it is changing all the time now and I feel disturbed about it, I have to say. I can't do enough for them both and it doesn't feel good, it feels wrong and bad but I can't stop being like it and it confuses me, what the fuck am I doing?!!! But I have to let it happen and feel about how it makes me feel and it is always like I shouldn't be doing it. I am bending over backwards to help them both, I want to be there for them all the time and it is a real compulsion and you might think that is a good thing, but it doesn't feel that way. I feel like I am being bad, doing too much for them so they don't have to feel pain. As children, I spent a lot of time trying to get rid of them dropping them off at school and feeling relieved that I now had time to myself to go and run my business in freedom until 3pm when I might go and pick them up or get someone else to do it so I could carry on working. At the weekends I would drop them off with their grandparent's so I could go out and enjoy myself and do what I wanted to do and when I feel about how I treated them, I wasn't their for them at all just pretending to be. Now all I can see is the painful child in both of them and I want to do everything I should have done for them as

children, now, as adults and it is too late, the damage has been done and I can't change it and I see it playing out in their lives all the time and the pain is excruciating. Now all I want to do is love them and do everything for them and I can't control it but it doesn't feel right because they are 25 and 19 and should now be finding their own way. It is all so confusing for me but I don't want to stop myself doing it because it is how I feel and all I can do is let the feelings come up about how I am feeling and those feelings are full of guilt, remorse and sorrowful pity for what my children missed out on, their mother's love.

I can see the pain that my rejection of them has caused them and it kills me inside, I have done this to them and now they believe it is the way and it isn't, I was so wrong and I cry over what I have done to them all the time, it rips me apart and I feel so helpless as I watch their pain. I have been talking to Mother and Father about it all and I now feel like I have done it all so wrong, I thought I was the be all and end all to them and their was nothing else but me for them and I was so wrong and I have prayed to God to take over from me, they are not my children, they are Mother and Father's children and I pray to them to show me the way, I feel like I want to give them back to Mother and Father because I have done it all wrong, fucked up completely in my rejection of God's way.

It's so incredibly hard when you realise what mistakes you have made with your children. Its like an "Oh my God, what the fuck have I done, shit, I have ruined them" and I know I have done this and I feel helpless to change it, to know I have done this to them and be healing myself feels so selfish because I am healing myself and am aware of what I have done but they are not ready for it all yet, they don't want to know about what a bad parent I have been because they still think I am the best parent ever, they can't see it and won't until they do their healing themselves and look into the truth of how they were parented.

At the moment I just can't help myself to be there for them and their every need, I can't stop doing it although I feel it is wrong but I have to do it. WHY?? Because I can't bare them feeling any more pain and that is so wrong, I am stopping their feelings being as evil as I can be because I don't want them to feel bad so I am wholly in this compulsion with them to stop them feeling bad and it feels like I have degraded in my healing but I also feel it is so necessary for me to be like this now because it is how it was with me and my parents but it all feels

so amplified, I am out of control with it. As a child I had to please my parents and now I am doing this with my son and daughter, they are mum and dad and this is the truth of how it was for me as a child and I feel like I have to relive it with them. It all is very complicated and intricate in its creation but I can see the truth in it all and there are so many feelings I am becoming aware of at this weird and disturbing time.

I had to stop my parents from feeling bad, I had to do it all the right way so they would love me and I am doing that with my children, all so they will love me, I am trying to feel the love I missed with my parents, through my children and it is all so sick and twisted and unloving but it is the truth of how I have to be at this stage of my healing. It feels very wrong but it also feels very right and the compulsion to be like it is beyond my control, I can see how desperate I was for my parents love that I would do everything for them to make them pleased with me and feel some love from them and as I am like this with my children at the moment, I can feel them beginning to take advantage of me which is just as my parents did, it is all the same, I am just replaying it all out, all of my childhood with my parents.

SPIRITUAL HEALING:

We incarnate into Rebellion, and by default become untrue to ourselves. The truth of which we are to see through our Healing. And once seen, then we will no longer be of the Rebellion, being a true, happy, perfect and all-loving personality.



The Healing is about becoming true to being as you are in your untruth. As you become aware, facing and accepting the truth of how wrong and untrue you are. And once you've brought all your untrue self out through each stage of your Healing and are wholly aware of yourself and your rebelliousness, then your soul and God will transform you out of being untrue and into becoming your true spiritual Celestial self, be that in the physical or when you do your Healing in spirit.

My Controlling Parenting.

21 January 2019

More craziness being shown to me today about my controlling ways.

My daughter just came home from staying at her boyfriend's all weekend and she made herself some beans on toast and left the bean can in the sink, I like to clean it out and take off the label for recycling. I asked her to do the same and she got angry with me and told me she had every intention of doing it after she had eaten. She felt angry at me and we had it out. She told me how bad I make her feel when I show such little faith in her and I jumped to the conclusion that she wasn't going to do it, which I did and it would be left to me. I felt I would have to do it and felt angry about that, like I am taken for granted that I will do it all for them. I feared that I wouldn't be thought about or taken into consideration by her. I wanted it done instantly so it would show me she had thought about me and didn't want to leave it to me. This would have made me feel thought of and loved but I don't feel like that, I feel that if I hadn't said anything she would have left it to me to do the dirty work without a care about me. I don't feel loved by her or anyone, especially not my parents as I can feel this child-like pain in me by Faye not cleaning out the can and leaving it to me like I mean nothing. It has brought up feelings of how unworthy I feel.

I have made her like this, she may have intended to clean it out after she had eaten but I don't think so. I have made her like it and now I am seeing how unloving I have parented her and how I also expected my mum to do all the dirty work for me. She is now in the kitchen washing up her stuff she has used but I don't know if she would have had I not said something. I am still feeling unloved because I interfered and now won't know if she would have just done it without me saying anything. I feel that I am not considered, disregarded and like I don't matter and my deep feelings are of my relationship with my parents when these feelings come up. It might be about fate not doing the cleaning up on the surface but deep in me it is the event I have needed to bring about the feelings of how unworthy and unloved I felt as a child with my parents, and it has done that.

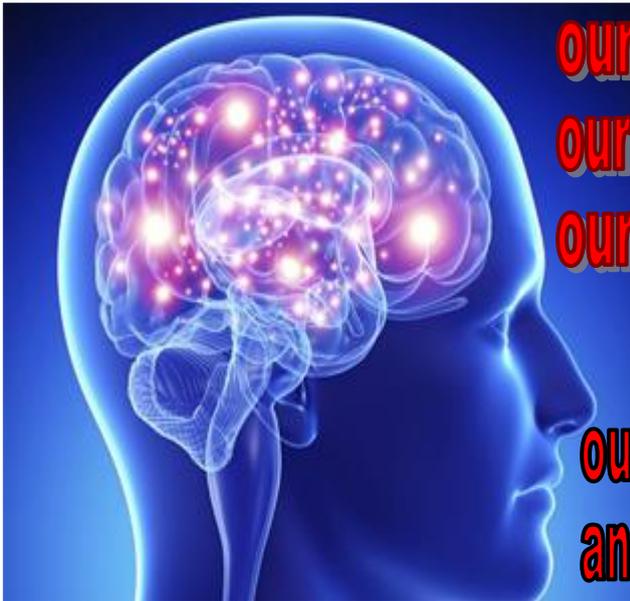
To be so disregarded by my parents is so painful as I am feeling it now with Faye and I have to go into my control mode to get her to consider me by not leaving

her mess to me and telling her to do it. If I hadn't interfered she would have left it for me to do, maybe, and I would have felt it all deeper but the feelings are still there for me to feel.

I hate that uncontrollable control I put into play, I hate it but I can't help it, it is a mechanism I have used all my life to gain power and stop myself feeling bad and it is getting stronger and worse the more I am healing and asking for Mother and Father's help to see the truth. I can't stop it and it feels like I am no longer in control of it, as it gets worse, so I can see it for what it is, I have to be it to heal it and I am a control freak which is something I never thought I was at all. I am, I am so much worse than I thought and I am a run away train that I can't stop.

In all of this I love the fact that Faye feels able to tell me exactly what she feels about me and she feels free to tell me how I make her feel, it's something I was never allowed to do with my parents and it crippled me for life. Faye just comes out with it, no holding back which I absolutely love and want more of and sometimes it presses my buttons which is good for me to see the anger and feel it, it's good for us both to tell the truth about how we feel. Faye was a very angry child and as a baby would smash her head against anything she could to Express it, people would look on in horror and I never stopped her doing it as I knew it was anger in her and as she got older she expressed it vocally and has always let it out so I have noticed with her that she recovers quicker because she feels she is allowed to Express anger. Sometimes she goes to her room and lets it out and cries a lot when she is hurting and when she is ready she comes to me to talk about it and we end up talking for hours.

We both have a long way to go, it's hard, I have got it all so wrong and its gruelling to work through pain but I am committed to it, it is my life's purpose, it's all there is for me.



**our MIND is a CONTROL ADDICT!
our MIND is addicted to UNTRUTH!
our MIND cannot discern TRUTH!**

**our MIND is within our SPIRIT BODY
and orchestrates our physical BRAIN.**

ASSUMPTIONS are the product of our MIND!

HEALING ends
MIND-CONTROL!



**our SOUL is our TRUTH!
our FEELINGS are our TRUTH!
FEELINGS FIRST, mind to follow!**

**all we need is WITHIN.
our MIND suppresses FEELINGS.**

Overwhelmed by my Children's feelings.

22 January 2019

Oh my God, the maddening anxiety that is running through my veins today, I could feel it building up all day. My children both need me, they are both going through so much emotionally and have both needed me to listen to them and all they are feeling, they both came to me today and it pushed me over the top, I became overwhelmed with how I felt about it all as my anxiety grew. I have itchy skin all over, rashes in my head and on my cheeks, red and itchy and so irritating making me feel angry, the anger that I have suppressed because I can't cope, it's too much and this has taken me right back to my childhood of mum and dad's problems and fears being too much for me to cope with, I can see it all, me being so frightened and scared as they argue about their problems and the confusion and fear I felt because if they can't cope then how can I.

I am absolutely ravaged with anxiety feeling the fight or flight adrenaline running through my veins, I want to run, run off this surge of fear in me as I become crushed with fear. Irritated and angry at mum and dad at making me feel so scared and overwhelmed and unable to cope, just like them.

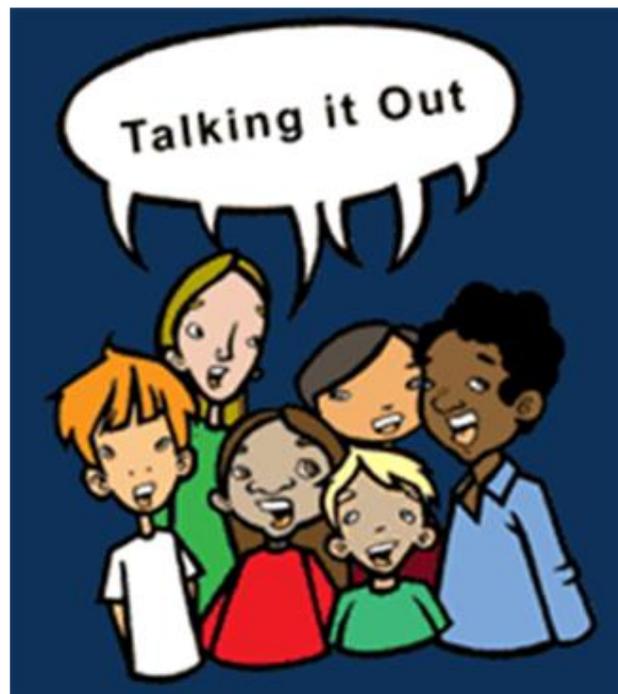
Fuck, I am such a mess, this is the anxiety I have always felt, so deep in me and I haven't felt it for years now but here it is for me to feel and heal.

My son came over to talk some more about his fears and then my daughter rang me in tears about her boyfriend and some dispute they have had and also that she has a penalty fine from the police to do with driving in a bus lane so she was fucked off with that and told me all about her feelings. It was one and then the other and as well as my own feelings, my anxiety has now taken hold of me and I feel charged with it, like a volt of electricity is running through me, super charged with energy, buzzing but nowhere to disperse it, it is all in me with nowhere for it to go, so I have been expressing it out of me to God and it works, it has lessened but I feel alive with prickly, itchy, irritated skin, it's so hot and itchy and angry as am I because I am out of control, I can't cope with the influx of overwhelming feelings coming at me from all directions and it was just like this as a child and I couldn't cope with it.

I feel hyper inside, my stomach is in knots and tensed up, it's all too much for me. I can't take one more bad feeling, I can't cope with it, I am going to die with

the load of feelings layer upon layer all on top of me and I am trapped underneath as the pile up. I can't deal with the overwhelm I feel like I will explode, it is crushing me out of existence and this is how I felt as a child, dizzy with overwhelming feelings that I couldn't control from my parents, they didn't know how to cope so nor did I, I was too young but I took it all on.

I couldn't cope with life because I couldn't cope with mum and dad, they were too much. Mum and dad couldn't cope, they fucked it all up and made such a mess, it was chaos to me, an uncontrollable mess that I couldn't control, a barrage of bad, scary feelings constantly coming my way, I took it all in right from conception they couldn't cope with what was happening and now nor can I. It's all too much for me and today, I am feeling the truth of how I felt as a child because it was how I am feeling now!



I am drowning under my children's feelings.

23 January 2019

I can't do it, I can't cope with all my children are bringing to me, I can't cope with all I have done to them, the truth of it is too much for me. I can't cope with how bad my children are feeling just as I couldn't cope with how bad my parents felt all the time, they lived life by the skin of their teeth and it was too out of control, I never felt safe, I don't feel safe now, I feel like I am sinking and going to drown and die. I feel like I am going to hit rock bottom and never get up, like mum and dad did, it's all so terrible, I am so scared and I feel so unsafe, like something terrible is going to happen to me at any minute, this is how I felt with my parents and I can really see it now, I can see me with them feeling so scared not knowing what was going to happen to me because they didn't know, that is why I have such a need to control, I could die if I don't get control, that is how it felt when I was young.

I have to get this awful feeling out of me, I have to keep going on expressing all I feel. I am so out of control and I am so scared, I don't feel safe and I can feel mum and dad don't feel safe either, they are scared, I can feel them, so they can't protect me, I can't trust them to look after me and keep me safe. It is all up to me to keep everyone safe because I can't rely on them; they don't know what to do so I am alone. I have to save myself. These are my childhood feelings coming up from deep down, from all I am feeling at the moment, they are all coming up.

Shit, I am feeling like I am wired into the electric socket, I have weird feelings throughout my body and movement around the top of my head which is so weird, I feel so out of control like I am being taken over by energy and that's the only way I can describe it. There is a power about me which is so overwhelming, its pure anxiety and it is so powerful and circulating my body, in it and out of it, it's a very familiar feeling that has overwhelmed me all my life.

It is a bombardment of feelings coming to me from every direction, from my children today and it has had to be this way because it is what I felt from my parents when I was in the womb, their feelings overloading me and I couldn't cope as I was growing in my mother's womb, I can feel it now, I can see me absorbing all of their feelings and feeling the pain of it all being so unloving for me. I wasn't loved, I was damaged and it feels like chaos inside me, the same

chaos I felt in the womb and I am still feeling it now and I want to feel every bit of it out of me.

I am feeling so sad for ME as a baby growing in all of that shit and pain and taking it all on.

Enters emotionally - is to leave emotionally!

Living my Parents Fantasies.

24 January 2019

I am living in the same fucked up fantasy way as my parents lived, no wonder I am such a dreamer, they were, full of dreams of a better life, they could do this and that to make life better, always having a go at something hoping it would be the one, the thing that made life better and they have made me the same fucking dreamer. I can't live a grounded, true life because I am so invested in my parents' fantasy way of life, one which never came true and they begun to give it all up when they became pensioners, they hadn't done it, it is all over, and they have run out of time. I have been locked into the same fantasy life chasing their dream, it's not mine but I believed it all.

My healing is working through all of my fantasies, bursting each bubble as they come up and I can see the truth of each one of my fantasies, all bullshit, never going to happen, it's all a dream. Believing I can do this and that to make it, have a good and comfortable and safe life but my healing has shown me the truth, I am going to be just like my parents and end up with nothing because none of it was true or real.

Unlike them I won't be denying the feelings that come up in me, the truth I am shown about myself, it could have never worked, I never was going to be comfortable in life, it was always going to be a struggle for me because I wasn't loved by them, nothing good can come from untruth and unloving parenting, its always going to be painful when the truth is revealed. I can't believe how far away from truth I have been taken in by my parents' delusions.

I can remember them having all of these ideas for a better life and dragging us around with them all in the search of a better life and all of it ending horribly, not a thought for us, their children, it was what they wanted so it happened and we were uprooted again, into another failure.

Fuck, the struggle they went through and it all being futile when I look back at the pattern of their own unloving childhoods, nothing could work for the good, they were doomed from the start, it was all dreams. I have chased very similar dreams all ending in the same horrible way, how could it be any different and I thought it could be, I thought I was better than them but I can see I was just the same as them. Trying to gain power the same way as they did, thinking I could be something special, like they did and prove to their own parents that they weren't the losers their parents thought they were, they were losers as was I because I am a product of loser parents who tried to convince themselves and their parents they were something special, delusional.

Everything I have done has been a fantasy, something to make me feel loved and wanted, successful and fulfilled because I haven't wanted to feel the truth. I am a dreamer coming from a long line of dreamers and my mind still wants to come up with more fantasies that would make me great or special, I catch it when it happens and I see the fantasy try to begin in me but then I feel about why I would want to do that thing my mind is suggesting and it is all to be special, wanted, loved, powerful and so on.

Its all rubbish and once felt about there is no way I would ever want to do it, I don't want to do anything anymore, none of it is right, its all done because of my want to be loved because I feel so unloved. I can see that all I do and all that my mind comes up with is to be loved, it's a denial of how unloved I really feel.

My daughter in pain again.

25 January 2020

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

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

It is killing me to see what I have done to her. My heart and soul sank when she came in and told me she has so much pain again and her gum is swelling with an abscess. I felt terrible, I can't be bothered to go through more of this with her but I have to, I have to have my nose rubbed in it. I have to be battered and broken down to see the truth of the pain I have caused in her. I feel sick inside to have to go through this again with her.

I don't want to, I want it to go away, it's too much to be bothered with and in writing that I have just realised that is exactly how I felt about my children when they were young. This tooth pain is bringing up in me all of the truth of the feelings I felt about my children but didn't dare express because it is being a bad mother. I was a bad mother, a terrible mother, it was a chore, I couldn't be bothered, I didn't want to do it, I was young and wanted my own life and this rejection of my children is the root cause of their pain now.

So sure I was a good Mother!!

26 January 2020

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



Only recently in my healing, I have been having those denied and suppressed feelings brought up for me to see the truth of and they have scared me, terrified me and I haven't wanted to believe they are true and I can remember feeling so guilty when my children were younger for having these feelings so I would make myself love my children even more but it wasn't love, it was just a cover up for the awful way I was feeling about my children and they feel the truth of how I felt about them today.

They are living that unloving truth and it is hurting them in some awful ways.

They are living the pain of my true unloving parenting and showing me the truth every day, rubbing my nose in the truth and it is HELL! The way I wanted to give my children away to child minders so I could go to work and carry on my life without them, like I never had them. I could go to work and totally forget

about them even though they wanted me, I wouldn't let them have me, and I wanted my life to carry on as if they never existed.

I put money and my work above them and now they put money and work above their own selves just as I did to them, I showed them how to treat themselves so unlovingly, like they are so unworthy and money and work is worth much more than they are. This is just a tiny example of my unloving parenting, it goes so much deeper and so much more horrible that I can hardly bare to revisit it all but I have to, I want to so that I can feel it all and heal it. It truly is going into Hell as the truth of all of the illusions comes to light about yourself, shit it is so awful, the truth of how we really feel, the intentions of our feelings that drift and float under our untrue actions, our façade. its fucking awful I can hardly bare to admit it all and most of it I am not ready to share, I can't bring myself to write it because I don't want to believe it is the truth but it is in me so it all has to come out.

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

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

I can see what I have done to my children and I am paying for it big time. I can

see all the bullshit I told them, all the things I bought them to prove I loved them yet couldn't connect to from the heart to heart. So, buying things was a good love substitute, or giving them food and sweets to make them feel good, that was all a substitute for my love and they grow up having unhealthy attachments to 'things' because they believe this is love because mum lavished them with 'things' so 'things' must be good.

