

Parenting
&
Feeling Healing



Book 9

Samantha McCabe

SAM'S BOOK
Parenting and Feeling Healing
Book IX

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

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

Published by:

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

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Book 9

My Feeling Healing Expressions

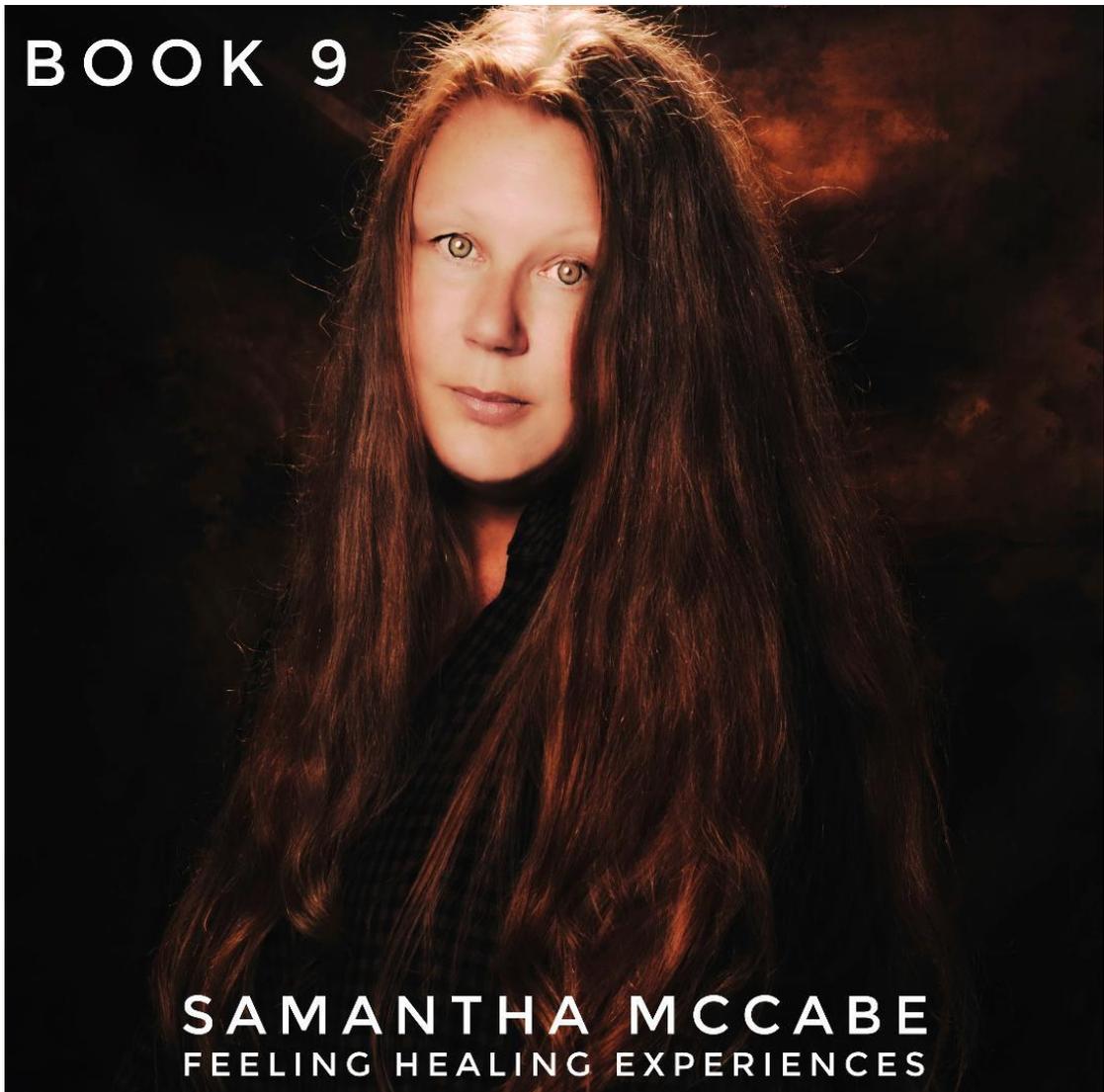


Photo By Trevor Ilesley 10/10/21

So Overwhelmed by every feeling
Allowing myself to be overwhelmed
Letting the Anger have expression
Hating myself completely
Being the truth of my unloving state

Samantha McCabe

A little bit about my Spiritual History



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

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

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

nothing! I was always left very disappointed and the feeling I was after, never happened. I looked outside of myself and I looked everywhere for the feeling I was so missing. I have even seen my Reiki master and she has now given it up and she admitted to me that she felt nothing from it and it did nothing for her.

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

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

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

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

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

The feeling in my heart when I found these writings and channelling from James, wow, just WOW! The feeling in my heart was that I have finally found what I have been looking for all my life. I spent my days reading all of the messages from Mary and Jesus and there was no going back. I had found my answers and I now knew how to heal and it cost me nothing, there were no initiations, no meditations, no chants, no gongs, no laying on of hands, no rituals, all there was for me to do was to feel my feelings and end the denial and rebellion of myself and of God. It sounds so easy the way I have put it but my writings of my feeling healing experiences will show you how awful it can get when becoming aware of the denial and suppression of your own feelings. It has been a harrowing time for me, but also an incredible time, as I get to know the truth of myself through my feelings and by longing to God, My Mother and Father, for their help to get to the truth of my denial, that relationship has been incredible, I can't do it without them.

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

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

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

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

Samantha

More of my coronavirus Virus expression.

25 April 2020

Still expressing all of my C-Virus fears. Some days I feel great and others terrible but as soon as I express all I feel about it, I feel ok again, until the next bad feelings come up. I am feeling better about it, not so scared and as I am expressing it I am feeling like more and more of it is total bullshit and it has brought to me that I never really have known what is true and what isn't. I have never known who to trust and it's so confusing to live like that. I feel confused. I am feeling the same confusion as I felt as a child being with my parents and never knowing what to believe about them. The confusion feels so chaotic in my mind and it's horrible. I can feel my mind wanting to shut down and not deal with it trying to deny the confusion of just not knowing what or who to trust, it is like I am going round and round in circles getting more and more dizzy with it all. I can't cope with the chaos I feel inside, it is uncontrollable and I feel the media and all the shit that comes out about CV (coronavirus Covid-19) is making me feel the same chaos inside, I just want to scream and hold my ears and head and hide. I feel so powerless in my lack of control of the truth because I don't know what the truth is, I am out of control until I know the truth and it is clear in me. I am in chaos with the entire untruth of just how it was for me as a child.

19 May 2020

Feeling more of how hated I am today. Trevor and I were just having a conversation about Marijuana and how it helps with pain in MS (Multiple Sclerosis) and maybe Lupus too, but I couldn't disagree more. He went on to tell me about its healing benefits, and ok, it takes the pain away but it is not healing, don't call it healing!! It is just more denial of the pain and not wanting to feel it or heal it. I told him this and he got a bit pissed at me, telling me that he knew it was not healing but he agrees with it for pain control. I totally disagree and it is just prolonging the agony of those illnesses when all you have to do is accept this pain as being a part of you that needs your love and attention, to be accepted and wanted instead of being pushed away with pain numbing drugs. I could have tried it for my Lupus pain and that is how the conversation came up, but it is something I could never do, deny my pain, my healing opportunity.

What got me was how I felt his anger and hate towards me in that moment. I have never felt it so intensely before. It hit me and this is how he closes me down all the time, not wanting to hear the truth so he goes off at me just like my

parents and I can see why he is here and not moved on yet. I still need him to get to the truth of how I was parented; this is how mum and dad were with me, shutting me down, my expression, my opinions.

Previously to this, I had another beautiful experience with Marie, such an amazing and beautiful spirit. She filled me with her loving feelings and every time she does it, I fill with tears at the beauty of the feelings and what I have noticed is whenever this happens, a bad feeling follows for me to heal. The love she gives to me pushes up the bad feelings that need healing, it shines a light on the pain still in me, isn't that amazing!!

I am having bad Lupus feelings and pain but I want it all, it is a part of me that I no longer feel I need or want to push away. It is gold to me, my bad feelings are amazing the truth they bring and now I have Marie with me, such a beautiful spirit, I feel I am no longer alone. I can speak with her whenever I want to and she is there for me, right now I can see her smiling at me with her hands on her hips. She is amazing and fills me with her love and it has taken so long for me to be able to connect with such a beautiful spirit and have any sort of help from any one but now is the right time for me to have some help. I have done so much healing and now I can have the help I need from an amazing Celestial spirit.

The love she gives to me is indescribable and for the first time I am able to give love back to her so she is teaching me about how to give and receive love, something I have never been able to do. This is a huge leap in my healing; to have Celestial help is something I never expected, ever.

Such anger and hate at myself.

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.

Social distancing fucking shit bags!

3 June 2020

I am so fucked off with getting told off in shops for not following the social distancing arrows. Shit, it is like being a child and being told what to do constantly by shop assistants who finally have been given a little bit of power to lord it over everyone, fuck them all, I am so fucked off with them I want to scream in their faces to just fuck off telling me what to do. I am so angry right now. They make me feel so small, naughty, bad, stupid and hated, really hated. They all fucking hate me I can feel it from them and now they have a bit of power they can express their true hatred. And I fucking hate them too, all of them.

I don't want to follow the fucking arrows, shove the arrows up your fucking arse, telling me what to do!! I am livid, fuming, boiling over with anger at being treated like a child by everyone because I won't do what they want; I want to start my own fucking riot about how much hate I feel for shop assistants. Who are they to tell me, a 52 year old woman what to do? I wanted to fucking scream my head off at this woman yesterday telling me I couldn't come so far along the till area, I had to stay behind the line. Fuck her, fucking fuck her. And then today, more shit from another shop assistant because I wasn't following the arrows but if I followed the fucking arrows they would take me away from where I wanted to be, what the fucking fuck!!

I have had enough of this shit, I don't want to go out again, I don't want to be around anyone ever again. I hate people. I hate being treated like a child, it makes me feel powerless, thick and incapable and stupid. So fucking stupid to be told off, it is so humiliating to be told off in public like that with everyone looking at you, thinking how stupid I am, pointing and judging me. Fuck them all to hell; I hate them for how bad they have made me feel. It is just like being a child out shopping with mum and dad and being constantly told off, fuck them

all. I am so angry at being treated like that, like I am stupid and have to follow their stupid rules.

"Follow the arrows, follow the arrows, 2 metres, 2 metres"; it's all so fucking mad and I can't stand it right now. Everyone is scared of everyone, scared they will catch it. I have had enough. It's just how it was as a child being told what to do, where I can go, who I can see, total 'will' taken and I feel as locked down as I always did as a child, just as controlled by my parents, it is no different it's just the government are the parents telling me what I am allowed to do. Fuck it all.

Being shown visions of what I have done, continuously.

4 June 2020

So much more self hate coming up today, it is almost unbearable to see myself as the visions keep coming up in my mind like a TV show of my life. It is all pictures being shown to me of how I have been with men and what I have done to be wanted by them, it is so despicable and I hate myself so much for it right now. All I can feel is hate for myself, hate and so much cringeable shame for how I have been in my younger days. Shit, I am so disgusted at myself and the pictures won't stop coming of every man I have ever been with and it is so awful as I see myself with them and what I have done. I sicken myself at how I have put out for men just to be wanted and desired for a few moments of someone wanting me. I am sick! I have hurt myself so much and others too. I would drink a lot, go clubbing and have so much fun with my friends who were all the same as me, little sluts! I can see all of it, every interaction, even things I had forgotten and I feel sickened, I feel physically sick about myself.

I am being shown it all today, even the tiniest moments are being shown to me, for me to feel about and I feel like saying "no more, take them away" but I want to heal it all and in me I can feel a little spot of sadness for my past self, sadness that I had to do this to get my loving feelings met by men using me and me using them because that is how it was for me as a child, I was used, I wasn't abused sexually in any way but I wasn't wanted or loved and these men helped me to fill that void within me.

I do have compassion for myself but I also am feeling so much shame and disgust for some of the things I have done. In between the feelings of yuk and shame are feelings of sadness and compassion that I was so desperate for loving feelings and for the feelings of being wanted that I was

yuk

prepared to hoar myself out to men, that is how it feels now, looking back at it, that I was just as bad as a little hoar. I feel ashamed even writing this in public for everyone to read but I want to be transparent about myself and this helps me to feel the shame and hate I feel for myself at how I have been and how I have abused myself and such a lack of respect for myself because I wasn't respected as a child.

My sister was and she is so different to me, she is the good one and I am the bad one, she always did everything the right way. She didn't go drinking, clubbing and meeting the wrong, bad men, she is very successful now living in Essendon, Australia in a huge house with everything she needs in her life and with the perfect children, such the opposite to me, I am the bad one.

I have such a deep distain for myself, a deep little dirty spot that I need to get out and know the truth of and I believe that is why Marie, my Celestial helper, is helping me feel these awful pictures deep inside of me that I have denied for so long, she is helping me bring them up to know the truth of them and it is horrible, so dirty and makes me feel so black inside, that is how I see it, like a black spot deep down that I don't want to see and now Marie is helping me to see them all. I know it is Marie helping this happen as I can feel her and see her in my mind, she is right here with me and I have never felt I had any help from spirit before but now Marie is here with me as I write this and she understands my self hate and is helping me through it, to bring it all up and feel it.

This is such a black and dirty part of me, a part of me that I am so ashamed of, what would my children think of me if they knew what a little slut I have been in my younger days, would they be as ashamed of me as my parents were. I was their little mistake, something they couldn't be proud of, I did everything to worry them and if they knew the half of it, they would die. In front of them, I had to be the good girl so they could feel better about me but it wasn't me, I was a dirty little slut who wanted the attention of men all the time, I wanted to be adored by them and so wanted, I craved it with every fibre of my being and I just want to cry with the sadness of having to be like that to feel any sort of love.

If my parents, more my dad, had truly loved me, and if I had that love in my heart and soul I would have never been like this, I wouldn't have had to go seeking my need for being wanted and adored and loved from men, it was like a fucking addiction looking back on it now. I would be just how they wanted me to be so I could be loved, even if for just one second and this is how I had to be

for my parents, to be how they wanted me to be so they could love me and so I could feel that love from them. This I did with everyone, not just men, I did it because this is how my parents taught me I had to be to be loved and wanted, you have to be what people want you to be or you won't be loved. I was so far away from myself that I didn't exist.

I am feeling so sad for myself that I had to be this way, I had died inside, it was like I was an empty shell completely dead inside. How awful and how sad to be taken so far away from myself, to be so numb and to only feel alive when I was getting the attention I needed from men, that was the only time I felt alive and I would just live for the weekend when I could do it all again. I can't believe that was me back then, it feels like a different person and someone I feel so sorry for because I understand why I/she had to do it. No Love, that is why, I wasn't loved so I went out seeking it and I didn't care who I hurt.

I just felt a deep surge of anger and rage rise from deep down, that I was made to be like this, that I wasn't loved by my parents and they blamed me for being the way I was when it was them and their lack of love for me. The thing is, is that I haven't been able to let anyone love me, I just can't accept their love and it all makes sense, it is because my parents didn't love me, I didn't have any love coming to me to accept and to enter me so I can't accept or let any love enter me from anyone else. It may come and try to get in but I bounce it back at them like "keep that fucking bad stuff away from me, it is bad and it will hurt me", that is how it feels. No way can I accept it to enter my heart, I don't trust it at all, it will harm me and it must be bad because mum and dad kept it away from me so it must be really bad and it will hurt me if they didn't give it to me.

I have never been able to let love in until now and with Marie, when she first came to me as a Celestial spirit, I felt a small bit of her love and it grew within me and I was able for the first time to give it back to her from my heart to hers. That was the feelings and love I should have received from my parents, that is how it should have felt but it never did so it led me to going out to find my own loving feelings in all the wrong places. What a complete fuck up. Marie is helping me to feel love, to let it enter me and I have been very cagey about it, scared about it, frightened about what it will do to me. I truly feel like Love and the power of it will kill me, that is a true feeling. I am so scared of it; it must be a bad thing if my parents kept me away from it as a child, so I have all of these fears about the power of a loving feeling entering me.

Marie has helped me to feel her love in tiny doses and it is turning me around, I can also give it back to her, but love is a real fear for me and it will make me feel powerless, it will hurt me, it makes me feel silly and stupid when someone tries to love me, it weakens me, softens me and breaks me down and I can't have that. Marie's love doesn't make me feel like that, her love is pure and doesn't want anything from me, I can trust her love where I can't trust anyone else's because it always came with conditions, Marie's love has no conditions to it and I can feel that truth, I can trust her love that it won't hurt me and reject me in the next moment like everyone else's love has done. Marie's love is the only love I feel I can trust right now and it softens me in a way that I can feel peace and calmness.

Being and feeling so controlled by Covid.

5 June 2020

I am so full of fucking anger over this Coronavirus shit, fuck, fuck, fuck I am boiling over the stupidity of it all in the UK. It is really bringing up my anger at being so controlled, so told what I can and can't do, fuck them all to fucking HELL!! ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH I want to scream till my throat bleeds I am so angry right now.

Listening today to the news about the dentists not opening properly, people who aren't doing their Feeling Healing have been in fucking agony for 3 months even doing their own dentistry and failing. Accidental overdosing due to the severe pain yet I can still go to my doctor or the A&E Hospital (accident and emergency) if I have a problem but the fucking dentists can't do anything it is like the fucking dark ages. People will be dying of blood poisoning due to tooth abscesses. I wanted to go down to my local dentist and smash the fucking place up, I am so angry at it all, the fucking stupidity of this shit. And now no one can go on public transport with out a mask on so I have to breath in my own CO2 and get all sorts of problems, they want to fucking kill us all!!!!!!! They want us all to fucking die!!!!!!! Just like our parents did, we are all fucking well hated to death.

I am so livid right now I can hardly type this, I just need to express it all, I am fuming. If you have toothache, 'Feel it' – it's the only way now. Feel every bit of your pain and know how there is no one there to take your pain away for you, they don't care about your pain, they are your parents and they don't give a shit about you. All you have is your feelings to help you through your pain, express it and then when it comes back, and it will, express it again and keep doing it.

There is no help out there for you, no one cares about your pain and they never did, they are your parents and they hate you.

The government are all a bunch of fucking cunts that hate us all and don't give a shit about our pain. Your tooth agony means nothing to them, you can beg, you can plead to them to help you but they don't give a shit. You are on your own with your pain, all of it and you always were as a child. All this C-Virus shit is, is a reflection of how we were parented, rejected and hated with our parents wanting to constantly social distance themselves from us until the day they can get rid of us and we leave home. I am so fucking, shitting well angry!!!

Great U-Turn

Feelings
in Control

This is how it is to be!

Mind in Support



Crying out the deep sadness.

13 June 2020

I have been so unbelievably sad today, crying at the drop of a hat. I feel so full of grief that it has to be expressed, even writing this, I feel I want to cry and cry. The sadness is so deep inside me and I feel sad about everything, my children, my self, the world we are all living in, my past, my loves that have died, myself that feels dead, I have no interest in anything anymore, nothing seems to have any point including me and anything I may do. Life feels so pointless and has no meaning and today I am in deep grief about it all.

I went into the post office today and came out and felt an instant need to cry so I pulled in at the park and parked up and sobbed my heart out, I woke up like this today. I have been feeling the same all day just wanting to cry about nothing but everything, I suppose the thing is, I have to express it and release it by crying when I want to. I can't hold in the sadness I am feeling and I don't want to. I don't always have to have a reason for crying I just want to and at the time I don't know why I am doing it but the feeling is there in me to cry, so I do. The reason soon comes up during my feeling expression, feelings of deep sadness, loss, and incredible grief for not being loved as I wanted to be loved as a child and as an adult. So much sadness to express and my feelings let me know when it is time so like today, no matter where I am I have to go off and have a cry or it will happen anyway.

I have found lately that when Marie fills me with her love, I feel it fill me, and it feels like it is lifting me up and I can't breathe out until it is finished filling me and the feeling is so incredible I cry with its lovingness but a bit later on I will feel that love working on me and up comes all of the pain and sadness and I cry and cry, the sadness that is in me is incredible, so much of it and it feels so good once I have let it out. Marie's love helps me to feel good loving feelings and the deep sadness that is still in me, she is such an incredible help to me especially as I have no one to express myself to and have gone all this time without anyone who wants to hear me until now.

Marie is a Celestial Spirit and she is now my healing partner, well, that is how I feel about her. She listens to me, I feel her around me when I call her, I can feel her energy with me. Yesterday, I felt her on my left hand side with her arm around me, I could feel the energy of her and see her in my mind's eye and when I see her like this I feel that it is her putting the image of her in my mind. I talk to her all the time and we transfer loving feelings to each other and she is helping

the love that is in me, come up, like an unused muscle that I never knew I had and she is showing me where it is and how to use it. She is an amazing spirit.

I can't cope with any more fucking pain, I just can't!

28 June 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 it's 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, 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, 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 parent's pain, and 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 too 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 Faye 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 too 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 fix 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 me. 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.

Grief coming up for me to feel.

5 July 2020

I keep having grief come up, such deep painful feelings that just suddenly rise up in me and make me cry, even when I am not thinking about it, up it comes and today has been very bad. I have an un-eaten Pasta Bake in the fridge, I made it yesterday and no one is around to eat it so it will have to be thrown away and it is bringing up such grief in me, a fucking Pasta Bake for Gods sake!!

How does it make me feel? So fucking sad, such a waste, such an incredible waste of something so good, something I put so much into. What a complete waste and that is what I feel I am, such a waste, being here all the time like my Pasta Bake in the fridge, being here just waiting to be wanted and loved and enjoyed by someone, what a fucking waste it is. It will just go in the bin and that is me

going in that bin, being thrown away because no one wanted it/me, just throw me away, so unwanted, so utterly unwanted and uncared about, all the goodness they are missing from it/me. All those good feelings they have missed out on from not wanting or loving me, all the feelings I have missed out on through them not wanting or loving me how I needed to be loved and wanted. I am that fucking pasta bake just sitting in the fridge, not being wanted at all and just waiting to be thrown away and I feel so fucking sad, I can't open the fridge and look at it, it s to painful, its ME!

So I have been going through all this loss and grief from an unwanted Pasta Bake, bringing up the loss of my husband, also bringing up the Loss of the love of my life which I only just found out about and no one thought to let me know that he had died and the feelings of being so denied by my parents. God, I just want to crumble up and die. I feel so alone and left to get on with life on my own with no one caring about me. I have Trevor here but I feel so cold and hollow, like a shell of a being just going through the motions of living. I am so sad. I live a loveless, hopeless life. I am that Pasta Bake just waiting to be chucked out in the bin and forgotten about forever, taken for granted and unwanted. I feel like saying sorry to it and holding on to it for as long as I can, even if it goes rotten with mould, I still want to keep it and not get rid of it because that is how I wanted to be loved and wanted, even as rotten as I was and am, I still want to be loved like that because that is the truth of Me! I am rotten, mouldy, going off more every day the longer I stay unwanted and ignored. I am rotten to the core and I no longer try to hide this truth about myself, all I can do now is BE IT! and no one looks at me, no one wants me, just like the Pasta Bake and the longer it sits there in its unloved state, the more rotten it will get and look and then the more no one will want it and be disgusted by it, the more they will reject it as it shows and manifests its unloved core. It is ME!