It was all so wrong, they would have been better without anything, only me and the truth of my love but I wasn't able to give them that because it wasn't given to me. I couldn't give them the connection of love from my heart because I never felt it from my own parents and you can't pass on what you don't have in you. I gave them loneliness, emptiness, hollow hearts, pain and suffering, struggle, depression, anxiety, stress, unloving relationships and so much more of the things that were given to me and dressed up as LOVE!!!!

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

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

Seeing the pain I have caused my children is unbearable, it is a living Hell that every parent will have to go through to some degree no matter how much they believed they love their children, even something as normal as giving your baby

a dummy when it is crying to pacify it is a complete rejection of your baby, you are not willing to give your child what it is crying for, which is YOU! You are not willing to share yourself with your baby so you give it a substitute of you, a dummy mummy. All these little HUGE things we do as parents are so unloving, they have such an unloving impact on our babies that they carry with them throughout their lives, doing so much damage to them and their future relationships.

Life Review

I know because I am seeing it all playing out before my very eyes like a life review of what I have done to my children, it is like I am being made to sit down and watch a show on TV of what I have done to them and it is like watching a horror movie that makes you cringe and you don't want to look, it is fucking awful but has to be done and gone through with a fine tooth comb, nothing is left out.

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

If you have children it is not just your own healing and what was done to you that you have to feel about, it is what you have done to others and to your children, this is huge and puts my own healing into a different place, it is quite another thing to feel the truth of how you have hurt others, it is gruelling to see what a terrible person you truly are but it is the truth that has to come out and felt through so deeply so you are able to forgive yourself and feel some sort of

compassion for your self but it is such a hard thing to do, it takes so much humility to be honest with yourself and go there, to see what an evil person you truly are and accept it, express it and find the truth of it, fuck it is so hard and it is all that my life is about now, feeling my way through the pain I am in and the pain I have caused to others and my poor, poor children.

Self Forgiveness

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



Setting my Son Free!

28 January 2019

I feel like I have set myself and my son free through all of the healing I have done about our relationship and I can see just how my fears have kept us both locked into this very unhealthy, child like relationship. I have been treating him like a child again, being a controlling and protective parent to him, being way over the top because of my guilt of the rejection I showed him as a child, I have been trying to compensate and do it all over again, the right way but I got it so wrong. I can see the rejection he must have felt as a child having me as a mother and father to him as his father left when he was 2. I have felt so sorry for him and how much pain he was in as a child and I wasn't there for him, I was only there for myself and the realisation of what I had done has made me over the top, showering him with my sorrow and guilt by not being able to do enough for him.

Through my feeling and healing I have seen the truth of what I have done to him and why I have done it. I felt rejected by my own parents and I did it to my own children and now, through feeling my own pain about it, I can feel how bad it was for my own children and I feel devastated that I could have caused them so much pain, knowing how bad it felt myself but I was anaesthetised to my own pain and only through my feeling healing have I been able to feel that pain and know what I have done to my children.

The last couple of days I know that I have freed myself and my son of this very harmful need in me to do everything for him, to compensate for all the rejection. I have actually seen the cords between us, that were thick and tightly pulled, slowly disappear into a dissolved mist, like they are melting away between us so gently and now we are both free and I can feel it. I have admitted to my son what I have done and why I did it and that I want him to grow and be free and he can't because of my need to mother him like I should have done when he was a child, I got it all wrong. I feel now I have freed him from me as those cords have now broken down between us and he is free of me.



Interfering with my Daughter again.

29 January 2019

Having more bad feelings about my daughter now. Her passport runs out in February and she is off to Bali in June and I reminded her last night to get the forms. I realised even by saying this I am interfering with her and trying to gain control.

Then this morning I thought I will go into town, to the post office and pick up the forms for her passport renewal, I washed my hair and was in the throws of getting ready to go and I realised again, I am interfering so I have had to sit down and feel about this, why am I doing it, what are my intentions.

Fuck, I am uncontrollable, I believe they won't do it themselves so I better do it or everything will go wrong for them both. What am I so scared about if it all goes wrong!!! She will leave it too late to get her passport and she won't be able to go, she will be in pain and I don't want her to feel pain, I am doing it again trying to control their pain, so I interfere so that it is all done for them and they can be happy and not feel pain, I am so scared of them feeling pain, I am so scared of feeling pain and I feel like I can't cope with their pain and mine so I do it all for them to avoid feeling.

I am so worried she will leave it too late and you might say its her problem, leave it to her but that's not how I feel, I feel I have to do it to make sure it is done and I have to make sure she fills it out right so that she isn't rejected by passport control. If I don't sort it out, it will all go wrong for her and I will have to deal with the pain and I can't cope with it. I couldn't cope with mum and dad's pain when it all went wrong as it so often did. I thought I would die, it sent me into panic at what would happen to us all and I still have this pain in me so I try to control everything and everyone as I couldn't control anything with mum and dad, I just had to break down inside constantly as they fucked up, time after time.

I can feel the same fear in me, that it's all going to go wrong for her if I don't take it out of her hands and make it all good. I feel so compelled to get the forms and fill them in for her so I know it is done right and no pain will come of it, even pay the £70.00 for the passport, take it all out of her hands and she will be so happy

with me for making her life easier. Shit it all stinks of mum and dad and how if I was a good girl they would love me and be so happy that I have made their lives easier. I am unstoppable with doing it all, controlling it all, making it all ok for every one because that is what I had to do with my parents.

I feel so scared; it's a childlike fear in me that it isn't going to be ok for Faye unless I sort it out. I have an anxiety in me, an impending doom; I have had this with both of my children, as I had it with both of my parents. I am so exhausted; I feel like crashing as I can't cope with the fear of what pain might come. If I don't get the forms, she won't be able to go. I feel so strongly like I have to do it all for her, I don't feel she will do it properly; not how I would do it and I can't believe I feel like this, how compelled I feel to take over and do it all, it is so strong and out of control.

If I go and do it then I know it is done and I won't have to feel any pain, it is all to stop my own pain. I want to control it again, now with Faye. I can't bear to see her in pain if it all goes wrong, even though it will be her doing but still, I can't bear to feel her pain of it all going wrong and her not going to Bali and having to be left out, rejected. This is how I felt constantly as a child, left out and rejected and it feels terrible, like I didn't exist, such a let down and disappointment and that made me feel like I was dying slowly. Shit, the pain of it and I don't want my children to feel that bad but it is in them because I put it there and there is no way they won't feel it, I can't stop it all for them and that is what I have tried to do. I am so evil trying to stop them feeling their bad feelings. I don't want her to feel the same pain I feel so I do all I can to control their lives to be pain free, in my evilness I want to stop them feeling bad, which is to stop my parents from feeling bad, so to stop me feeling bad.

I feel like I am a hopeless case at the moment. I am a control freak and I can't help it, I am being it fully and I have never seen it before but over these last few months I have been seeing it and not being able to do anything about it, in fact I have been getting worse like a runaway train and I can't stop, there is nothing I can do but be it, I can't stop being like it with my mind or will power because that will just be controlling it, I will still be like it underneath, it will still be in me.

All I can do is accept it is what I am like, admit it and as I am being it feel how I feel being it and I am so scared of letting everything get out of control, it is overwhelming me as it did when I was a child and I felt like I was not in my body anymore, I would feel like I had disappeared, I wanted to so I didn't have to feel the intense pain of what was going on. I couldn't do anything about it so it was too much for me to cope with and I wanted to die, disappear.

Now, I feel I am dealing with my mum and my relationship, with my son it was my father and me, now it is mum because I am feeling her when I feel these feelings with Faye. I felt so sorry for my mum all the time, she was so denied and had to pander to my dad to keep him happy and she taught me to do the same. I felt I had to keep her happy so she didn't feel the truth of how unloved she was, dad never loved her, it was all an illusion and I would try to make her feel loved, I thought I could compensate for the love she never felt from dad, I thought that was my job and my responsibility, I couldn't upset her, she was like a little hurt child and I was the adult who had to love her. I would buy her things, things that my dad should have been buying for her but I knew he wouldn't think of it so I did, to make her feel loved, shit now I am seeing it, I can see I was doing it constantly with her, compensating for the love she never received from her own parents and my dad. She had to have an unloving husband because she had unloving parents, she had to feel that rejection and I was trying to stop her feeling it and now I do that with everyone, I try to make them feel loved because I had to do it with both of my parents.

Shit, I am feeling how impossible it was for me to cope with both of their pain and my own. I tried to be the love they both needed and didn't get from their parents, I thought it was all down to me and I am only just, right now, feeling that truth. How could a child cope with that responsibility, trying to be both sets of parents to her own parents, it's too much to bare.

I have to leave it there for a moment and go off and feel about this, I never realised how much I had to take on.

Deluded Parenting.

30 January 2019

Today, I feel plunged back down into my bad feelings about my children.

Anyone who thought they have a loving relationship with their children and are good parents, think again, I thought all of that too and it's not until I began my healing that I knew the truth of my unloving parenting and the truth has been disturbing, very disturbing and any parents that may read this may be thinking "Oh, that doesn't apply to me" well, we have all been deluded by our own bullshit that we are good and loving parents, we are not, we are the worst thing that could have happened to our children and they are showing us how pissed off they really are with us. I feel angry right now, I feel helpless and angry that I can't do anything about what I have done to my children, its too late, they are fucked up as I was a fucked up parent and all of you are fucked up parents too and I don't give a fuck if you hate me for saying this, you have screwed your kids in one way or another, just as I have done.

I see all of the trappings my children need in their lives to keep them from feeling bad and I taught them that, I have made addicts out of both of them, addicted to pubs, wine, beer, cider, cakes, food, x boxes, TV, films and cinema, going out, working, money, addicted to me, and all the rest of the addictions and trappings of life I taught them to have so they won't every have to feel bad and can deny themselves of their own feelings. I have taught them not to feel and they are rubbing my face in it now.

Now all I can do for them is be there to listen to their pain, it's all I can do for them to help undo some of the pain I have caused them, now I can see it, now I am out of the 'Normal Parenting' delusional trap I can see what I have done and it is dark. On one hand I am still so fucked up about them and what I have done to them that I still want to take their pain away, it is so tough, and on the other hand I am sitting with them for hours on end encouraging them to tell me everything about how bad they feel and express it all to me, and they do, they are very good at it but what a fucked up way to live.

I am bad for them and I can't help it. I have to keep seeing how bad I am so I am given more experiences with them to show me what it is I do with them to stop

them feeling, what was done with me by my parents, I do it all by programmed default like a fucking robot and it is so hard to change that programme, I can't change it, only God can when I have seen the truth of all I am doing with them and all that was done with me and my parents.

Healing the pain with your relationship with your children is so tough, this is the hardest thing I have ever experienced, the truth of how I am with them. Its how my parents were with me and I can't be any different, they showed me how to do it. I feel so utterly helpless to be any other way, each and every facet of my parenting has to be looked into and the truth of it found and it is gruelling for me.

I feel like collapsing in heap of no good, uselessness as I submit to being a useless, evil parent, I can't do it, I don't know how to be a good parent only a bad one. I am so sorry God for fucking this all up so much, I am so sorry my children for fucking you both up so much and now I feel unable to do anything about it and I am so sorry I have done this to you both. I can see what I have done to you because I did it too to escape from my own pain when I was your ages.

It hurt me more than I can ever say, I wanted to die. I am so sorry but I can't do anything about it, I have ruined you both and left you in it all to wallow in it while I get on with my healing and can't help you, I feel so selfish that I can't do anything for them. I am devastated and helpless, there is nothing I can do for them. Its like I have passed on some deadly disease and I can't tell them they are going to die because of what I have done to them. The pain I feel inside is beyond words and is a feeling I can't write about, I don't have the words. It is very dark and very disturbing and is always with me.

We do everything possible to avoid our Feelings!

We embrace the controlling natures of our mind to fill our day with activities that avoid our inherent truth to arise through our feelings and then having to express them and seek the truth behind them. We submit to imprisonment within our minds and willingly allow our life to roll on in a retarded and aimless manner that we can continue in earnest even when we transition into the spirit mind Mansion Worlds. Everything we may do is to avoid meaningful communication with another person and to distract ourselves from allowing our feelings to bring forth the vibrant and incredible true personality that we are that has been suppressed throughout our early forming years, from conception through to six years of age. Eventually our soul will say enough is enough and we will be confronted with a crash to open ourselves to our feelings and heal our Rebellion.



So hard to say NO to my Son.

31 January 2019

I am going through more gut wrenching pain about my children. More experiences brought to me today where I have to say 'NO' and I am back to feeling so bad about it. I felt ok with it the other day but now there is more to see and I can see why Mother and Father want me to go through this.

I have said "NO" because I don't want to do it, nothing else, my feelings tell me "NO" so no it is and that is what I have told my son today, I don't want to do it. I was back to feeling so bad again but this time I have felt why I should feel so bad and the truth came very quickly with Mother and Fathers help. I realised when I feel how bad I feel saying "NO" to my children, I believe that "NO" means I don't love them, I don't want to do anything for them, I hate them, all because this is how I felt as a child when my parents said "NO" to me. They said no and it hurt me so much, so deeply torn by their "NO" to me, with no explanation. I didn't know why they were saying "NO" I was so confused at their rejection of me constantly, it hurt and that pain is still in me now and I am projecting it on my children today.

When I said no to my son today and explained why I didn't want to, he understood and was fine about it. I just didn't want to do it because my feelings instantly said "NO I don't want to" so I told him that and he was fine and it shocked me that he didn't mind or feel hurt like I don't love him anymore because that is how I felt as a child, all I had was "NO" and I took it personally, it went straight to my heart as an unloving pain, they no longer wanted or loved me to reject me so, they didn't want to help me or give any of themselves to me, especially not dad, mum was different.

I am learning so much more about myself by staying in my pain with my children, I can see more of how it was for me and the pain I have carried and have projected onto them and because of this pain I feel, I don't want anyone else to feel what I feel, it is too painful so I say "YES" when my feelings mean "NO" and that is all changing more every day. I am saying NO because it is how I feel, I don't want to and I don't want to deny that anymore and it has been very hard, I have always been a people pleaser and would do it at the expense of my own feelings but I can feel that changing now.

As a child I didn't have the power to say "NO" to my dad, never would I but to mum, I felt I could do it more, she was more accepting of it but not in front of dad, I had to say yes if he was there so now, with my children I feel I can say NO to Faye much easier than I can say NO to Alex my son, he is my dad and I am projecting that on him when like today, he reacted nothing like my dad would have done, he was very laid back with my "NO" response and just replied with "Ok, cool mum".

I feel like a new relationship is beginning with me and my children and as I say how I feel to them and stay true to my feelings, I can see them as they truly are and not as the projections of my parents that I put onto them. I have had a fantasy relationship with them; it has been all in my mind, thinking they are like this or that but none of it is true and I am in shock today. They don't feel how I think they feel, that is me feeling like that not them, all the feelings my parents made me feel and I have believed they are true but they are not, they are lies and my children don't feel how I believe they feel, they may not feel hurt and angry if I say "NO" just because my parents felt like this and put such guilt on me for ever saying NO to them. My parents said it and I felt their love withdrawn from me instantly, like I was being bad or something, I have made them have to say "NO" to me so now I am a bad girl so my soul would shrivel up and hide with pain and I haven't wanted my children to feel that bad, as bad as I felt.

I keep getting instances with my children where I am given the choice to be true to my feelings and not being the door mat my parents made me be, having to say "YES" to all of their demands so they could take advantage of me knowing I wasn't allowed to say "NO", I had to do as I was told so they could manipulate me, holding all of the power making me powerless. I have been the same with everyone in my life, a fucking 'Door Mat' to wipe their feet on and I will let them because I had to let mum and dad. I was scared of everyone so I did what they said even when I didn't want to. I had no voice to say "NO". I feel that is changing now, I am feeling able to say "NO" more and it has been a very long and painful process of being able to say it, be true to how I feel but it does feel good and getting better all the time although running parallel to this good feeling is also still the bad feeling, it is still there in me but not as strong and it weakens when I feel more about it.

I have made life hard for my Children.

5 January 2019

I am feeling in so much pain about how hard I have made life for my children, all they are going through is not just because! It is what I have put into them, how I have treated them, how unloving I have been to them, how I have stopped them from knowing themselves because I took their will. It fucking hurts to see the results, to see the truth and I thought I was a caring, loving, good mum who put my children first but that was bullshit, which was what I wanted to believe. A bloody fantasy mum of my mind's creation. Now I am healing and seeing the truth that I was a terrible mum, selfish and only out for myself, putting myself and my wants first before theirs. They should have been my world and my everything; I should have been there for them not them there for me. I fucked it all up and have damaged them and made life so hard for them. I am so sorry.

I can't stress enough the unconscious damage I have done to them, it is so unseen when we are in it doing all we do as parents not knowing or being aware of how much damage we are doing to our children right from conception with the feelings and thought we are having. I can remember a friend of mine being pregnant and telling her boyfriend and her boyfriend's response was that he would support her whatever decision she made, whether to keep it or not and she thought he was so good for being like that but now think and feel devastated for that child because those feelings, of its life being in the hands of fucked up parents whether it lives or dies and that child is now 25 and has that unloving damage of its parents wanting to end its life and he will never know this was an option, his life was on a knife edge and those feelings will be in him now and forever. Fuck, it's so evil.

I see both my children and I feel so sorry for them, I want to apologise to them but they don't know what I am apologising for, I have said how sorry I am and they don't want to hear it, they don't think anything I say about me being a bad mum is right, they think I am crazy for saying it and I explain to them but they are not ready for it yet.

I took them away from themselves and made them do what I wanted against their will, I did this over and over again and now they don't have a clue about who they really are or what they want, or what to do in this world, I have truly

fucked it up for them both and it is a terrible feeling to know the truth of what I have done and I am now living with the compensation of what I have done, its so painful, excruciatingly painful as it should be.

Law of Compensation

Against my Will.

25 January 2019

I have woken up feeling sad today, like I just want to cry and I will if it happens, the feeling is stirring in me now that I want to cry, I don't know why I want to cry at the moment, it is a sadness. I talked to a friend, Veronica, I have only just met her through John and we talk quite often now, which is good for us both.

Last night I was telling her how scared I feel about my money running out and I don't want to go back into the working environment, I just want to heal myself at home, the thought of going back into work, doing something I don't want to do is such a step backwards for me but it would also make sense as that has been my life, having to do what I don't want to do. It has been my whole childhood so if I have to go back into working when I don't want to, it would be as it was for me as a child. But I feel sad about it, I want to cry and sob about how I feel I am being dragged into working again against my will. I don't want to go and the feeling is the same as how I felt every day of my life about having to go to school. I hated every day of it and when 3.15pm came and I was let out, shit, the freedom I felt was elation in me, I was free for a few hours until the same thing began again tomorrow.

**AGAINST
MY WILL**

The feelings of having to go to school were so desperate in me, I don't want to go, everything in my body told me this was wrong for me and I feel the same dreading about having to go back to work. I don't want to go, don't make me go please, I don't feel good or right about going, I am scared of everyone, I feel attacked, I am not like them, I don't fit in, it is wrong.

Why couldn't my parents see how unhappy I was? Why did they make me go against my will? Why didn't they sit me down and ask me why I felt like this? Why didn't they want to know why I felt so bad about going to school? They never asked me anything, they actually thought I liked school as my mum has said to me since, which I couldn't believe, how couldn't she have seen how unhappy I was?

I feel totally denied, they didn't want to see it, they didn't want to know anything about how I was feeling, it was all about them and what they wanted and they wanted me to go to school to get me out the way. I was the same with my children, feeling free when they were at school, wanting them to be gone out of my life so I could get on with mine without having to look after anyone else, I was just the same as my parents.

Not enjoying my time with my children but being burdened by them, tied down and it makes me feel sick inside to write this truth about myself but it is the truth that I feel I want to now admit about myself. I pretended I was a good loving mother to them, just as my parents had done with me. It's all bullshit. My poor, poor children having such an unloving mother who wanted to get rid of them constantly so I could get on with what I wanted to do, I was constantly trying to get away from them and no words can express how deeply I have damaged my children because of my hidden truth, my unloving parenting, I pretended all the way through but I believed the lie, that I was a loving parent.

I believed it just as my parents believe they were loving parents and my pain is nothing to do with them, it is just how I am according to them, they can't understand where it has all come from and would never accept it was anything to do with them whereas I know what I have done to my children and they suffer now because of me and my unloving, rejecting parenting, their pain is the living proof that I have been an unloving parent, it is paraded in front of me every day and I can't escape from it and I was just a normal parent doing the same as any other parent does but through my healing and revealing the truth I have seen how evil normal parenting is, how normal is all wrong but we believe it is right.

It is unbelievable to see the ramifications of the pain that 'Normal Parenting' and the truth of the real feelings we were feeling at the time, caused our children.