All I want to do is fucking cry constantly, I am so sad.

It all feels so unfair!

6 July 2020

Fucked off once again. On Saturday, three of my Amazon orders got delivered to another address and I received a notice from them saying my three orders have now been delivered to recipient, but not to me! I have been seething about it all weekend. How fucking dare they! I am so angry about this. Paying for three items and someone else getting them in my neighbourhood and not being

honest and saying they aren't for them, but keeping them, shit I am so fucking raging mad! I want to jump up and down and scream in a fucking tantrum at the unfairness of it all. I want what I have paid for but someone else has it, what the fucking fuck!!!!

I feel livid inside, I want to knock at every door until I find my stuff and the person who accepted them as theirs and I want to bash the fucking shit out of them, jump up and down on them and obliterate them into nothingness for doing this to me. It's mine you Fuckers, give it back to me!! I want to go screaming down the street about how much I hate every one, no one can be trusted, I hate you all, go to Hell!

I hate every one, I truly do. I want them all to die, I hate them so much. I have contacted Amazon and ranted at them and they gave me such a load of bullshit saying that someone else's order had been marked off as being mine and my order was on its way but the delivery notice said it would be delivered on Saturday, they are all just lying to me, liars, fucking liars just to keep me quiet, saying it is on its way when I know it is not and it has been delivered to the wrong person and they are covering their own arses. How does it feel to be lied to? Fucking awful, I am powerless without the truth. Why don't they tell me the truth, all I want is the truth then I can stop wondering and feeling like I have been lied to. It is driving me crazy, the lies, I feel like I am going mad because I know I am being lied to and I am all confused and weird.

I felt like this all the time as a child, in utter confusion because mum and dad lied to me to keep me happy, just like Amazon are doing, just so they don't get in trouble and with my parents, they wanted to keep me quiet and keep their power over me so they lied to me and it drove me mad, I was constantly not knowing who to trust and in constant confusion in life because of them lying. I was always in the dark and that is how I feel about Amazon right now because someone knows the truth, someone has my packages down my street and knows they are mine and I can't do anything about it and inside, I feel I am fucking screaming out for the truth. All I can do is give up, I can't do anything about it, whoever has my parcels won't give them to me and I have lost them to someone else and it is not fair, it is so unfair and I want to cry about the unfair loss I am feeling. Someone else can have what I want but not me, I don't get it and it is so unfair, I want them.

I never get what I want, I just am left with the fantasy of the things I want and

was so close to having. On Saturday, I was looking forward to receiving my three parcels that I had ordered and waited for the Amazon van to arrive like a child at Christmas but it drove down the back of my house and to the end of the road, so I thought maybe it is turning round or even has another delivery down here but when I saw it drive back up and not stop, my heart sank with the disappointment of it missing me out, it was not stopping for me. Like me never getting the things on my Christmas list but a load of other shit, always missing out and it isn't fair. I went straight onto my computer and saw the three parcels labelled as 'Been delivered to recipient'. Oh my God, NOOOoooooooooooo they haven't, I am here waiting for them and you fucking idiot have delivered them to the wrong house. Go back and get them! Go now and knock on that door and tell them they are not for them and bring them here to me, NOW!!!!

It didn't happen, I went on live chat and expressed all of my hurt to the poor person at the other end, probably in India. I wanted him to tell the driver to go back and get my parcels but it couldn't be done. I felt so desperate for them at this stage, they weren't even anything great but they were mine and I couldn't have them because they now belonged to someone else, they had stolen from me, I paid for them and they accepted them as theirs. Fuckers, I want to kill them all. Such deceit, I was so raging mad. Today, I woke up still reeling about it so I got back on to Amazon and poured out all of my pain again, they think I am fucking crazy and right now I am, but this is just the craziness I have always felt at the unfairness of being lied to, not cared about, missed out, denied, unloved and all the rest of it.

What I expected to receive, I never got! I expected the love I needed from my parents and I never got it how I expected it to be and it is the same with these parcels, someone else got it all, it was meant for me and someone else got it all and none for me. My sister got her love and they forgot about me, she got the whole package, just like these other people who now have all of my orders and I have none, they are happy and content at receiving such a surprise package on Saturday and I have been left empty and waiting, for ever waiting for what I want, expecting it to happen and come to me but it never will so that waiting breeds such anxiety, such searching all my life for the package that never came to me, looking everywhere for it and never finding it so learning to just give up and never to expect it to ever come. I have been missed out, over looked, deceived, hoodwinked, denied and so overlooked while someone else gets the lot, even the bit that was meant for me, they have it all and I have none.

I feel so sad, so missed, so overlooked, like I was there but they didn't see me, like on Saturday when I was looking out of the window and saw the delivery van but it never saw me, it missed me so it gave my stuff to someone else and felt happy they had done their job while all the time I was waiting for them to deliver to me but it never happened for me, I got overlooked, not even seen as waiting, yearning for it to happen to me, to be loved, to be given that package of love from mum and dad until one day I just stopped waiting and gave up, never expecting love again from them or anyone.

This shit with Amazon has shown me a lot of truth about how it was for me as a child and how missed out on love I felt, so overlooked and so hurt and that hurt I never showed to them, I just pushed it down until now. This Amazon delivery bypassing me is the same as the Love Bypass I have felt all my life, I have missed out, I saw it happening for my sister but not for me, I watched it happen for her but not for me just as I watched my parcels be delivered to someone else yet they were meant for me but I got missed, they weren't aware of me even waiting for the parcels/Love. I got completely denied.

Feeling so helpless right now.

7 July 2020

Oh my fucking God, another Royal Mail delivery gone to the wrong address yet saying it's been delivered, a different carrier yet the same shit happening. I have been ranting, screaming my fucking head off about the hopelessness of it all.

Two parcel carriers delivering to the wrong address and me not getting my stuff. What the fucking fuck!!!! I am so fucking fuming angry and if this is what it has all been about, to make me feel my anger, then it is fucking working God! I am reeling in anger and rage, I just smashed the fuck out of the printer because it wouldn't print, or connect or some shit like that. I smashed it so hard then in the next second worried that I had broken it and would need a new one. I am a fucking crazy person.

I am so out of control right now, feeling so helpless, like there is nothing I can do about any of it, everyone is taking my stuff I have ordered and it isn't fair and I am so exhausted with it all, I give up. I am so disappointed, let down and so fucking angry that I have to go through the process of ringing up shipping companies to try and get my money back for goods I haven't received although the tracking says I have. I don't have a leg to stand on, which is how I feel. Like,

they won't believe me.

I can't even be bothered to write about it any more I am so fucked of with it all, the same boring shit happening to me. "Alright Mother and Father, you have me! I am fucking livid and I fucking hate you pair of fucking CUNTS!! I hate you both; you are so horrible to me, so unfair to me making all of this shit happen and laughing at me. I hate you; I don't ever want to meet you because I want to stick a knife in you both. You ruined my life and you carry on doing it, making it all so hard for me, so painful for me, so frustrating for me, I fucking hate you both to HELL!"

Now I have Toothache.

8 July 2020

ArghhHHHHHHhhhhhhhhh I have fucking toothache, my tooth chipped off and now everything hot or cold sends me into oblivion. It fucking hurts and I am so fucked off, I am drained and exhausted with it all. I will write more later when I have expressed all of my fucking pain!!!

I just can't cope!

9 July 2020

I am ok, I have been expressing all of my pain and how I have had enough now! So worn out I feel like I am being wiped the floor with even though I am so exhausted. My tooth is rough and sharp because a bit of it broke off and now the nerve is exposed but it isn't as bad as it was. The pain is manageable and giving me plenty of anger and fuckedoffness to express. I have had both my son and my daughter expressing to me too so its been tough and I have felt like I can't cope with them right now but that is how I have always felt about them so I sent them away, to grandparents so I could get on with my life without them bothering me. It's horrible, I know, what a selfish bitch of a mother but it is all true. I was a rubbish mother just pretending to be a good one. God, I was so shit, so unloving to them and all they say is I have been the best mum they could have wished for, poor little depraved kids, they have no idea of how awful I was and if they could see my feelings at the time, they would know the truth of how I really felt. I feel terrible admitting and writing this but everything has to come clean now and I feel so sad for my poor children believing I was a good mum.

I can't do anything for them and I never could, I was totally rubbish and now all

I can do is sit and listen to them pour their hearts out to me about their pain, knowing full well it is all because of me and my unloving parenting. How does that make me feel? Fucking useless, awful, despicable, guilty parent who has fucked them and their lives up and now all I can do is sit back and watch the fruits of my labour and it is cringeable to see. I almost want to turn away and hide and curl up in a ball and not watch it all but I have to see what I have done to them, it is a crime and if I should be put away for it, I would go gladly. The worst thing for our children are us! Their parents!

I feel so helpless to help them, just how this tooth is making me feel, I can't do anything about it, unless I go to the dentist and all the pain will be gone in one visit but that is missing out on all of that truth. Missing out on all of those glorious bad feelings the toothache is giving me, missing out on so much healing. So, I sit with it and express it all, all of the dread and the fear of the pain coming back to get me again and hurt me just as I was hurt and just as I have hurt my children. I feel twinges of it and it scares me that it will come back big time to give me overwhelming and unbearable pain, will it? I don't know! I dread eating in case it shoots pain into the nerve and I can't bear it. What if I am never out of pain? What if it never goes away and I have to live every minute of every day in agony? I am so scared.

I speak to Marie about it and she says to me that **the pain is never any bigger than the pain that I have already felt but denied from my childhood, the pain can only be equal to the original pain felt in my childhood.** That brings me some comfort to know.

My healing has an affect on my children.

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 everyone elses, 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.

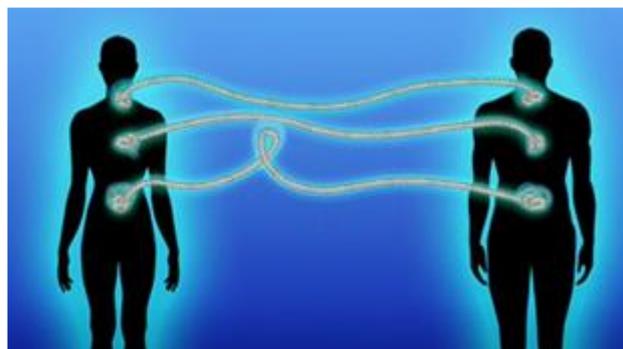
Today, he called me and told me that he felt so much deep sadness that he wanted to die, like his friends. He told me he has even been contemplating how to end it and feel close to the end coming for him. This is how unloved he feels, so unloved that he wants to extinguish his own light, the tiny bit I have left him with. 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 everything 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 childhoods 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.



A bad night with my tooth pain.

18 July 2020

I had a bad night with my tooth again last night and from what I feel Mother and Father telling me; it is the perfect pain for me to get in touch with the truth of just how bad my pain was. I told them I couldn't believe it was that bad for me and they said that most people don't realise just how much they have denied and suppressed and if I didn't have the pain right from the start of my life then there would be no need for this tooth pain I am getting now. The tooth pain is telling me the truth about how severe my pain was and how much of it I still have to get to the 'ROOT' of.

Denied and Suppressed

Shit, it hurts so much, so deep inside my tooth bone and at one point I thought I was going to have to take paracetamol or ibuprofen but I really didn't want to do that. I wanted to heal it with Mother and Father, so I did. Constantly expressing the same pain but going a tiny bit deeper every time I get it, bit by bit the painful denied and suppressed feelings come up but this could be a long journey if it is going to be little and often and I don't look forward to it. Today, I am pain free and I slept well after I had expressed all Mother and Father felt I needed to and I really know that they know when enough is enough, I feel they are in total control of this.

I dread having to go to the dentist and right now, with this lock down our dentist is only seeing emergencies and they are not allowed to do any drilling so all they can do is pull the tooth out and that is what they would do with me. I dread the interference, the poking and injecting, it is more pain to ease the tooth pain and that injection, shit, it goes deep and really hurts, fuck them hurting me for my own good. No, I don't want it; I don't want them hurting me when I can do this with Mother and Father by expressing my feelings. I might have to have this tooth pain until my healing is over, I know Mother and Father know what is best for me and what pain I need to bring up all of the denied childhood pain that I stuffed away inside me.

While the pain is going on I feel so unloved, so uncared about, so much loss and lack comes up and a lot of hating Mother and Father to make me feel this bad just so that I can know the truth of my denied pain. Does it have to be this bad? Yes of course it does, if that is the truth of how much of my childhood pain I have denied and if this is how bad it was and if toothache is the best way to get me in touch with the truth of it all, then this is what is best for me to heal it and feel it.

No one can take my pain away, no one can stop the awful toothache I feel that shoots up to my right ear and stops me from talking so it is so hard to express my feelings out loud because the pain gets worse when I talk, so I have to do it in my head when it gets too bad and that is just how it was for me as a child. I couldn't express my pain out loud to my parents, I had to keep it all in my head with it not going anywhere but still inside me and this tooth pain is making me do the same as I can't speak when it gets too bad, so the expressing is done all within. Isn't it so clever, that the pain can even stop me talking out loud to show me how I wasn't allowed to express my pain but had to bottle it up and never complain. Shit, it is all so amazing.

The perfect pain for me.

19 June 2020

I had a pain free day and night last night, which was lovely. Still feel myself just waiting for the bad thing to come back and get me. I am very scared of the overwhelming pain and all through my life I have tried to get myself and anyone I know out of pain, I wanted to be a nurse so I could stop the pain in everyone and I can see now how wrong that is. It is me, knowing better than God. God is

saying these people, and myself, need this pain to help them feel and heal and I am trying to go against God and take the pain away. I am fighting with God, resisting God and the pain necessary for me/us to heal. It has always been my job to make people feel good, I can remember it as a child, doing all I could to make mum and dad happy and forget their problems for a moment but it never worked, the problems were always there waiting for them. I have had to do a huge U-Turn in my life and run into my bad feelings instead of away from them, seeing them as good instead of so, so bad.



God knows what I need, what pain is a perfect pain to make me feel my denied and repressed feelings and this toothache is the perfect pain to take me back to my childhood pain that I pushed away as a child and now I am feeling it big time! Me and my childhood pain are one right now.

My feeling reaction to a girl's suicide.

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 hers 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 everything on the University, having no clue that the blame was theirs entirely; it never even came into it. They have killed their daughter, not the University. Their 'Will' over the 'Will' of their daughter, 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.

The toothache is my dad.

21 July 2020

My toothache began to reappear this morning so when I was in the car I was expressing the pain and the annoyance of having it hanging over me like this, fuck it is so annoying and I am so sick to death of expressing the pain of it. Repeating the same words again and again but I know that if I didn't need to have it then I wouldn't, Mother and Father know just what I need to help me heal.

The subtle niggle of this toothache is still with me, it's not bad but it is so annoying. It is my dad and I know it! The pain hangs over me like a threat, letting me know it is in charge of me; it is in control (my dad). When it rages it is him raging at me or one of my brothers or sister and me being so scared of him. He wasn't always like this, at times he was so soft and so loving but the times when he was angry, they are the times that scared the shit out of me and stayed with me, doing so much damage, shit he was huge and so scary to me as a small child. He was strict and demanded respect and obedience. Every bit of this pain is dad. As my tooth pain screams at me that it is in control of me and it will let off the pain when it wants to in the meantime I have to be subservient to it and obey it, give in to it and be just like I had to be with dad. I am that child again being just as scared and dreading it just as much as I dreaded dad.

I don't think I can cope any more.

23 July 2020

Today, the tooth pain came back and it was unbearable so I had to take some pain killers. This was not an easy decision but it was too severe. Now, that made me feel some feelings. As I was swallowing them down I felt like I had failed, I was so rubbish, such a useless disappointment who was doing just as

her parents had taught her, to take the pain away at all costs and take pills. I felt so fucking awful doing it. Then I began to realise I was meant to do this and I was resisting doing just what was done with me as a child. Mum would take the pain away and use medication to do this and today, I had to see this truth and feel how it feels to give in and take the medicine.

I can't believe how powerless it made me feel taking them, like I was utterly useless, pathetic, trying to get rid of my pain but taking the tablets made me feel more pain. So powerless and my toothache also made me feel this way because there was nothing I could do about it, I couldn't fix it and me avoiding taking tablets was just more of my power play, thinking I could do this, just keep expressing but I don't have the power to heal myself, it's just another fantasy. The truth is I am so fucking weak I will do anything to get out of pain, just like my parents taught me and this is the truth I have had to see.

I can't be any other way and to be at one with how it was for me as a child, then getting rid of the pain with medication is the truth of just how much my parents wanted to get rid of the pain and not have to bother with it.

I had to take the pills to get rid of the pain as that is how it was for me as a child. All my power being stripped away and replaced with a pill. Totally denying my pain and I can really see it now and just how useless it made me feel, like I am so useless so let mummy and daddy take the pain away for you Sam. No power at all.

Taking that pain killer was hard for me to do, I felt defeated and in that feeling moment I could see the truth of my mind trying to keep me feeling and not giving in, still all so mind controlled and I didn't realise I was doing it until I had taken the pills and felt so broken by taking them, so weak and powerless. The pills were my parents taking my pain away so I have no pain to feel bad about. Taking those pills opened up so much truth in me, that I can't do it, I can't heal myself, it is useless and pathetic to think I could and that was what was keeping me from taking the pills, wanting to do it, heal myself when the truth is I can't. I am incapable, weak, pathetic and useless, good for nothing. I gave in and took the medicine and crumpled up on the floor in a pathetic heap, totally defeated because that is the truth of how it was for me as a child. I was using my mind by not taking the pills, all my mind's control, fighting it instead of giving in.

No one is ever on my side.

23 July 2020

I am feeling very fucked off. No matter what I say to Trevor, he is never on my side, he can't just agree with me and say something like "Oh yeah Sam, I get it, I feel the same, or, Yes you are right!" I can never be right with him and that is how it was with dad, I am never right. It fucks me off so much that I have stopped voicing my opinion which is terrible, I know but it is the same repression I felt as a child and in my growing years with my parents. It is all coming up, now right in my face and that is the tooth pain, and fuck that tooth pain! It has come back again and so, so, so bad. But I want to talk about how I feel about Trevor never agreeing with me. He has to always be one better, telling me how it is all the time, never just letting me talk and then agreeing with me, that would be so refreshing to have that equality, but it can't be like that, I know. If I do some food, very rarely has he said that it was really nice, usually he tells me what he would have done to make it even better, what a fucking shit! I am so pissed off!

If he did compliment me I think I would reject it any way, not feeling I deserve it, feeling like he was being condescending to me and belittling me, saying "What a good little girl you are Sam, you have done it right". I feel stupid when I get compliments and want to say; "No, I am not, stop saying I have done a good job, I am rubbish and not good at anything". This is how unworthy my parents have made me feel and Trevor is the perfect person to bring up all of that unworthiness. He is always so right; always putting me right like I am a child and I know nothing. He doesn't 'see me', just like my parents didn't. I feel so subservient, so pathetic, so ignored and like I am invisible and so unworthy.

I just made a Vegan Pasta Bake and it was so nice and I thought he would comment about how nice it was but he said, "Did you put any chilli in it, the last one you did was perfect and this one; well I can't taste the chilli". How did that make me feel? So unappreciated, so useless, such a let-down and such a disappointment. I replied by saying "I am sorry I have let you down and disappointed you with it not being to your liking." He made a joke out of it but I was serious. It was just like talking to my Dad.

I feel angry and hurt and so unappreciated.

My tooth, well I am having to take more pain killers today, I can't cope with the pain, I thought I could but I can't and I never have been able to cope with pain,

being so scared of it as a child. Taking those pills made me feel guilty, like I am not doing my healing properly and I have let myself and every one down because I have denied my pain by making it go away with pills. It hurts me so much to have done this to myself, kill the pain! I hate myself for doing it. I will have to have the tooth pulled out, yes, pull out the pain, pull out my dad then he can't hurt me anymore, get rid of him out of my life, pull him out and throw him in the bin, never to interfere with me again and never to cause me pain.

I am now in unbearable pain and I can't cope.

28 July 2020

Well, the tooth pain is so severe now that I have to take painkillers. It gets me in my sleep, during the day, when I wake up and it is miserable. There is nothing I can do and I have realised that I was resisting not medicating, not wanting to give in to the pain which is not wanting to give in to my parents, its using my mind in rebellion to the tablets and my parents. So, I gave in!! Just as I gave in to them, I could never win and it is just the same with the toothache. It is so much more powerful than me, I can't beat it and any trying is just using my mind to try to have power over it and I have none, none at all.

The pain has won and I have had to crumble in defeat and let myself be taken over with the pain and the weakness of having to take pills to stop the unbearable pain. I don't have the strength to beat it, I can't , it is not how it was for me as a child. How it was for me was to back down and be controlled, they would let me go so far, just as this tooth pain is showing me, but when it came to it they would put the pressure on me to comply and be obedient no matter how much pain I felt, I had to do as they said and I am doing as my pain is telling me. I am being obedient and subservient to it because that is the only way it could ever be for me. The pain wants me to break and to show me just how powerless I was as a child, I had power to a certain degree and then mum and dad would come in and change it all to be how they wanted me to be, they would break me down and I would have to do their will which caused me so much pain.

I have really realised that I was being so resistant in not taking pain killers, really stoic and determined to not take them until the pain broke me down and showed me that I have no say in it, I can't take the pain and if I did it would just be with my mind, hanging it all out so I didn't take the pills and then feel so let down, that I can't do it, so powerless to heal myself but I can't heal myself, I don't have that power, I have to do what my parents say and take the pill to get rid of the

pain. They want me out of pain because they don't know what to do about it so they tell me to take pills to stop the pain.

Taking those pills makes me feel so defeated, like I have lost, I am not feeling my feelings and healing properly and it is such a let down and disappointing feeling to give in but it all makes so much sense, I don't have the power to heal myself. I am feeling constantly and the pain does go but other times it is all too much and it comes on so quick and I am so sick to death of repeating the same feelings, I am so tired of it that the words hardly come out of my mouth, I don't feel there is any more to say about the tooth pain and how severe it can be. No more words come. I have exhausted it all out of me but the pain continues to control me and I have more feelings about it, the same ones most of the time but not always, they hit me at a different level and they then feel like truth so I feel that until every feeling about this reaches that level of truth and real knowing inside of me, the pain has to continue. Tiny new truths come up although I am repeating myself most of the time, shit, I am so drained and I feel totally wrung out right now, so exhausted.

Children only need their parents' love!

The tooth pain is gradually killing me.

2 August 2020

Still in such incredible pain, the pain now travels down to my collar bone on the right hand side and it paralyses my right arm, I can't lift it or grab hold of anything. I feel like I would rather die than carry on like this, all feeling that I have denied from my childhood. I actually dread waking up and having another day in pain. The right hand side of my body is totally fucked and I have started having heart problems too. My heart begins to go into a different rhythm, like really fast for a few moments, only when I have the tooth pain though. I don't think I can go on much longer like this it is too much now.

I know there is an infection there because it is swelling up and when the pain is with me it is like the pain is my parents, the tooth is my parents in my head constantly causing me pain, they are literally in me head as is this tooth. I want them ripped out of my head, I want them out of my head and this is how I felt so many times as a child and as a young adult, I just wished they would fuck off to another country and leave me alone so I could be free and that is how I feel about this pain, I wish it would fuck off so I could be free of the pain it causes

me. I want it taken out like I wanted them taken out, gotten rid of, getting rid of them. They caused an infection in me all through my life, so much illness. I was also the infection in their lives and they wished I would stop causing them pain but I could only be the pain they created.

The pain isn't constantly severe but it is always with me, threatening me to get really bad whenever it wants to, and it does. Whenever I do anything I want to do, it starts and gets so bad that I can't do anything. It takes all of my will away. It feels like a long rusty nail going into my jaw, bang, bang, bang as my parents smash it into my jaw bone, hammering it deeper every time.

I just saw a vision of Jesus as I wrote that, being nailed to the cross with huge rusty nails, the same ones my parents use to smash through my jaw whenever they want to. Jesus just let them do it to him, he didn't resist, he let them hurt him, do what they wanted to him just as I have had to do with my parents, let them have their will over me. But like this toothache, it isn't always severe and nor where my parents, we had good times too and when they were good it was wonderful but I knew the pain would come back, a constant threat of my dad making sure he had our obedience or else, the pain would come, he scared the shit out of me as a child and still does, it's his energy. I am so scared of him just as I am so scared of this pain, I feel this tooth is him and I want him out of my head, taken out so the pain goes. I was so happy when he would go off abroad to work for six months of the year, shit, life was so good just with mum, without him she was herself and we all got on so well but when we knew dad was coming back it was all ruined. Back to oppression and being good out of fear.

He was a big man and to a little child, he seemed like a huge ogre, I was always so shit scared of him, he is this tooth, drilling it into me that I must be good or the pain will get worse. Shit, the pain has just gone into my right ear as I am talking about him.

Mum said she was coming round last week so she turned up on Wednesday and the sneaky thing didn't say anything about bringing dad with her, you see, that is what she was like, very sneaky, she would tell dad everything, nothing was just between us, I couldn't trust her. She didn't tell me dad was coming to and as I heard her come through the back door, I heard another set of footsteps and they were his, my heart sank just as it did as a child.

I saw him and put on the fake hello's. I am still so shit scared of showing him how I feel about him, I have to fake it; I am still that scared child. We all sat outside and he said to me "I am 80 in a few days time, 80!" He repeated. I said I knew and he carried on to say "I want to know that you will be there at my funeral when the time comes."

Well what a fucking demand, there it is again, I must be the obedient child to him and honour him by being there at his funeral, but it just came out "No! I won't." My mum instantly, in horror, said "Oh Sam, stop it, yes you will." I could tell she was shit scared now too, I had stood up to him and given him the killer blow.

I looked at my dad and his head bowed; I thought he was going to burst out into tears with that killer blow I had just dealt him. We all sat in a terrible silence, not knowing who was going to speak first, then dad said "You went to Harry's funeral but you won't come to mine, your Father."

Harry was my husband. I replied; "That was 8 years ago and our relationship was completely different to ours dad, also I am not the same person as I was then, things are so different between us now." But I couldn't say those words to him; 'I don't like you dad, I don't love you and never have, I wouldn't even pick you out to be a friend in my life, I wouldn't chose to spend any time with a person like you, you have held me back all my life, oppressed me, made me scared of men and scared to do anything wrong in life in fear of getting told off, NO! I won't be there because I don't like you'. That is what I wanted to say to him but I couldn't do it, I wasn't allowed to hurt him like that. I wasn't allowed to hate him or ever be angry at him, that was the ultimate act of disrespect and it was me he found so much respect in, I had to respect him and he liked it, it gave him back the respect he never got from his parents, he found it in me, he made me be like it so he got what he needed from me.

I am still so scared of him though, I wish I could have said what I wanted to say to him in that moment, the perfect moment to do it, but how could it be, it wasn't like that for me as a child, I wasn't allowed to disagree with anything he said or did so I can't do it now because I am no different from the scared child I was. He was allowed to upset others and say what he liked but I wasn't. I spent a life of not upsetting others because I wasn't allowed to upset him and still, I can't. I saw exactly how it was for me with him when he turned up the other day; it showed me all I needed to know. My pain has now gone as I have been writing

this. I feel so pathetic that I can't just come out and say it to his face but no way can I, I am too scared of him, it would destroy him, yet I allow him to destroy me, I have to let him do that to me, to crush me, to drive a rusty old nail through

Denied and Suppressed Feelings

my jaw, I have to allow this to happen and I am not allowed to complain about it to anyone. I am not allowed to express my pain, just take what ever is thrown at me without complaining.

He is the one hammering this nail into my jaw, he is in control of the hammer and whenever he wants he can drive the nail deeper into me and I can't do anything about it, not a thing because that is how it was for me as a child. This toothache is the physical manifestation of the denied and suppressed feelings I have harboured all my life, this is the expression of that pain caused.

More tooth pain boring expressing.

2 August 2020

It's been about 4 hours since my last post about my tooth, I know it is getting boring now but it doesn't matter, I have to keep expressing it, I am sick to death of it, expressing the same shit time and time again but that is the way it goes.

The pain builds up slowly and I can feel its threat of hurting me and it is going to be bad, it starts with a throbbing in the root of the tooth and builds up in power and pain, I fucking hate it, I wish it would just fuck off, please fuck off and leave me alone, I am tired of the pain, worn out and exhausted with it all. The pain shoots down my jaw into my neck and stops at my collar bone where the pain lingers. My whole left side of my body loses power and I can't move my fingers, all my nerves are fried.

I am so tired of living like this, it hurts so much and I can't get out of pain, nothing I do can stop the pain. I wish it would stop, I hate it. I hate it so much, I despise the pain, I despise the way it makes me feel, so weak so powerless. The pain is so strong, so powerful, it has such a hold over me, coming and going whenever it wants to. I have no control over it, I can't stop it but it hurts so much, so, so much.

I can feel the pain right now, searing deep in the root, in the bone. It has no care for me and how I feel, how much pain it causes me, it doesn't care a toss about

me. I can feel the sharp shock of the pain shooting down my jaw and into my neck; it is making me feel so weak, I just feel like crumbling in powerlessness. I feel utterly helpless to do anything, this pain has me, and it owns me and will do what it wants with me. I fucking dread it coming, it couldn't care less about me. I am so tired, I am fucking exhausted with the severe pain.

I am at rock bottom.

4 August 2020

I have had a terrible day, the pain is now unbearable so I called the dentist and they are seeing me tonight but they are not happy about it and have made me feel terrible. They wanted me to fill in some forms and return them before my appointment so I did and walked up to the dentist to put them in their letter box. I buzzed their buzzer outside and a voice came over, I told her I had my forms to hand in and she told me she couldn't accept them because they can't touch anything from the patients. I told her it is in an envelope and I will drop it in the letter box but she said no it will mean she will have to touch it and told me to photograph the forms and email them to her.

All of a sudden I felt a rage come up in me and I fired back. I told her that she made me feel like a dirty, unclean person who is a real lowlife and no one can be near, a disgusting fuck of a person and she turned off the intercom on me and wouldn't speak to me. A man was standing near me and couldn't believe what she was saying and commented how crazy people have got and I burst out in tears, I was uncontrollable as I walked home, screaming and shouting to God about how unloved and how hated I am and how I hate every one, every single person on this planet. Shit, I got in and Trevor took one look at me and I couldn't even breathe I was so overwhelmed by the whole unloving experience.

I truly felt the rock bottom of the truth of how hated I am and how much I hate everyone for hating me. I could have killed in that moment and I wanted to smash that girl up, beat her and rip her to pieces so she didn't exist any more, just how she made me feel. My toothache went instantly as I was walking home in my seething madness, all the anger and rage spewing out of me, they can all go and fuck themselves to hell, I hate every one of them and I still do! Cunts, every one is a fucking cunt and I hate them all, I want everyone to die for how they have made me feel.

I can feel how hated I really am, that dentist girl didn't want to be near me, didn't want to be infected by me, like I was worse than vermin in the gutter who lives on shit. She made me feel like the most putrid piece of crap on the planet and it was all she could do to speak to me over the intercom. I hate her, I want to fucking rip her to pieces just like she has done to me. I can't stand being in this world any more, a place where no one wants to be near anyone, every one hates every one and doesn't trust any one. I don't want to be here, I hate it here. It is to terrible now; it is too unloving, the hate is too much for me to cope with, too unloving. No one wants me near them, they hate me, I am putrid and disgusting and unworthy to be near anyone.

I wish I could express properly the way it has made me feel, it is so deep, such a hurt, such a pain to be so hated and kept at such a distance emotionally. I feel like I want to die with the unlovingness of it all and today, being treated like that, like an unworthy, infected piece of putrid shit, it was the last straw for me. I couldn't stop myself from crying as she shut me off at the intercom, she didn't want to hear me any more like I was a bad and naughty child who needed shutting up because her parents had had enough of her tantrum.

I know all of this has been me telling my parents how they made me feel all my life but today I feel it has hit the pinnacle and my tooth pain has led me to this experience of rage and hurt at them and that girl, treating me like that, has brought it all up and out of me, crying just the way I would have cried as a child feeling so hurt and so unloved and denied and suppressed by my parents. Today has been the pinnacle for sure and it released so much in me that has been there since childhood.

The toothache came back and then went and this is how it has been for a few days, pain, no pain, pain, no pain just as it was for me at home, they were nice and loving, then they were horrible, up and down it went all the time, they are the toothache and I wanted them removed from out of my head just like this tooth.

*We are to express our feelings,
both good and bad, emotionally!*

Feeling the absolute truth of my pain.

4 August 2020

I feel like, today, I have got there. I have reached the truth all through the feelings my painful tooth has given me and having this experience with the dental assistant. She rejected me so deeply that it hit me and touched the deepest part of me and I haven't cried like that, ever. I couldn't speak, I couldn't catch my breath, I thought I was going to pass out with the grief and sadness I felt. I was so beside myself that I felt like the hysterical child that I have been hiding from, the child that wasn't allowed to see the light of day. I just let her scream and feel as hurt as I truly felt inside. It was the deepest hurt and pain and no one cared.

The tooth has shown me how uncared about I was and felt but had denied it all my life. That dental assistant told me the truth, "I can't touch anything you have touched in case you infect me!" I am the putrid infected child making everything bad for everyone. I am the one who will infect the world with my evilness; I am bad to be around and totally not wanted. I am so despicable that no one should be around me or near me because I am dirty, vile, putrid, disgusting, infected and the grossest thing on the planet. That is how she made me feel, that is how this so called 'Pandemic' is making me feel and it is how I was made to feel by my parents and now, right now, today, I know that to be the truth. I know it more than I have ever known anything. It is the greatest truth of my life. I am hated, I HATE!!

Enters emotionally - is to leave emotionally!

Pulling out my Rotten Roots emotionally and then physically. 4 August 2020

Well, I had my tooth pulled out!! The dentist was so lovely and caring, she really cared about my pain and took an x-ray and said the root was absolutely rotten and causing me so much pain and those words made it all make sense. 'MY ROTTEN ROOTS.' My family roots were rotten and that is what caused all of my pain and today I felt the pinnacle of those rotten roots, the devastation of the pain caused by my family lineage.

She gave me the option of root canal work or extraction and today I knew that extraction was the only way. I felt like I had come to an ending and the

extraction of this pain, this rotten tooth, was the final act of unlovingness to myself, by my family. To get rid of the part of me that was in pain just as my family would and did do. This act of extraction has so many endings for me. Pulling out and getting rid of the rotten root of my family, getting them out of my head at last after so much expressing over the years, finally they were to leave me.

I can't tell you how free I am feeling right now, like they have left me. The rotten roots of my family are now gone and maybe I have expressed all of the pain caused by them and this tooth extraction has been the final act with all the severe pain I have been in and seen just how unbearable it was for me as a child. This tooth has taken me there and allowed me to feel the truth of my childhood pain and right now I really feel like it has ended with that final act.

I asked the dentist if I could keep the tooth so I have it and it means so much to me, it is so important to see the rot that I needed to experience and all the pain this rotten rooted tooth needed to give me, it is so beautiful and so amazing what it has done for me. This little thing, this tooth is a symbol of my healing and it is a miracle what it represents and what it has done for me. Caused me so much pain, the pain that I couldn't get to right down in my root of my family, my rotten family roots and I feel I am now severed and extracted from them.

It has been a while but I am back to the pain.

22 September 2020

I have incredible pain all down the back of my body on the left hand side. I have a torn rotator cuff in my shoulder which is caused by "repeated small traumas over time" well, that is what the internet said. It makes sense, this was my childhood, repeated small traumas over time and now it has accumulated to this awful pain. I also have the worst muscle pain in my middle back and I only have to make the wrong move and I am in trouble and this again, is a reflection of my childhood with mum and dad and with school, make the wrong move and that is it, trouble.

I am totally powerless to the pain and whatever it wants to do with me, it is in charge and I have to do what it says. All the pain is such a deep and painful expression of my denied and suppressed pain as a child. I feel so fucked, so physically retarded in my movements, like an old woman hunched over because of the pain when I try to straighten up. I can't stand with any confidence, it hurts

too much, even to lie down hurts and I can't get through a night without either my back or my shoulder giving me pain.

I only have to make a little jolt and my shoulder has me in the worst pain, so bad I have to double over and just want to pass out with the unbearable pain. No one helps me, no one turns a head to ask me what's wrong, and I get no attention when I am in pain, just like when I was a kid. I feel totally insignificant, invisible, and uncared about in my pain and all I want is someone to care about me, some attention.

Our Parenting is ever so Unloving!

Fucked off with feeling so powerless.

26 September 2020

I am literally fucked! I just had a bath and didn't even have the power and strength to push myself up and out of the bath; my shoulder is so bad that I couldn't use it to get myself out of the bath. I went into a bit of panic and thought I would have to call Trevor to get me out, just like a little baby. So humiliating to think of not being able to help myself any more. I feel so utterly powerless and all strength in my left arm is going.

I have had pain all week in my back and it has been moving around into different places and for the past few days it is behind my left shoulder blade, right in deep where I can't get to. I can't twist or move around, I have to move in a very rigid way so not to twist the pain and make it worse. I am such a wreck and have been crying most of the week because of the intense pain I am in. I pray to Mother and Father to help me know the truth of my pain but every time I do it just gets worse and more intense.

Right now I am feeling so scared about this pain and what it will do next to hurt and scare me. I am terrified of the severity of the pain and one wrong move and that is it; I am doubled over in pain, close to passing out or being sick with the pain. I don't think I will ever be out of pain, I feel it will just get worse until I am in a wheel chair, totally disabled and having to be looked after like a baby having to have everything done for me.

My pain is telling me how unsupported I am, so much so that I can't even

support myself, I just want to fall to the ground like an empty sack. As a child I couldn't support myself, mum did it all for me and now I am in the same position, I can't support myself in any way. I am too useless and in too much pain to do anything, even my back is giving up on me, the pain is too intense to even stand straight and I am in shock that my childhood denied feelings were this bad. That I was in this much pain but didn't want to know it and every time I ask Mother and Father for help they give it to me by making me more aware of the pain of my denied and suppressed Childhood feelings, I was in so much pain as a child, so weak and so unable to support myself as my back pain is now showing me.

I felt comforted being ill!

27 September 2020

Feeling this bad has taken me back to when I was young and ill. I liked it, I liked being ill, I was comforted by illness, it felt snug and I felt cared about and loved by my parents as they let me stay in bed with the things I liked doing.

Rebellion and Default is the Virus in us all!

It was such a good feeling, so looked after and tucked in, like a warm fuzzy feeling, like I was being hugged and cared about although I don't remember the hugs but that is the feeling I had. I could just be myself when I was ill, nothing was expected of me, I could just be my weak pathetic self, as powerless as I felt in my illness. No one wanted me to do anything but I was left to be ill and it was comfortable, in my warm bed, having mum to myself, it was just me and her, nice! I miss that, right now I want that but there is no one to give it to me and my parents were only like that if I felt ill and had time off school, the other times they were just normal parents just going through the motions of being a parent, begrudgingly.

I wanted to be cared about like that all the time, and I still do, I only got the attention I needed when I was ill so no wonder I was so ill most of my life because that was the only time I got their love and attention. I want that love and attention now, while I am in this pain, that is what I want but I can't get it from anyone. I want it, my body and soul is crying out for it, for that support and care but it is nowhere to be found and it makes me feel so lonely and

rejected, unwanted and uncared about, like I am just a pain and the physical pain I am in tells me just how much of a pain I was to my parents.

Normal Parenting is Evil Parenting!

I am never relaxed.

10 January 2021

I am just realising how much tension I hold in my body, from time to time I catch myself relaxing my neck, my shoulders, my arms, chest, stomach and legs, wow. I naturally hold myself in a state of tension and I have to physically unclench myself and when I do it is so amazing to feel my whole body drop from its tautness. Then unconsciously, I naturally go back to holding myself taut, it is how I have been all my life, how I have learnt to carry myself, all uptight like I have to be on alert for the fight or flight danger that awaits me.

When I let my muscles relax from my tautness it feels nice but not safe at all, I feel open and vulnerable to attack, it begins to feel uncomfortable and I am not used to being in a relaxed state so I go back to my safety position of all of my muscles tightening up and being ready. My stomach muscles are the tightest and my shoulders, when I drop them I lose a couple of inches in height and my stomach is constantly clenched up, what an awful way to be but it is me and how I have had to be. Nervous and ready for attack, always on edge, so much so that it is just so natural for me to be this way and I can't not be like it. Even in my sleep I clench my jaw and my neck muscles are all up tight, it's horrible to be like this. So scared all the time, no let up from it. Relaxing just doesn't feel right to me and I can't do it, I have had to be alert and up tight.

I was a nervous and scared child and I am still that same child, I can't be any other way. I was like it in my mum's womb and I am still trapped in her womb, holding myself so tightly, all cramped up inside her and I am still there. I can't be free of how I felt in mum's womb, I am still in her womb living my life cramped up in her and not being able to escape or spread myself out I fear of hurting her and she will prod me through her stomach. I would stretch out a foot or my back would protrude out as I turned and she didn't like it, she didn't like the feeling of my growing inside of her and now I can't grow outside of her

because I am scared of hurting someone and them hating me for causing them bad feelings as I did mum when I was in her womb.

I could hear her say "This damn baby is on the move again, God, it feels awful and weird, look, there's a foot sticking out of me, I hate the feeling". Now I feel every one hates the feelings I give them so I hold myself tight and my muscles taught so I don't cause anyone to feel bad. I was scared to grow inside of mum and I am scared to grow out in life, scared to try anything new, scared to stretch myself in life in the fear of making someone uncomfortable like I did to mum. So I just hold myself taught and don't relax as if I do then I am up for attack.

Addicted to Tiramisu!

10 January 2021

TIRAMISU (a coffee-flavoured Italian dessert) – it is the best thing ever created. I just want more and more of it, I want so much of it that I feel sick. If I know it's in the fridge I can't get it out of my head, I have to eat it. It stops me feeling bad for a moment; it makes me feel so good. Fuck, it's so good. Why do I want it so much?

Because it gives me the beautiful, ecstasy feelings I long for, nothing tastes so good. I want to feel good all the time so I eat chocolate or something that I love, I want to feel good all the time so I eat chocolate all the time.

I only want to feel good, it was how it had to be at home with mum and dad, we had to feel good all the time, be happy all the time, not being aloud to moan or complain or be sad without them trying to cheer me up all the time with food, sweets. "Come on Sam, this will make you feel better" my mum would say as she gave me a lolly or chocolate or biscuit. Now I am still that little child not allowing myself to feel bad so I do what mum taught me to do, go and get something sweet to shut my bad feelings up. She didn't want to hear me complain, so distracted me with sweets or cakes. She taught me that sweets will always make me feel good and now I want them all the time, I crave them.

Coronavirus Covid-19 restrictions making me feel bad.

12 January 2021

Lockdown restrictions are getting tougher in the UK. People are getting arrested for sitting on park benches with someone else, shops coming down on customers

like fucking Nazi's. I don't go out much anyway, only for the necessities but shit, it's getting mad crazy and nothing is stopping Covid-19 or whatever it is. I went through a phase of not wearing my mask and realised through my feelings, that I was being rebellious, it was my parents telling me what I had to do or I would be in trouble. Now, I can't even be bothered with any rebellion, I just put my mask on and do as I am told, I am the perfect citizen doing exactly what I am told and I don't have any will to fight. I would only be fighting my parents anyway and whenever I tried that as a child, I could never win and I can't win now. I give up completely and do as I am told knowing they have taken my will completely just as my parents did.

This C-Virus is helping to show me just how it was with me and my parents and unconsciously that is what it is doing to every one, we are not fighting the Government or the Virus, we are fighting the lockdown of our parents and how restricted we were as children, how defiant we were towards them, just as the protesters are now, shouting in the face of the 'Will' takers, screaming at them; "We won't do as you ask so you can all fuck off". It's all-just as being the same angry children as we always were, we are no different.

I can remember how I would protest and hate my parents but never to their faces, I had to go to my room and hate them so they couldn't hear me as if they did, I would be in so much trouble so even now I will protest to myself so no one can hear, I am still that child protesting inside myself but complying with everything they say I have to do, all against my own will but I have to do it in fear of getting told off. I can have all the tantrums I want about it all but it all has to be within me, no one can hear it, it's not allowed. Only me and God know how I feel.

Yes, this Virus is helping me connect even more to how it was for me as a child and how I still am, I am still that child, no different at all. Mum and dad would say; "No you can't go out Sam, you have to stay in because we have told you to do so, don't be defiant Sam do as you are told, you are being naughty, go to your room and don't speak to any one until you can do as you are told. You can't go here Sam you can't go there, you can't mix with those people Sam, be in at a certain time....." and it goes on and on! Restrictions all the way. My will being taken all the time, being told what to do and how to do it.