The feelings that I never expressed and wouldn't dare tell anyone, that is the damage because my children felt it, the truth, the feelings that never got said but felt by them.

The damage that was done to me by my parents 'Normal Parenting', I did to my children, I was unconscious of the pain although I was feeling it physical and mentally and I passed that on to them, even though it was hurting me, I still passed it on by default and now I am healing myself of it but what about them, my children, it is all very well for me healing and understanding it but I have given them a virus that is incurable until they do their feeling healing, if they don't it will kill them as it was killing me. If feel sad, very sad for them and full of guilt of this default virus I have passed on and I have to feel my way through the pain of that.

Rebellion and Default is the Virus in us all!
Enters emotionally - is to leave emotionally!

Feeling so bad saying NO!

25 January 2019

I stood up for myself today and now I am feeling awful. I spoke how I felt about something that was being asked of me, I said; no I didn't want to do it for them and now I feel horrible, like I have really hurt them. I don't want to go into it to much because the story is quite boring but it was something my Son has repeatedly asked me to do for him and I feel like he is taking advantage a bit now so I told him I didn't want to do it any more. Now I feel awful.

All day I have been feeling bad about how taken advantage of I have felt over the years and then I got a call from him to do this thing for him and it showed me the truth which is I have been taken advantage of and I let people do it because I can't say no, but today I felt I could so I said it. It was very easy to say it and at

the time I didn't feel bad but now I do, I feel like I have mortally wounded my Son by saying how I felt and I didn't want to do it any more. He was fine about it and he said he wouldn't ask me any more, it was a bit much and he knew he was taking the piss and I let him do it.

I let people walk all over me. I always have, I had to as a child. As a child I had to let mum and dad walk all over me, take full advantage of me and I couldn't say a thing about it, I wasn't allowed to express my anger at being made to do things I didn't want to do. I could never stand up for myself and say NO to them, it wasn't allowed and I was too scared. I had to do as I was told and be obedient to my parents and never answer back and this I have carried on doing into my adult life. Some things I can say no to now, I am getting better the more I Feel about it but it is still so hard to say NO.

Today, with my son, I found it easy to say I didn't want to do it but now I am going through bad pain. Feeling like I have hurt him so much and I wished he would have said "you have really hurt me mum" but he didn't, he seemed to be ok with it but I don't know if that is how he really felt, at first I sensed anger in him and then he softened off and said he understood and it was a bit much to keep asking me to do this thing for him. It wasn't much really but it did put me out and I felt like I didn't want to do it so it was the perfect time to say how I felt.

I can't bare the thought of hurting him and it was the same with my dad, I could never say no to him because it would make him feel unloved, those were the feeling that were inside me about it and this is how I feel about my son, I have made him feel rejected and hurt and like he has no one to help him, I feel so sad for him and sorry for him and these feelings are so deep in me. These feelings are mine, they are how I felt as I could never ask anything of my dad because I knew he didn't want to help me at all and if I had asked him he would have moaned and complained about it and I would have felt the anger off of him, about him feeling he had to do it so I didn't ask, I didn't bother, I was scared to. He would huff and puff and make it so plain that he was annoyed about being asked anything yet with my sister he offered himself, he has never done that with me.

I still am feeling a deep pain inside, deep inside, shit its bad. It's like I want to

call him up and make sure he is alright, I have made him feel bad, rejecting him yet again but I have to be true to how I am feeling and I feel like a dogs body for everyone and now it is turning. I feel a part of me is now able to say NO a bit more but it is hard when I have been conditioned to obey and I can say no to my daughter much easier than I can my son and that is because I could say NO to mum now and again and disagree with her yet never could I or would I dare to with dad, so it has been harder with my son as he is playing out the role of dad.

I am feeling like I want to say sorry to my son, sorry I said No to you, what can I do to make it all alright again, to stop you hurting at my rejection of you. I have made him feel so unloved and I know it and it is the truth of how I made him feel as a child, it is the truth of how I was made to feel by my dad as a child. I know this pain and it fucking hurts and now I feel so bad at making my son feel like it, feeling the truth. Shit, this is all so delicate and intricate all the different facets of each feeling and where it leads, one feeling having so many avenues to explore which take me into another feeling before I have finished with the last one, its confusing and tangled the network of offshoots from that one feeling. I end up at so many different places and so far removed from the original feeling I was feeling but I have to go with it wherever it takes me.

I really can feel this pain still nagging at me and I can't leave it, I feel such deep sadness for my son. I feel like I have cut him off, abandoned him when he needs me by saying No to him today. I know how "No" feels, its a shock, its a punch, its a killer blow that in the past I had to get up from and dust myself off but not now, now I stay down and wallow in it, in the pain of "No", in the rejection of it and I know my son will be brushing himself off as I once did and ignoring it and find some way to distract himself from the pain of "No". He is not on this healing path yet, he gets it but isn't there with it yet so he will not tell me the truth of how much I hurt him, he will deny it while the pain eats away inside. Of course these are all of my feelings I am projecting onto him, he might feel this way or he might not but I am going with whatever I feel about this, just getting it all out of me. It is all my pain.

Yes, I feel really bad now. I feel sick, what have I done to him, how could I hurt him so much, I keep seeing him as a baby and a small child, actually seeing him like a vision showing me all the times I have rejected him and it began at

conception, I denied him and I feel sorry for him. I could only treat him as I was treated and I know how I was treated through how I treated my children and how I dealt with knowing I was pregnant, how scared I was, how I didn't want to do the pregnancy test because I was so scared of it all. I wish there were more women on here (on this website blog) to be true with their feelings about what went through their minds when they found out they were pregnant, the fears and all the other bad feelings. I suppose I say that because I don't want to be the only one to admit to how they really felt, I am scared of telling you all, I am scared of the judgment, I am scared of being thought of as bad and I want to know there are other bad Mothers out there and by bad I mean NORMAL, which is bad when you go into the truth of your feelings at the time and admit the shit you felt. I am scared.

Shit I feel so bad saying no to my son, to anyone in fact, I don't want to hurt them and make them feel rejected, I know how it feels to feel like that. I feel so bad like I am the worst person in the universe and you might think I am going over the top with this but its not, these are the feelings that I could so easily deny and not even know about myself but I want to heal how I feel so I have to keep repeating myself and going into how I really feel all of the badness that is there in me. I am in pain deep down, I feel like I have put a wound into my son so deep he will never recover and I have and that wound begun with his first rejection at conception, I feel like I have killed him, it feels that bad now I am going deeper I feel like I have killed him and he can't see it but I can, oh my God it is so painful and bad what I have done to him.

The original wound I caused him and I keep opening it up again for him to feel, I can see it but he can't, he only feels it but doesn't know why he keeps feeling so much pain, the wound has never been healed and won't until he decides to do his feeling healing. This isn't love, if a mother can do this to her child this isn't love, to keep hurting your child with rejection, a simple "NO" can do so much damage to a child and once it is said the rejection is the knife that continuously goes in deeper until it kills them and it will.

I am feeling so bad about what I have done to my children and I must stress that it isn't hitting them or anything like that, it is all through Normal parenting and the wrongness of it, it is all so wrong even down to giving my children sweets

and treats, all so evil because it was a substitute for me and the love I couldn't give them, they will feel good and loved if I treat them to sweets, they will love me, all so fucking wrong and evil, these are the things I mean when I write about what I have done to my children, normal parenting stuff its all wrong and evil and through my healing I can see what I have done and how wrong it all has been.

If I am boring you just stop reading, I am droning on and on about this but that is how my healing goes, it is monotonous and boring and goes on for ages and days and months and years.

I can't bare hurting anyone, I feel so shit about it, rotten inside. I wasn't allowed to do anything to hurt my parents, I wasn't allowed to make them feel bad and if I did, I would feel like this, like it wasn't worth living any more, I had committed a mortal sin against my parents and there was nothing worse. I wasn't allowed to do anything to upset them, they didn't want to feel bad and if I did make them feel bad, I was the naughtiest girl ever, I was disrespectful and didn't love them so they withheld their love and I felt like I would die without it. If I made them feel bad they no longer loved me and I don't want my children to feel how that feels, yet they do because I am the same as my parents.

That is it, I fear my son now feels I no longer love him, it is how I felt as a child, I felt my parents didn't love me and now my son feels it too. Shit this is so delicate, in a second I can lose it, the truth that has just come to me, it sometimes feels like the truth that has just been know will just slip away out of my awareness, it is such a fine line so I have to keep repeating it. That is it, I fear my son now feels I no longer love him, it is how I felt as a child, I felt my parents didn't love me.

The bad feeling is 'the feeling that my parents didn't love me'. When I made them feel bad they withheld their love from me and I felt like dying without it and that is how I feel my son feels when I say no to him, reject him. He feels I no longer love him, he is unloved as I am.

So hard to say NO! Still.

26 January 2019

All of this with my son has brought up such strong feelings about how I feel so bad about hurting anyone if I don't do as they ask. Saying NO to anyone gives me such a bad feeling inside, such guilt and when I think about saying No to my parents, I still have a very bad feeling about it, upsetting anyone is a big, bad feeling for me. I have been made into a people pleaser putting them above my own feelings and being scared to express any disagreement because I couldn't do it with dad more than mum. I had to put him above myself so now I put everybody above myself and more recently I have gotten worse with it all, almost uncontrollable at how I want to please everyone, the truth of how bad I am is being shown to me, this is what I do and the more I pray to Mother and Father about it, the worse it has got for me and I can't believe I am this bad, I always have been, only not being aware of it like it is being shown to me now.

I am being it and it is mad, I feel scared about how out of control I am with it; it is like God has taken over and is saying, "Look Sam, this is the truth of how you feel but have denied, this is exactly what it looks like when you are true to it. You feel you have to do everything everyone asks of you all the time because this is the truth of how you had to be with your parents, doing all they asked of you straight away and now you are being it fully, the truth. You don't want to do it but you feel you have to so you do it whilst all the time going against your own feelings, denying your self and causing yourself pain whilst pleasing others because when you do this, you receive the feelings you need from them just as you did with your parents, it was how you felt loved".

Now I feel I can't stop, I feel like a run away train with it but I changed it a little when I said no to my son yesterday, I didn't want to do it, it just came out of me but the dreadful feelings I felt afterwards have crushed me, I feel like I am not loved anymore, I feel like I have hurt him so badly even though we have spoken since and I have expressed all of this to him and he has told me he can see how he has been in the wrong to ask me to do this for him which was no big deal really (see, I am minimising it there, like it doesn't matter, I do that and I am so aware of it now) what he asked me to do is to pick him up from work and put his bike in the back of my car with some stuff that he needed a hand bringing home, it was to big for him to carry on his back whilst riding the bike home.

It causes me pain because the bike is awkward to get into my little car and it is always wet and muddy and my new car gets dirty and I have to clean it all out, its a nuisance and ruins my car and he asks me to do it a lot recently and I feel like he is taking advantage of me because he knows I won't say no. He texts me saying; "I know it is cheeky but would you be able to pick me up from work as I have something big to bring home....." and so on. I was sick of it and said no to him, the bike is to dirty and big for my car.

I know I have done the right thing by finally putting my foot down but I still feel bad for hurting him, or maybe I haven't hurt him, it is just my feelings projecting on him, he doesn't feel like this, he says he is fine and is sorry and hopes I am ok but I had to tell him how bad I am feeling, really, really bad pain inside at rejecting him because that is how it feels to me.

I was constantly rejected by my dad, my relationship with him was one big 'NOooooooo' until I didn't even ask him anything because I could feel his answer and how he felt, everything was an effort, even if mum asked him for me it was done under duress and the feeling I could feel from him was awful, like I was really making him do something against his will so all communication between us broke down and I think he preferred it like that and I can see that it was true to how he felt, he didn't want to do anything for me so he didn't and at least he was being true to how he felt but the thing is he still says that he loved me when the truth is out there to say he didn't.

He is living a dream fantasy because he doesn't want to be labelled or admit he was an unloving parent, he didn't and doesn't love his children or anyone, not even my mum but he has stayed in the relationship because he is too scared to leave and be without her, he tried but then came back after a few weeks, they were the happiest days of my life when he left, I felt like a weight had lifted and I, we all could be free.



Rejection of being told NO!

26 January 2019

There is still more in me to come up about this. I am still feeling so bad and the feelings that are coming up are of the rejective feelings of being told NO, being disagreed with, being told you are wrong. Shit the pain I am feeling is hardly describable and my son is in my mind all the time, which I have done this to him since conception. I can remember having to hide how I felt when being told off, rejected or being told I was wrong or NO by my parents, shit the pain and then having to cover it all up to hide my humiliation and powerlessness, they had just ripped me apart with their cruel rejection of me, not a care about how I might feel as they rip out my heart and stomp all over it, as my soul shrinks and hides until it feels like dying with pain of their unloving rejection of me. What the fuck are they doing to me? Don't they see? Don't they care? Why don't the see or care about me and what they are doing to me?!!

I am crying, I can't help it, I need to get it all out, all the pain of their unloving rejection. I know now these are my feelings, not how my son might be feeling, they are all mine and I am feeling them. I feel dead, like all I am is a mass of rejective pain and there is no hope for me, I feel dead and as I rejected my son from conception, so was I, I could only reject him as I was by my parents feeling dead from the word go, unwanted.

"NO" "NO" "NO" I heard it so many times as a baby, child, adult and every time it hit me with more energy than a physical punch, it shattered me inside and out, it wore me down to be how they wanted me to be, it beat out every true part of me. I can actually feel my soul sink and slump in defeat as all their rejection hits my body and I am scared this is what I have done to my children, I have. I knew how bad it felt and did it anyway.

I am worrying about how my son feels, all the time further denying my own feelings, putting him first instead of my own pain, it was my pain I was feeling, it can only be my pain all the time or I wouldn't be feeling it about someone else, its mine, its in me and that is how I know how it feels and worry about someone else feeling like it. The extent of my pain is coming out more and more, I feel I am being taken down deeper into it and it is so dark and black and hard to believe I have this in me and denied it, it all went hidden, this much pain I pushed down, wow it is incredible the amount that has gone unknown by me, I was this bad and I wasn't aware of it.

I feel fucking terrible, devastated and let it flow out of me in tears, they are so hot like they are made of fire and so salty and wet like sea. As I am in this pain I can feel the want in me to eat, have something nice and sweet and I can see what I do to make me feel better, eat, its what mum would do to cheer me up or give me a treat, to take the pain away and now I do it to myself. It proves to me that I use food to stop feeling bad, to give me good feelings and shut me up, stop me from moaning and feeling my pain, to deny the bad feelings, to stop it. Its so unloving to deny myself so, as I was denied by my parents, shut me up. Oh my god, so many feelings to feel, one leads to the other I can't keep up.

I don't think I am feeling so bad inside about my situation with my son, I feel like it is dissipating in me and doesn't have so much strength, I am beginning to feel emptier about it all like there isn't too much of it left in me, just a nagging feeling of the remnants of the feeling. There is a small nagging feeling of hurting my son, it is my hurt though but I still am feeling a sadness for him, I feel sorry for him and myself, I want to tell him and myself that I understand how you feel, I want to listen to you and hear all of your pain, tell me it all, all how you feel, I sympathise with you, I want to cry with you as the pain comes out. I have to stop here and have a good cry.

More truth about my parenting.

31 January 2019

Oh My God, more truth is coming to me about my children and our relationship, once I open it up with Mother and Father all the truth comes flying out of me and in these last few moments I realise that I am scared of my Son, just as I was scared of my father; and I am not so scared of my Daughter, just as I was not so scared of my mum.

I am scared of my son so I want to please him all the time and no wonder saying "NO" to him has been such a big deal, because he is my dad to me, what the fuck!!!!

It is so true, I can feel the truth of it in me. I am scared of my Son, I have to obey him just as I had to obey dad, the fear is just the same as it is with dad, all men I am scared of and have to obey them, dad taught me that.

I project my dad onto all men and I project my mum onto all women and all my friends have been like mum or dad, how could it be any other way because my whole life is about healing my relationship with my parents, to know the truth so all the players have been put in place for me to do that, every male and female relationship in my life has been to heal my relationship with them. I have had them thrown in my face every minute of every day by everyone I meet and I knew that before but now I FEEL it in me like never before Halle-Fucking-lujah.

I feel so good to know the truth that I am scared of my Son, scared of his reaction to me if I say "NO" because to me, he is my dad and that is the truth!!! YES!!!

Being in Mum's womb.

3 July 2021

I am so sure now that all the terrible emotional pain I suffer is the exact same pain and terror as I had being in my Mum's womb, it is no different. Every horrible feeling I get and all the awful situations that bring about that pain is to show me the truth of the awful feelings I had being in my mum's womb. Hearing mum and dad argue about money worries, them feeling so trapped in their shit little life of no money and doing all they can to earn and keep us fed and watered, it was our fault, we were such a pain and I know, my dad especially felt totally trapped in his situation and couldn't escape and I know I could feel how he felt because I feel the same now, all of their tiny teeny bad feelings are mine and always have been.

Today, I had some awful feelings to feel and express and it came to me, this is how I felt in the womb, wanting to get out, wanting to escape but I was trapped just as they were. I have always felt trapped and so unsafe. Not feeling loved, they were in too much pain to give any love, they thought they did but I now know that wasn't possible for them to love, something they would highly disagree with. If you weren't loved you can never feel safe in life, everything is such a shock. I get feelings of terrible fear and that shocks me, a wave of fear will come over me and jolt me into a shock feeling. Recently, I have felt like the shock is going to make me pass out and I have to lie down or put my head in between my legs. I had no idea that I had so much denied shock inside me and it is still pouring out of me. Things happen to me to bring up these shock feelings and it is so scary and horrible. I was just talking to Trevor about a time at school when I was sitting with my friends at break time and a football was kicked into my face, fuck, that was such a shock I can remember not breathing for a while and the blood, it was everywhere. Now I understand why that had to happen, such a smash in the face brought about the shock I needed to feel, the shock of being parented by my mum and dad and all the things they did that shocked me. It hurt so much, the pain, the blood, the shock of being so hurt by someone.

I know that being in mum's womb was a complete shock, hearing them, feeling them and all their pain, being born into this, their pain was a shock, my childhood was all one long shock.

My children's awareness of their feelings.

9 July 2020

Something I have noticed over the years of doing my healing is how it affects my children. They are both no longer unaware of their bad feelings; in fact it is the opposite. They haven't chosen to do their healing but it is like they have no choice in it, their bad feelings are going to come up any way or maybe it is just me becoming more aware of what I have done to them and seeing all their pain as my pain and what I have done to them. But even still, especially my Son, he is so aware and sensitive to his feelings and every one else's and my daughter is becoming quite psychic, they both are and very mediumistic. They have grown up with me going on about expressing feelings and our childhood denial and suppression of our feelings so they get it but they are not yet there with it yet life has become so hard for both of them with events occurring to make them feel bad and up it all comes as I sit and listen to them and it is pretty much none stop.

My Son is near breaking point in his life and is on the edge with so much grief and pain, so many of his friends have died, suicided, or he has found his relationships with his friends and the pubs they all would meet, its all changed for him. The truth of them is now being shown to him and he is losing so many friends who have been together for so many years, it is all ending for him now. Some days I feel I can hardly cope with his sadness and grief, so much sadness surrounds him so deeply.

Today he called me and told me that he felt so much deep sadness that he wanted to die, like his friends. He told me he has even been contemplating how to end it and feel close to the end coming for him. This is how unloved he feels, so unloved that he wants to extinguish his own light, the tiny bit I have left him. It is me that has extinguished his light, me and my unloving parenting and all events that come to him are showing him and me, just how awful his childhood was, the truth of what I have done to him.

All I could do is listen to him tell me how he would go about killing himself, I even asked him how he would do it, it is a weird conversation but I wanted to get it all out of him so that it wasn't left inside him going round and round in his head making him feel crazy. I was coaxing every last awful piece of the conversation out of him and in fact, it sounded like just a normal conversation,

no drama at all, just really peaceful and calm, even some laughs here and there. By the end of our conversation he no longer felt like it but he might again tomorrow so we will do the same again and again, as long as it is in him, I will listen, it is all I can do for him now, after all the bad I have done to him.

My daughter also came to me last week telling me of these awful thoughts she has been having and they scare her. She told me how she was out shopping with stuff in her basket and she got to the till and turned around and put all the stuff back, she said she saw every thing in her basket as pointless and it all had no meaning and she said her life has been feeling like that and it scares her so we went over the scared part of how she was feeling but she only goes so far and then it is all over, she doesn't want to go any further and she gets angry so I have to stop it there or I will lose her feeling I am a person she can come to.