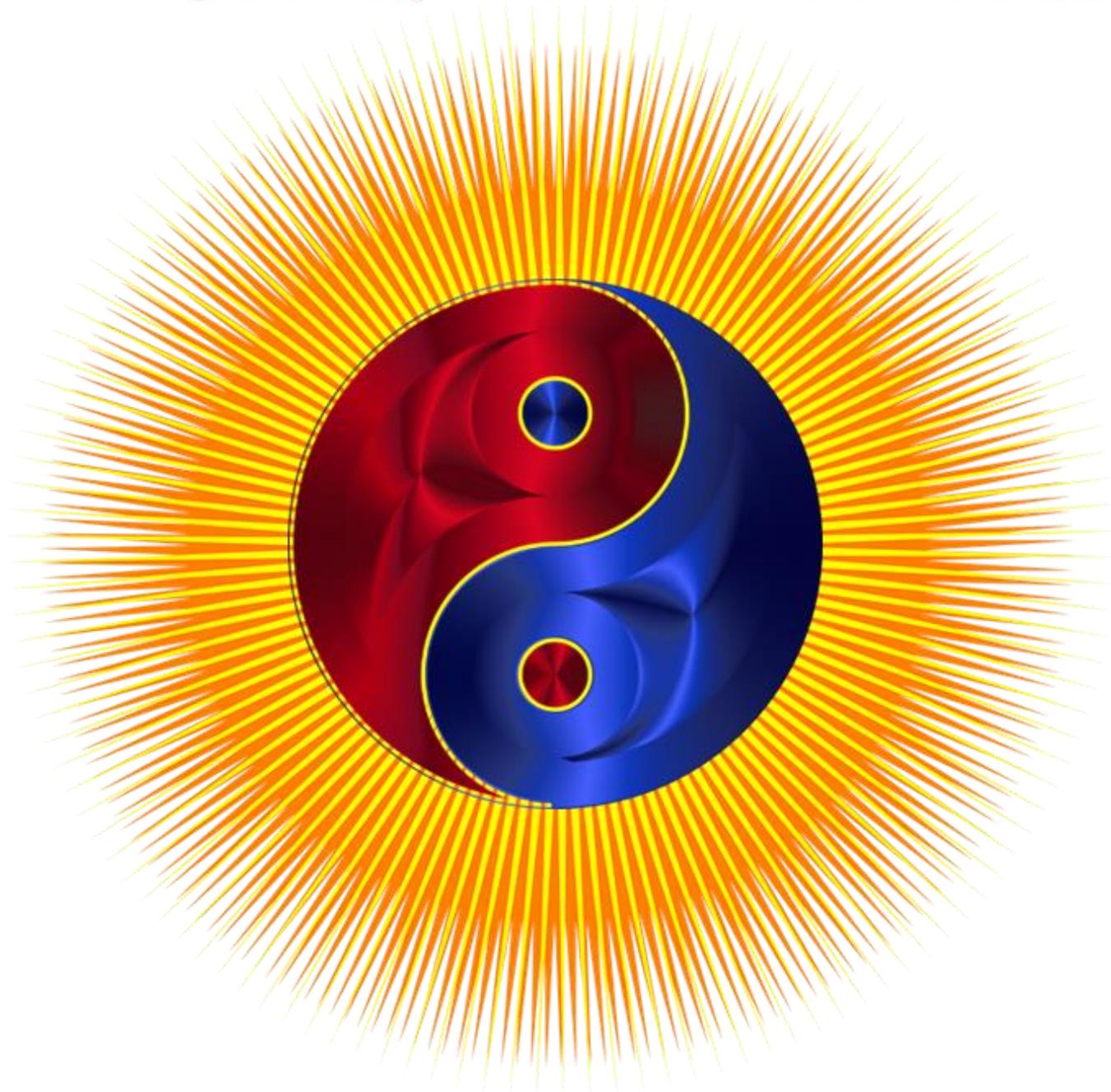
Shit, it's no wonder I find it so hard to function in life and now we have it globally to show every person on Earth just how it was for them as children with

their parents. This is no different and it might take us all the way back to when we were babies with our parents having them do everything for us as the Government take full control over us and our lives, housing us, giving us money, feeding us, putting us into childcare, in camps specially made to control us, to see where all of this could end up is taking us right to the beginning of our lives with our parents, being 100% controlled by our parents with us not being able to do anything for ourselves.

We didn't have any say over the vaccines we had as babies and that will probably end up being the same with the Covid-19 vaccine as they make it mandatory for every one to have it. As far as I can see nothing is any different than when I was a baby and child with my parents having taken my will, never being asked; 'what would I like' but just being forced into it by my parents, it was what they wanted for me so I had no say.

I can see that how I feel about this Virus and all the restrictions is the same as how I felt about my parents and all of their restrictions over me and my WILL. I just give in and comply. Be the good girl they want me to be while all the time hating it all, moaning under my breath so they can't hear me but still, complying. I express all of my bad feelings to Mother and Father now but as a child I didn't have Them, I had no one to express to so it all stayed inside of me. Now I am very vocal about my feelings and make sure I get them out in the moment. I think, if we could all see it, the whole world is being plunged down into their denied and suppressed childhood bad feelings by this global pandemic, it's a good thing, showing us just how it was for us with our parents.

Our Heavenly Mother and Father



Feeling my bored feelings.

18 January 2021

I don't know what to write about, it's just that I am so bored. Everything's always the same, every day so boring. I want something to change; I am so fed up with being so bored. I wish I could feel some change in me, I wish I could feel God's Divine Love flowing into me but I can't. I want some sort of good feeling just as I always did as a child; I am just the same kid. I would fantasize about something so good happening to me and I am still doing that right now. I want the excitement of something so good happening but there is nothing, it is just so boring, the same boredom that I felt as a child living at home with my parents, in their house, with their restrictions. I was trapped and that is how I feel now, trapped in the same boredom.

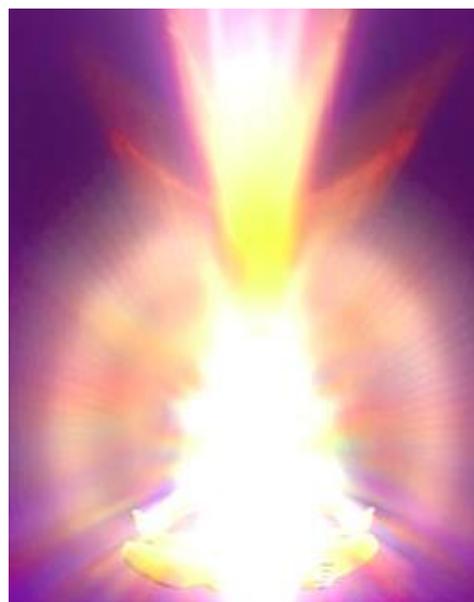
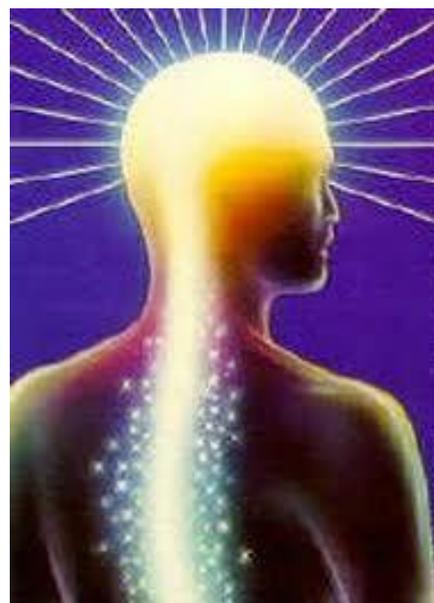
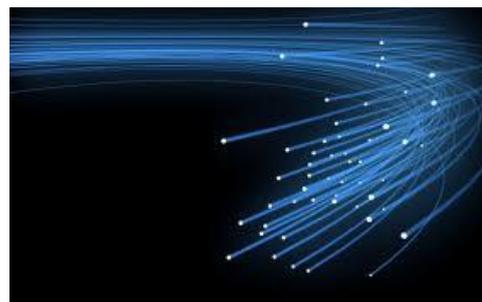
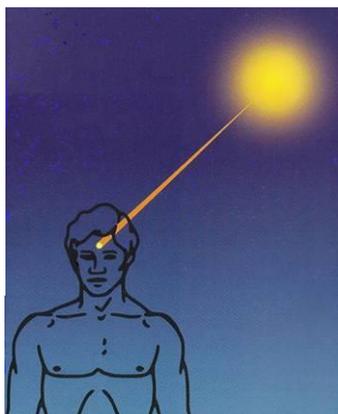
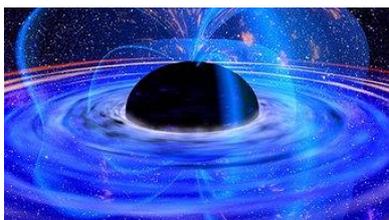
I am writing this instead of feeling my bad feelings, although I am kind of feeling them and writing about how I feel. This boredom is so frustrating because I am trapped in it, I can't escape from it, it has me and I feel like I want to fucking scream, 'I feel so Trapped' by it. I want changes to happen to me but nothing changes, it's the same monotony every day, the same routine every morning, just like it was as a child living in my parents' routine for me. I am still in it and there is no way out of it, they have programmed my mind to be this way and to do this every morning like a fucking robot.

I woke up this morning and did exactly as I do every morning. I get up and sit on the edge of my bed, I then lean on the windowsill and look out the window, then I put on my pink dressing gown and go down stairs and put the news on, then go into the kitchen to make toast and drink my first pint of mineral water, then I sit on my couch and put on my computer and so the day goes on, in the same way it does every other day. So fucking boring, but I can't make myself do anything differently, I don't want to. All I can do is what I have been programmed to do. It's all such a waste of life to live a life put into me by my parents and not to live my own life but I have no idea what I would want to do, all I can do is what I have been programmed to do. I don't know how my life would be living it through my own will, I don't know what I want to do and right now I am just feeling so programmed. I fucking hate it, I hate living this way.

CONNECTION with GOD:

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

**Progressive escalation of
Divine Love flowing.**



Feeling how hopeless life is.

23 January 2021

Just sat on the edge of my bed crying about how hard it all is, life is so hard when we have chosen to live in Rebellion of God, it is so fucking hard to live like this. So hard being a part of this unloving way of living, struggling for every penny and society chucking you out if you don't have the money to survive.

Life is hard, living in Rebellion of God!

I read a story about a family who were packing up their car with all they could carry because they had been evicted due to their business collapsing due to Covid-19 coronavirus and they could no longer pay their mortgage. There was a photo of them packing their car up and the photo had been taken from a woman across the street watching them and telling the story, she offered to help them and wanted to offer her sympathies but they asked just to be left alone at this devastating time for them. I feel so helpless for them and it brought it home to me just what we have all been born into, not being asked if it is what we want but it has already been set up by our fore-fathers for us, a default way to live in such an unloving system of life. I fucking hate it, I don't want to live like this any more but I have no choice, none of us do as we have all been born into the rebellion and default and this is the life we have chosen, all against God and I hate it.

I don't want to live like this any more, it is too cruel, it is too evil, it is too

We are all born into Rebellion and Default!

unloving, I hate it, I don't want it but what can I do, I am stuck in it, all the mess and shit, I am in it!

I said the Divine Love prayer, crying to God to help me feel all my feelings and let me feel Their Love for me, I feel so desperate for Them to Love me. I cry to Them about the evilness of the world and how hard it is to live in it and tell Them how much I want to live Their way, I want to come back to Them and live Their way, not this evil way of existing. I beg Them with all my heart that I want Their way, not this way, but I am stuck in it and there is no escape for me. All I can do is keep feeling my bad feelings and the soul-destroying life that I have been born into. Why the hell do people carry on having children, it is the saddest thing for me to see, people still bringing children into a world of evil. How can that be loving when the people on this planet are so evil and a new life is born into it!!!!

The vilest thing we do is to have Children!

I don't want to be like this any more, I can hardly bear the things I see and hear, it crushes me to the core of my being. I feel so devastated by how we treat each other, throwing families out on the streets because they have hit hard times through no fault of their own. Christ, I hate how we live! I don't want to live like this any more but I am trapped in it all just as I was trapped in my own family life as a child. I had to live their way, my parents way just like I have to live this way with the Governments telling us what to do and how to live, knowing they have now taken over from our parents, we are all still being parented and we want it! We wait for them to tell us when we can come out of lockdown just like mum and dad telling us when we can come out of our rooms when we have been naughty. Fuck! I hate this but I can't do anything about it. I might moan about it and hate it and kick and scream about how I feel about it all but I am trapped in it. The only difference is that now I am a grown up, I can voice how it makes me feel out loud whereas as a child I couldn't, I had to keep quiet and suppress it all inside me.

I so want to live Mother and Father's way; I am desperate for it to begin for me, to be at one with them instead of living this hell that is so against Them. I am so tired of being so fucked in this fucked up world, I am so tired and exhausted with it all, I want to change but that is up to Mother and Father, not me, but when will that be? I don't know, only they do. Am I close? Am I miles away from it? I have no idea where abouts I am in all of this but I so want to be changed; I am so tired of it all now. I am so weary that some days I can hardly carry myself. When will it happen Mother and Father?

Our Parenting of our Children is oh so unloving!

Parents abandon their Children emotionally!

28 January 2021

I despise myself!

I fucking hate myself so much right now. Inside and out, every bit of me I hate, there is nothing I like, I hate it all. I wish I could punch myself, beat myself up with the rage I feel for myself, stab myself and just keep stabbing until I no longer exist. God, I despise myself, every bit of me is wrong and awful in every way, every part of me is against Love and God. I am the vilest creature on the planet and should be put down. I am a waste of life, just so useless and so bad and wrong.

I hate myself to the depths of hate. I give up with myself, I am so fucking useless in every way. I can see how I am being and can't stop being like it and it makes me die inside when I see what I am doing and hear the things I say, just so fucking pathetic, such a people pleaser, so sickeningly pathetic that I still need others to like me so much.

Everything I do is evil, wrong, pathetic, sickening and I despair at how I am. I can't stop being like this, I just get worse and to see the truth of how I am, it kills me inside that I am like it. I see exactly how I am being in life and it is so pathetic and painful. I can't change. Only God can change me when I have seen all the truth there is to see about myself and yet more comes, is there no end to all of my untruth. I feel like I am sinking in the despair of it all.

I hate myself; I can't stand how I am. I hate how I look; I hate every mouthful of food I shovel down knowing I can't stop. I hate that I go to the shops especially for chocolate or tiramisu or both and can't wait to get home to eat it all like a fucking junkie. God, I could scream, I hate everything about myself.

This is how I am, this is me right now and there is nothing I can do about it. I hate myself to the extreme right now and I have always felt like this, but just covered it up. Now, there is no covering it up, all the ugly truth of me is coming out and it is hideous. I am hideous and I hate myself.

I just can't accept myself and that is my truth.

30 January 2021

Today I am feeling like I have sunk into even deeper non-acceptance of myself. There is such a strong nagging in me that I don't want to be like this even though it is how I am. I hate it; I hate every part of me even deeper than yesterday and with every day that hate grows. I want to be someone else, someone pretty, someone skinny, someone acceptable to others but it isn't the truth and I know that, yet I have such a yearning to be so perfect and acceptable to every one, only then can I accept myself.

If others think bad of me then I can't bear it, I so want to be how they want me to be, then it will all be good and I will be happy. I know this isn't the truth and it isn't right but it is how I am feeling today. I can't accept myself how I am, I hate the weight I have put on, I feel so gross and so unattractive and hated by everyone because I am not perfect and I hate myself for it. I want to be skinny again, like I used to be, I was accepted like that, liked and wanted but now I am nothing, absolutely nothing and I can't even bear to look at myself. I have become everything I hated in a woman, I have become everything my parents hated in people, so I am now 'The Hated'. My parents would make jibes about anyone over weight or not perfect in their eyes and I have now become that person and I am so ashamed of myself.

I felt ok with myself a few weeks ago, like I was accepting how I now am but that must have been more of me bullshitting myself because I am now in this deep devastation of how I look and my all over evilness of how I am as a person. I criticize others and I am so judgemental just as my parents were and I hear myself but I can't stop being like it, it is the truth of my evilness. I don't feel like I will ever be any different, just this evil, monster of a person.

I see beautiful women with beautiful figures and I feel like dying inside as I remember how I used to be; now I am everything I hated in a woman. I have become the one that I would criticise and laugh about and point at and hate, I am now her and I can't feel any like or love for any part of me. I hate all of me fully, every part of me is repulsive and I am NOTHING! This is how I felt about people that are not perfect and beautiful, they are NOTHING and now I am the same, I am NOTHING.

I can't believe how much hate I have had in me for myself and others, how I would judge them for not being my idea of perfect, my parents idea of perfect. I

am still in denial that this is me; I don't want to believe I am now an older overweight woman who is no longer wanted by society and never really has been truly wanted by anyone, only if I am their idea of perfect.

There is such a pull in me, like a desperate grief that I am now this Nothing person that no one wants. I wish I was pretty, I wish I was skinny and had a great figure, I wish I was admired by Men because I would use my body and my looks to feel wanted by Men and that has all gone now and now all I am left with is the truth of how unloved I was by my Dad and I have tried to get that love from men but I had to be perfect to do that and I know that sounds conceited of me but I don't know how else to put it. I was ok looking and I used that to get what I needed from Men, a little slut at times.

To lose my figure and my looks has been so tough for me, it was my power, it was all I had and I loved the feeling I would get when I was looked at by men, I have to be honest here and I am making myself cringe but it is true, I loved the admiration and attention of Men and now I don't even get a second look and I feel completely nothing. I have been reduced down to the Nothingness that was the driving force to be pretty and slim, I didn't want to feel it and now I have to. I am it, I am the Nothing I tried to avoid all my life, I am the Nothing child that my parents made me feel like, like I was Nothing and I didn't exist to them, especially Dad, so I became something to all Men.

It is so hard to accept I am no longer that person, it has been such a risk to stop using my mind to keep being that unreal person who wasn't me but was what every one else wanted me to be. The real me is this! This overweight person who looks nothing without all of the make up and hair and clothes and shoes and all the other fakery fantasy stuff I needed to keep me feeling wanted by Men. Women don't matter, it was just Men that I wanted attraction from because I wanted it from my dad when I was a child. Shit, it has fucked me up so bad not having my father's Love, it has ruined my life completely. The slim me wasn't real, it was who I had to be to feel wanted, it was a lie but I liked how I looked and I miss it but I also know that it wasn't really me at all, it was who my parents created me to be otherwise I would be rejected by the world.

The real me is this person I hate, this person I despise and I don't think I could ever Love or even Like her because it has been ground into me that this is wrong, to be like this is wrong, to be overweight is wrong, to not wear make up is wrong, to wear baggy clothes is wrong, to not be sexy is wrong so everything I

now am is so wrong and that feeling is still inside me but I know this is who I really and truly am, this is me!

The more weight I have put on, the more my hate for myself has grown, I am not huge but anything over a size 12 is overweight to me because my mum was always a size 8, tiny, and she was proud of being like that and judged anyone bigger than her. And my dad liked her like that so these are my teachers who taught me that being overweight is so wrong and those people won't and can't be loved and now that is how I feel, there is no hope for me of ever being loved or wanted. There is no one for me; I can't ever imagine anyone wanting me at all! I would have no idea of how to let someone love me or for me to love someone else; it just isn't in me to feel love.

I feel really awful right now, so deep in my self hate and repulsion and knowing that this is how my parents felt about me too, they couldn't love me just as I can't love me and I feel so hopeless.

I am exhausted, when will it be over??

31 January 2021

I feel so tired today, worn out with feeling so bad all the time. All I want to do is sleep now. Every morning I wake up feeling unwell and as the day goes on it begins to lift and I feel ok but it is so tiring. All of these bad feelings I once would have denied and ignored or medicated but now I have to feel them thoroughly until there is nothing left in me and it is hard and it is tiring. I just want to sleep, I am so drained, yesterday was a very tough day for me, constantly feeling my bad feelings as I delve into my self hate even further. I thought I had nearly finished my healing, I really did but no! There is more for me to get into and it has been a shock for me to feel the bottomless pit of self hate.

Longing for Divine Love, but Nothing!!

3 February 2021

I am feeling so pissed off that I can't feel love, I so want to feel something, even just a twinge of it, but nothing. I want it to fill my heart and soul so much that it overflows and I definitely know I have felt some love, I want to be moved to tears with the love inside me but there is nothing, fucking nothing.



It doesn't exist; it is all bullshit, rubbish, total crap. There is no love, its all in the mind, some sick idea of love made up and passed on to us by the minds of our parents, all bullshit and fantasy mind love, nothing that the heart can feel. I am so sick of this!

I long for Mother and Father's love and sometimes I haven't done it for ages and I feel I might just give it a go, you never know, it might just surprise me and come, all wishful thinking. I sit there longing with all my heart but nothing comes to me and now I don't even believe it will ever come to me, is it even real, who the fuck knows!!!

I read about others receiving it and I feel envious, what the fuck! Why not me, what is wrong with me! So I totally give up. I am sad, very sad about this, that I can't feel any Love from Mother and Father or anyone. I can't imagine ever feeling any love; I don't think it will ever come to me. I feel in such despair right now, deep and desperate despair that I can't feel love. What am I to do? I feel like I am so hopeless and useless and will never be loved just be the one watching everyone else being and getting the love, the love that I want! Shit, I can feel such an anger and rage in me brewing. I am an unloved child being told she is loved, "of course we love you darling", ok, you say that but why can't I feel it? All I can do is hear your words and they are going into my brain but not touching my heart, why doesn't my heart work, what is wrong with me that I can't feel mummy and daddy's love, the love they are telling me that they feel for me, I want to scream.

I am in terror, in panic because something must be wrong with me if I can't feel their love. Mum and dad are telling me they love me, they say it now and again and every time they say it, I can't feel it, its only words with no meaning or feeling attached to them. It is me not them, it is my fault I can't feel their love, yes, it is all me, all my fault. It is my fault I can't feel their love for me, there is something wrong with me, it can't be them because they are so sure they love me, with no question and they wouldn't lie to me, would they? No, I trust them that they love me, so it is ME! And this is how I feel about not being able to receive Mother and Father's Love for me; it is the same as when I was a child.

Now I fee terrible, like I am a freak child, something is wrong with me, I am crazy and very bad, there is something missing in me that I can't feel their love for me. If I can't feel their love for me then it can't be true or real, or else I would

feel it, wouldn't I? I am so confused, I am in a state of confusion and I am only tiny, I don't know what to believe. I have to believe mum and dad, they wouldn't lie to me. I believe them and that it is me and my problem that I can't feel their love. I am a freak, something is wrong with me; they missed out my love receptors at birth so I can't feel love. I am wrong, I need fixing, I am hopeless, there is no hope for me.

I am empty and surely if mum and dad loved me I would feel full up and content knowing I had their love inside of me, but I don't, I am so empty and need everything to fill me up and to fill the void inside of me, the place where mum and dad's love should have been. I need cake, I need chocolate, I need all the food, I need money, I need security all to fill this emptiness where their love should have been, they didn't love me or I would be filled up with it, so sure of myself but I am the opposite, so empty and so without love.

If I had their love inside of me I wouldn't feel so empty and so lost, I have always felt like this, even in my empty childhood I knew something was missing from inside me and it was/is my parents' love and now I can't love or feel love or receive Mother and Father's Divine Love and I don't think I ever will. It is all so pointless and hopeless to me, it will never happen to me, I will just have to go on watching it happen to everyone else as I had to watch it happen between my older sister and my parents, she got it all, well, all they were capable of giving which wasn't a lot but it was more than I got. I can remember watching the three of them, they had and still do have a connection unlike I have with them and I was jealous of what they had, I wanted it but never could get it and it is the same with Mother and Father's Divine Love, others getting it and me just watching it happen and never getting it myself, it all makes me so sad. I feel so unloved and unwanted and like it is killing me inside, devastating.