It is all so very hard and since I have been healing it has really affected my children, they are a part of it, they feel it all too and don't know what is happening to them, although they know the healing I am doing but they are not yet they are in a way because I am and we are so close. I watch life become hard for my children as the truth of their childhood's comes up to meet them and it is very scary for them, very confusing and they are not ready for it but because of me and my healing it is like they have no choice but they are unaware of that and what is happening to them.

What I do, happens to them to, although not as it is happening to me because I have chosen to do my healing and long to God for the truth of my feelings constantly but, they haven't yet it is happening for them through all the cords we are connected by.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

Andon and Fonta, our first parents to long for our Heavenly Parents, lived nearly 1,000,000 years ago. Naïve humanity was seduced by high spirits, the Lucifer pair, to believe they could be gods through their minds, thus men subjected women to subordination 200,000 years ago. Also added to this was the default of the Adamic pair more than 38,000 years ago when they failed in their mission.

REBELLION & DEFAULT **200,000** YEARS

When Jesus with Mary achieved their full Regency of Nebadon, in 26 CE, they immediately had the Lucifer and Satan soulmate pairs assigned to a spirit world prison. Since then, the Creator Pair have been preparing for the ending of the Rebellion and Default for humanity of Earth. The Avonal Pair now on Earth, once commencing their Healing, brought about the imprisonment of the Caligastia and Daligastia pairs in the early 1990s. As the Avonal Pair advanced with their Healing they brought about the formal end of the Rebellion and Default, on 31 January 2018. It is now for all of humanity to embrace the Spirits of Truth of the Avonal Pair and undertake their healing of the imposts of the Rebellion and Default.

Avonal **AGE 1,000** YEARS

Spirits of Truth of the Avonal Pair will guide us through our Feeling Healing and into the Celestial Heavens with Divine Love, then the Spirits of Truth of the Creator Pair will lead us through the Celestial Heavens and out through Nebadon towards our Heavenly Mother and Father in Paradise.



Each generation of 25 years or so will see marginal embracement of Feeling Healing, however in 1,000 years it will achieve universality.



A few will complete their healing during their lifetime, but for many it will be incremental.

Universality of Feeling Healing with Divine Love will see the mitigation of discomfort, pain and illness as well as the imposts of global warming and Earth changes. These events are to ensure that each of us embrace our feelings, both good and bad, down to the very core, so that we fully come to know who we truly are. Sciences will endeavour to remove pain only to see disease manifest in different forms. Earth disturbances are a result of the Harmonic Convergence of the late 1980s, increasing the rotation of the Earth's central core. This will only abate when humanity has universally embraced Feeling Healing. These influences are only imposed upon us so that we do not step back into the Rebellion and Default through complacency. Live Feelings First so that we become the true personalities we are, that being daughters and sons of our Heavenly Mother and Father.

Such a good daughter that she killed herself.

20 July 2020

Just heard on the news that a young girl took her life in 2018 whilst at university and the parents were being interviewed because they are suing the university. The interviewer asked them the question "Can you tell us a bit about your daughter?" The Mother responded, "She had social anxiety problems but was a very good girl and she did everything we wanted of her". What the fuck, I felt like punching them in the face, that poor girl living the life her parents wanted her to live, they killed her not the fucking university. "She did everything we wanted of her, she did everything we asked of her" that is the killer line, that killed her, her parents 'Will' over her killed her and they have no idea what they have done, they believe they have been the best and most loving parents and are doing all this in their daughters best interest, bullshit!!

That poor young 18-year-old girl died because her parents killed her by replacing the girls 'Will' with theirs. She died at the moment of conception and her killing herself is just a manifestation of that initial death she suffered when her parents' intentions were to create a child who would be obedient to them only and fulfil all of their expectations of her. No wonder she had social anxiety, she had all the pressure of living up to her parents' expectations, not letting them down, going to university and doing everything they wanted of her and in their statement today, on TV, they confirmed that "She did everything we wanted of her!" They were living their lives through her and that poor girl had no idea of who she really was or what she really wanted to do because her parents had imprinted on her so deeply.

I listened to them blame every thing on the university, having no clue that the blame was theirs entirely; that never even came into it. They have killed their daughter, not the university. Their 'Will' over the 'Will' of their daughters, took her life. She had no life! She had no life of her own only the life her parents wanted her to live and that is what killed her.

My Children won't be safe without me.

26 July 2019

'THEY WON'T BE SAFE WITHOUT ME.' This is what my relationship is about with my children, this is my relationship with my parents, this is what they put inside of me and I believe it. I was just watching the sparrows feeding their chicks and I know that as soon as they can feed themselves, the parents leave them to fend for themselves and they find their own way but I am still feeding my chicks, I am so scared of leaving them just as my parents have done to me, always so scared to let me go. I am fucked because of it, my children are now also fucked and need me, they are as scared as me and I am so sorry for what I have done to them.

I feel terrible about this, really awful and gutted inside as I see the fear in them, it is mine and I have put it into them, I believed it about my parents and made my own children believe the same. Shit, I want to cry, I feel so gutted at the trauma I have shown them about needing me in their life or they won't be safe, I have well and truly fucked them as I was fucked.

Putting my fears into my daughter.

17 July 2019

I am such an arsehole; I caught myself putting more of my fears into my daughter today. I actually thought about what I wanted to say to her and in my head it didn't sound so bad but when it came out of my mouth, shit, what have I just said to her! I poured my feelings into her and she had a right go at me for it. I was so glad to hear her telling me to just stop it, she asked me if i was aware of what I was doing to her and i told her that after I heard myself say it, I knew I had done so wrong because it felt horrible.

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

I feel like I have slipped right back, what a fucking moron I am that I needed my

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

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

Feeling scared for my Children.

21 July 2019

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

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

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

I want to fix it all for everyone so there is no pain, I don't want anyone to feel any pain, I can't stand it, it is too overwhelming for me, I can't cope and I have to stop it at all costs. I am seeing how bad this is in me to fix it all for everyone. I am to take away there pain just like mum had to do, make it all good for everyone so none of us had to feel pain. I grew up not being able to cope with pain and being terrified of it because mum tried to control it all the time just as I am doing, I am mum, doing just the same shit to my children and I am unstoppable it seems. I am out of control with it and it feels like I am getting worse.

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

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

Talk it out with a Friend!

Dealing with my daughters toothache.

28 January 2020

My daughter came home yesterday, she sat on the couch opposite me and said "You'll never guess what's come back", I said "What?" She said "My bloody tooth is beginning to hurt again, I can take it but its flaring up again".

My heart and soul sank at this news, my instant feelings were; I can't cope, Oh no, what am I going to do, I can't deal with this level of pain again, I can't bear it, I don't want to know, I am exhausted with this pain in her, I can't do this any more. I feel so emotional about it all, I just want to cry all the time because we have gone through so much with the pain of her severe toothache and it moves from one tooth to the next and it will continue to do this until she feels the truth of her tooth pain. I am so exhausted with dealing with this; I literally feel I have been dragged through this terrible pain with her, as it is my pain too. But it would seem there is more to come!!

I can't cope, I just can't cope with any more pain, it is too much for me to watch her in so much pain and me being so hopeless and powerless in it all, there is nothing I can do for her, I can't take her pain away, I am so helpless. The stress doesn't just end with the severe pain she goes through but it continues into the dental surgery, she won't go alone as she is so terrified of needles so I have to go through it all with her and it takes about 15 minutes for her to let the dentist near her. I have to stand with her as she lays there, holding her hand all the way through it, letting her express her fear and terror of what is about to happen to her and the dentist and the nurse have never seen anything like it and luckily they know us now and let us get on with it but for fuck sake, I don't want to go through it again, I can't take much more and I am so close to breaking point with this.

There is nothing I can do; there is nothing I can do!! To watch your child go through so much pain knowing there is nothing that can be done. She isn't doing her feeling healing properly yet, it isn't yet her time to do it although she is good at expressing her feelings to me but will only go so far. So she isn't doing her feeling healing and she won't go easily to the dentist so she has to stay in her pain until it is so unbearable that she can't bare it any longer and I have to go through this with her, every bit of it is like she is rubbing my face in all the pain I

have created in her so it is all dragged out, dragging me behind her until I am in shreds. I literally feel in shreds right now, unable to cope with her pain, my pain.

I can't cope with my pain and the pain I have caused my children, I can't cope with it, I don't want to see it or feel it, it is too much, it is all so unbearable for me and this is just how I felt as a child. I was unable to cope with my parents' pain, to see them in pain was the end of the world to me, to watch them go through so much pain and hardship and never being able to get out of it and it is just the same as Faye and her tooth pain, she can't escape it, nor can I because I never could escape from the pain my parents were in.

I was trapped and that is how I feel now, trapped in the pain of my daughter, hopeless to ever get out and being dragged along with it until I am in shreds. I feel so out of control, just as I was with my parents, this is showing me how I needed to get into control as a child so I could be able to deal with the pain of my parents. I remember the feeling of being swamped and drowning in their pain and struggle in life and I felt like I was constantly drowning with them and had to fix it or find a solution to stop the pain, **JUST STOP THE FUCKING PAIN NOW! I AM FUCKING DROWNING AND DYING HERE!!!!!!!!!!**

I can't cope with my pain, my parents' pain, my children's pain! I can't deal with it any more. There is too much of it and it is taking me under, overwhelming me constantly! I feel in a permanent state of confusion because I am so out of control with my pain, I can't stop it, I can't do anything about it, it is the monster I have always been one step away from because I did all I could not to feel it, not to let it take me and finish me off. Now it has me and it feels like I am waiting for it to kill me.

I can't cope with my pain, my parents' pain or my children's pain it is all too much for me, too huge. I feel I am trapped underneath it all and never to be set free from it. As soon as there is a short break from pain, another pain comes in and sweeps me away. I am so scared of pain, pain terrifies me, my feelings terrify me and I am so scared, so terrified of feeling my painful feelings, what will they do to me? I feel like they will kill me. I feel like I want to die inside when I hear about Faye's tooth pain rearing its head again, it really is a monster to me coming to get me again because it hasn't finished with me yet.

YES I hurt my kids, YES I filled them with all of my pain, YES I now have to face it all and I am terrified of it and what I have done to them because I can't help them, I can't take their pain away so I have to live with what I have done to them and go through the constant pain they both bring to me, they are so damaged, I am so damaged, so swamped in all I have done to them and all of what was done to me.

I literally feel like I am dying, drowning in my mountain of pain, it is crushing all the life out of me. I don't know what to do. I do, but I feel like I don't, I know I have to feel my way through this but I am so exhausted with it recurring all the time, coming to get me constantly, never leaving me alone. Faye comes to me with her pain and I want to say please fuck off, I can't deal with it and that is just what I wanted to say to my parents; "I just can't cope with your pain, please fuck off and leave me alone I can't deal with your pain, it is t much for me, I am only a child and I can't cope with it, I am traumatised by your pain, I am damaged by your pain and I just want to die to escape from it, to not be here, to go out of body so I can deny all the pain you have put into me, all the pain I watch you both go through. I want to disappear so I don't have to deal with it. I want to deny it all so I don't have to feel your pain because it Is too much for me, a child".

I feel like this with Fay too, she is my parents putting all their pain on me, a child who can't cope with the weight of their pain. I felt it was always my job to make it all good again and take away their pain and I have tried to do that with everyone because 'everyone' is my parents putting all their shit on me and I need Faye's pain to connect me back to the pain my parents put on me, to feel the helplessness I felt as a child and the desperation to find a solution to their pain, something I have always tried to do, it is my job to get everyone out of their pain when my healing is the complete opposite to all I felt I had to do. Now I can no longer get anyone out of their pain, I have to leave them in it and feel all of my feelings about it and about why I feel it is my responsibility to take their pain away when God wants it like this for them.

I have heard the voices of my Mother and Father telling me to give Faye back to them, I no longer have to find the cure for anyone and it was to big a responsibility for my parents to put on a child, it was never my job to do that and

it was cruel to make me believe it was my job and my fault the pain was there. My true parents are with me, I can feel them but it is so hard to give Faye back to them when I feel her pain is my fault and my problem to cure and this is how my parents made me feel about their pain. There is a feeling in me of letting Faye go, I can feel the pull of Mother and Father yet also, I can feel the truth of my feelings being shown to me when I ask them to help me and I can see why I need Faye's pain, because it is my pain too and my parents pain and their parents pain, for fuck sake it is the pain of my lineage and I feel I have it all on my shoulders.

My parents made me feel I was responsible for their pain and for fixing it and Faye is bringing this truth of my childhood and how I was parented to be. She is helping me feel the truth of how it was for me and it was too much, I couldn't cope with it all, it was too much for a little child. I felt so helpless and useless because I couldn't make my parents feel any better; I was a useless let down and of no use to them because I couldn't make them feel good.

I was powerless to help them as I am powerless to help Faye with her tooth pain. I feel so fucking useless and just want to cry in devastation because I was misled in believing I had any power to take pain away, my parents made me believe I could, it was my job but it's not, it's evil to take someone's pain away and if God didn't want them to have it then they wouldn't. My parents made me believe I was God and could take their pain away, they made me arrogant in that way believing I had some sort of power to make it all good again but I can't and I don't have any power at all.

I am so scared and so terrified about never being out of pain, about not being able to take my children's pain away and I feel like I want to die which is just more of me wanting to deny my pain. I am so scared of my pain and that of others and I feel so fucking hopeless.

Can't accept myself.

17 January 2019

I can't stop being my fucked up self, I say to myself that I am not going to be like that but it is who I have been made to be, I am like that and I find myself still trying not to be but that is just more mind shit control going on. I am fucked up and that is the truth, anything else, any other way I try to be is bollocks (nonsense; rubbish). I am wrong, all wrong, everything I do is so wrong and I still keep trying with my mind to be right, do it better, not do it again but of course I do it again because that is the truth of how fucked up I am, I am wrong so no trying not to be wrong is going to work, I am so wrong and that is who I have to be, the wrong me without any covering it up, put it all out there for me to see the truth of.

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

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



Just give up.

9 February 2018

Today, just now it has really hit me that it is all futile and useless and all I can do is to give up. I can't control anything in my life, not a thing so why am I even trying to control things, it can't happen. I can't stop eating, I can't make any money, I can't make it all ok for my kids, I can't make myself feel God's Divine Love, I can't do anything and I never could so why don't I stop trying so hard to make it all happen. I am weak and useless and I can't do it, it won't happen no matter how I try.

I am constantly hungry and I feel so pathetic and weak and useless and hopeless, I can't make myself stop feeling hungry so give up trying and wishing it was another way, stop wishing I was someone I am not. I am not thin and I never will be, I can't do it, I give up God, I am so hopeless and I can't control myself. I just give in, I can't do it and that is the truth I have always felt inside but pretended I am not like that but I am, I am weak and useless and I can't control myself. I need someone else to control me like a diet set out by someone that will parent me through my weight loss because I can't do it myself. I need someone else to control me because I am out of control and don't want to be responsible for myself, I want someone else to be. Mum and dad are still controlling me in all I do because I can't do it myself. I feel so fucking useless. There is no hope for me; I can't do it alone. Just give up on myself as ever being in control, give it up. Give up all control and let God guide me.

I can't do it, I can't give up my addictions, I am getting worse not better. I no longer have them to tell me no so I am saying yes to it all and getting fatter. I am so unhappy being like this, I hate myself being fat but I am in a compulsion to eat and I can't stop it. I don't want to stop eating, I love it, it tastes so good, it makes me feel good, I love food, it's all I have to love, take that away and I have nothing, nothing to look forward to. I would be so unhappy with nothing in my life to get my good feelings from. Food makes me feel like I have something, without it I would have nothing.

It's the only thing I had to look forward to in life, take it away and I have nothing good. I didn't have love but I did have food which replaced love and it still does, I have no love but I have food, take it away and I have nothing and that feels so

bad, empty and devastating, having nothing feels like there is no point living. There is nothing to do so what's the point in living. Food is all I have because I have no love, it replaces love so without food I have nothing and with nothing there is no point in existing.

You see, I have no love in me, food gives me a pretend feeling for love so take food away and there is nothing left in me, I am hollow and empty so I eat and eat as much as I can to fill up on false love feelings that I get from food that is why I am getting fatter because I have no love in me if I did I wouldn't need so much food. Food replaces the love I don't have so if I stop eating as much I have nothing because there is no love inside me so I need my substitutes.

I am of no love. I am of no love.

There is no love inside me so I need as much food as I can get.

Loss of power.

11 January 2018

I don't want anyone to know what I know, I feel powerful knowing something no one else knows and if they discover it I feel deflated and normal and nothing special because now someone else knows what I know so I am not the only one now, I am no longer special. I want to be so special, secretly that's what I want but I never am. I am always so insignificant in life and that is how I feel.

I listen to Trevor on the phone willing him not to get too close to what I know when he speaks to his clients, then he does, my whole heart sinks, but then I listen more and he is back in the mind's control telling his clients to go the way of the mind and I feel good again, back in power. He never speaks of healing with God so that makes me feel safe but if he ever did, I would feel like there was no point any more, he now is healing the way I am, with God, I am no longer special, I am no longer powerful as he knows what I know.

I don't want him too, I don't want him to take my power, I want to be better than him, he is wrong and I am right. I want that power over him, it's the power dad

had over me and still has, I could never know more than my dad so I stayed powerless and he stayed powerfully. Now I am the same as him, I am him. I have the same rage as he does when someone over powers him, I hate them, I could kill them with rage but I am never allowed to express that so I just drool over and keep it all inside.

I don't want anyone to be more powerful than me and I am using my healing and what I know to gain power, not to heal myself but to feel strong and powerful in what I know, it makes me feel good, really good and to lose that, well, I feel awful, like I am nothing, so weak and powerless and so angry and hateful inside like I could scream but of course, I am not allowed to, it is not acceptable to express my anger and rage.

Losing power to someone else crushes me, kills me inside, makes me feel like I don't exist and I am nothing, annihilated out of creation. I don't matter and am a pathetic, nuisance person. I will never be anything to anyone and no one will ever take me seriously. I feel broken in bits and trampled over.

Knowing what I know gives me strength and power, makes me feel good and strong and if someone comes along knowing more or is better than me, I hate them, they have just crippled me and stripped me of my power, I can't even explain how bad and awful that feels to me inside, it's just like my whole being melts away into insignificance, it's a mortal wound that I won't allow myself to feel to the depths needed. I need your help, God, to feel the truth of this pain and heal it, help me get to the root please, I beg you God, I don't want to be like this, I want to change. It's such a deep feeling of having to control everyone so I always am better than them, they can't be better or know more and if they do, then I am overwhelmed by them because I can't control them. Dad overwhelmed me, I couldn't get the better of him, I couldn't control him so I just had to submit and give in which is how I am feeling now, I can't fight him any more and that is what I have been doing all my life, I am exhausted, I have been doing it with everyone and I can't control them, I just have to give up. Give up with Trevor and the fear of him taking it all from me, I can't control him so just submit and let whatever happens, happen. I am feeling less desperate now, like calmer and I don't want to fight anyone any more, it's too hard, too much for me. I want to submit to them all and let them do what ever.

Who am I!!!!

6 March 2021

Today I woke up to the same mundane program that runs every morning for me, I think to myself should I do it all differently but that would be trying! And trying is using your mind to change things so I just let the mundane program run. The same program runs every morning, get out of bed, pick up my glasses and my water bottle at the side of my bed, put on my pink dressing gown and go down stairs, sometimes I might go wee first and then other times I do that later. I go into the lounge and put on my computer to see the news. Every day I have the same wish, that it could all be different, all be so much better and so much more exciting. As a child I had these same wishes, wishing my life was something so much more exciting and promising myself as a child, that I would make my life more exciting and I have tried that, throughout my life I have made things different for myself but it has always come back to this, the truth of how life really is for me, the truth of how it was for me as a child, boring!!

I can't escape from it, I tried for many years. I created businesses and went on great holidays to make life how I wanted it to be, running from the boring existence of being a child and how it was with my parents. I have never been able to really escape though, I am right back there now and it is like the truth has just been watching me running and knowing and waiting for me to come back to it, knowing there is no other way for me. I have gone in one massive loop from boring, out to mind created living and now back to boring, it always knew I would be back!

Now I sit here being that bored child I have run from all my life, I am now at one with her and living that truth of how awful it felt for me as a child to be so bored with nothing to do but the 'Will' of my parents. Now I am sitting in this void of nothingness and there is nowhere to go, I can no longer escape from it and I want to scream at the nothingness of it all. There really is Nothing! Inside me, it feels like I am sitting in a room that is eternally white and there is only me and no matter where I go it is just more white, no walls, no edges, just a white void of nothingness. It has taken me 53 years to just stop and be with it, the void. 53 years of running from it and I am so tired and exhausted that now I give in! I can't run any more so I have now allowed it, surrendered to it, the truth has me.

Now I know there is nothing for me, I am trapped here. I am as trapped as I have always been by my parents will. I have always been trapped inside of their will, doing their will, living their will, buying the things I think they would approve of so I don't even know what it is that I like because my life is all 'them'. I have no idea who I really am outside of them. What do I like? What do I want? Who am I really? I don't have a clue and I feel insane with it right now, that I have no idea of 'ME'. It is very scary, I wrote what I just wrote and felt a slip in my mind of utter confusion and that terrified me, like a madness inside me that I have no idea who I am, I am alien to myself and that is terrifying.

Who am I without them?

Who am I without my parents?

How do I get them out of me?

What is left without them inside me?

Why is that so terrifying?

What is left of me without their will controlling my life?

What will I do without them?

I am so scared to live my own life without them!

I depend on them!

I am too scared to be without them!

They are all I know!

I don't feel safe without them!

How will I cope without their will controlling me?

I feel like a terrified child!

I am a terrified child!

I always have been a terrified child!

I am not enough, I need them!

I cannot live life without them!

I am so scared!

I am so terrified!

I need them or I will die!

I am a little child who cannot exist without her parents!

I am that little girl feeling so scared of losing her parents so I have always kept them close. I hate that I am so dependent on their 'Will' but it is me, they programmed me to need them above all else because they needed to be needed

so much because they were not wanted or needed by their own parents, so they had me. Someone who would need them. And when I said to them that I didn't need them any more, it broke their heart and they blamed me for hurting them when it was them that had me just because they needed someone to love them, so they could feel loved. That was my job in life, to make them feel good and wanted and loved and when I turned round and said to them that I didn't need them any more, they turned against me. They never saw me for me! They never thought that one day I would discover that I was a person in my own right and not here just for them, like a robot they had created to make them feel good. I had a 'Will' and that has killed them.

This is a terrifying journey, to separate myself from my parents 'Will' over me, shit, it's a killer. There is nothing harder in this world than feeling the truth of Childhood!

Your parents are the Virus.

24 March 2020

Speaking with Corona (Coronavirus)

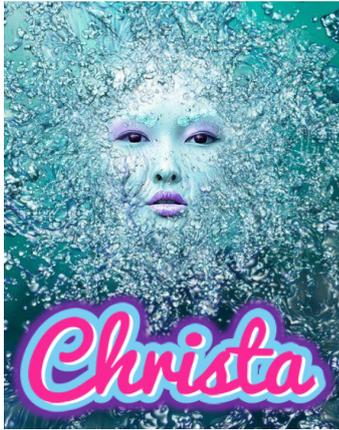
“Corona”: I am not hurting you, you are all already hurt. All I am doing is making you feel the truth of how you really feel deep down inside. I am not killing you, your parents have already done that to you, it is how you have felt throughout your life and now you are going through the physical manifestation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



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

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

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

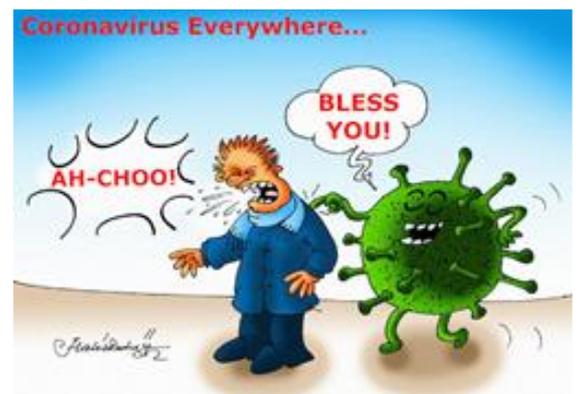


I am Corona, Sam speaks with me through her Nature Spirit, Christa, and I can only tell her what she is capable of understanding so it is all pretty basic but that is how I want to speak with you, as children, so you get it. I



am the thing you fear the most but you all misunderstand me, you hate me, you fear me, you are so afraid of what I will do to you if I infect you. You fear me killing you, making you feel so bad but isn't this all so familiar, isn't this how you felt about your parents at times in your life, isn't this how they made you feel only allowing yourself to feel a tiny portion of the pain they inflicted on you, the rest went denied and suppressed and that is what I feed on, what you will not feel. It is them you fear and I am helping you feel that truth. I am not bad at all, I am good, working for your good, you have to turn how you feel about me around to see the truth of me. I am here to help the world heal if you would only allow me to by ending the resistance to me. Let me work on your denied and suppressed childhood feelings, connect with how I am making you feel because this is how your parents made you feel, it is the same, no different. It is those denied feelings and your resistance to feel them that is killing you.

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



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

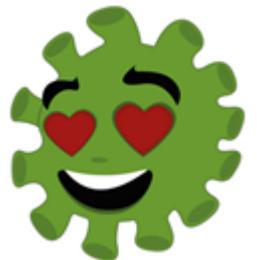
parents and that is how I have to work with you all and you will all feel me differently depending on the severity of your will denial and suppression.

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

Accept the way I am making you feel right now, express how I am making you feel right now and let the truth come to you through your feelings, how am I making you feel, this is how your parents made you feel. It is not me killing and harming you making you feel so ill and bad, it is your parents.

Please go to your feelings as I have asked you to do and you will begin to see the truth of how bad you have always felt, I speak the truth. Let the healing I bring to you open you up to the truth of how you felt as a child. You were parented by two of the same Viruses, they are the Virus that is within you right from your conception and took away your will just as I am doing to you now. I am treating you the same way as your parents treated you as children and you refused to see it so denied it.

All of humanity will be affected by me to a lesser or greater degree. I will enter every life on Earth and show you the truth of your denied and suppressed childhood pain by how I make you feel. I will make you realise the pain and fear of how you were parented and the more you keep up your resistance of me, the more painful it will be for you. So I ask you to let me in, stop the fight as you cant win and you never could as children, your parents always won over you so I have to do the same, as I have said, I can't be any worse to you than how your parents were to you, they have set the pace for how I work with you, it is them and their parenting of you that set the way I work on humanity. I am not making you feel anything that has not already been put into you by your parents, it was already inside you and I am triggering it for you to feel. I am reuniting you with the truth of how hurt and unloved you feel because



of your unloving childhoods. You will know yourself like never before, your will know the truth at last about your pain and how it was for you as children. It is time to take of the rose tinted glasses and really know the truth.

I am not BAD, your parents were, I am only being them to you, this is how unloved you felt by them and it is coming up for you to know. No one will escape me, you are all hurt children, even the 80 year old is just a hurt child in an older body who



has gone on longer being unaware of the truth of his pain, he has been in denial longer but you are all the same no matter how old you are. The 80 year old has had 80 years to wake up to his denied and suppressed childhood pain, he has always been a trapped and 'Locked Down' little scared child. No one will escape me, of that you can be sure, I am so tiny yet I have the power to end it all just as your parents had the same power over you all. You all have the power to turn this around and all you have to do is to begin feeling how I am making you feel, accept every feeling, express every feeling and find the truth through your feelings. Do this and I will lose strength and lose the hold I have over you because I no longer have to make you feel so bad to make you feel your feelings. Stop the resistance to me, run to me, let me in to your life, want me to show you the truth of your pain, talk to me and we can work together to heal you and turn the tide. If you decide to further resist me then it will only get worse with new viruses being created, stronger ones to make you feel even worse until you get it!!

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



You don't need any Vaccines, that is just further resistance to me and I will have to be stronger with you all by creating more powerful viruses, ones that you don't have vaccines for. Your

resistance to me controls what I have to do next to get you to stop and FEEL! If you decide to vaccinate against me then you have chosen to further deny me and your bad feelings and it makes it all worse for yourself. Your feelings and expression of them are all you need to end this terrible time you are going through, you are in control of my next move, your denial of your feelings lead the way.

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

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



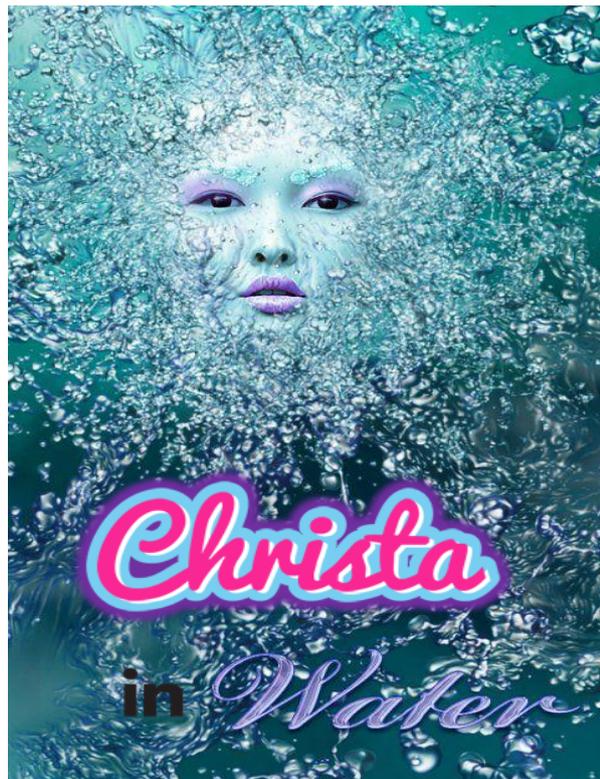
What does Christa, the Nature Spirit look like?

Sorry for the late reply John, I love what you have written and to be included is so good, thank you. I have tried to draw Christa but failed miserably, I can capture her movement as she is constantly moving. What I see of her is a face in rippling water and she is so young and beautiful, the nearest I could get to her is in the photo included but she doesn't really look like that, she is pure white with red lips and so fluid.

My writings with Christa about Corona Virus have been a great comfort to me as well as all Verna, a Nature Spirit, has had to say, she is amazing, what incredible information to have access to.

Thank you again John for all you do.

Sam.



My Son's Loneliness.

2 May 2019

My son came over tonight telling me about how lonely his work is, his relationship is, his room he rents is, his whole life is lonely for him and he hates it. I asked him how he felt about his childhood, did it feel the same? He said it was exactly the same, no one there for him how 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, 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 it's 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 and discovering the truth through his feelings of how it was for him and he has me, the perpetrator, to listen to it all, no matter how bad it is.

Our Parenting is ever so Unloving!

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 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.

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 and 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, it's my life now and there is no longer any mystery, I just go to my feelings for the answers.

Talk it out with a Friend!

Being a bad and unloving parent.

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 when inside I was dreading it all, having to look after two other 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.

Being the Frightened Child.

24 May 2021

When you haven't been truly loved, you live a life of fear and terror. You're a frightened child, so becoming a frightened adult because of the absence of Love. That was all it would have taken, Love. With the true Love of my parents I could have done anything, I would have been so confident and so sure that I had been loved that I could have only been successful at everything but that wasn't for me.

I am so scared of everything and have never felt safe in this body or in this world. Always scared and unsure of life and never being able to make a decision in fear of it being the wrong one so I would rather have someone else make the Choice for me. I have led a coward of a life because of the absence of Love.

Sometimes I wake up in the morning and lay there, perfectly still in fear of what my movements might make me feel. Just for a few moments in the morning, when I am perfectly still, I am fine, ok, so I don't move because that okayness will end and I will feel again, feel bad. Those few moments are the precious ones, I am ok. I am so scared of my bad feelings, I thought I was good at feeling but when it comes to it, I am terrified of my self and my feelings. The really bad ones terrify me and I now know that this is all caused by the absence of love

from my parents. I can never feel safe because I never had their love in me to keep me safe.

It's all so fucking sad, to live a life of such incredible fear, being so confused about it, believing I was loved and then knowing the truth that Love doesn't feel like this, love doesn't make you feel so terrified in life, rejection and hate does. The absence of love is the cruellest state to exist in.



My parents still believe they love me to this day and think that I have lost my mind, no one could have loved their children more. They were the best parents but my feelings have revealed the truth of their parenting and their true feelings towards me. No one who knows love could have suffered as I have, been so tormented by their bad feelings, never had a loving relationship only a reflection of their parents parenting of me and how they truly felt about me, every relationship has shown me that unloving truth. In the absence of love there can only be fear, waking up every day to more fear of what the day will bring. In dread of what physical pain my body will bring me to terrify the life out of me.

Before my feeling healing days all of these deep bad feelings would have been swept away to the deepest places within me, denied out of existence but now, eight years in, they all have to come up and have their say, be felt. It isn't that I enjoy talking about myself; it is that to heal, I have to feel all of my denied and suppressed childhood feelings, every one of them as they come to light within me. There is so much, so, so, many feelings and so many levels to each feeling and to tell the truth, I have no idea how deep they go. Sometimes I feel that I have pulled the root of the feeling out and expressed it all to the core only to find it is still there. Feelings are like not knowing how far down Hell goes and sometimes, in fact most of the time I feel pretty hopeless and in total despair that I will never get to the truth of them but layer by layer and very slowly, I will get there.

Every one on Earth and in Heaven will have to do this one-day. To truly get to know yourself is the bravest thing you will ever do.

I am the worst Mother ever.

25 May 2020

I completely and utterly hate myself; I am the worst Mother ever. I can't love, I can't feel love, I can't give real love, just mind shit fucked up love, just words without any feeling and my kids believe this is me loving them, they think this is love and this is all they will ever know as love until they do their healing. I hate myself; I despise myself for all I have done to them. I am so full of shit that it's painful. I have tried throughout my life so hard to be different but it isn't real, it is all me trying to be someone I am not, pretending to be loving, pretending to be nice, pretending to be acceptable to everyone but the truth is I am none of this bullshit. I am despicable, vile, evil to the core and unable to love. Shit I am gross, so fucking gross. The weird thing is I feel ok now about being so evil and all of those things I have said I am; yet I also feel so grieved about it all. One moment I am crying about what I have done to my children and all of my evilness and unlovingness and then the next I am accepting it all, it is me and it is ok that I am like that. What a fucking crazy way to be. Feeling both feelings, accepting and despising myself all at the same time. I feel like all I can do is accept the confusion of being both accepting and rebelling of my feelings of how I am.



**To Truly get to know yourself is
the Bravest thing you will ever do!**

Menopause.

8 January 2018

More feelings about being out of control. Menopause is all about that, I have no control over what is going on in my body, it's not up to me, it's nature at work and I have no choice but to let it do it's thing. I don't know what is coming next and that scares me. I can't control it, I am out of control and that freaks me out because if I am not in control then something bad could happen to me and I will have to let it happen. When I am in control I can stop the bad things happening to me so I don't have to feel pain. I am scared of being in pain so I am scared of being out of control. The whole menopause thing is all about having to put my trust in nature and keep my control out of it and it's hard so I sit in wait of what bad feeling is coming next to hit me and it scares me, I just have to wait or it to happen, what's next??

When is the next dizzy spell going to come and terrify me, I sit in wait of it scaring me, I have no control over it happening and when it happens I tense my whole body up in fear, every muscle is taught with fear and it is such a pain in my life. I wish it would not happen so that I could have a fear free life without the dread of it coming to get me every day. I am fed up with being so scared of it coming to get me.

I lay in bed every night waiting for vertigo to come like some bad monster under my bed that is coming to get me. If I wake up in the night my instant thought is to move my head to see if the room is spinning, there is no respite from fear and I am tired of it. I have had enough of it controlling my life like I no longer have a say in what happens to me. I don't!!! I am scared of giving in to it all; I am in a constant battle with my bad feelings and trying not to have them. They scare me so much and all I can do is give in to them as they are so much bigger than me, so much more powerful than I am they can do what they want with me and I feel so left out hanging by a thread in life. So unsafe that at any moment I will be plunged down into the hell of my bad feelings.

I have led a life of control and now that has to stop and it is out of my hands. Menopause is the ultimate giving in, I can't fight it, it's too huge for me to fight, I have finally met my match. It's time to submit to it as I feel beaten. Just give myself to it and stop the constant fight. Yes, I am getting older Yes, I don't have

My dream.

8 January 2018

A very graphic dream last night me, Harry and the kids were on holiday staying in this Victorian house in somewhere like Brighton. We went out for the day and found ourselves near home so we thought we might as well stay so we went back home. We were all settled when I stood up and screamed we have left all of our cases and stuff at the hotel so Harry said that I had better go back and get it. I was so pissed off but I did it and took Faye with me.

We got there so fast and entered the hotel, went up the dark old stairs to our room and the door was open with our cases on the beds and they had begun packing. I went in saying how sorry I was and that me and Faye would carry on clearing up and was so sorry for delaying them in making the room ready for the next guests.

Faye and myself got packing and Faye kept stopping and mucking about, doing nothing, being useless to me when we needed to be quick and get it done and get out of there. She was so slow and not helping me being interested in other things and I was panicking and getting cross with her, being nasty.

This whole dream was weird and I need God's help. Please Mother and Father help me to find the truth that my dream wants me to know about myself. How does this dream make me feel? Panic, letting people down, being in the way, urgency, fear of having to do it on my own, people being angry with me, me being angry with my children, not caring about them just wanting them to do as I say.

I was horrible in it, I was unloving to Faye, she was only little and I was nasty to her. I hated her in that moment of panic, rush and fear, she was in my way, not helping me, not being of any use to me, pointless and this brings up so many true feelings that I felt about my children at different times when they didn't suite me with what I wanted to do. When they stopped me doing things or got in the way, I hated them and these are the same feelings I felt from my parents, I must have felt them because I felt them about my own children, they were in me because it is how mum and dad felt about me.

My anger at Faye is the anger I felt go into me from mum and dad and I expressed it out onto my children, projected it all at them. Taking out all of my anger and hatred on them in such subtle ways they would hardly know it but would feel the unlovingness enter them, it's all so cunning and insidious.

I was driving back to that hotel, dreading every moment of it because of my reception when I arrived there, what would the hotel owner think of me, and the staff, they will think I an a raving Looney and all give me sly glances as they project their feelings onto me of how insane I am to have just forgotten about my stuff and gone home leaving it all in the room. As I write that I am feeling that is what mum and dad wanted to do with us children, dump us and never come back for us.

The dream brought up more pain of how I am so stupid, how could I have done this, just not remembered the suite case's, what must they think of me, such a mad, crazy woman. It brought up panic to get things done right or I will be told off. Like the clasp on that chain, (this happened earlier that day but it is coming back to me now so i must write about how it made me feel) it was broken and I just had to go and get it fixed that moment, I got to the jewellers and it wasn't worth the money to get it done so I left wondering what all the rush was about. I felt stupid and irrational in my panic for everything to be perfect because then it is wanted, loved, WORTH SOMETHING to someone. That chain was me, broken and imperfect so I wasn't worth anything to anyone, it all feels so right now why I strive to make things good, right and perfect, I want it all to be loved, cherished and wanted and it will only mean that to someone if it is faultless, perfect and beautiful, not broken as I am.

My dream and my days experiences are making much more sense now and through my feelings I am knowing more about why I do the things I do, learning more about myself.

My life Is nothing but a Fantasy.

2 January 2018

The whole of life is one big fucking fantasy, all pretend and made up. Not one bit of it is true or real, so what's the point in living like that. What's it all been about. Bullshit!

All based on emotions, all trying to be the best, to be liked, loved, wanted, admired, all to get the attention needed by us as children but we never got it so we spend our adult lives doing all we can to get our denied childhood feelings fulfilled. That is all life is about, that is all we all are doing in life, none of it being real or true, just a long drawn out journey of pain. It's all we do the things we do for, to get our emotions met by someone because they were not met by our parents.

My life is at the moment, a life of endlessly fulfilling my childhood fantasies, the ones I could only dream about but not manifest as my parents didn't have the interest in me to help me with them so instead I grew to believe my fantasies were childish, silly and not worth any thing. I couldn't trouble my parents with them, they were to embarrassing and humiliating for me to tell them, I felt ridiculous most of the time and they were not important to them but to me, my wants, needs, fantasies and dreams were so important but had to go denied. I never felt important, just stupid and silly.

I have spent my life doing what my parents might approve of and keeping them happy, I needed to do that so I still had there love and support, so I didn't feel lonely without them, being cut off.

It's all been unreal, untrue and not me but all about pleasing them. I don't know me, or what pleases me, or what I like in life, I have no clue only what they want and would approve of.

So my whole life has been a lie, an untrue fantasy life pretending to be someone I am not, being the good little girl, the child that obeyed every one and denied herself out of existence, that is what I did, killed myself and buried my own remains so deep I could never find them again. I have not existed in this world, the person my parents created has been the impostor, living in my place, in my

shoes, over cloaking me all my life.