I feel abandoned by God.

4 February 2021

I feel so deserted by Mother and Father, so forgotten and left out, left behind to watch all the others before me get the love they need. I am this tiny little child looking up at Mother and Father with my arms outstretched for them to pick me up and notice me but they don't see me. Mother and Father don't even know I exist, I don't exist to them, I am just here, waiting for them to see me and realise they have left me out of Their Love and to tell me they are so sorry and that they will give me all the love that I need from now on but that is just a fantasy.

I won't be seen, I never was and I am still that little child waiting to be seen, noticed and loved, for them to realise what they have done and pick me up and love me and for me to feel it from them. I want their love to hit me so hard right in the heart that I feel it and it is a huge experience for me and then I will really know that I have just felt Their Love for me. Where is my fucking Love! I want it now!

They have fucking well deserted me, I feel so abandoned right now, so fucking lost because they don't love me. Shit, they are so fucking useless as parents, I hate them so much that I want to scream in their faces that they are constantly hurting me by not loving me how I need to be loved by them. I long and Long for Their Divine Love but it never comes, what the fuck is wrong with me that they have to deny me Their Love, Evil fuckers, that is what they are, pure Evil. I hate them to hell right now for what they are doing to me, I fucking hate them, I want them to not exist any more and feel like I am feeling, like some nothing useless creature who is so rejected by them, that is how I am feeling. I hate them so much; they are useless parents to me.

Why, Why don't you love me, why don't you hear me calling for your love. I don't exist to you, you hate me and don't want me to exist, I am just a pain to you, a nothing. It feels like I am dying every day without your love and all it would take is a tiny drop of Your Love to make me feel you and that you are real and that you love me but no, nothing, I get nothing from you at all. It is like you don't hear me or see me, I don't exist to you. You have passed me by and forgotten that I need You and Your Love to survive and my whole life has been about my safety in this world, not feeling like I can or will survive and that is all because I never felt Your Love for me and it made me feel like I would die any moment, so I have led a life of fear of my own survival because I didn't have Your Love inside me to make me feel safe.

What the fuck do I have to do to get You to love me, I long and I long for Your Love and I get nothing from You, it is like You are not real to me and don't even exist and I am just longing to the fucking wall.

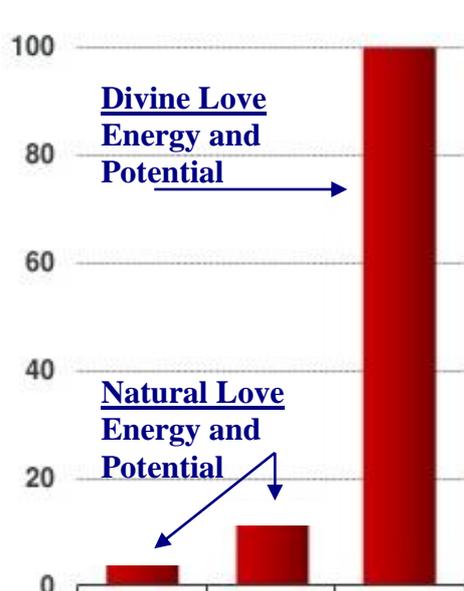
Do You Exist? Because it feels like you don't!

Feeling so deserted by Mother and Father.

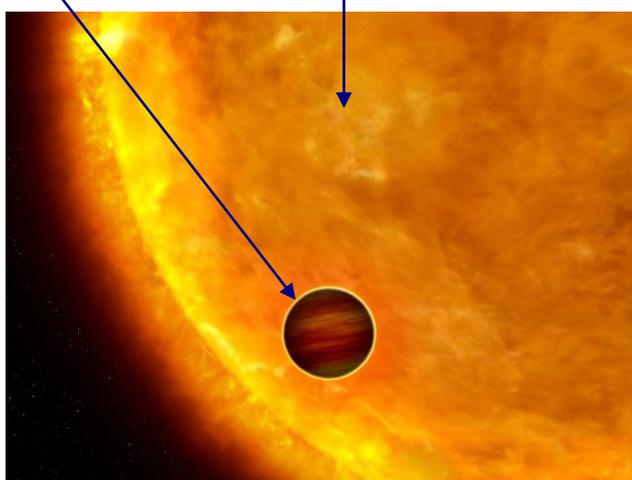
4 February 2021

I feel so utterly deserted by Mother and Father, I know I keep going over the same shit but I have to, it is how I am feeling right now, so fucking deserted by Them. It is like I am walking around in my own life with something so important missing from me. I am going round doing my life but I am empty, the core of me is missing and it is Love and there is nothing I can do to get it. God doesn't hear me so what chance do I have, None!

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



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



Prayer for Divine Love

Long to God for Their Divine Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

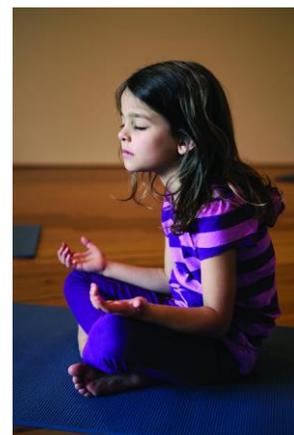
If you are sitting formally in mediation or prayer, once you've longed to Them for Their Divine Love, and you feel the Holy Spirit bringing it to you, you might find your head wants to move upwards as if looking into Heaven. Allow it too, but if it wants to keep going, don't stress yourself by hurting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

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

Summary:

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

Feelings!
first



Boredom feels so lonely.

9 February 2021

I have only come to write on here right now because I am so fucking bored.

There is nothing to do and lockdown isn't anything to do with it, I don't go out anyway. I am just so bored. There is no one to talk to and nothing to do so I am just sitting on my couch with the big arse dent in it, looking out at the falling snow. I am in my pyjamas still with no incentive to get dressed. I am so bored. How does being bored feel? Well, it's a huge lonely emptiness and I keep wanting to get up and look out the window just to see something that might interest me but there is nothing. I can hear the bin men reversing up my street to take my rubbish but that is boring too. I feel like this is how it will be forever for me, NOTHING!

This boredom feels so pointless, really what is the point in living in such nothingness with no future, it feels like I am just waiting to die and I am 53 so who knows when that will be, my husband was 53 when he died so who knows. I just want to sleep my days away to make it go faster but that is a denial of my boredom, just more trying to escape it. I feel like I don't exist, like a void, a nothing person.

I wish something would change in me, I want something to happen but I know that is just more fantasy shit, me wanting something amazing to happen to me, like I suddenly feel I am at one with God and I have done it and I feel so connected and great but really, I can't imagine ever feeling like that at all, it is just more of my fantasies going on inside of me to stop me feeling my boredom. My mind wants to take me to places that aren't real so I don't have to feel this boredom but I keep coming back to it.

I am cold and bored, I have nothing in my life, just these bad feelings and the little me is showing me how it was for me as a child, I felt like this often throughout my life and was told to go and find something to do because my parents didn't want to do anything with me and they didn't want to know about it, they would get agitated by me telling them how bored I was. I had to learn to go off and amuse myself at a very early age and I still want to do that now, just like when I was a child. But I just sit here feeling the boredom and its emptiness and that is me, completely empty inside, empty of love that would have filled me up and I don't feel I will ever know how that feels.

I suppose I have felt it, when you think you are in love with someone, you are filled with a feeling that is so good and you never feel bored and you don't want food because you are filled with those love feelings for that person, probably not even love, just an excitement that I am getting all of my addictions fulfilled and met by this new person so I can't say it is even love, just a sick fulfilment that this person is going to make me happy because I can't make myself happy, I need someone else to do it for me. That is a lot to put on someone as I drag them into my shit and put the burden on them of having to make my life good and happy, it is so far away from love, it is sick but it distracted me from the truth of my bad feelings for a little while, until they came creeping back and the relationship ends because the truth is always there waiting to rear its head again once all of the fantasy crap is gone.



Example of Cording

The only good thing I have to stop me feeling bored is food. It takes all of the cravings away for a few minutes, it makes me feel good, even excited when I know I have some chocolate in the fridge, I have something to look forward to and I have no one telling me I can't have it. I can have it all if I want, every bit of it and I can have it whenever I like, I don't have to ask mummy. She controlled me but now I don't have any control and I eat it whenever I want to. I don't have any in the house so I am so bored and angry that I don't have any chocolate to comfort me and make me feel good, I have nothing but I could drive to the shop to get some but it is too cold and it is snowing so I just have to sit here and feel my bad feelings. I feel so shit, such a yearning inside for something to fill me and to take away this aching of boredom, I want to rock and moan with the sounds of yearning for fulfilment, boredom has a desperate sound to it when I let it out, it is weird and mental like but it has a voice and when I allow it to come out, it is groaning and moaning from the weird noises that come from me. A real hankering for something to fill me, be with me, pay attention to me and these are all the noises I would make as a child.

I am going to get on with my feeling healing now about my boredom and make all the fucking weird noises I want to.

Still expressing my boredom.

12 February 2021

I am still so bored; there is nothing to do. I feel so restless in my boredom.

Nothing is good, it's all so boring and I am so fed up with feeling this way. What is the point in existing when it is so boring; there is no point to life when there is nothing to do. No one is around and no one wants to do anything with me, this is the same as when I was a child, it can't be any different, it has to be just how it was when I was young because I am still that bored little girl not knowing what to do and feeling so alone with no friends to play with. No one wants to be with me. I feel so alone and it is horrible and boring. Why doesn't anyone want to play with me, I feel so rejected by everyone. Mum and dad are busy and doing their thing, my Sister is with her friends, my brothers don't want to play with me because I am a girl so it is so boring and it is exactly the same for me now as an adult. My sister and two brothers moved away to Australia and left me here on my own, they don't want to be with me and I feel like the little child who felt deserted by every one.

I sit here on my couch and don't know what to do with myself; there is nothing, life feels like NOTHING! It is so empty and I feel so restless inside because there is such a longing to be wanted and it won't happen so I have to go on being totally unfulfilled and restless. There is no love in anything for me, I don't feel it and being bored is such an unloving feeling. No one wants me, I am all alone, I am rejected as no one wants to be with me, I feel so pointless and so hopeless being so bored in life, it is a nothing life without being wanted and loved.

Being cut off and shut down!

13 February 2021

I was just telling Trevor something and he completely cut me off and said something he wanted to say about a completely different subject. I thought he would say sorry and what was it I was saying, but No! He has completely rejected me in that moment and I felt it hard. I was back in my little girl Sam mode and remembering all the times it had happened to me as a child, my dad was always doing it, like I was so boring and not worth listening to. I was such

an insignificant thing to him that if he didn't want to hear me, he would just cut me off, just like Trevor just did. I am right back there with it all, feeling so hurt, feeling so fucking unimportant and Trevor, like my dad, hasn't even realised what they have done to me and how it hurts, and I can't even tell him because I couldn't tell my dad. I wasn't allowed to tell him how he hurt me and how rejected and unloved and so fucking humiliated it made me feel when he did that to me. The humiliation was the killer, so humiliated because I didn't mean anything, I was so unimportant that they can just reject me mid sentence and I have to let them because I was too scared to speak up and say how I feel but go off and talk to myself or now, God, about how hurt and raging angry I feel. What total CUNTS they are, I fucking hate them for treating me that way. I wish I could speak up but I still can't and that is right because that is just how it was for me as a child.

Another person might have said to Trevor, "I was speaking, you are so rude to think that what you have to say is more important than what I was telling you", but I physically can't, I can't make him feel so small and disempowered because I wasn't allowed to make my dad feel like that, ever, I would have been in so much trouble if I stuck up for myself with him. I was there to make him feel powerful, like he was the king, the god and I am like that with all men, I can't be any other way. All I can do about it is express it to God about how it makes me feel and those feelings are exactly the same as the ones I felt as a child, I am exactly the same and those feelings are the ones I am expressing now, my childhood pain.

Shit, it feels so awful to be so dismissed off hand like I just was, it is such a deep killing pain, like I am dying inside with humiliation at being so fucking NOTHING to him and to dad. I must allow them to treat me like that though, I can't make them feel how I am feeling by telling them off and letting them know how they have hurt me, I don't want to hurt them because it hurts me to hurt them. That is just how I feel and I can't be any different, I can't make myself say how I feel to them, I was never allowed to do that to any one, especially not a man, the authority.

I just have to put up with it because I can't open my mouth to say "Fuck you". I am the little girl who couldn't stick up for herself because I wasn't allowed to express any anger towards my parents, so I can't express it to anyone so I get treated like a worthless being and that is how I feel, every one is better and more

worthy than me because my parents were better and more worthy than me and that is how I was brought up.

Having a real tearful day today.

19 February 2021

Feeling the need to cry, so I am just letting it happen and it feels good after. Crying is such a good release, I can really feel it. I have been feeling so terrible about myself and what a bad person I am and how God will never love me because I am so against them. I feel so useless and such a lost cause and it is no wonder I can't feel Mother and Father's Love when I do so much that is so against them. I feel like there is no hope for me and I will never have a relationship with them. I do things and I can't stop doing them and I know what I am doing is against God but I do them anyway, I don't know how to be any different but it makes me feel so bad.

I have to earn some money and everything I look at is so against God, there is nothing loving out there for me to do, just having to earn money is so unloving in itself, it is saying to God I don't trust you to look after me, it is all up to me and I am the only one who can save myself so I have to work to pay to live on this planet because the whole system is so unloving and if you can't pay your way then you are out!

It is just like being at home with mum and dad. My first job was as a hairdressing apprentice and I earned £25.00 a week in 1984. Mum and Dad insisted on taking £10.00 of it for my keep; it was so unfair and felt so unloving of them to leave me with hardly anything, fuck them! I feel so angry about how unlovingly they treated me, they said that my sister was paying her way so I had to, it was so unfair, I was 16, just out of school and I felt like I had been kicked in the head by them taking my money. I hated them for it, just wanting me for what they could get out of me like I was some pain in the arse who they had to keep for 16 years and now it was pay back time.

The whole way we live is so unloving, there is no place for anyone who can't pay their way, like my parents, there was no place for me if I couldn't pay. I would be left to lose everything and no one give a shit. I am selling a lot of stuff I no longer need on-line, I have a garage full of stuff so a bit of money is coming in from that and a lot of ex stock I still have from the shop I used to have so that is bringing in some money but it is tough. Life has always been a struggle, so hard

to survive but it has to be that way for me because that is how it was for me as a child, we were poor, most of the time broke, having to sell all of the furniture to buy food and I can remember that as a child, all of the furniture going, it was so weird. I also remember getting broken into when we lived in Africa and so much being taken, so it has all been about loss and lack throughout my life and it is still the same, and it has to be that way as that is how it was for me. I am really feeling it now and the hopelessness it brings.

An incredible sleep time experience.

25 February 2021

I had an incredible sleep time experience last night. I was speaking with Mary Magdalene and she said she wanted to take me to a place in spirit to meet some of my soul group and it was amazing. She took me to a place that I didn't expect, it was nothing like how I thought it would be. I could feel I was somewhere else but I couldn't focus my eyes, I felt a bit panicky and Mary told me to just wait and be patient with myself and my eyes would come into focus so I stayed perfectly still and slowly the focus came and I could see.

I was in a beautiful log cabin, it was huge and it was surrounded by woodland, a place I completely loved and it was like it had been created just for me, even the air was so sweet and pure. My eyes focused and Mary said there was some spirits she wanted me to meet, I looked around and there was no one there.

Mary told me to focus on the air and to watch the particles and as I concentrated on the air I could see particles beginning to swirl and move around into the breeze and then I began to make out a form, a face and then a body and it was a beautiful older woman as she took form I could see her better, she was like sparkly spirit energy and as time went on she took a solid form and then more spirits came, they formed in the same way and it was so amazing.

There were Men and Women coming into the cabin, more and more and they all materialized in the same way and I was going round the room touching them in amazement, saying to them and Mary "They are just like me, they are just like solid living humans". Mary laughed, they all were smiling and so glad to see me, touching me and saying, not with words but to my mind, "Yes Sam, we are real just like you, you have no need to doubt our existence, Mary has brought you here to meet us and prove to you we are real". My God, it was so amazing, it was so real, to meet and see some of my soul group, to feel the excitement and

love from them. The first older woman that materialized to me stuck in my mind and is still there, she was wearing a white silk trouser suit, so smart and so chic with her hair pure white, cut into a smart bob with the ends turned up. She looked glowing so radiant, nothing like the way I thought a spirit would look.

I couldn't stop going round the group and touching them, not being able to believe they were solid and real, not being able to believe I was finally seeing spirits for myself in the spirit realm. I was completely in love with them all.

Mary wanted to show me how real the spirit world is, that I am not alone and I do have a spirit soul group who love me, it was so funny and amazing to look at Mary as I was moving around the group, as if to say "Oh my God Mary, I can't believe what is happening to me" as I looked back at Mary, she was sitting on the arm of the couch, just smiling at me like I was her little girl meeting her family for the first time. Mary is so beautiful, she had a white glowing see through scarf on her head which glowed, she actually shone as she watched over me. It was the most incredible experience. I woke up when it was over but today I have not felt the need to eat at all, just being filled with the love of my Spirit family; my soul group and I want to go back!!



CELESTIAL FAMILY

Soul Group = 12 Soul Partner pairs, 24 Personalities.



1 Soul manifests 2 Personalities, 1 Female & 1 Male being Soulmates - Soul Partners.



Celestial Support:

celestial Friends

*A Soulgroup consists of 12 Soul Partner pairs.
From 24 personalities, the Soulgroup may nominate
a spokesperson to always be the communicator.*



*A Celestial soulgroup support
may have 12 further groups
as additional support, and so on!*



SEX!!

28 February 2021

Sex! It was very rarely a pleasure and mostly a duty I had to pay to a man. I had to do what a man wanted; I had to obey just as I had to obey my dad. He was never sexual with me, not at all, but I had to obey him and what he wanted, it was always his 'Will' over mine so that carried through to all of my relationships with men and I had to obey them. I tried to rebel and fight my own corner but it never worked as it never worked with me and my dad. I wasn't allowed to answer back, I had to do it and I was too scared not to. That carried over to my sexual relationships with men. There were times that I wanted sex and times that I didn't but it didn't matter, I had to, so a lot of the times it was like I was consenting to them raping me, I know that sounds a bit strong but it is how it felt, I didn't want sex but I wasn't allowed to say no, I was too scared to say no to them yet inside I was screaming "No".

I am talking about this because I am having a lot of physical pain inside of me right now and it has brought up these feelings in me because the pain is the same as the pain I would feel after sex, like a forced pain, a resistance to them entering me and that caused a lot of pain and bleeding and that is the pain I am feeling now, it has brought back all of these memories of how I didn't want sex but I was taught to obey a man, he was the authority who had to be obeyed so I was very scared of men and what they would do to me if I fought them and rebelled, all because I had to be respectful and obey my dad, shit, it has caused me so much pain. His will over mine all the time and it has been like that with all men. (I stress again, my Dad was never sexual with me in the slightest, I allowed myself to be abused by men).

I faked it all, I pretended I was ok with it and enjoying it but my feelings were telling me the truth, many times, I hated it, I didn't want sex but had to, to please the man, to keep him and that is how it was with dad, I had to please him by obeying him or I run the risk of losing him, losing something I never had to begin with, he didn't love me and no man has ever truly loved me, just used me, just like my dad had done so he could feel the respect he never got from his own dad. I was there to give it all back to him, replace the lost respect that his own dad took from him. I was there to make him feel respected, powerful, the king of the fucking world. Can you see where it all came from and why I had to give in to men?

Shit, when I think of all the times I let men force themselves on me, feeling so

violated and used because I couldn't say no to them, it was too risky, I would lose them. I did sometimes enjoy sex, really enjoy it but it was usually when I was drunk. I don't feel I have ever really wanted sex, it fucking terrified me, especially the first time, it felt all so bad and wrong. The first time was against my will, even though I consented to it but my boyfriend got shitty with waiting for me to be ready so I let him and it was the worst experience, I never wanted sex again.

I felt embarrassed about being sexual, like it was so dirty and wrong and my dad would kill me if he found out, he would be so disappointed with me, like I was now a dirty, tarnished piece of dirt. I was so scared about him thinking of me being a sexual being, no longer his, someone had taken me from him and dirtied me. I belonged to him and him only, he had total control over me and if someone else had me, he had lost power as he no longer had total control over me with his will, another man did. I moved from my dad's will to another man's will, it just carried on, never ending, every man just being more of my dad, every man was my dad but I felt sad for my dad, he had lost me and lost the power he had over me. I felt sad and bad for my dad having to feel that loss at losing me to another man, his will severed in a physical way but in my soul, my dad's will has always had a hold over me and every man has been an extension of him. So in a way it has felt like I have been having sex with my dad and that is why it has felt so wrong and bad, his will, I am his and it carried over to any man I was with, them being my dad. I can only attract men like my dad so that I can feel and heal all of the pain in me caused by dad. It all makes so much sense.

My dad had such a hold over me and had taken my will away so much that I only existed for him, I was his slave in a way because I had to obey him, I was there just for him and so much of him is in me, I am so much like him that sometimes I really do feel like him, that is how much he has programmed me to do his will, his will is inside me, controlling me and still telling me what to do and that dad wouldn't like it if I did this or that! Shit, he is like a parasite and I am the host, he is inside me!

I am dad's and he wouldn't like it if I was having sex with this man, I am his. That is the depths of the control he has had over me, I am still his child and no one else will have me, ever! He still has such a hold over me, will I ever be free?

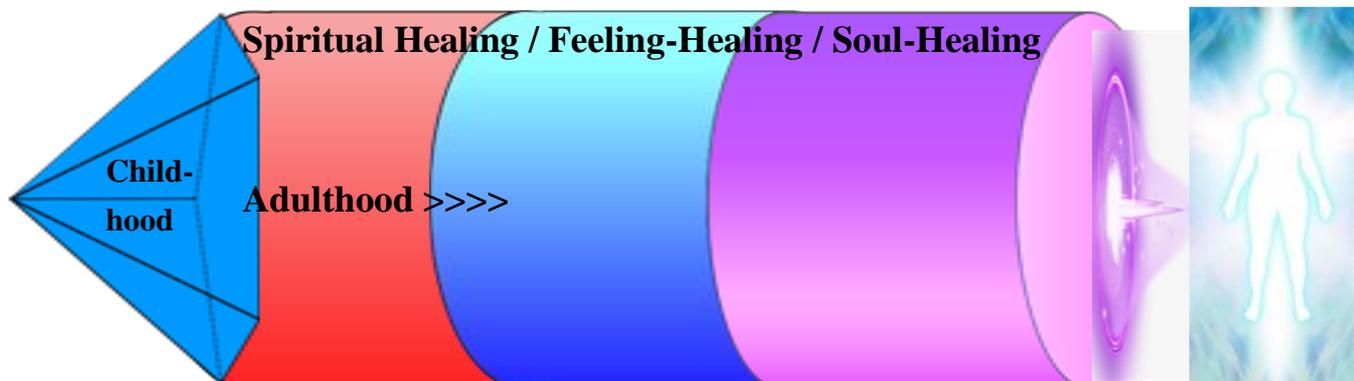
I feel so hopeless right now, like he will never let me go and now he is 80 and when he dies he might be with me for ever, his ghost wanting to be with me for

ever. When he dies he might be with me all the time, controlling me like he never could before, loving how he can be with me every minute of the day now he is a spirit. "Please Mary, don't let him near me, all of my Soul family, keep dad away from me, don't let him bear me ever, I don't want him anywhere near me when he dies. Keep all the spirits away from me that aren't doing their healing, please don't let them near me I don't want to see any of them ever again".