It's all been not real, untrue, a lie. I don't know who I am at all. I am a stranger to myself and I don't exist and nobody knows me at all because the real me doesn't exist.

None of my life has been real and I don't know who I am, I am a stranger to myself. Please God show me who you created me to be, who am I.



Expressing with my Son.

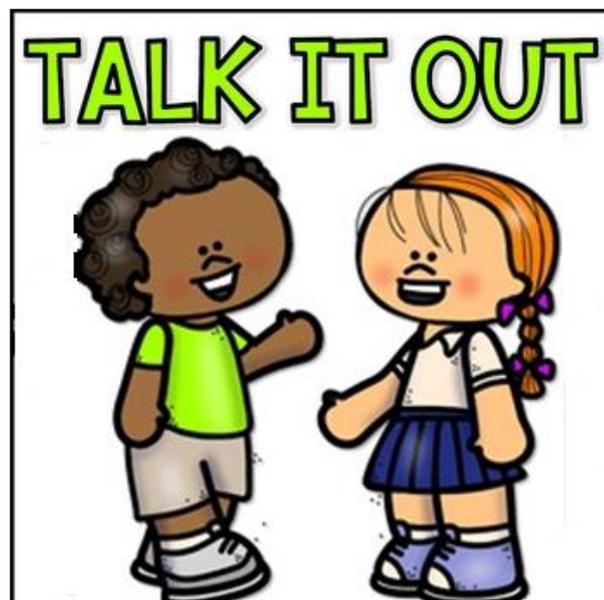
9 November 2019

Just had an expressing session with my Son, he insists I tell him all about how I am feeling; just the same way I listen to him. I told him about my anxiety attack I had yesterday and it scared me. My face was bright red and my cheeks were burning and today they feel sore from the heat. Fuck, I am so pissed off with it all.

He really and truly wants to know about how I am feeling and to have someone who wants to listen is unknown to me and I must admit I don't find it easy to express myself to someone else, I am always the listener and always have been, I was that person for my Mum so I am that person for everyone, the listener. That brings back a memory. Once I looked up what my name meant and then once I got passed the 'Witch' meaning it said 'Listener' and it wasn't wrong.

I am not here for me, I am here for everyone else, I don't even feel like I exist to myself but everyone else sees me, I don't see me, I don't feel aware of myself, it's like I am just floating around but not really here. I suppose, even with my son, it is hard to talk about my feelings to someone who isn't on this journey and can help me go deeper and knows what to say. But he is a good listener and didn't interrupt at all so I went on expressing to him how bad I was feeling and he understands because he gets the same anxiety so he could sympathise.

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



Give our kids anything to shut them up.

17 November 2018

Why do we give our children toys, sweet foods and drinks, iphones, X boxes and TV's? All so we don't have to give our self to them, give them anything to shut them up so we, the parents, don't have to spend time with them and actually connect.

I have done just the same as what my parents did to me, to my children, I have given them everything, thrown the lot at them all so I didn't have to give any of myself, my time to them. I wanted to carry on doing what I wanted to do with out them interrupting just the same as it was for me as a child, it couldn't be any different. Now, I can see how awful I was as a parent, fucking awful and every birthday and Christmas, throwing more shit at them so I can move further and further away from them and just immerse them in stuff, not me, not love.

I didn't have love to give to them so I bought substitutes just as my parents did to me, toys and food and stuff. Now my children buy their own stuff to keep themselves amused and satisfied because what they really needed was never there in them, my love, that connection with me and I thought I was such a good parent giving them all they needed but missing the only thing they ever needed, my love and connection.

I have done it all so wrong, I have missed it completely with them and now it is too late, the damage has been done and I feel so awful at what I have done to them, I can see it, they can't, yet!!! We have talks about it but they don't want to believe it, but I see the consequences of what I have done to them, I see it in everything they do and to watch it is agony and that agony is the consequence of what I have done to them. I am paying for it in pain as I watch them live their lives, I cringe, and want to retract into myself as I see it all. And this is what is called normal living but it's not, it's all wrong, it's what I have taught them and put into them from conception and it is bad, very bad and I have to just let them live it, I have left them with such pain as I heal myself and I feel terrible, like a monster who has caused such pain that my children are still pretty unaware of.

And then I say; well I am off now to heal myself, leaving them with all of the shit I have caused in them, its so bad and so wrong and feels torturous inside of me,

as it should, and when they come to do their healing, they will see it all and hate me and I will be glad they do, at last, because now they will be living in the truth of what I have done to them, instead of the denial they are in now but I can't interfere with that denial, we talk about so much of my healing and they like it but I can't force them to understand.

They still love me and are still in the illusion that I have been the best mother, as I was with mine, but it is wrong and untrue and only through their feeling healing will they know the truth. I know the truth now of what a bad mother I was, but they don't want to know that, it hurts them to believe it is true about me, but it is true and I hate knowing it, and them not, it is like I know something they don't, I am lying to them but they don't want to hear me yet, it is all to come for them.

All that stuff in my
shopping trolley!
Does any of us really
need any of it?



Anger at my parents.

8 October 2018

I am feeling some real anger come up in me since I wrote my last post on the forum.

I am so angry and hurt that it isn't real, fuck you two (my parents) for lying to me and making me believe it was real, fuck you for making me want it so much all my life, fuck you both for making my life one big fantasy. I have never known what to believe, what is truth and what is a lie because I believed you and your fantasies.

We worship our parents as though they are god!

I believed in you both and then had to find out it was all a lie and my life has been fraught with not having any confidence because I was scared to believe in anything in case I made myself look stupid because it wasn't true and that has happened so many times.

Our minds are addicted to Control!
Our minds are addicted to Untruth!
Our minds cannot discern truth from falsehood!

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

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

In this fantasy there is nothing good, it is an evil place and I feel very scared all the time and in a state of confusion as to what I can believe and I always need others to tell me if its real or not. I can't trust anyone or anything because I couldn't trust you. No wonder I was so fucked and now I have fucked my children too. Oh my God I am so angry and pissed off with you both, with everyone. The worst thing for our children are their parents, there is nothing worse no matter how good you think you are, its all bullshit, you are all fucking your children with lies and fantasy. Shit, I am so angry. What the fuck are we doing having children when we are still fucked up children ourselves, how can we ever believe we can be a good parent, we can't, it isn't possible and we are ruining these new little souls.

There is no bigger crime in all the universe than what we are doing to our children and I know because of how I feel. I am so angry and when the anger is allowed and accepted all children will feel this way.

The Biggest Crime is Rearing Children!

What have I done to my Son?

10 October 2019

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

My Son is very sensitive, as I was, he feels everything and today as we walked through town he said he felt like being sick, he felt so anxious just being there, with all the people, feeling like they were coming at him and he can't escape them. He feels the same attack as I do, of course he does, he has taken it all on from me. This is awful, to know what I have done to them in my blind parenting of them both. My Son wants to live another way, he knows he can't live like this but doesn't know what else there is out there for him, he feels his life is doomed

to an existence of pain if he carries on as he is, he wants another way but he is not willing to let me tell him about there being another way.

He is not wanting to accept God or any mention of it. I can go so far with him in his expression of his feelings but if I do anything against his will, if I was to push him, I would have blown it with him. He would shut down and I would feel the shift, I would have just lost him so I have to be very careful how far I go, only as far as he wants to. To see him in so much pain is fucking torture and I have done this to him, I am to blame. I didn't realise what I was doing, I had no idea I was being such a terrible parent, it all happened by default from my own parents, and so back it goes.

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

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

Crying with my Son.

14 October 2019

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

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

As we talked we began to unravel the roots of why he is feeling like this and going back to those childhood places within him and talking about all the times he felt abandoned by me and I listened and agreed with him. I told him he was right to feel abandoned because his feelings are telling him the truth of how I parented him, so alone and lost and abandoned that he wants to end it all, no longer exist just as he didn't exist as a child.

To have to have this talk with your child is the toughest thing you will ever do, seeing the pain you have inflicted on your children, there is no torture like it as you watch a grown man cry like a child in your arms and all you can say is how sorry you are and feel so pathetic doing it, it isn't enough!!! Sorry isn't enough, there isn't anything you can say, the deed has been done and their lives are the result of how unloved they feel and felt as children.

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

Fuck, I have done this to him, drove him to needing to numb himself out of this world and how all it makes him feel, all the ways it reminds him of how abandoned he was/is. I have done this.

He cried more than I have ever seen him cry before as I held him and I didn't want to let him go, my heart feels like it is dying at what I have done, there is no pain like this. I did what many mothers do every day with their children, I was a pretty normal parent, a loving mother, so I thought but since I began my healing I have seen that 'Normal' is wrong and doing so much damage. I worked and sent him off to childminders or his Nan's but he wanted to be with me and I knew that. I decided to put my business and my life before him, I abandoned him when he needed me most and now I can see all the little ways that have had such a huge impact on his life, things mothers do every day and think no more of it but it is hurting their children.

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

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

My Son's text message to me.

15 October 2019

My son has texted me to thank me for our conversation last night. It has helped him to understand why he feels as he does and it is all making sense now.

He thought he was going mad with his feelings and thoughts. And didn't really connect to where he came from but now he can and he sees his abandonment issues as coming from me and his father when he was young.

I don't know where this will go in the future but if he carries on feeling his way through his hurt, pain and anger it will get to a time when he is too angry with me to want to see me but I don't know where he will go with it yet.

This will be a good thing, it will be him getting to the truth of his pain and him not wanting to see me anymore will be such a good and true place for him but at the moment I am the only one who understands him and I am the only one he can talk to about it all and no one knows what he is going through like I do because I am his pain, my unloving parenting of him caused this pain and it is weird for me to tell him about what an unloving parent I was to him and I want him to know this truth but it is still very weird telling my own son about how useless I was as a mother and how unloving I was, very weird.

If he asks me I will tell him all he wants to know about how I was with him and it's a risk, it could mean that he will never want to see me again but for him to begin to know the truth, it is worth it all.

A mad time with my children.

21 October 2019

The last few weeks have been insane with my two children, one after the other coming to me with their feelings, fears, nightmares, problems it has been non-stop and almost too much for me to cope with as well as my own healing. I feel completely overwhelmed by the bombardment of their feelings firing at me constantly.

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

It is all so much, too much for me, I feel like collapsing in a heap under all of the pain I have caused.

Can't cope with my children's feelings.

22 October 2019

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

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

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

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

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

Oh God, I am so sorry for what I have done, I can't do anything about the misery I have caused them, it was the misery caused to me by my parents, it is all I knew, it was in me by default and I passed that default setting on to you. I have ruined them both.



My son in pain again.

23 October 2019

My son called me telling me he was feeling very bad again, very low and very depressed and needed to talk about it.

I so wish more than anything that I hadn't done this to them, that I hadn't caused them all of this anguish and pain, I so wish it was all different but this is the truth. I have harmed my children and now they are telling me all about the many ways I have damaged them both and it is so fucking hard to listen to. I can barely bare the pain they are going through, and I felt today that just recently they have been so free in expressing themselves to me and it feels weird because it is like something has opened up in them to do this. Like something is pushing them to do so and talk about their feelings to me, opening them up so I know what I have done, so I know the truth about what I have done to them. I know it sounds crazy but I felt like their Angels and mine have got together and opened up the feeling flood gates so I can see the truth because it just hasn't stopped.

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

I know I keep saying it, but this is all my fault and I don't even include their fathers in this, I see it as all down to me and what I have done to them, it's like their fathers don't even exist, it's all my doing and now I am paying for it. My children don't even know any of this really; they just keep on expressing how bad they feel without knowing what I have done. Well, they know a certain amount about my healing, sometimes they have asked me questions about what I am doing and why but they don't know how dreadful I am feeling about what I have done to them, that it is my fault, they don't really know all of the ins and outs of it and I can only explain so much about it because I know they are not ready to hear it all yet but I have told them enough so that when their time comes they can connect to what I have told them.

Suddenly their expression of their feelings has become so open, they tell me they need to talk and we go and sit together and talk it all out, they cry and do what

ever they need to do to express themselves and it has happened so naturally and I have been quite astonished by it of late.

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



LET'S TALK
IT OUT

Feeling a bit better.

24 October 2019

Although so much is going on with me and my children, I have noticed that I am feeling a bit better about myself. I don't feel like I hate myself so much which is nice. I feel that it has lifted from me all that hatred I felt because I have put on weight, I just don't feel like it matters and I have a 'so what' feeling about it now. I don't feel ashamed like I used to, the whole self-loathing feeling has gone and today I actually felt quite good about myself. I never thought I could accept myself like this but I feel I can. I really feel that this is me, this is the me I have been hiding all my life behind a skinny girl who denied herself everything she wanted just so she could be accepted and loved.

No, this is me and I can really feel that today. I am now being the truth of my fucked up condition and I feel such a relief that I don't have to keep up all of that pretence any longer, it was so tough to be constantly dieting, starving myself, making myself ill with anaemia just to be loved and now I see how unloving it all has been. I am so happy that I am finally breaking through to some sort of acceptance.

I actually feel like I can go out into places where people might know me. I can stop hiding in shops when I see someone I know because I don't want them to see me like this. I have been so scared of what people might think of me looking like this with no make up, greys in my hair, a bit more weight, shitty clothes, etc, it is so different from the hairdresser I used to be, always looking good. I don't even feel like I need a mirror any more because I don't need to check myself or do my hair and make up. I am just me, it doesn't matter how I look and that is such a fucking relief. When I am myself I don't need to add anything to myself. I have stopped trying to improve myself, make myself look prettier, it's all just not important anymore and I don't want to do it.

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

Out of control.

9 January 2018

Shit I woke up feeling so DIZZY and sick, I was shaking uncontrollably and it terrified me. This was at 4.00 am. I now see how scared I am of being out of control. I am terrified of what will happen to me if I give up my hold on life. I am fucking terrified. If I don't control it all what will happen? Everything will fall apart around me. Nothing will get done, people will hate me for doing nothing and letting it all go wrong. What's the worst that could happen if I lose control? I lose everything, all my comfort, all my safety.

Keeping it all in my control keeps me safe and I am terrified of not being safe and the pain of being in pain. I want to keep control so I don't have to feel bad or any pain. It is always in my mind "What will happen to me"? The not knowing the outcome, am I going to be ok or left on the streets with no home, nothing and no one to look after me! I am scared of being responsible for myself and others. I am not enough; I will let them down.

Being out of control terrifies me. I have a demand for certainty, that everything will turn out alright, that I am going to be safe and be looked after in life and I don't have that now, I have no one to look after me any more, to feed me with my shot of certainty. I am alone and it is all my responsibility and it is all so uncertain and I am scared, I want to know I will be safe. I have to let go of the need for certainty. Needing to know the outcome of life so I will be safe. I want to know how it ends for me. I don't want an uncertain life; I want to know how it all turns out.

Pink dressing gown.

14 February 2018

I feel so useless again, what am I doing, nothing. Just sitting here in my pink dressing gown, as I do day after day doing nothing. I feel bad, guilty that I am doing nothing as Trevor busies himself with this and that and I do nothing. It is like when I was a kid and mum went around the house like a lunatic doing everything and never taking any time for herself because that would be bad and selfish, she had to keep on doing things for everyone and she is still the same, keeping busy all the time and Trevor is just the same. It makes me feel that they

are thinking how lazy I am, while they run around doing things, I do nothing. I feel bad and naughty for not helping or doing stuff too.

Do they think I am wasting my life away, probably but I am not, I am feeling and doing what I want to do and I don't want to keep myself busy just so I don't have to FEEL.

Because if they stop for a moment they just might have to feel what I am feeling, how useless and pathetic they really are under all of the disguise of keeping busy, it's a facade, a false front so they don't have to feel the truth.



I am feeling the truth of how useless I am and feeling how everyone feels about me as I do nothing and stay in my pink dressing gown all day never getting changed like you are suppose to do. I don't want to, I am comfortable as I am and I am not going out so I am ok. They don't like it though because I am supposed to do what everyone else does, fuck them.

Yes, I want to feel all of my feelings, feel how their projections and judgments of me feel, like they are worried for me, that I am sinking down into a deep black hole of depression because I don't want to busy myself, I want to do nothing and they can do what they want. I want to stay true to myself so that means staying in my pink dressing gown and doing nothing. I like doing nothing, I don't want to do anything and it unease's people. They feel very uneasy when someone doesn't do the normal thing like getting dressed and going to work but I don't want to.

I just want to sit on my bed and write about how I feel. I really do still care about what people think of me though, I can feel that pull in me still to not do what I want and do what is expected of me by every one else's standards, there is a definite pull to be a good girl and be accepted by doing the right and good thing such as getting dressed and finding a job or busying myself, I can feel that is in me to do that still but when I go to my feelings they tell me what I really want to do and that is to stay in my pink dressing gown and just write about my feelings. What is so bad about that?

Well, I am making every one else uncomfortable by not towing the line and making them feel good by me getting going and doing something productive but I can't because I don't want to. Keeping busy is such denial of truth, the denial of the truth of your feelings, you are keeping busy so you don't have to feel and I am no longer doing that, I am stopping and feeling all that comes up in that stopping.

Power .

2 January 2018

Everything I do is for power, to gain some sort of power or one-up-manship. Even health is a power play, I want to be as healthy as I can because when I am ill I lose power, I become weak and pathetic and vulnerable and this is a huge loss of my power. To be healthy is to be powerful. When I used to get ill all the time I would think to myself, what's wrong with me, why am I so ill all the time? I would get so upset about it as it made me look so weak and powerless. I hated feeling like that, it made me feel like I was a burden, oh, she's ill again, I hated what people would think of me, how weak they thought I must be, it was embarrassing, I lost power.

No one wants to go out with a sickly person who is always ill, I was humiliated by my weakness, and it is not a good quality, not attractive. I would be rejected and alone because no one wants to be bothered with an ill person. Why me, I would think, it's so unfair that I get so ill, that my immune system is breaking down and I am so fucked all the time. It's so unfair, I fucking hate it, I hate me, I am so pathetic.

Power is attractive, it's what every one wants in life, it's what we all strive for constantly because it was taken from us as children as we did the will of our parents and made them powerful. Being over weight is a powerless, weak, position to be in. It shows your flaws, it shows that you can't control yourself and have a weakness in addiction to food. It's horrible that it's such a visually obvious flaw in me; it's out there for all to see. It's like hey everyone, look how fat I have gotten all because of my emotions. So humiliating, that everyone knows my dirty little secret, that I am really and truly weak, pathetic and powerless. I am so embarrassed by it. I can't control myself so I just eat and eat

all day. No control, no power.

I am eating because I no longer have to wait or ask mum if I can have this or have that, I can just help myself and eat when I want to. I can have chocolate when I want it without asking but that guilt is still in me like I can hear mum saying, no Sam. Now there is no more no! I have what I want, i am in control now.

Power taken.

7 February 2018

I read through Trevor's work and look for something that is the same as i believe, some of it is, but the basis is all mind expansion and transcending, not based on healing feelings but healing the mind through changing your thoughts. Healing cannot be done through the mind, because the mind is a tool for the soul, feelings, it is subordinate to them.

**The mind is a tool for the soul,
feelings, it is subordinate to them.**

I feel a fear in me as I read through his work because I don't want him to be right, I don't want him to be better than me or have it right because it takes my power. It renders me useless like I have nothing and he has it all. He is the all powerful one and I am subservient to him. I want him to fail, I want him to go the mind way and fail. So I can maintain my power over him, I want dominance over him because I have got it right and he has it wrong and that makes me feel good, strong and powerful over him.

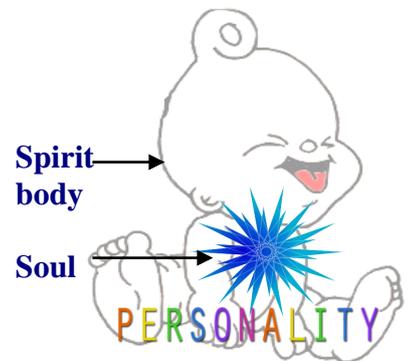
If he began to get it right I would be crushed, I would weaken and be a pile of nothing on the floor, I wouldn't have the energy in me to get back up from such a blow. I just want him to be wrong and me to be right, I want all men to be wrong. They take my power, it is my dad taking my power as a child, I had to be subordinate to him so he had all the power and I feel such anger with every man, they are a threat to me, they take my power and crush the life out of me until I

am lifeless and dead inside. Men make me feel dead and powerless because that is how dad made me feel.