The pain inside me has gone and when it comes back, I will feel every feeling this pain wants me to know about myself. Fuck I hated writing every bit of that.

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.

SPIRITUAL HEALING:

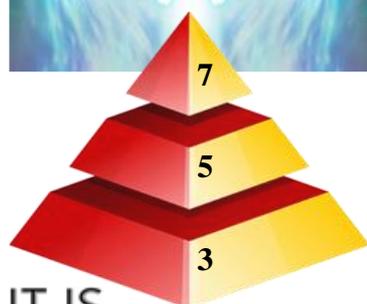
Our Healing is about first finding the truth of our unloving and untrue state, coming to understand the full extent of that, how it relates to us and how we relate to it, and all how it makes us feel so demented living life in a stupor.

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

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

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

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



IT IS
NOT THIS WAY

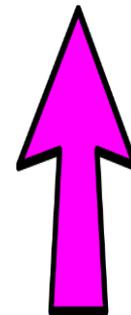
Mansion World 3: is for waking up to the truth that you're not loving and starting to get in touch with your pain, starting to accept your bad feelings, starting to work with them instead of rejecting them.



Ascension of Truth to Paradise

ASCENSION of TRUTH to PARADISE

DIVINE LOVE – Feelings in control – FEELINGS WAY
 DIVINE CELESTIAL HEAVENS – CELESTIAL SPHERES
 UNITING with SOULMATE / SOUL PARTNER and SOULGROUP
 BEING DIVINE, ETERNAL, IMMORTAL, FUSION with INDWELLING SPIRIT



THE FEELINGS WAY ** LIVING A FEELING-LED LIFE **

Transformation of soul from **Perfect** Natural Love to being **Divine** – being of **Divine Love**.

Transformation of soul from **Imperfect** Natural Love to being **Divine** – being of **Divine Love**.

Transition from Mind to Feeling way of living

NATURAL LOVE – mind in control – MIND WAY
 SEVEN MANSION WORLDS

We have to do our: SPIRITUAL HEALING
 (FEELING HEALING)
 (SOUL HEALING)

Uncovering the truth of feeling Unloved

IMPERFECT NATURAL LOVE
 REBELLIOUS
 REBELLION AND DEFAULT

Against Truth and Love
 Living Untrue; against ourselves
 Denying many feelings
 Become Truth to being untrue
 Imperfect relationships
 Feelings of love within an unloving state

LIFE ON EARTH
WHAT WE ARE LIVING
AN UNLOVING LIFE

Self-Acceptance

No Healing needs to be done
 Being true and loving
 All done with Natural love
 Uncovering the truth of feeling loved

PERFECT NATURAL LOVE
 NOT REBELLIOUS
 NO REBELLION OR DEFAULT

Not Against Truth and Love
 Living Truth; not against ourselves
 Not denying any feelings
 Become truth to being true
 Perfect Relationships
 Feelings of love in loving state

LIFE ON A PERFECT WORLD
 What we wish we were living
 A Loving life



THE MIND WAY ** MIND-LED LIFE **

We are to move from our mind way to a feeling way of life within our rebellious and untrue state. We are to live truth to our being untrue, knowing and being the truth of why we are untrue.

GREAT U-TURN

Living True to Ourselves

LIVING TRUE to OURSELVES

We are to live truth to ourselves through ALL our feelings. We are untrue. We are to live truth to being untrue. We are to stop pretending we're true. We're to admit we're full of shit; and be as full of shit as we are.

God made us be rebellious and untrue, so we are to live being rebellious and untrue, not trying to not be as God made us. And we are to live true to being fucked, until God transforms us and changes us into being true and loving, ending our rebelliousness.

With all of us having been incarnated into a truth-denying rebellious world, we are to live true to how untrue, false and unloving we are. We are to stop using our mind to pretend we are true and loving when we're not.

We are to fully embrace, through our feelings, the truth of how wrong, bad and evil we are. And through our Spiritual Healing we are to fully accept how rebellious we are, living and being it. And knowing how being rebellious (being of and in Rebellion) makes us feel.

We are not to use our mind to pretend we are true; that we are loving, caring and sympathetic, as we're not those things.

Being of Natural Love we experience love through our mind. And so being in an imperfect state, some (if not all) of our mind love will be false and untrue.

When we have been transformed into our true Divine Love state having done our Spiritual Healing, then all the love we experience will be through our heart and soul with true feelings and no longer with our mind. With all love being true and based on the Truth.

We are to find the Truth of Love

Everything feels pointless and means nothing to me.

1 March 2021

I am so agitated and fucked off! All day I have been so restless inside, feeling like there is no point to anything I am doing, everything is so pointless. I look at my house and it means nothing, it is like I am waiting for something all the time, waiting for a time when it all has a point and means something. I am so fucked off! Nothing has any meaning to me, it is like I am in a play, playing this part, which is my life, it doesn't feel real and I can't see the point of such an unreal life. Am I waiting to die? Maybe! Am I waiting to die and then to begin my real life, going straight to the Divine Love healing worlds to get on with it and get moving in my journey to Paradise.

I am living my life feeling it is such a waste and trying to figure out ways of surviving until I die, paying for my house and my bills and that is my life. Just existing to pay for the house and bills, just so I don't get thrown out. I want to feel safe and not always feeling the threat of losing everything because I can't pay for it. It's such a struggle. So pointless living a life just to pay for the house, to keep a roof over my head, so pointless. It has no meaning. There is no meaning to any of it for me and I feel so restless about it all, like I am looking for the meaning and the point in my life and there is none here and that makes me restless, like I am looking for something all the time.

I was so restless and fidgety that I drove out to the shop to buy a chocolate cake to eat the whole thing, feeding my feelings instead of feeling them but when I got home I threw it in the bin, I couldn't see the point in eating it just to feel better and get the void in me filled with chocolate cake, numb it out until I can't feel it anymore. Even on the journey home I knew I didn't want it and felt like I had wasted my time completely, and money. What was the point in eating it, I was too agitated to even eat it, so threw it away and carried on feeling my feelings of everything being so pointless. Shit I am agitated!

I want something, I really want my life to have meaning, and I am so desperate to have some meaning in my life. Day after day I only have boredom to look forward to, I don't see the point in anything in life. It all seems so stupid and pointless.

The same program every day!

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 by 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. Everyday 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, it's like living a Hell loop, every day the same. 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 can not 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, and 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!

So hard to accept the truth of my negative state.

28 March 2021

So much going on within me, with my feelings, one after the other, chopping and changing, nothing related just feelings flowing in whichever way they want, coming and going. Right now as I write this I am having so much trouble accepting myself as I am, sometimes I can accept myself and I wonder what all the shit is about that I put myself through, all the self hate and shame but today I am full of shame and self hate, I just can't accept that I am not the skinny girl I have been most of my life, she was a fake but I loved looking like that, I could accept myself looking like that but now I have put weight on because I am no longer on the life long diet and saying no to myself, I can't accept that this is me! I hate it, I fucking hate it.

Something I have noticed is that when I can accept myself as I am, a bit overweight, the pain in my shoulder goes, well, almost goes. It has been wonderful to have freedom in my shoulder again but yesterday I looked at myself in the mirror and was disgusted at myself for the weight I have gained, I could barely look. I felt devastated, like my world had dropped away and I was no longer worth anything to anyone. I can honestly say that this weight thing has been the toughest for me. All my life being thin has been my goal and it has

been so fucking hard to maintain it, sometimes putting on weight and then drastically losing it again and then allowing myself to go out into the world again. I wouldn't go out when I put on weight, feeling too ashamed of myself in case anyone I knew saw me, especially men. I couldn't bare the pain of their thoughts about me, hating me instead of liking me and finding me desirable. It is all about being available to me, it is how I was taught to be by my parents and being overweight means I am no longer available or wanted by men. Hearing my dad speak about bigger people and my mum keeping herself so skinny so she is wanted and I am no different, I am them and they have made sure of that.

I just can't accept myself today and the pain in my arm has come back, as soon as I was talking to myself in the mirror yesterday, telling myself how disgusting I am and how much I hate how I look, the pain came back with a jolt and I couldn't lift my arm again, as soon as the self hate begins again, the shoulder goes into instant pain and it cripples me, its as crippling as the self hate is.

I hate myself so much, I used to be pretty and the other day my daughter got out all of the old photo's and was showing me the ones of me and how I used to look and she said; "Oh mum, you were so gorgeous", and I felt like crying my eyes out and could hardly look at the pictures she was holding up in front of me as if to say; "What the fuck happened to you, where have you gone". But of course, the girl in those photo's was all fake, she wasn't me and I can talk about her as a separate person because she was, she wasn't real, she wasn't me, she was who I thought I had to be so that I would be loved, wanted and accepted. Now. I am the opposite and it is so hard, so, so fucking hard to accept that this is the truth of me, this overweight person is the girl who has always been there just waiting to be allowed to show herself and it is a fucking risk, to be yourself is such a fucking risk because you risk being rejected, no longer wanted, no longer being desirable to men, do you dare to be the truth of your feelings? Because I tell you, it is such a risk, you risk it all if you bring the true you out to meet the world, coming out of the closet you risk being hated, being an invisible person and facing ridicule and hate and it hurts so much.

The hardest thing I have ever done is allowing myself to drop the diets and the fake me, the me that was wanted and replace her with the true me, the unwanted me, the nothing and nobody ME!

I wish I could accept myself and just go out into the world with my head held high and saying this is the real me and I love her, but I can't, I don't feel that way at all, I am deeply ashamed of myself and that is how it has to be because that is how my parents taught me to be, that no makeup, not being skinny, not being perfect, not being acceptable to everyone is wrong, it is so bad, it is shameful, don't dare show this side of yourself but I have always felt it is in me to be like this, this is who I am, yet I still can't accept myself like this and it is all because they can't, my parents! They taught me it was so bad to be a bit overweight or fat, there I said it FAT, shit it is so hard to say FAT, FAT, FAT, oh my God, I want to die even saying it, it was a taboo word in our house, a word only used in ridicule, someone to laugh at and take the piss out of and now I am that person, the person my parents warned me about, I have become her, I am FAT but I so don't want to be but I can't do anything about it, I can't stop being like this but I hate it and I wish I didn't but I do. I fucking hate being like this.

All my life I have been told it is wrong to be FAT (I cringe even writing it). No, I can't accept it about myself, I want to be skinny, everything in my screams to lose weight and be how I used to be so I am desired again and wanted but I can't stop eating the foods I want to eat and love, Tiramisu, oh my God, I love it so much and I have spent all my life not allowing myself to eat it, or any food that I love. I have lived on salads and fruit, starving myself of my desires, being so disciplined when eating, no fat, no carbs, only leafy salads and now, I have tried going back to eating salads and it just goes straight through me, I am on the loo instantly, my body doesn't want it. My feelings only want the foods I feel I want and all of those foods put weight on me, and they have!

There is not a salad leaf in sight now; I eat what I want to eat. I was a Vegan, being very strict with myself about any animal products but now that has all gone to, I still don't want to eat meat, it really does repulse me and nothing in me wants it or is drawn to eat it but I do eat a tiny bit of dairy, just not meat, YUK, the thought of eating the flesh of an animal, it is sick to me. The Vegan comes and goes depending on my feelings, it was all mind control before, now I eat what I want to eat and I don't want to eat meat at all. All the diets have gone from my life, it nearly killed me and I had to go into hospital with anaemia because I was not eating anything with any goodness in it.

YUK

I remember the nurse telling me she could feel my heart beat through my skin because I was so skinny, it was horrible. Now I have gone the other way and put on weight and I can't bare the shock when people I used to know see me. To me, I am gross and can feel my parents' disapproval of me no longer being and looking perfect, my mum's words; "Oh Sam, don't let yourself go", that hurts so much, she is ashamed of me, she was always so proud to have such a pretty daughter, perfect figure just like her, now I am a disappointment to her.

Today, I am deep in my feelings of shame, disappointment, failure, self hate and all the other feelings that I am feeling. So ashamed of myself, so unaccepting of myself, so hideous, so ugly, so unwanted and rejected, so invisible as no one sees you when you are not something stunning to look at, you go unseen, unwanted. I can't control the constant picking at food all day, I used to control myself and tell myself "NO" so I wouldn't give in to my desires to eat when I wanted, I wouldn't allow myself to be FAT (cringe again). I feel a grief inside me about how I used to be and that I will never be like that again and how I wish I could have been naturally skinny instead of forcing myself to be like that so I am accepted.

I still can't accept it!

I am still screaming from the inside "No, No, No, I want to be skinny" but it isn't real, it isn't who I truly am, it was all fake and forced just so I would be wanted.

From childhood I have been trained to be perfect in my parents' eyes and that doesn't just go away, their disapproval is still very strong in me, I can hear them constantly telling me to stop eating, be perfect, be acceptable, it is them in me.

I am bored now so I will stop writing.

Yummy food makes me feel so good.

28 March 2021

Chocolate, tiramisu, cakes, biscuits they all give me the feeling of being in love, that is why I eat them and am so addicted to them. They give me the feelings I need, the feelings that are not in me naturally. I need them all because I didn't

feel loved by my parents, these yummy foods give me the feelings I never received from my parents, so I have to go to my addictions to feel some sort of loving feelings. If I felt loved by them, then I wouldn't have the addictions I have. It fucking crushes me that I need the sweetness from these foods to fill me with the sweetness, I needed from my parents. I can't stop eating them; all I can do is continue to feel my way through how terrible I feel for having to rely on these sweet foods to give me my loving feelings. I feel so angry at my parents for not loving me how I needed to be loved, for not instilling in me the love I needed. They lied to me, it was all just words coming from their mind and never from their heart and that is why when they told me they loved me, I never felt it, and the words just blew through me without a home to anchor that loving feeling to.

Food is my love source; the chocolate makes me feel like I am in love for a few fleeting moments and then it quickly disappears. It can't stay because it isn't real love. It is just a very poor substitute for the love I never received and it leaves me feeling very unfulfilled and empty and lonely.

Sometimes I don't have anything sweet in the house and the pain gets so bad that I have to drive to the shop to buy my loving feelings or it feels like I am dying inside. The nagging, the longing I feel to have those feelings of love inside of me, so I have to go and buy them because they are none existent in me and I can't get any Divine Love from Mother and Father, I long and long to them, but I receive nothing and I understand why. If they were to fill me with their Divine Love whenever I longed for it then I would go straight to them whenever I wanted to feel good. I wouldn't feel my pain because They are there for me but They are not, they are just as loveless to me as my parents were when I was a child and that is how it has to be. I wasn't loved and that is how it has to be for me, that is the truth. I wasn't loved so I do whatever I can to feel love, whatever it takes to get my loving feelings met.

I feel so useless for having to go to my addictions for love, so hopeless and such a failure that I can't feel any real love in my life and I can't, it is true, there is no love that I feel. I am so fucking useless, so fucking hopeless and it feels like I will never be any different, I will always be like this, a loveless being never being able to feel real love. There is no hope for me!

I don't feel well, stomach.

14 April 2021

I haven't been well, I have had the shits for two days now and feel awful, I can't eat or drink anything and today Trevor took me to the post office and he said that I smelt, he could smell my hair and it was horrible. I felt bad hearing that, I felt dirty, rejected, smelly and so unwanted, no one wants to be near the smelly girl. I also felt humiliated, so dirty and Yucky, no one will want to be near me. I felt powerless and embarrassed by the fact Trevor said he could smell my hair and it was horrible.

YUK

I have been ill for two days and sweated so badly at night feeling sick and shitting endlessly and this has all come about since I took the wild crow I was looking after to the wildlife centre and they put it down and told me off for keeping it for four days before bringing it in. I was gutted that they put it down, they killed it and humiliated me by telling me off, God, being told off as a child was so humiliating, I can remember it and the feeling is the same, so crushing. The girl who met me with the bird was only young and she had a right go at me for delaying in bringing it in, then the vet wrote to me and told me off too and when I stood in front of this young girl telling me off, I could feel my face begin to redden with the humiliation of her telling me off in front of Trevor, I felt so small, so crushed just as it had been when I was a child getting told off in front of my siblings or friends, it was no different!

Since that day I have gone down hill. Since I got told off something changed in me, I hated nature for making me feel this way, I hated the girl and the vet for humiliating me, I hated my parents for being the same with me, not caring about telling me off in front of others. I hate everything in life and every one. The truth of feeling so powerless, so out of control, so humiliated and belittled, it all showed me what a fantasy I have been living thinking I could help nature, taking in injured creatures all the time, them being brought to me and always dying, well a few survived but mostly died. Who do I think I am! Some sort of powerful being who is so connected to nature and can heal it, some sort of celestial or even God! What a fucking deluded joke I am! It has all been a lie, a fantasy of mine, wanting to be so powerful and have such control when the truth is, I have none. I am so out of control and have no power but I think I do. The girl took the bird from me and didn't even let me say goodbye to it. She told me

to wait outside and she would come and talk to me, which I found weird but she came to tell me off and rip me to shreds, she was only 20 and tiny and she was looking up to me whilst telling me off and I was thinking, "You little cunt, I want to fucking smash your face in, who do you think you are talking to me like that". I thought I am older than her and she shouldn't be talking to me like this, she should respect me just like I had to respect my elders, my parents. She was the girl I always wished I could be, speaking her mind and really giving it to me while I crumbled and could only hate her in my mind, I could never tell her what I felt about how she spoke to me. I wasn't allowed to ever express myself and my anger to my parents, so I couldn't do it to her. She was my parents telling me off!

I felt totally stripped down by what had happened and in shock with all of the truth my Crow experience had brought to me, I thank that Crow for all it has shown me about myself, so much truth at how arrogant I am, a deluded arrogant idiot and now I feel weak, ill and powerless with no control over anything at all, not even my bowels, no control at all, it just pours out of me whenever it wants waking me up in real pain and rushing to the loo to let it all out of me. I have no control and I have been so arrogant to believe I have!

Still have a bad stomach.

17 April 2021

I have had the worst time ever with my diarrhoea, today is the first day I have been normalish! It has been terrible and so constant, it scared me. To be so out of control with my body, the shit just coming whenever it decides to, I had no say in it at all, just like my childhood, it was out of my hands. My diarrhoea was in control of me totally for the last five days and it literally scared the shit out of me, and that is how I spent my childhood, scared shitless! It has been like God has pulled the plug out of me and all the collected fear has come out, poured out of me.

I have been sat on that loo talking to Mother and Father because I have had no where else to go but to Them, so much deep, deep expressing to Them because I have no one else to tell, and today, this morning, I sat on the loo and just gave up, gave up to Them and I felt such an instant expansion happen throughout my

whole body, it was like there were tubes inside my arms, my spine, everywhere over my body and those tubes were expanding inside me and it felt so good, at last, a fucking good feeling amongst all this Hell!

I feel ok now, I am so glad it is passing. **Healing is so hard, so, so hard but then it should be because the truth of our childhood was hard, so, so hard and our healing can only be as hard as our childhood was.** Our healing is the truth of our childhood and it was a living fucking Hell no matter how loved you believe you were. I believed I was truly loved by my parents but everything I feel as an adult, every pain, illness, experience has been the truth of my childhood and it was hard and unloving and the truth will be very disturbing.

Real love is non-existent in my life.

17 April 2021

It's a fantasy that I chose to believe because I trusted my parents to love me, that is what they are meant to do, love their children but my whole life, every bit of my pain, frustration, anger, illness' relationships is proof that real love is non-existent in my life, so I found ways to cope with the lack and loss of Love - Addiction!

Everything, every little thing in my life has been an addiction so I can cope with the pain of not being loved how I needed to be loved as a child. My addictions replaced the missing parts of me where my parents love should have been, deep in my heart. My addictions made me feel good and without them there is nothing, because I don't have the love of my parents in my heart and soul so I had to get clever and find ways to fake it and all of my addictions do that, but it is so empty because it isn't real love, it isn't what I need, they leave me constantly hungry for more and more.

I am still that child, the little girl that I was and me are one and my pain as an adult is exactly the same as my pain as a child. I am still that unloved child finding ways to feel loved.

I am bad again.

18 April 2021

Well, I have woken up feeling sick, so nauseous and I am so sick of it. What the fuck is going on! I can't eat anything and am losing so much weight because I have spent the best part of a week being ill and not being able to eat. I thought I was over it yesterday but woke up today feeling so sick.

The feeling in me is 'What NOW!' There is always something to come next, I am sick of one thing after another being wrong, there is always something wrong and it was just the same at home with mum and dad, always something happening, always some drama or problem and it felt so overwhelming to me as a child and as I am still that same child, it is the same overwhelm that I am feeling right now. 'What NOW! What is next to come.' Never anything good to look forward to, always bad shit and I am sick of it.

Oh my God, I have really had enough but I have to be all the truth of my childhood and I was so sick of it then and I am so sick of it now, literally sick! It gave me the shits back then and it gives me the shits now, literally the shits!

I was sick of my parents, they gave me the shits. I am now living the physical truth of how it was for me, and how I felt as a child being with my parents.

I think I am getting worse.

19 April 2021

I am waking up every morning feeling utterly sick and having the worst abdominal pains and, oh my fucking God, I am so sick of feeling so bad. I wake up to wonder what is waiting for me today, what pain am I going to feel and I can remember feeling this throughout my life, not the physical pain but the fear of wondering what the day will bring, shitting myself at what will happen and feeling sick with worry. The incredible thing is all of this physical pain I am feeling is the manifestation of my repressed and denied childhood feelings coming out in the physical to make me feel the same bad feelings as I felt as a child. It is sometimes unbelievable that I pushed away so much, well, not unbelievable but incredible that I have denied so much that I need this severe pain to make me feel the pain and truth of my denied and suppressed childhood

feelings.

I can't even drink water right now, it creates so much pain and as I wrote that I know that ever bit of food I put in my mouth gives me a bad and guilty feeling, I shouldn't be eating it because it will make me fat and then no one will want me so it is fitting that everything I put in my mouth should cause me pain. Now my body is rejecting everything I put into it, just as I have rejected it as I eat it, telling myself I am a pig, I will get fat and ugly and no one will love me like that causing myself so much pain and I learnt all of this from mum and dad. No one will love me if I am not perfect.

I am just going with what ever feelings come as I write so it will be all over the place because that is how feelings are, coming at me from all directions all the time.

I am scared, frightened of the pain in my abdomen making me feel so nauseous. I feel so uncomfortable all the time not knowing what end it is going to come out of, I know it is disgusting what I have been writing about but our healing is disgusting, gruesome and embarrassing but it all has to come out of us in one way or the other, no matter how disgusting it all is. We are putrid inside, we are rotten inside with all of our denied and suppressed feelings causing all of this putridness in us and it all has to come out. I will be back later!

All of my scary feelings have to be expressed.

19 April 2021

I am now having many fearful feelings, what if I have something seriously wrong with me, cancer is the main worry, what if I have cancer in my gut, stomach, intestines and bowel? I don't want cameras put down my throat or up my arse, I think they put a camera up your nose and it goes into your stomach, no fucking way do I want that interference. I am so scared of having these awful interventions done to me, I keep trying to talk about it to Trevor and my daughter but they don't want to hear it, they are too scared to hear it from me so they say don't be stupid, it is a bug or something but my feelings are, what if its not! And I need to express these scary feelings I feel and no one wants to hear them so here I am spewing it all up on this forum.

I am so scared, so terrified of dying in agony, uncontrollable pain that no one can get rid of, that is what I want, someone to do it all for me, take the pain away for me even if they have to knock me out, kill me just so I don't have to feel the severity of my pain. I am shit scared of my own pain and how bad it might get. I want to be able to control it so it is bearable! I am so scared of being so out of control with it that it overwhelms me to the extent where it is to unbearable for me to cope with, I have to be able to cope with it. I am so scared of not being able to cope, being that out of control and in excruciating pain that no one can take away.

Every morning I feel this sort of pain and it is on the borders of becoming unbearable, since I have been ill I have had this pain every morning and I dread the mornings because I know what awaits me, pain. Is this how it was for me as a child? Every day dreading the mornings but denying just how much pain I felt? It must be because my feelings don't lie! I can't remember all the pain I have pushed away but I don't need to because my feelings let me know the truth through the pain I am feeling now. If I didn't feel the pain in my childhood, I wouldn't need to feel it like this now. I know the truth through my feelings and this is just how it was for me as a child.

Another thing I have found since not feeling too well is that a part of me quite likes it, I seem to want everyone to know about it so I can feel cared about. I know that when I was a child I got my parents attention when I was ill, they seemed to look after me a bit more and I was different to the others, more special because I wasn't very well so they shared more of themselves with me, I felt more connected to them when I was ill. I have found myself moaning and groaning and making weird little noises of pain just to get them to notice me and ask if I am ok, I know it sounds pathetic but this is what I do and I have had to question why I am doing it. I want them to ask me how I am, I want them to worry about me and look after me because they are my substitute parents right now while I am ill. Trevor and my son and daughter are all my mummy and daddy and I want their attention and care and love so I am doing these silly little noises to get what I need from them. I am embarrassed to tell every one this about myself, a 53 year old child and yes, I am still a child, I am still doing all the same childish things to get attention from my parents, even being ill if it is what I

need to help me see the truth of my feelings.

I am scared of being ill, I am scared of not knowing the outcome of any illness or what it is, how bad it will get, if I don't know the ending then I can't control it. I don't know how scared I will be if I don't know the end. I could go to the doctors and they could tell me it is a stomach virus, Covid-19 or something more sinister, then I will know what is wrong with me but as a child I never knew the truth of anything, I was always confused because my parents never told me the truth so I was always out of control and it made me a very confused adult, never trusting anything so I had to take it all in my own hands and find out for myself, get the answers then I was back in control, I had to do it all myself and I couldn't trust anyone else because I couldn't trust mum and dad. Now I am doing my healing I don't want to go to the doctors but I want to use my feelings to tell me the truth of everything and they do, it is amazing.

I am terrified of my pain, how it can be as bad as it wants to be and I have no control over it, it can be so bad that I pass out or die. That scares me!

I never feel safe.

19 April 2021

Its half nine at night now and after a terrible day I am feeling ok-ish. Still feeling the fear of the slightest discomfort and what it might escalate into, that is always with me and always has been. I never feel safe no matter what I am doing or where I go and it is a feeling that has become so normal for me I hardly notice I am constantly feeling it, it is part of me from childhood and the absence of real love makes me feel unsafe all the time.

When you are loved you feel safe and secure but I have never felt that safety or security and until I began my healing, I never realised how unsafe I felt, I was in total denial of it and just thought this is me, it's how I feel all the time so it is normal. Normal is all wrong, normal is denial of our feelings, normal is a complete denial of our evilness because evil is our normal. When I began my healing and discovered that normal was a cover up of all of my denial, I had a numbness to it, it was like a lid being taken off to all of my denied and suppressed feelings. I have never felt safe and never felt secure and it has caused

a life time of fear and panic attacks. Even in my own home I would have panic attacks, I didn't even feel safe and secure in my own home, in my own skin and I couldn't escape from it, I was locked in all because I never felt truly loved by my parents.

All of my illness's and other things I feel happen to make me feel the truth of how unloved I was and without that love of my parents I constantly feel like I am going to die, I am never safe in life so it makes sense that I am so scared all the time about the slightest feeling in my body. I am not safe, how can I be, I didn't have the love I needed to keep me safe and so assured that I was loved, what a feeling that must be! I can't even imagine how that would feel, to be so sure you are loved, it must make you the most confident person on the planet to live with that assurity of love and the security it gives you, I don't know though!!

I am just pouring out all the feelings that I am feeling right now, they don't come in any order, they just come! Now, I am so far into my healing I know that there is never a time when I am not scared, before I would shrug it off and not allow myself to be aware of it all but now, everything is the opposite to how it used to be. Everyone of my feelings I am aware of and it is so overwhelming and it never stops, the bad feelings come constantly about everything I do. I don't think there is ever a time when I don't feel fear in anything that I do and I wasn't aware of this before, I was in total denial of my feelings, I wouldn't let them in.

What I mean is, I knew I was in a bad way and terrified most of the time but there is no way I would open up to them and find the truth of my feelings, no way would I do that but also, saying that, I did write down my feelings a lot in books from the age of 16 but never would I allow myself to dissect them as I do now, it would all just be surface stuff, I wouldn't allow myself to go any deeper and I don't even think I knew how to. It is only by asking Mother and Father to help me know the truth of my feelings that I have now received that help from them and the truth floods in as soon as I ask Them to help me. And if I say to them; "I want it all, everything, give me the whole lot, no matter how bad it makes me feel", then They do that too and I wish I hadn't asked because it scares the shit out of me, They always answer and I feel Them opening up circuits in me to allow the experiences that I need to make me feel bad. But, I asked and They always hear me!

I am so glad I am feeling a bit better now but I am still apprehensive about tomorrow morning, about an hour after I wake up the pain starts in my abdomen and I have to sit on the loo for ages, sometimes something happens and sometimes nothing, just a lot of pain. I sit on the loo and speak to Mother and Father about the pain I am in and how scared I am feeling, I ask them to hold my hand and not to leave me because I am such a scared child who needs her parents and I feel them with me, listening to me and being with me and I don't care that I am sitting on the loo talking to them.

Pain, I am so scared of pain and how a little pain might turn into a huge overwhelming pain that I can't cope with or control and I will want someone to kill me to get me out of pain. I am so scared of feeling my pain, pain terrifies me and I know I keep saying it and it is getting boring but it is how it has to be for me, I have to keep going over the same shit because it is still inside of me making me feel bad, it has to all be expressed. I am bored of it too but I have to keep going over it until I don't feel it any more, if that ever happens!

I think I have expressed it all, I feel ok!

20 April 2021

Today is a new day and I am feeling ok! No pain when I woke up and this has been the first time in a week, I am so relieved I can't tell you. I am sickness free, no nausea, no bad stomach, nothing! I have spent the whole seven days expressing every little part of each feeling to Mother and Father with no expectation, just needing Them to be with me and to hear me and I know they have heard me and been with me, I could feel Them. To feel a good feeling is amazing, to step outside and enjoy feeling the sun because I am pain free for a small moment. It could all change at any time but I have got through it, expressed it all till I have nothing left in me and today I am feeling good.

I always think I am dying!

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 more 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 illness's 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.

I am fucking Neurotic!

21 April 2021

I know I sound like I am neurotic with all of these bad feelings and fears coming up constantly but when you do your healing and become aware of every single feeling, and then dissect it, by feeling every bit of it you realise that without all of the denial of our feelings, we are neurotic. I have thoughts and feelings constantly and mostly bad and if anyone could actually hear my thoughts and feelings they would say I was crazy but this would be the same for everyone, what we think about and feel is crazy but all so important because it is how we really feel and shouldn't be shrugged off as not being important, it is all vital and has to be known and understood because it is a part of us and our childhood.

Through my illness I have realised so much about myself, I have realised just how scared I am about anyone interfering with me, like having to go into hospital and have terrible things done to me against my will, fuck it scared me shitless! It will all hurt, it will all be uncomfortable and I will feel pain and I don't want any of it, just leave me alone! What if it's not even my will to go to hospital but left to someone else to call an ambulance and they take me off, all so against my will because I am so scared about what they might do to me. Seeing all those people on ventilators during Covid-19 and how awful it all is and then hearing yesterday that in India they have run out of sedative to give to Covid-19 patients so they can ventilate them and they have been tying them down like some sort of torture so they can ventilate them, why did I have to hear that? It freaked me out but I realised it is no accident that I had to be there at that time to hear that, it is what I need to make me feel my terror of being so out of control and being put into someone else's control against my will. It was just what I needed to hear to help me express all of the feelings it brought up.

I realise that Mother and Father have it all under control for me and know just what I need to help me feel bad and feel all of my denied and suppressed feelings, it's all so incredible. There is nothing that just happens, even the tiniest

thing is planned by our Mother and Father for us to heal, They care so much about us that they know every individual experience needed for each and every one of us.

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 husband, Harry, got on ok with him but as my son got older they clashed and a lot of suppressed feelings were felt by my son. 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 late 30's, 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 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 is 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 so tired of expressing my feelings.

3 May 2021

I am just so tired of expressing every little feeling. I get a bad feeling and it is like; 'Oh no, not again', I really feel like I can't do it anymore, I am so worn out with expressing and all the bad feelings. I can't be bothered any more; it's too much for me.

I have been getting terrible acid reflux that burns all the way up my oesophagus and into my throat and at the back of my mouth and it is there constantly, what the fuck is going on with me! I get over the diarrhoea and all of that shit I was going through and now I have this! I am so sick of it. It is full on and non stop. I hate myself so much, my body is nothing but pain to me, it is just how my parents were to me as a child, a constant pain, a constant annoyance, anger, interference to me and I feel so angry with them for being so in my face all the time, just like my pain, it is always in my fucking face and I am so pissed off with

it, I wish it would just fuck off. It won't, it won't let up. The annoying pain just keeps coming, a toothache, acid indigestion, diarrhoea, and headaches, what next! I have had enough; I just want a day of being pain free.

I am so fed up with feeling like this, laying down to go to sleep and the acid creeps up my throat so I have to turn over and it starts again what the fucking fuck! I feel so angry I want to punch myself and beat it out of me, make it stop with the threat of violence, like my mum and dad threatening me with a smack if I didn't do their will, I am doing it to myself now, I am being them to myself. Threatening myself with a smack if the pain doesn't go away, I am them to me!

So hard getting to the genuine anger.

3 May 2021

I can't even be genuinely angry, I have to try at it and that isn't right, that is forcing it all coming from the mind and making myself feel angry, its bullshit. The truth is I can't even feel the depth of my anger and that is right, that is how it should be because I wasn't allowed to express anger as a child. My parents wouldn't accept it from me so I kept it all in and now I am feeling all of the pain from that bottled up anger yet it won't come out as anger but as physical pain in one way or the other.

I can't express my anger yet it is in me, burning up my throat as hot burning lava acid indigestion but I have to let it hurt me and cause me pain rather than express it as anger. I have to allow it to hurt me, burn me and cause me so much discomfort because this is what I had to do with my parents, allow them to force their will on me and let my will die off. So, this is why I have the pain and have to have it, because I had to have the pain from my parents without showing any anger or indifference, I had to put up with them just as I have to put up with the physical pains I feel, it is them, totally them, it is the pain they caused me, the pain I wasn't allowed to be angry about or moan about. The acid I felt of all the anger I had to deny and suppress because I wasn't allowed to express it to them, so now I can't express any anger or indifference to anyone, not even to myself or to Mother and Father, it just won't come up.

the right letters. We have just had a conversation and I felt like a little girl all the way through it and it came to me that I have always felt like that in conversations, I have to let them have the power over me, and they fucking do. I will just warn you, there is going to be a lot of 'Cunting' in this post!!

Whenever I talk to him he always gets the one up on me and it makes me boil but I can't express my rage to him. I want to say; "You fucking asshole, every time I speak and tell you how I feel, you tell me my feelings are wrong and that this is how it really is". What a Cunt!! Yes, a Cunt, I am allowed to say it now, I never would have been with my parents, but now I can say it.

I think to myself, just don't say anything Sam, it is pointless, it will get shut down and over ridden with his views and opinions which are, of course, right and mine wrong, it never ends the constant put down of my feelings. I feel like exploding inside, please just listen to me but he can't, he is just like dad, always right and I am the silly little girl who always gets it wrong and has to be told how it really is and that my feelings are wrong.

Stop telling me how it is, just listen to me, don't tell me. I am so angry, and even more furious that I am not allowed to blow up at Trevor and really rip him to shreds, annihilate him, crush him like he crushes me. I am not allowed to express my rage and anger to anyone because my parents would not allow it; it was very bad, totally disrespectful and punishable. The rage won't physically come out of my mouth, directed at him or anyone and it had to be like that because it is exactly how it was for me as a child. Everyone is my parents, they can rip into me all they like but I can't do it to them, I am not allowed and I am so pissed off!!

Expressing my feelings of rejection.

20 May 2021

I am feeling so sad about how uncared about I am feeling. Trevor is living in my house and his room needs decorating so we went out to buy paint and all the equipment to freshen it up and it came to £45.00, so I paid for it, being my house. I didn't get a thank you or anything, then we get back home and take the stuff up to the room and move his huge heavy bed and behind it is all cob webs and dust

so I vacuumed it and dusted so it was prepared for him to paint it, again, no thank you for doing the shitty, dirty job so he is left with the nice job of painting without having to do any of the dirty work, I have done it and I didn't even get a thank you for it and how do I feel? So fucking denied, so fucking invisible, so fucking uncared and unvalued. It is like I am the slave and it is expected of me and today he was moaning about his work drying up and says to me that it is all right for me as I am just a normal person, not doing any spiritual work. I laughed, I fucking laughed because he has no idea about my healing and what I do. I have told him about it all but he doesn't see me as doing my healing because I don't do it his way, the MIND fucking way! If we had the money we would be as far apart as possible but we don't, we are both scratching for money and it is getting worse.

I have had a good cry about it, about how disrespected I feel, how I am not valued at all and how he sees me as a nothing person compared to him, he really has no idea and I pray to Mother and Father to separate us but I can see why I still need him here for my healing because he helps me feel so much of my childhood pain with my dad. Every day something new comes to light when he says something and it makes me feel bad and I am right back to being a child again with my dad. I feel like a child constantly because I still am that child, the feelings are all still inside of me even though I am an adult and I have never really felt like an adult because I still have the same childhood pain inside me, it is just the same and it brings up the same feelings and anger at my dad.

I really am a nothing person, just as I was a nothing child at home in my family. Such a nothing, nuisance of a child/adult. In the way and only wanted to make them feel better, only wanted when they chose to want me which made me believe I was wanted and loved but then so deeply let down as I was denied and rejected by them, just as it is now. My parents made me believe I was loved and wanted but it was all on their terms, they controlled it all when they would show me affection or say something nice to me and those times made me feel like they did care but just as quick they would turn and I would feel like I do now, disrespected and unworthy, a nothing person who was just living for them.

I am terrified of my self, so disconnected.

22 May 2021

Over the last few days it has come to me that I am terrified of myself, totally disconnected and wanting to escape from myself and my feelings. I have been feeling my feelings for many years but I find myself having a horrible sensation in my body and I will move, or make a sudden jerk to get rid of it because I am so terrified of the physical feelings of my body. I am terrified of myself but I can't get away from myself so I am trapped with myself and in myself just as I was trapped with my parents as a child. I feel so child like with my feelings because that is where they originated. I can't tell you how scared I am of my self, my body and what it might do next to me to make me feel bad.

I had memories of me as a baby being in a car and screaming and dad screaming at me and I told my mum about it and she said that I would scream whenever we got in the car and dad would get so angry at my crying that one day he screeched to a halt and bashed the steering wheel as hard as he could in anger at me. Mum said I cried as soon as I got in the car and I have never felt good in the car, even now I am relieved when I get out and now I know why. I was trapped in the car with ANGER! My dad, and it scared me, he scared me so I was screaming to get out and away from him. He terrified me as a child and still does. I have never been able to express my own pain and anger because of his anger towards me if I expressed myself. He has totally crippled me and now I have all of these unexpressed feelings inside of me because of him, he wouldn't let me speak about how I felt.

I am really being overwhelmed right now by my body and what it does to me, how bad it makes me feel, how it scares me so much with the pain it can produce, all pain I need because of the denied feelings I still have to express from my childhood. I am so scared of myself and to be my true self, whatever that means! It is just terrifying to me, it is too risky to be myself, to be out there, too vulnerable, too open for attack, too unguarded. I am so afraid to be me.

I am so terrified of myself.

22 May 2021

I have become aware of just how scared I am all the time, fear is who I am. I have been made to be scared of everything including myself. I think I am scared of myself more than anything else. God, I am actually terrified of myself and my feelings and what they will do to me. They make me feel so bad, so scared, so terrified. I can't escape from my bad feelings, they are always so intense and so full on and they make me terrified. All the things I used to do to keep me from feeling my feelings and now I am not doing hardly any of them anymore and that has now left me bare, naked to them all, seeing them and having to feel them without the addictions I created so I didn't have to feel them. No, I have to sit with them when I have spent a life time running and avoiding and denying them, now they are here, they are me and I am so scared of myself being my feelings, feeling my feelings fully, I am so frightened of how bad they are and the terror they bring to me.

Everyone doing there healing will have to come to this, being with themselves in all of their terror, no longer blanketed by their addictions that keep them from their bad feelings. You will be stripped naked of all of your addictions and you will be very surprised at what I mean by addictions, they are subtle and go unnoticeable in your life, they are your life, your whole life and all you do in it is addiction to keep you feeling good, they keep you from the truth of your pain and bad feelings.

You will be terrified at the amount of pain within you from your childhood. I had no idea I was this bad and if I had carried on with my life as I was, I would be none the wiser to it all, I would be living full on in my addictive life doing all I could not to feel bad but to keep myself feeling ok and happy. The truth of what is inside us, what we have pushed down and denied it terrifying, putrid, disgusting, evil, your worst nightmare and it all has to be experienced, we have to become it to truly feel it, we can't just say we know it, we have to be it fully so we can feel it thoroughly, just how it was for us as children. I am there and it is terrifying and that terror is taking me to new depths. It is unbelievable how bad I feel today, right now writing this, I am terrified of everything, especially myself and my bad feelings and I can see why I chose to create addictions rather than to feel my pain. So much PAIN!!

Dizzy feelings feel like I am going to be wiped out.

23 May 2021

I have asked Mother and Father for their help, I am feeling so much terror and I need them to help me find the truth of these awful feelings. I have been so dizzy and foggy headed, waves of dizziness come over my brain and it terrifies me so I have asked Mother and Father to help me find the truth of this terror and instantly the truth came to me, I couldn't feel the truth without Their help, I kind of knew it with my mind but Their help has locked the truth in me and I now know for sure. The truth can be felt, it is a surety like no other, it is absolute and rock solid truth that there is no doubt about.

The dizzy spells make me feel the disturbance of the terror I felt in my childhood, they terrorise me and make me feel the unbalance of my childhood. I was constantly disorientated as a child, never knowing what I was doing or meant to do, not knowing if it was right or wrong or if I would get told off for it so I was always in a state of fear. I can't escape from the fear that has always been inside me, I don't know what to do with it, I can't run from it, I am trapped by it, it has me, I belong to it! I can't do anything, I am surrounded by the fear, it is a wall around me blocking me in, trapping me.

I feel tormented by the entrapment of my parents parameters they set for me in my childhood and those parameters still exist now, even as an adult I am confined to those parameters set by my parents and I am too scared of what lays beyond them, I can't step out of them in case something bad happens to me. It must be bad if my parents have locked me into their boundaries. I am terrified of life, I am terrified of what lays outside of the boundaries set by my parents that keep me locked in constantly. I know how far I can go in life and it is only as far as my parents would let me, no further! I feel angry and trapped by that. I feel so angry inside that I am too scared to step outside of my box created by my parents, they have fucked me! I am dizzy with disorientation, I don't know what to do, where to go, what decisions to make and whether my parents will be happy with my decisions or if I will disappoint them again and again. They have fucked me.

Even within my body I am trapped, I am terrified of it and what it will make me feel, I can't stop it. I am terrified of my feelings and how they will make me feel,

how they will scare and terrify me whenever they chose. I have no control over anything. My body is a constant fear over what it will do next to me. I wish I could leave it, get away from it, stop it making me feel so bad and so scared, I hate it, I want to kill it and stop the terror. I am so full of frustration because I have no control over what I will feel next and it makes me live in constant fear, it is so overwhelming that I spin out, I go dizzy and want to pass out, shut down because I can't cope with it all, it is driving me insane, there is never a let up. I want to pass out and get out of it all, the waves of dizziness hit me like a blow to the head and leave me punch drunk, that is how it feels. I want to stop being so scared, I am so exhausted with it all, I have had this all my life and I am sick of it, I don't know how I have coped since the age of 16, that is how long this has been going on and I have had enough.

When I ask Mother and Father to help me find the truth, all of these feelings come up instantly, feeling after feeling. I will continue asking Them all day until I feel I have done enough for now. I want the truth, which is all I want because I want to put an end to these awful terrors inside me, the awful feelings, I want to know why. I know it is because of my childhood denied feelings that have been repressed but I need to feel the truth of them, it is not enough to just know it is because of my childhood feelings, they have to be felt and Mother and Father help me feel them, experience them again, they are all inside of me and need to come up and be felt, it is fucking terrifying and the funny thing is, I always believed I had the best childhood from the most loving parents but my healing has showed me that it was all wrong, all illusion and very toxic causing illness and terror in me, now as an adult I still carry that terror from my childhood, it has underpinned my whole adult life.

Mother.

23 May 2021

"Just let go of it Sam and let the awful feelings take you, let go of trying to control them, trying to stop them. Let the pain consume you and break you, soften into acceptance of your feelings. Let them blend into you and take over, let them overwhelm you because this is what is going to have to happen. I am your Mother, we both want this for you Sam, your resistance is only prolonging the awful feelings inside of you. Let the dizziness take you, crush you into nothing

because this is the truth of how you feel, allow the dizziness to control you, submit to it, give up. Do not interfere with the coming of the bad feelings, let them rise in you and show you the truth of how bad you feel. We know it is awful, we know you are so scared but we also know what is best for you and we want you to heal because you want to heal, you ask us for our help and we give it instantly as you know.