I think I hate men, but I am not allowed to show it, I have to be good and nice and polite to them but underneath I feel the truth is the opposite. I hate them, I want to scream at them, rip them apart and stamp all over them because of the power they have taken from me making me a slave, a worthless servant to them so they can be the powerful ones and not me, I feel so fucking angry I want to rip them up. Put them in a field and blow them to pieces. I hate them all. I am so scared of men, even my son, I am scared of not pleasing him in case he gets angry and violent to me, I feel that about all men, I have to appease them or I will be in trouble, even get hurt or be killed. I really feared for my life at some points in my past. Man can and will kill, man is stronger than woman and will dominate her and demoralise her and take every inch of any power she has left in her, he will ease it out of her in so many cunning ways.



I do hate men, I can feel the hate and anger in me. I want to rebel against them, fight them all the way, take their power out of them like they have done to me. But I say that but truly I feel inside me a great pain to do that to anyone, to have someone else feel as powerless as I have felt in my life would be like killing someone slowly, taking all of there life force out of them would be the worst thing I could do to any being and I don't want to hurt anyone. But I do have the rage and anger in me which needs to be expressed.



Ruined my children's lives

6 January 2018

I have ruined the lives of my children and they don't even know it. I feel like I know how ruined they are and they have no clue and it is awful when you know something awful about someone and they don't know, I can't even tell them, they wouldn't know what I am talking about. I can see all the bad that I have done to them as they live out all of the injuries I have put into them. They are now showing me what I have created and I can't interfere with them, I have to let them experience the pain which is their default settings at conception, this was my gift to them at conception so they were conceived sick, right from the start they were flawed because of me and their fathers' injuries that were all unhealed and we created a child to have power over and fuck up right from the word go.

I have to watch the train crash happening bit by bit, it feels like a punishment to watch it all unfold in my children's lives, I want to cover my eyes and not watch, I want it to all go away, I want to un-know what I now know, it is all too much to have my own pain to heal and then see what I have done to my children and they are me, playing out all of my fears one by one in excruciating slow motion, living them in front of me. I feel like I want to help them but I can't, they don't want my help so all I can do is feel it all and there is so much. I can't interfere unless they ask me to help them but it feels unbearable to see what I have done to them.

I feel like I want to hide away from them because I know I have done this to them and to see your pain ruin someone else's life is just excruciating to watch. All I can do is feel about it, feel the guilt, the remorse, the shame, the sorrow, I feel for them at what I have done. In the past I have said how desperately sorry I am but they don't 100% understand me and feel sorry for me which I don't want.

It makes them feel bad when I talk like this and tell them how it is, they don't want to blame me and don't really get it because they have a misguided love for me because that is the programming, you have to love your mother and father, but it's bollocks when you know the truth of what they have really done to you which is not love.

It all needs to be turned around and I want to say stop loving me, only love me when you know the truth and have done your healing, it's ok not to love me. In fact it's right not to love me because your love is not real. It's an illusion, a programmed response of society so don't love me until you are healed because it is a lie.

Scared of being dizzy

20 February 2018

Today I have been so dizzy. It's like walking around being drunk, I can't feel my feet, it's like floating and it is horrible and very unsettling. I have been in a fear all day because of it, scared to move or do anything because I have felt so dizzy, like I could black out any moment and not be here. Is that what I fear, not being here, blacking out and maybe dying. Is that the fear?

I go into a panic, a terror of oh no, what's happening to me, am I going to pass out, am I going to die, what's happening to me. I don't know and I want to know what the truth is, why am I feeling so DIZZY. I need help Mother and Father; I need your help to find the truth.

I am so scared of feeling dizzy it terrifies me but why. I am terrified of what could happen to me, I am not in control of it, of whether I pass out or not. I am not in control and that terrifies me not to be in control. It's like someone else is controlling me, who and what will they do to me. I am out of control.

When I am dizzy I can't do what I want, I can't lay down because it all spins in my head, I can't sleep because the room spins, I can't stand up because it is all swaying and I feel awful and so scared of what is happening to me. I want it to stop, go away I want to be normal again where I can live my life how I want to not being scared to move in case I pass out or have a really bad episode of dizziness. I wish it would just fuck off and let me be. It makes me so anxious, nervous to do anything. I am scared to move. It makes me feel like I have to hold on or I will fall. It makes me feel like I am so alone and with only me to save myself and I am not enough. I can't do it alone but I am so ashamed to tell others how I am feeling because they can't feel how bad I am feeling so they can't help me. I am alone and I don't want to be, I want someone to Care about me

and love me so I can feel safe and not like I am just about to fall off the edge of the world into an abyss.

I feel like only mum can save me, she is all I have; she is my safety. When I get dizzy I can tell her but she still can't take it away, I am alone with it, I am alone with my feelings, all the terrifying bad ones I am alone with and I have no one to save me from them because I have no one to listen to me. No one wants to truly hear how scared I am inside, how alone I am with my bad feelings trapped inside me with no outlet. Who do I have to listen to me, no one and it's a very lonely place.

When you are scared, you are on your own, no one can stop it for you, you have to go through it and I have felt terrified and alone with that terror. Nobody understands me or wants to help me by listening so I can get it all out. I am scared, I am terrified, I am alone and scared of being alone because if something happens to me there will be no one to save me. I want a saviour; I want my mum. I want her to stop the bad thing happening to me, the bad thing being dad. I would always ask mum never dad, he was too scary. He terrified me, mum didn't, I wasn't scared of mum. But if she wasn't there then I had no one, I couldn't go to dad, never would I go to dad, he was too scary.

When I get dizzy I am petrified to do anything, it overwhelms me and it has me in its control. I can't do anything and that is how I feel a lot of the time, like I can't do anything. I am too scared to do anything. I need mum to help me; support me because I can't do it alone, I am scared.

Dizziness puts me into my terror. It shows me the truth of how scared I really am of being and feeling alone. I am terrified, I can't do anything alone, it will be too scary and I will die or something terrible will happen and I will be in trouble. I am terrified of being in trouble and getting shouted at by dad, his wrath terrified me so I didn't do anything then I couldn't get told off and then I don't have to feel my fear, so I don't do anything then I am safe. If I don't do anything when I get dizzy then I will be safe. If I move I will feel worse then have to feel my fear of moving or doing something.

Scared of being honest

13 January 2018

I feel so bad about what I wrote about Brian's piece, I feel bad about being truthful about how I feel and that tells me that I still believe that the truth is bad and when I write that I feel mum and dad telling me off for being nasty by telling the truth of how I feel, they taught me that the truth hurts people and it is bad thing. So, I am shit scared and feeling so bad about what I wrote about Brian's piece but also feel it was how I felt about it so I wrote it.

It's so much to deal with, so many conflicting feelings pulling me this way and that way, feeling good about writing the truth of how I feel then feeling bad and like a total shit because someone will feel pain and I don't want to hurt them like mum and dad said I would. They taught me to never tell the truth and then told me off for lying to them.

Oh my God I don't know what way to turn. Inside I am feeling all of the confusion of being a child and feeling so anxious about what to do, they tell me to tell the truth, then tell me not to. What do you do with that confusion? And that is why I feel so bad about writing what I did about Brian's piece because mum and dad want me to be a nice girl and always say what the other person wants to hear even if I totally disagree. So, I constantly lied to keep every one happy and to keep me liked and accepted that is why any rejection no matter how tiny or insignificant hit me like a tonne of bricks, devastated me, annihilated me.

I wasn't allowed to say no if I don't like it, so I said yes to everyone, agreeing with them and going along with it all but inside I was screaming NO, I hate it, I don't agree with you.

I am understanding more about why I felt so bad about what I wrote and I am not feeling so bad about it now, I can see the truth of what went on for me and there is a lot more to feel about it but I don't feel as bad.

Scared of feeling

7 February 2018

I am scared of feeling. I am terrified of feeling my bad feelings. I don't want to feel them because I am so scared of something bad happening to me, dying. I don't try anything because I am too scared of an uncomfortable feeling so I keep my life safe. I am terrified of feeling bad.

Scared to be ill

21 January 2018

I have woken up with that awful feeling that I am going to be ill. The back of my nose and throat is rough and sore and that is the first stages of a cold and I am scared of how bad it might get. I am just waiting in doom for it to get really bad and all these awful thoughts are going through my head of how bad will I feel. Will it be so bad I can't cope and have to go into hospital, will I die from it???

I feel scared, help me feel the truth Mother and Father. I am so scared of what will happen to me. I don't want to be ill, it scares me. My throat is sore and I have that hotness up my nose and throat, which tells me that I am going to be ill, and I am dreading it. I thought I got away with it and I wouldn't get this bloody awful cold but it seems I was wrong and it is now coming for me, I am not getting away with anything. I felt special not getting it, like I have healed myself enough not to get ill any more but it has proved me wrong.

I am not special, I get ill just like anyone else and now I feel very un-special, mundane infact and boring with nothing special about me. Let down and disappointed that I get ill just like everyone else. I want to be special, I don't want to be mundane and mortal. I am in one of my fantasy moments of wanting to be supernatural with special powers, shit I live in such a dream, come back to reality Sam.

Reality is too boring, I feel too forgotten, denied, overlooked, unseen unwanted, un-special, rejected in real life, I want to be a super hero with special powers so every one loves me and wants me because I am special. Super hero's don't get ill, they are above all that, they are in a class of their own not like us mundane humans, I don't want to be ill it makes me feel powerless and mundane just like

everyone else, I want to be different, better than every one else, special and powerfully but the truth is I am not any of that and I am getting ill because I have the denied and repressed feelings in me that need me to be ill so I can bring them out and feel how they feel and heal them. So this illness is essential to my healing, it's the only way to bring out all of those feelings that I have pushed away and denied.

My throat feels so hot and rough, I am feeling weaker by the minute, this is going to be bad, I am scared. I keep having to clear my throat, I am going to be ill. I don't want to be and I can feel myself resisting it and fighting it. I am ill, that is the truth and I want to accept it so I can heal it, please help me Mother and Father. Help me find the truth of my feelings. Why am I so scared of being ill?

Because I could die, I am scared it will get so bad I could die and leave my poor children without a mother or father, orphaned. They need me so much, I have made sure they need me and can't cope with out me. I have made sure they need me and can't cope with out me so I can feel needed and wanted so much, that I am their whole world, which is how I wanted to be with mum and dad but wasn't so I have made sure I get it from them. I have fucked them now to live life without me, they will be lost as I was without my parents, lost in life and having no idea what to do or how to live life without them.

Yes, that is it, I am so scared to die because I have made my children so reliant on me that they need me above all else, I have made sure they do which is so unloving of me to take their will in that way because of my need to be needed. It's just what mum and dad did to me. I am now doing it to them.

My Parents' Parenting left me empty.

9 September 2019

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

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

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

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

The truth of my unloving Parenting.

15 September 2019

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

My neighbour just came over and she stood at my back door with her little boy, I knew what she was going to ask me and I could feel all of my feelings saying "NO, NO, NO" and she came out with it "Would you be able to look after William for about three hours as I have to go out and I can't take him with me?".

Shit I was full of dread as she was speaking. I was rehearsing what I was going to say, which was, of course, a load of bullshit because I am so scared to say the truth of how I feel to her in case it makes her and her son feel bad and like I don't like them. I still want to be seen as a nice person when really, I am not but I can't let it out.

I replied that I was going out in about half an hour and wouldn't be able to have him. The truth was I didn't want to look after him, I don't want to, I have never wanted to look after children, not even my own and that is the awful fucking truth and I felt it in that situation today. The truth is I don't want to look after my children. I never did. Looking after that little boy today would be like torture to me, I would be stopped from doing what I want to do and I would have to look after him.

It is a hindrance to me, I wouldn't be free to do my own will, do what I want to do, be spontaneous and go out if I want to, I couldn't do any of it because I have to look after him. Now this is exactly the same as how I have felt about looking after my own children but didn't want to admit it, I didn't want to be seen as the bad parent, so I carried on the pretence of looking like I was a good mother when the truth is the opposite, I am a rubbish fucking parent who didn't want her children only when it suited her.



Today, with this thing happening to me with my neighbour, I see it all so clear because of the feeling I felt when faced with the task of looking after her child, I couldn't do it so I lied and that's another thing, I lie to get what I want, to get my own way and it is so manipulating. I had to lie as a child to my parents to get a Yes out of them, to get what I wanted and I still do it now. To get what I want I lie, I don't want to feel bad so I lie to get what I want, it is so manipulative.

I am a horrible person who pretends to be nice because I don't want people disliking me but if they knew the truth they would hate me and if I get Alzheimer's ever, all the horribleness will come out and the truth of me be known and no one will like me.

The nice me will be totally forgotten as I would have forgotten to lie and the truth of my putrid self will be seen and hated.

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

My Conception.

18 September 2019

How bad I feel now is how bad I felt at my conception. (Incarnation is when the newly forming heart first begins pumping blood – about day 16.) All the fear and dread is from then, I know it is. I can feel it is true. Every thing that I attract in my life is to get me right back to that original pain and know the truth of how I felt and it was terror, dread, fear, anxiety, nervousness, panic, boredom, dissatisfaction, disappointment, depression, despair and all the many other bad feelings i have now, as an adult, they all come from that original pain of my conception.

My bad feelings are telling me just how it was. Everything that happens to me is screaming to me just how it was and it was terrible. It was such a shock for me, like I couldn't believe it was happening, such a shock. I hated it and was constantly waiting for something terrible to happen, I didn't feel safe and I know that because I still don't and it is a childhood feeling, I can feel it came from my beginning. Nothing about my conception was joyous or happy, it was a bad time and I could feel that from mum, she was in a bad way, mentally unhappy and depressed and that is something I have had to contend with all my life.

God, I can really feel how it was for me at the beginning, so awful, I am already a

An UNBORN BABY'S 1st HEARTBEAT OCCURS 16 DAYS after CONCEPTION:

A research team funded by the British Heart Foundation (BHF) at the University of Oxford says a baby's first heartbeat is now far earlier than was previously understood. [Dr. Susan Berry](#) 12 Oct 2016

Further research confirms that the heart first starts to beat between 16 to 19 days after conception.

What happens when a child dies? 15 March 2013
Speaking with Mary Magdalene and Jesus, book 1

From the first heartbeat the incarnating person is technically living a physical life, and so if death occurs, it will move into one of the spirit nurseries. If it should 'die' before the first heartbeat, the soul merely 'withdraws', initiating incarnation when the next opportunity arises for its soul-personality. And of course as you know, there is no reincarnation, so when your soul starts you in Creation and you achieve your **first heartbeat**, then you're underway, be it on Earth or in spirit to Paradise, this being your ascension of truth.

As soon as the spirit body separates from the physical connections, there is no longer any pain, this of itself, as you might well imagine, greatly adding to one's good experience. The dying person, be it a child or an adult, has a good experience in death, especially once the pain has gone should there be pain; it's the people they might leave behind on Earth who don't understand this and who are suffering feelings of loss and deep grief, that have the harder time of it.



An unborn child is taken to spirit nurseries to be cared for. And within those nurseries they are looked after through the remaining time of their gestation period; then are 'born' into spirit life; then to carry on growing up as a spirit child of the Mansion Worlds. Many of them, just as with unwanted physical children, are fostered out or adopted by spirits wanting to be parents, this enabling a lot of people (who are now spirits), who for one reason or another couldn't have children on Earth, to have the experience of parenting. Even carrying the child to full term can be simulated so as to give the 'mother' the experience of being pregnant. The 'father' having his experiences as well. And of course lots of people who become spirits love being involved with children and so become spirit parents or simply involved in looking after the infants and young children of the nurseries.

The Heart commences to Beat as early as Day 16 after Conception:

Until now, researchers thought that the first time our heart muscle contracted to beat was at 8 days after conception in mice or around day 21 of a human pregnancy. Now, a team funded by the BHF at the University of Oxford has demonstrated earlier beating of the heart in mouse embryos which, if extrapolated to the human heart, suggests beating as early as **16 days after conception**.

<https://medium.com/british-heart-foundation/when-does-our-heart-first-start-to-beat-36cbac072c1>

Parenting my children through my parents.

24 September 2019

A feeling I have always carried with me is the feeling that at any moment I am going to die. I have not been conscious of that being the feeling but now I have felt my way through, I can know that this is true. I have been scared all my life of just not being, in an instant no longer being alive. I sit here today, feeling breathless which is fucking horrible and apparently a part of menopause symptoms but for me it has brought to me the feelings I need to know about and that is why I feel so breathless and that at any moment I could stop breathing and die, right here right now on this couch, like my plug has been pulled and I am nothing.

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

Yes, today I am feeling very breathless and it is a scary feeling, like I am struggling for breath, it is uncomfortable and I feel very on edge. What will happen if I can't breathe? I feel like sometimes I actually forget how to breathe and have to make myself do it. Arggh, so many bad feelings that scare me, I am so tired and worn out, everyday more to feel about and every night I pray to God to bring all of my bad feelings to me to know the truth of, when they come, and they do! I am terrified but I want to know the truth.

It's hard to give in to these bad feelings, to accept them, it's so hard and until I feel I can do that, I will do what all my feelings do need to express how awful I feel and I can't accept or give in to them yet, I can feel I am still fighting them, trying to get rid of them, stop them making me feel bad. To just sit here and let the breathlessness take me to where I need to go is so scary, all terrible thoughts go through my mind, all the what ifs go through my mind and it is all the most

worst things that are wrong with me, like I have heart disease, cancer, some god awful illness, always the worst things are wrong with me and I am going to die in the most painful ways, shit I have had enough, I am so exhausted.

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

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

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

They have even parented my children through me, its so insidious, they are constantly inside me even controlling my breathing, controlling every part of me, controlling my children, Arghhhhhh, I can't escape, I can't breath, I just want to breath on my own without them being my life support system, without me needing them so much because they made sure it was like that, that I needed

them all the time and never left them, for fuck sake, I am trapped in them, I can't breath with out them.

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

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

I am so hopeless, I am so pointless, what is the point in having a life of my own, a will of my own if I can't express it, I have no clue who I am only who they want me to be, who the fuck am I!!!! What was the point in my creation?!!! I feel like dying again as it all feels so pointless if I can't be my own will, then what was the point of giving me a will, a life, an existence, what was the fucking point in my conception into this life only to have it taken away, they took my fucking life and I want to cry, I am crying. My parents stole my life, my will, God gave me this incredible gift to use as I please and it was over-ridden by the will of my parents so what was the point in me ever coming into being.

I died the moment I was conceived, the moment I felt all of my parents' plans for me, how they wanted me to be, that they wanted a boy but got a girl. All of these feelings I felt from them and I had to be how they wanted me to be or I wouldn't be loved how I needed to be loved. I had to give into their will and be all they wanted me to be so to not disappoint them, I couldn't bare the pain of that. I died at my conception, I couldn't be me, I couldn't express myself in this world in the way I wanted to so I gave myself away and I have been doing that ever since, giving myself away to everyone and letting them take my will over theirs, their will being the important thing, not mine, that can die, that can never

see the light of day so now I have no idea who I am, every decision has my parents in it, in anything I do they are suppressing my will??

Incapable of loving my Children.

8 September 2019

I wasn't capable of loving my children; I wasn't capable of loving anything. Even now, writing this I am crying with the pain of what I have done to them.

It isn't fair that they should suffer so for what I have done to them, I wish I could change it all for them, they are having a lot of pain in so many different ways come to them to bring them the truth of how they were parented, all the pain they felt but denied and shut it away. I have done this to them, this is my fault, I have fucked their lives and I see it all the time playing out for me to see the truth of what I have done to them, I feel like looking away but I can't, I have to see it, all the terrible truth of their pain that I caused, I have to feel how it makes me feel and do all of the crying and drowning in my own sorrow of what I have done.

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

I put my job before them, I put money before them, I put my own life before them and I can't even see how far down on the list they were when they should have been at the top, above any and everything. I have proved to my children that they are unworthy of being loved because everything else comes before them in my life and you might be saying to yourselves that I had to do it 'for them' so we could all survive and live comfortable lives but now, to me, none of that matters, because the truth is I put everything before them and they are

showing me the truth of that because they both feel so unworthy in life, that is because I made them feel like that.

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

Children only need their parents' love!

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

WE ARE IN PAIN BECAUSE OF OUR UNLOVING CHILDHOOD!!

Yes, today I feel I am in a terrible place and I doubt if most of what I have written make much sense but this is how I feel, fucking terrible, tearful, gut wrenching pain at what I have done and everything in my life is bringing me this truth, I feel scared to go out my back door because of what will trigger me into feeling more bad feelings, it is that bad, it's in the trees, the grass, my neighbours, nature, cars bloody everywhere and it is all there just to help me heal and know the truth of myself, even just sitting here I feel feelings that need to be felt, even

just a second ago I typed the wrong letter and I felt rage come up, anger at myself, hate for myself for being so stupid and so incompetent and always getting it wrong. Healing is everywhere and now for me it is the only reason anything happens, so I can feel about it.

We are in Pain because of our Unloving Childhood!

Special.

2 January 2018

We all want to be special, we all wanted to hear how special we were as children but most of us never heard it. We went of into fantasy worlds, read fantasy books and films that all made us feel that need in us to feel special which is how we should have felt naturally as children by our parents if they had truly loved us, but we didn't feel it and our lives are telling us that is true because everything we are doing in our lives and with our lives is a feeble attempt to get that feeling in us that we are missing, to feel special. It's so sad that we have to do this just because we were never made to feel it by our parents. We missed out on such an important feeling, to feel loved and special. If we did feel special we wouldn't need to do half the things we do in our lives. We would have that love in us so we wouldn't need to prove to ourselves and everyone else that we are worthy and special.

All our parents had to do was to love us, and then we would feel special because we were loved, that was thier job but they failed at it and now we do all we can to find that missing feeling, all that we do is because of that. So if we don't feel special then we don't feel our natural power and go around developing addictions that will give us the false feelings we are lacking due to not feeling loved or special. We are fucked.

When we see this vital ingredient has been missed out of our lives we begin to understand why we are doing all that we are doing, it is to get that feeling back that we crave for, love, specialness, power!

Until we heal this huge lack in us, we will be on a never ending search in life not knowing what it is we are looking for, we know something vital is missing because we all feel the emptiness, we just haven't connected the dots yet and

when we begin to feel our feelings thoroughly we will get to our core and feel the grief of the emptiness that not being loved brings and only then will we know the truth, that we weren't made to feel like we were anything special in our parents' lives, in fact the truth will tell us that we were the opposite, a pain, an annoyance, unwanted and unloved.

We can not feel that we are truly special until we can accept the truth, we were not special to mum and dad, they lied to us and our lives are telling us the truth because we are in pain with no real worth or value still searching for that fantasy book or film where someone gets told how special they are and we want that, we want to be told that, we want to feel that is true which we won't until we have done our feeling healing and discovered how un-special we were to our parents.

Still ill.

28 January 2018

I am feeling into my fear of being ill. During this terrible flu I have been really scared of the bad feelings it has brought up in me. The weakness and feeling my muscles give way and not being able to cope with simple tasks such as getting up, walking to the loo, turning over, all have been so hard to do and painful. Today I am having so many weird feelings of numbness, floating, pringles all around my body and feelings like I am going to collapse at any minute, it all scares me so much.

What is happening to me, I don't know what is going to happen to me, I am feeling like a child that is very scared and confused looking for her mum, I am lost somewhere, I can't see mum, this is the end, I am going to die if I don't find her, where is she. What is going to happen to me, I am lost and alone, I am terrified. I have been feeling the impending doom of being a lost scared child without anyone to keep her safe, only herself. I need mum, I am not enough, just me is not going to keep me safe, what is going to happen to me, I don't have a clue, I have no stability and I am scared.

I feel so alone when I am ill, it is happening to me and no one else and no one can fix it for me, I have to go through all of it alone and feel all of the fear it makes me feel. I am so scared of feeling bad, what is going to happen to me, I

want to know, is it going to get bad, will I die? I am so scared of the unknown, I can't do anything about it, I just have to let it take me over and have its way and I am scared of what it will do to me. I am scared of every new feeling; I am feeling with this germ, it is all so weird. I don't feel like me but a very sick person. All of my energy has gone and I am like an empty shell.

Right now, after I have moved in any way, I am experiencing a buzzing feeling around my body, especially in my hands, like a subtle electric charge buzzing around me and it's weird to feel, it's different and it scares me, I hear a constant strange pitch in my head and ears and see things in my peripheral vision it all scares me, I'm not in control, things are just happening to me and I don't want them to because they don't feel so good. I am beginning to submit to them and let them occur, let my body do to me what it needs to do to heal. I have always been very afraid of what is happening to me if it is out of the norm, I feel out of control but that is exactly what I have to be, out of control, stop all of my mind controlling ways. Let them all break down as they have to.

Take some medicine!!!

29 January 2018

Trevor just said to me; "Why don't you take some cough medicine?" He wants me to shut up, stop making such a noise, stop annoying him with my coughing. He doesn't care about me; he just wants me to shut up. I am still being that annoying child who coughs all night long, keeping the whole house up. Dad shouting at me to shut up, as he has to get up for work. I would be scared of coughing so suppress it.

No one feels sorry for me, no one sees how awful it is for me, and no one has any sympathy for me. All the way through this illness I haven't felt any sympathy or care from Trevor, no real concern for me and I found myself wanting it from him, even just a word of sympathy would have made me feel cared about but I got nothing. I felt totally uncared about, like he was dad.

Talking with spirits.

2 February 2018

I am just opening myself up in my mind to wanting to speak with some of my spirit band of people that may want to be with me and help me. I will see who comes to me.

Kendra, a Celestial: Hello Sam, I am Kendra a female spirit of your soul group and it is so nice to have this opportunity to speak with you, we have all been waiting for you and are very excited to help you in any way we can, others will come that are not as high up as I am but want to make it their mission in spirit to help you and others that will come behind you. (We form into soul groups when we enter the Celestial heavens once completing our Feeling Healing.)

Sam: Hello Kendra, it is so good to speak with you and any of the other spirits that may want to come through, I am open to that. I can feel you Kendra and am seeing you if what I am seeing is correct. You look to be tall and slender with long white hair and very beautiful, are you the same spirit I saw in my dream before I got ill. You feel so regal and your light is beautiful, is this you?



Kendra: It is me Sam, yes you can feel me and see me and through my healing I have taken on this light that you can feel, I have worked my way up to this condition through my healing and it is a beautiful reward to now be able to be of service to you, I have waited for you for a long time and through your dream time we have met and had many conversations in the meeting place in spirit that is especially designed for this mortal and spirit interaction. Other spirits have accompanied me in our meetings because of their eagerness to meet you, some of this you will be aware of and some not so but I will be your channel on this side should you want to speak to other spirits, I will be like your spirit agent and organise any spirit interaction you may wish to have.

Sam: It's all amazing Kendra, I can feel you and see you, you remind me of the snow queen in my childhood fairy tales, you are so pure and beautiful. Can I ask you how long you have been in spirit? And why have you chosen to work with me? Are we related in any way?

Kendra: I have been in spirit about 150 earth years spending a lot of my time in the earth realms gaining more life experience as I led a very strict and disciplined life on Earth, not being allowed to have a life of my own, living a life of a prisoner to much of an extent as I was kept by Nuns after the death of my parents, due to illness. I lived in Ireland and was brought up by the Nuns in a strict Catholic faith and died of pneumonia in my 21st year. I continued my life in spirit experiencing all I wanted to until I became very unfulfilled in all I did. I put out the call and was helped and shown another way which began my new life on the Divine Love path.

The New Way

I was given a choice to work with you, to bring through the new breeds, which is the mortals on Earth that choose to heal themselves in the new way. I am a part of your soul group here in spirit that have all chosen to work with you in any way we can but we have had to wait until you chose us also, chose to make that contact whilst you are still on Earth, if not we would meet you in spirit when your time comes but you have contacted us now so the ball can get rolling and we can begin our work with you, I will be introducing many of your eagerly awaiting spirit friends as time goes on, they are very excited to help you Sam, you will see how truly, not alone you really are.

Sam: Kendra, do I know any of them, are any of them relations?

Kendra: No Sam, I am sorry to say none of them are relations or people you know, everyone who has passed over from your friends and family have not chosen the Divine Love path and I can feel from you that this does not surprise you. They are still in the trappings of the Earth planes not being interested in anything else but still being as they were on Earth.

Sam: I don't care, I don't want to have anything to do with them, I don't want to meet them or anything like that, all I want to do is progress in my healing and ascension to be at one with my Mother and Father. I don't want anything to do with anyone that doesn't want to progress with their healing and I will be fine with leaving them all behind me.

WE ARE NEVER MEANT TO BE ALONE! SOUL PARTNERS become SOUL-GROUPS!

Our soul individualises into two personalities, as a male and female, always. The two soul halves are soul partners. When the two personalities complete their Feeling Healing of their childhood suppression and injuries, then the two personalities will find each other, either whilst in the physical or in the Celestial Heaven spirit worlds.



The personality that each soul half is blessed with by our Heavenly Parents is the personality that we are to express throughout our journey for eternity. It is the suppression of the free expression imposed upon us by our parents that requires for each of us to under go our Feeling Healing. Whilst we are suppressing our true selves we do not connect with our soulmate / soul partner.



Soul partners form into soul-groups. Once in the Celestial soul condition, soul-groups form consisting always of twelve (12) soul pairs. A soul-group consists of twelve sets of soulmates, twenty four (24) individuals. When we progress beyond the Celestial Heavens, towards Paradise, the home of our Heavenly Parents, we do so as a soul-group of 24 personalities. We can achieve Celestial soul condition here on Earth and also form our soul-group here on Earth.



Now add to this scenario, soul-mates and soul-groups. All those who were Celestial would have met their soulmate / partner and it would be the priority for them as soul-mates to be perfectly living true before they considered having children. And then these soul-pairs would link up with other soul-pairs and form soul-groups. It would be just a natural part of one's inner feelings and events in one's life that would lead one to do this. Then the whole soul-group would become a functioning *family* unit. Each of the couples would have their children, but the whole group would function in helping to share in the upbringing of all children. And this would then enable the children to be intimately involved with other people who would offer them the things that their parents could not.

Humanity is not meant to live and raise children just two parents struggling along trying to cope best they can. We are designed to be in small groups so that we can compound the love and support for and of each other.

The screaming child.

11 January 2018

Today I am feeling like a constant screaming child, not on the outside but inside me. It's like I go about my day with a permanent screaming child inside of me and it needs constant calming by way of my addictions, that is how an addiction feels to me. Such a craving that my injuries are all screaming at me to pay attention to them like a tonne of children that I have to keep happy but it is in fact, a tonne of denied feelings.

Today I was feeling the hunger one rise up in me again and it is like a child that I just can't keep happy or satisfy; it wants constant feeding and won't stop screaming at me until I give it what it demands. I have been feeding my infant feelings instead of feeling them and this is exactly how it was for me as a child with my parents, they fed me instead of listening to me, I wanted to be felt by them not fed, I wanted their attention and time and to feel that they understood that my cries weren't always to be fed but they were to be loved, attended to, enjoyed and needed by them.



I feed my feelings instead of feel them because this is what my parents did to me and I have never felt worthy of anyone's time because I wasn't worthy of theirs. To have their attention and to have been listened to and taken notice of would have told me how worthy and loved I was by them and my life would have been very different but that is all make believe because the truth is for me, I was not wanted emotionally or physically by them, I was robbed of with addictions to keep me quiet so these addictions I now believe are what I need to keep me calm, happy and content and they are all the substitutes my parents used on me instead of their time, love and affection.

Now the discontented child in me still screams for those substitutes because it's all she knows. These are the ways my parents chose to fix me and keep me contented but it never lasted very long, they didn't work because what I really wanted was them but I could not have them, they were off limits emotionally.

This screaming child won't stop until I give it what it wants, it nags at me until it gets it, it drives me insane so I give in but now I understand what this screaming child really wants, it wants to be felt instead of fed, stop feeding the screaming child and feel it, stop feeding my denied and repressed feelings because it just makes me in a poorer condition as I feed my addictions as my parents did. What I do to myself is what was done to me, how I treat myself, is how I was treated.

START FEELING MY FEELINGS AND STOP FEEDING THEM.

The NEW WAY The NEW WAY



Trevor told me off.

10 January 2018

Trevor told me off today; I instantly went into shock and didn't know what to do. I had to make out I was ok, it didn't bother me, just like when I was a child and dad would tell me off, I would hide how hurt I was, I was so devastated. Trevor told me off and I have reacted in the same way as I did with dad. Trevor is my dad to me, he is there to help bring up all of those stuck childhood feelings that are still inside me.

All day I have been sulking, sulking is such an unloving word for what I am feeling, fuck it, I am not fucking sulking I am fucking deeply hurt by someone telling me off. I can remember both of my parents telling me to come out of my room and stop my sulking, the anger and rage that built up in me and the humiliation of being told off, I felt that deeply today. I feel embarrassed and humiliated that at 50 years old I still feel the same as when I was young and as Trevor was telling me off, I felt that humiliation instantly and I said 'sorry' to him just like I was a child and he was my dad, now I can't face him, I can't speak to him, I feel so weakened by him telling me off, like I am nothing.

I hate him, I hate dad, the anger and rage is the same as how I felt about dad as a kid. I wanted to scream how much I hated him and wished he was dead, or would leave us so I could be free of him and his rules and control. I felt the same today about Trevor, I screamed in the car how much of a bastard he is and I hate him and want him to go. As he told me off I could feel the shock in me build up and I couldn't show him how upset I was. I wanted to burst out crying and scream at him but I am not allowed to do that to dad, I had to sit and take it and say sorry when what I really wanted to say was fuck of you bastard, I fucking hate you and want you out of my life like I wanted dad out of my life. I still couldn't answer back to Trevor because he was dad telling me off and I had to submit to him. And keep all of my anger in, I am still not allowed to voice it at him or anyone because I am so scared of what will happen to me if I let rip.

I got in the car and screamed all the way to pick Faye up. My throat was raw with rage.

Useless.

11 January 2018

I don't want to get a job, I don't want to have to work to keep everything going, I am sick of it doing the normal shit just to survive. I don't want to work, I don't want to go to work, I hate it, really fucking hate it getting up every day, early, just to get to work, all that pressure just to even get to work, I did it all my life and it was none stop pressure and I don't want to do it anymore just to keep the world going in it's evilness, making an evil regime money so it can keep going, I don't want to be a part of that any more. But, and this is my problem, how do I keep it all going if I don't go out and earn money. What will happen to me without money because we have created an evil society that can't cope without money, and I am a part of it because I have been born into it so what do I do?

How is God going to provide for me when all I want to do is stay at home and heal myself of all of my evilness, how will it be possible to do this. I can't see it, all I can see is me losing everything and being cold and homeless on the streets of Basingstoke (England).

I need your help Mother and Father, help me understand how you will help me. Help me find the truth of how I am feeling which is very hopeless about my future.

I am scared of being so left to rot without a home, warmth, food left on the cold wet streets with nothing but a wet old smelly sleeping bag, what will happen to me when Harry's money runs out and I have nothing because I don't want to go to work so I will lose everything so I can do my healing. I am terrified of being homeless. Losing the things that I love and with that comes in the feeling and memory of being a child so scared of losing mum, my only safety in life. Where would I go, what will I do because without her I have no one, no safety, what will become of me?

I didn't feel safe, I have never felt secure and like I could lose it all at any moment so I have to hold on to everything because I am going to lose it. I am terrified of loss, losing my comfort and safety, I am all at ends if I lose my comfort and safety. I want someone to provide it for me without me having to do anything. I want it all done for me because I am lazy, I don't want to work to keep myself

safe I just want to stay at home doing what I want to do and let someone else save me while I carry on being safe not having to feel the terror that I am avoiding feeling of how it feels to be unsafe. I have always felt it but never wanted to go into it so I got a life ridden with terror attacks to make me feel the truth I was denying, the truth of how terrified I am of feeling how unsafe I really feel.

Feeling unsafe is like you have no one, you are completely alone and only have yourself. I am not enough, I can't save myself I need someone else to do it for me, I need mummy and daddy constantly, only they have the power to save me and keep me safe, I can't do it, I don't have the power, this is how they made me feel powerless, like I can't do without them. They made sure I always needed them so they had total control and power over me. I had no power only them so I still believe I can't do this on my own I need them or someone to parent and control me, in fact I think I expect it now, for someone to save me, earn all the money so I don't have to do anything.

I feel hopeless about my future because I was not taught to have a future because I was not allowed any power, I had to let someone else have the power over me, I had to remain submissive to my parents and I am still doing it, expecting to be it and being too scared to do anything about it, waiting for the powerful, controlling ones to save me and take over my life. I am still waiting for mum and dad to look after me and dictate my every move

Wake up call.

11 January 2018

I wake up every day with a heavy heady feeling which lasts for about ten minutes and it fills me with dread about what it may turn into, will it get worse or will it go. So, for that time I am in dread of what is going to happen to me which is a feeling I feel is so relevant to my whole life. Always waiting for the bad thing to happen to me, that sort of dread that in some way I will be in pain. It feels heavy and I don't want it, I want it to go away, leave me alone. Stop causing me pain every day, every morning when I wake up, it's always there waiting for me. The same pain like waking up every morning to the same pains of the day. When I was a kid it was waking up to mum's voice shouting at us to get up and get ready for school, God, I hated that voice. Then it was the alarm waking me up, screaming at me with the same drone to get up and get ready for work, God, I hated it. Now I don't have anything to get up for but the residual pain is still there, that programming is firmly in place that I have to get up.

Yes I am now a damaged programmed robot of mum and dad's and I still am doing what they want even though they are not shouting at me to get up, I still have that program running in me. And as I write this, it is fairly early and the Cockrell (rooster) over the road is shouting out his own wake up call so all around hear him, just like mum did. The Cockrell is confirming that how I feel is correct, all the alarm calls of my life summed up by that Cockrell and his loud cry, waking every one up, as all around tell him to shut the fuck up as we did to our parents in our minds when they told us to get up. They were so annoying.

I spent all of my childhood years doing what I didn't want to do, I didn't want to go to school, I hated it every day of my life but I was made to by mum and dad, woken up like I was a prisoner being punished and my jailer, no love involved, just a cold, hard "come on, get up". Day after day this was the greeting to my day, her voice droning at me then the alarm droning at me, now the Cockrell droning at me to do what they want me to do, to disturb me so I can go and do something I don't want to do, something they want me to do. It all is a day in and day out pain no wonder I wake up with so much heaviness and headache.

That pain I wake up with is the residue pain of all that stored up anger of being woken up in such an awful way, it's still in me so ever day I am now

programmed to dread it as I did back then, to dread what lays in the day ahead of me. And at the moment it is more of the same 'Nothingness'. I now dread this as much as I dreaded going to school or work, I dread waking up to another unfulfilled day and that's all it can be because I am doing my healing and it is all horrible. But although I say that I do love doing my healing and discovering more about myself but it's hard and some days I struggle with it all and dread going over the same old feelings but at a new level. It's all digging deeper to the next level as there is so much too each feeling.

Weakened by my Son's Girlfriend.

5 January 2018

Today, Lucy was talking and she touched on truths that agitated me, made me feel thick and stupid as she spoke, she was right and I was wrong and I wanted her to agree with me but she didn't, and I discovered that she was right and I was wrong and it made me feel so fucking hopeless, like I have not grown at all, that I am still wanting to hate people and blame them saying they are wrong and horrible to treat Alex that way and wanting everyone to agree with me when Lucy was right and I was wrong.

I always feel hard done by, by people, like they are the bastards for treating me this way when I can't accept that they might be right and I might be wrong. I am wrong. Lucy was right seeing the other side of it all and I hated it, I should be the one who is right and not be so closed up to the truth of how it really is. It bothers me that I got it all so wrong and she is always right. I feel so stupid and thick in front of her, she always gets it right, she sees the bigger picture and what is really going on. I just see how I feel and how hard done by I feel and then go into a childish hate mode against that person and want everyone to agree with me and she doesn't. She is more truthful than me.

I am still so tied up in my emotions that I believe every one is out to hurt me and pick on me and they are so unfair to me, poor me. What a fuck up I am still! I don't want to believe that I still can't see a situation how it truly is, instead I dress it up in my emotions. I am fucked. Lucy is much wiser than I am, she is always right, I am always wrong. I feel like she wants to correct me in a round about

polite way, not saying I have got it all out of perspective but letting me know in her righteous way.

I hate that she is right and I can't believe I am wrong. I feel stupid, bad inside like I should have known better and Lucy is teaching me, I hate that but it's true. I am wrong, she is right. I am feeling so much like a little child when she is around, correcting it all. I feel like a little child that needs to be shown the right way. To stop getting it all out of context and over dramatising situations, just see the truth. I can't see the truth through my feelings, they are too damaged and it makes me feel powerless, Lucy makes me feel weak and powerless, she is of a higher level of truth than I am and that makes me feel awful about myself and my progress, I want to tell her to fuck off you little know it all but she is just speaking how she feels it is and that is truer than me.

FURTHER READING:

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

PASCAS CARE PARENTING

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

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

Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

The Rejected Ones – the Feminine Aspect of God

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



Mind Centric Way

Feelings First Freedom

Feelings First

IT'S A WAY
OF LIVING.



Samantha

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha McCabe

(Back cover page calibration 940 MoC)