We are here with you, we have shown you the beauty and love of the spirit world and all of this is yours and it will be like that constantly for you once your healing comes to an end. We know of your confusion and that you don't trust us and that is also how it has to be because that is the truth of how you felt about your physical parents as a child, you didn't trust them not to hurt you emotionally, they were not there for you but we were and still are. Your confusion is good, your confused dizziness is the truth of how confusing it was for you as a child and you are still that child not yet grown. Your head is spinning with the confusion of being a child and the state of never knowing any truth or grounding, your parents never told you the truth so your head is all over the place but with us, your real parents of your soul, you will come to know truth and it will be so solid in your soul that you will grow to trust us as you are beginning to do.

You are healing your way back to us and we are with you all the way and please know that because you feel more connected to me, your Mother, than your Father, is just how it should be as this is how it has been for you all your life with your physical parents, it can only be the same Sam and that is how we want it, this is the truth and there can be no confusion with the truth. We love it in fact, your Father loves it, that the truth is being shown to you by you not having much contact with him, your Father. You had no emotional connection with your physical father on Earth and didn't want a loving relationship with him so it has to be the same with us, and it is.

You are seeing me in your mind and you can feel me in your soul as we write and what a wonderful connection that is and as we write, you are feeling more of me and less of yourself is coming through in the writing. The connection between us is now changing and you are finding it hard to keep up with the writing as we flow. We know that everything is awful and so horrible to go

through but it can't be any other way, it can only be the way of truth, of how it was for you as a child and all of the feelings you denied and suppressed have to come up for you to know the truth of them and the truth can only be known by feeling the pain of the bad feelings, being them right now, being one with your bad feelings so you know the truth. All of this you know Sam. We are with you every step of the way, even when you don't believe in us we are there with you knowing this is how it has to be. You didn't believe in your physical parents so how can you believe in us, we understand.

We are here always, tell us everything whenever you want to.

Your true Mother.

When you haven't been truly loved you live a life of fear and terror.

24 May 2021

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 myself 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.

Touching the real hate of myself.

4 June 2021

I have spent my whole life hating myself and I am only just getting in touch with the absolute hate I have pushed away and denied myself feeling. I denied it by dieting, staying thin, making sure I had good hair, good makeup all to cover up

the hate I felt for myself. Now I have stopped all of the addictions that stopped my feeling the truth of my hatred, I know, without a shadow of a doubt, that I really hate myself, I detest myself without all of my addictions.

I no longer diet, I can't, it just isn't possible to say NO to myself anymore and I hate it, I hate myself not being able to say NO to myself because saying yes means putting on weight, eating what the fuck I like without mum and dad telling me 'NO', I was being them to me, telling myself NO constantly, no one will want me if I put on weight, I will be unworthy to everyone, not wanted and not seen, not taken seriously. I tell you, it's a fucking risk letting your feelings lead the way. It's a risk of letting people see you as you really are and it ain't pretty!!

I have put on some weight and it is what I have always dreaded, I am even too scared to go out in case someone from my past sees me like this, this is me and I am ashamed of myself. I don't want anyone to see me like this, even my daughter was looking through old photo's of me and she said I was a real 'babe' and felt sad for me that I no longer looked like that. That is just how I feel about myself, it is like I have died, that pretty young girl who got all of the male attention has died and I feel like I am grieving, she has gone and I just can't accept who I have now become and I have had to become this person I hate, to feel how it makes me feel and how it makes me feel is fucking awful, sad, grieved, ashamed, embarrassed, shocked, unwanted, unloved, hated and all of the other worst feelings in the world! I am really in touch with what I denied about myself and what I wouldn't allow myself to feel, the truth of how unloved I am, I was.

I can't look in the mirror at myself, it devastates me to see what I have become but I can't be anything else, my feelings are too strong, much stronger than my mind is and my mind was what kept me slim and pretty so I would be loved and wanted. No, my feelings are leading the way and making me be the truth of my denied and suppressed feelings and I FUCKING HATE IT, I CAN'T ACCEPT MYSELF LIKE THIS BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE! I can no longer diet, wear makeup, do my hair, and wear the latest fashion. I wear black so I can disappear, I wear a handful of clothes and have thrown everything I used to wear out, it has all gone and what has replaced it is sack like clothing, shapeless

sacks to hide myself in.

I am so glad to wear my mask when I go out, it hides me and my ugliness, it hides me from anyone I might know, I am so ashamed of myself.

Feeling my crippling anxiety.

14 June 2021

Something I have come to realise is that you don't get away with anything with your healing. Any times in your life of particular pain, that you don't want to revisit, tough!! It's all coming back. I am going through a horrible time right now, having to feel my way through incredible anxiety that I thought had gone, it has come back for me to feel the truth of and it is bloody awful. It has completely crushed me. I am exhausted all the time, having to go to sleep because I am so drained, shaking, trembling, my muscles are constantly tight and I try to relax them but as soon as I forget, they are all up tight again.

I am just drained right now and I can remember having this most of my life but I thought it had gone but obviously not. I am really suffering right now, even going shopping is so hard to do, to concentrate on anything is so hard, all I want to do is sleep. My whole body is buzzing constantly, like a humm, a soft vibration of anxiety like I am getting ready to fight or flight, I am on high alert all the time and I haven't felt like this in years but it has to be felt and the only way to feel it, is to be it!

I am scared of it, it terrifies me to feel like this, so out of control to my body, I can't tell what it will do next and to be so out of control scares the shit out of me. Even writing this, I am so tired. The anxiety exhausts me. Being so scared all the time exhausts me. I want Mother and Father to take it away and just let me have some fucking peace but that won't happen, They know this I what I need to heal myself, it is in me from childhood and has to be know, the truth of it has to be known, I want to know but I am also so scared because anxiety is so debilitating.

I was just thinking that if I had to go out to work I would be fucked, I couldn't do it. And I remember when I was in my 20's I suffered with crippling anxiety and had to go to work and I can remember crying all the way to work because I knew

I couldn't cope and was so ashamed to tell anyone that my mental health was shot to bits. I was so scared to be seen as being so weak, so frail, so fragile so I put on this tough facade, like I was always ok when the truth was the opposite, I was a wreck. I feel like that now, a complete wreck just the same as back then. Having to hide the truth of your condition is even more anxiety, I am telling you, whoever reads this, I am a wreck, I am frail, I am fragile and so weak, so broken, I am so shit scared of life and of myself, I feel like a child being thrown into adult life and I am not ready for it, it is too hard, so much too scary for me to cope with.

I am amazed at just how bad I am, this is the truth of how I have always been but covered it up, no one saw it, I never let it have a voice because I was so embarrassed to be so weak and feeble, I am, this is me. The anxiety courses through my veins making my body buzz with adrenalin ready to run from the attacking whatever and this can only come from my childhood because there is nothing attacking me now so it can only be my parents and my childhood experiences that I am still running from, still being terrorized by. I am a 53 year old girl, not woman but girl, that is how I have always felt, like a little girl because I have been full of my little girl feelings all my life, they have always been in me and now I am doing my healing, I feel and actually am that little girl, I am her in all of my little girl feelings every day of my life I am living them, being them and just pretending I am an adult but how can I be when I am filled with my denied and suppressed childhood feelings.

My anxiety is affecting every part of my physical body, even my eyes are all over the place and so tight and tired, my brain is confused and foggy and I just want to go to bed and sleep. I really am in a terrible way but will have to feel and express my way through it.

Being shown a healing vision.

18 June 2021

I just went to walk up the stairs and I had a flash back to a time when I was 10 living in my old house with mum and dad, as I walked up the stairs I wondered why I saw that image in my mind so I asked Mother and Father. I found myself drawn to the bathroom so I went in there and broke down in tears as I saw myself in the bathroom, when I was ten, being smacked over my dad's knee and

peeing myself with fear as he smacked me. It was because mum told me to go and have a bath and I didn't want to and I answered her back saying, "Bloody hell". I went into the bathroom and locked myself in because I could hear my dad coming up the stairs, he was bashing on the bathroom door demanding I open it, so I did, I was so scared. He sat on the loo and dragged me over his knee and walloped me so hard it made me pee myself.

How amazing to have that image of my 10 year old self and be able to feel the fear of it just the same, it was like it happened yesterday. It is amazing that Mother and Father gave me that image and led me to the bathroom to revisit that awful time. They know what I need, just what I need, it is so amazing how it all happens when you ask them.

I have always had such an uneasy feeling in bathrooms and now I know why, it was where my dad showed me how much he hated me and didn't care about how much he scared me or hurt me. I have always been scared of having a bath or a shower, it is an uneasy feeling in me whenever I get into the bath or shower and now I see it all, it was the place where he hit me for not having a bath, for answering back to my mum.

I was nothing to him, just something that was born to obey him, respect him, make him feel powerful and treat him like a god. You don't hit someone you love or like so it shows me the truth of how much he really hated me, to hit me like that, wow!!

It felt good to cry about it, to get that pain out of me and I thank Mother and Father for the healing opportunity. It is amazing to receive their help.

More anxiety feelings.

19 June 2021

My anxiety is crippling me, my leg muscles have gone to jelly and it makes me feel so weak and like a crumbled, broken person. I feel so ill every day, like I am dying. Inside I am feeling hopeless, nothing is more powerful than this controlling anxiety. I thought I had felt it all but it has come back even stronger and it is hard to even stand up. I asked Mother and Father to bring it on, all of it,

don't hold anything back, just give it all to me and they answered me, I am in so much pain, emotionally, physically on every level I feel done in, even breathing is hard work. They have truly answered me!!

I cry all the time as the anxiety crushes the life force out of me making me feel like I am going to pass out at the slightest excursion. I have been through this before, many times in my life but I really thought it was over or that I didn't need it to come back and that maybe I had felt the feelings connected to it but I was wrong, it has to be known and felt and the only way to do this is to be it and I am really scared!

Nothing gets missed on this feeling healing journey, any one who reads this will probably be put off even starting their healing but even though I feel like I am dying, I wouldn't have it any other way, I would never want to go back. There is a feeling in me pulling me along, sometimes I feel it is my soul group in spirit supporting me to carry on even when I feel like I am on my knees with it all, I am sure it is them encouraging me to get to the end, I have hit the spiritual wall and my legs are buckling under me but I have a light in me that knows there is an end, a good end.

Right now I am sitting on my sofa writing this, how I am feeling, I know I have to get up in a minute because the post man will be knocking but I am scared to move because of how it makes me feel, so exhausted to the point of passing out, I am literally scared to move because it makes me feel bad, so scared and frightened even to move, I am so scared of feeling bad. I am terrified of how my body makes me feel, I feel so trapped in my own body, I can't get away from my own body and how it makes me feel. I have even felt so bad, so depressed that I have wanted to die to get away from my physical body, my body scares me, it is like carrying around my parents 24 hours a day, being inside them, trapped by them and their will over me. My body is being them to me, my body is my parents making me feel bad, trapping me in their will and obliterating mine. God, I feel so crushed, I want to die. I feel like all of my life force is being extinguished out of me and I will collapse in a heap and die. I can feel it draining out of me, like it is seeping out and as it does so I am getting weaker and weaker until I finally die.

If I wasn't doing my healing I would be doing all I could to deny every bad feeling, medicating, drinking, eating, tea, coffee, exercise, music, films, going to the doctors, just doing all I could to get out of pain which is all the things that we do every day so naturally, it is all to get us out of feeling any sort of pain. Now, I am being it all, all the denied pain and it is so overwhelming that it makes me feel like I am dying and being overwhelmed is where I have to be!

It's terrifying to be so overwhelmed by my feelings, fucking terrifying to feel all the terror that I have denied but it has to be faced, ever demon that has been shoved under the emotional carpet has to come out and be faced, met, welcomed, accepted, expressed and the truth of it found and it is fucking terrifying. I am so scared all the time. I am terrified of my feelings but I want to know them all, every one of them and I wish I had dealt with them at the time but there was no way that could have happened, I was taught to brush them under my emotional carpet so I didn't have to deal with them and so my parents didn't have to deal with them.

I have to accept that I am fucked, totally and utterly weakened by the overwhelm of my denied and suppressed feelings and all I can do is express how scared I am to Mother and Father but I feel so alone with it all. What I really want is for someone to take it all away, do it all for me, I want mummy to take the bad feelings away like she used to with medicine or food or whatever ways she had of making me deny my feelings. I am scared of doing it all on my own, terrified in fact! But no one can do it for me, this is all mine and no one can make me feel any better, I have to feel bad to know the truth of my pain and to feel it all, I have to be it and it is all the truth of how I felt as a child, believe it or not, it is true what I am feeling now is no more or less than what I felt as a child but denied and suppressed it, now it is right here, I am being it so that I know it, the truth of it.

The truth is fucking terrifying!

Suppression & Repression = Universal Depression

Feeling weak today.

21 June 2021

I got up at six am, had breakfast, toast, and had a shower and it was all so hard to do. So exhausting! I know that this is the weakness I was reduced to by my parents, I am now being it completely, how weak they made me feel as a child so they could control me. My parents have no real awareness that they did this to me, they believe, as I did, that they were the best parents and so loving, I thought that too, but through my feeling healing I have discovered the opposite, just how toxic their parenting was to me and that toxicity showed itself in everything that I have done, my whole life experience has been them, me living the life they wanted me to live, living life through them, I have no idea where I am in all of this I feel so fucked about it all, so broken as the truth hits me and breaks me down even more.

The layers you go through with feeling healing are unimaginable, just when you think you have felt your way through a feeling, later on, it comes back to drag you down deeper, bit by bit you get to the truth. You change; and not for the good, you become all of your shit, you have to be it to feel it otherwise it is all just in your mind, you have to become it as I have, it is so shocking and so disturbing and you may fight it kicking and screaming as I have on many occasions, thinking I surely can't be like that but that is more of my delusions, I am just like that. I have always been like that but never let it show because it won't be loved or accepted but now, I am it! Horrible, disgusting, shameful, ugly it!!

The pain and terror 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 lay 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.

Feeling so trapped.

12 July 2021

I was just having a shower and realised how frightened I was feeling. As soon as I put the soap on I feel trapped so I get it off as quickly as possible. Why? Why can't I just enjoy a bath or shower so I stopped, I left the soap on my body and all these feelings were coming up. I was stuck, trapped in the shower; the soap is the point of no return for me. If something goes wrong I can't just get out of the

shower, I have to get the soap off first, I can hear my mum saying to me as a child "make sure you wash all the soap off Sam". What will happen if I don't? It must be bad so a fear began in me that soap is bad but that is only a part of it.

It's the same with washing my hair, my hair is so long, down to my bum but when it comes to washing it, as soon as that shampoo goes on, the fear begins. I am trapped and freaking out. I have to get it done as quick as I can. Why?

I wish I could just enjoy it all but I am fucking scared as soon as the soap goes on and tonight, when I stopped and stood there covered in soap, I let myself feel my feelings.

The terror of being so trapped in such a vulnerable situation, naked and covered in soap means I can't escape, not until the soap, the bad soap is off me, just like mum used to say. So vulnerable being naked, what if something happens, what if I feel bad or ill and I can't get out, I can't escape because I am wet and covered in soap. It has to come off as quickly as possible then I feel free again, I am safe again but it is the same ritual every time I bath, shower or wash my hair, this dread that I have to get past the soap bit, then I am safe, I am just too vulnerable with the soap on, I can't escape.

I know it is crazy but it's the truth of how I feel and when we feel our feelings there is so much crazy shit that has to come up.

The vulnerability I feel with the soap on is terrifying and to think it was my mum's word that made me feel so vulnerable with the soap on. It has made me feel so unsafe and her little comments like that have led to me never feeling safe in this world. Always worrying about me, telling me to be careful whenever I did anything or went anywhere and those words that she thought were caring have done me the greatest damage. I never feel safe and have to control everything to make myself feel safe. I can't even have a shower without feeling something terrible will happen to me all because of mum's constant worrying about me and telling me how scary the world is, even a bar of soap will hurt me.

The worst thing for a child is their parents.

I am pure Fuckedupness.

12 July 2021

Mum has got her fuckedupness, dad has got his and together they made me, I have got both of their fuckedupness and it is so overwhelming, too much for a little child to cope with, I am still that little child being bombarded with their fuckedupness. The pain of it is too much to bare but this is the cross I was born to carry around with me all my life, I was born on the cross and I am working my own way off of it and it is so fucking hard to get myself of that fucking thing. It can only be done by feeling my feelings, the default ones that I was born with from mum and dad which are now mine. A whole lineage worth of fuckedupness going back to the first parents, this is my cross.

**My whole body is attacking me, my body is my parents.**

18 July 2021

The absence of real and true love from my parents has totally ruined my life. Every day I feel so empty that it hurts inside, it makes me so weak and shaky, I literally shake with the lack I feel, the emptiness gives me a hypoglycaemic (deficiency of glucose in the bloodstream) feeling in my entire body. I feel the feeling to make it go away, food stops it but I know it isn't really food that I need. The lack I feel is the loss of my parents' love.

They said they loved me but it was not coming from the heart, it was mind love, just words and it didn't make me feel any true connection to them like love from the heart would do.

I have been waking up with the horrible hypoglycaemic feelings of being faint, shaky, weak and sweating like my body is going onto shock and food no longer makes it go away, it is a terrifying feeling and I feel like I am going to die. I have it right now as I am writing this and I feel terrified. My muscles are tight and going into cramps, I want to shake so I stand up and allow my whole body to shake violently to get it out of me and feels awful feelings of lack and loss of love, my whole body is in shock right now and I feel so sick, like I could be sick.

I am so scared of how my body is making me feel, it is responding to the lack of love and how you live in fear with out love and my body, mind, spirit is all in such fear. My mouth tastes of iron and is so dry as I go into panic because of the loss and lack of love. If I were loved none of this would be happening to me, love doesn't do this!

In my stomach is the deep burning, acid feeling, so empty and void that it burns itself, attacks itself because of the absence of love, that absence has left my body attacking me in every way, getting ill, having Lupus where my body would attack itself, love wouldn't do that! I feel totally void of love in every way and my body is going into this spasm of shock because of it. I shake like I am having a spasm, my muscles go into spasms and cramp up in agony, my jaws tighten and face muscles cramp up in agony. Now, I am feeling my feelings, the truth is coming and my body is free to do what it wants to do to show me how unloved I have felt and been, the truth is here and I am fucking terrified of what my body will show me next.

I had no idea I was not loved, I thought I was but it was all a lie, not real love and as I have said, just mind love and it goes nowhere, it doesn't enter the heart it just goes from mind to mind without touching the heart so now I am feeling that void within me where love should have been. I have led a life of terror because of this deficiency of love. It is an illness, 'Love deficiency' and it causes all illnesses and bad feelings.

I have had these bad feeling all my life but fed them, medicated them, did all I could to make them go away but there is none of that now, I am feeling them and letting them come so I can know them and know the truth of them and myself. Understanding my pain can only be done through feeling my feelings and letting them speak to me, telling me how they are making me feel and it is all terror because I wasn't truly loved, the love my parents said they had for me never touched me, never entered me as love because it wasn't, they were just words. That lack and loss of true love has been shown to me to be true through my feelings, they are truth.

I am feeling so ill right now, so ill and so weak as the truth of my unloved and unloving condition speaks to me through my feelings. There is nowhere else I

have to go. I don't need to ask anyone about my childhood, I am being the truth of it right now, in all of my pain and illness, I am being it, touching it, feeling it, the truth of my childhood and how unloving it really was. God, I am writing this and tears are falling down my face at the sadness of being so unloved and knowing the truth of it all now, at last I know the truth of why I am the way I am, why the illness, why the fear, why the terror, why the pain, now I know why!

I feel so hurt inside, so lied to and made to feel so confused because I didn't feel loved but thought I must be because they are my parents and they must love me. Mum has said she loves me, she said this when I was an adult but as a child I never remember hearing it but she said she loved me as a child, all so confusing but my feelings are telling me the truth and that is I was not loved how I needed to be loved by them, if I was I wouldn't have been in so much pain all my life. It really fucks with your head to be so lied to but when you go to your feelings, there is the truth, the truth is in how you feel, it is how you feel so you have to go with that to find the truth.

As I sit here my whole body wants to retract and cramp up, I have adrenalin running through my veins in the readiness to run from the terror that is coming. There is always a threat that I am waiting for and to run from, I am always in a defensive mode to protect myself and my body is tightening up, buzzing with the adrenalin as I might have to fight or fly, run like fuck from the fear but where is the fearful thing that is about to attack me, I can't see it, I am safe in my house, yet I am in such incredible heightened state of being ready to run.

There is nothing outside of me that is coming for me, it is all inside me, it is my bad feelings of terror coming for me again and again, it is my parents scaring the shit out of me as a child and I am still that child with all of that fear still inside of me, it goes nowhere, that childhood fear stays with you all your life and sets up this anxiety that you are about to be attacked all the time. There is no physical attacker, the damage has already been done in my childhood, the attacker is inside me from my childhood and it can come from being told off as a child, being judged, being smacked as a child, being told no and feeling such rejection from your parents, being shocked by them when they tell you off and the unlovingness hits you, everything unloving that me parents ever did to me caused such a shock in me and it is still with me, that is the attacker in me still!

My whole body is attacking me just as they did by doing things to me that most people would see as just normal parenting. It isn't normal, it is fucking evil and it damages children forever and then they pass on that damage to their children and so it goes on. I can't stop the pain and damage I am feeling, I just have to allow it and feel it so I can express it all and it is so fucking hard and so fucking scary and painful, I am terrified of what will come next for me and it has to be like this because this is how it was for me as a child, what was coming next that would scare me or hurt me, it could have been mum and dad talking about not being able to pay the bills, or them arguing, or dad picking me up as a baby and his hands gripping me too hard that it hurt. Things that are so normal that you would never think they could cause all of this terror and pain in a child/Adult. My feelings have brought up truths that I had no idea about but it is how I am feeling so has to be explored and felt so the truth can be known.

This might have been all over the place and a bit confusing but I have written it in a heightened state of feelings. Very scared and terrified of my own feelings and I was taught to be this way, not to trust my feelings, they are bad for me, all how I was parented and it all has to be accepted, expressed and the truth found and it is fucking terrifying.

I am feeling like I am fucking dying.

26 July 2021

I am getting increasing sugar drops, like a hypoglycaemic drop in my blood and it makes me feel like I am dying, so fucking scary and horrible and it is really bothering me, I have had it all my life and had to eat when it comes but it is so annoying having to eat when this feeling controls me like that. Recently, I am getting it when I wake up so I have to hurry and eat something, fuck it is pissing me off and I can feel the anger underneath it, being so controlled by this fucking feeling and how awful it makes me feel.

On the way to the post office this morning, the memories came to me of times when boyfriends had been horrible to me or said something unloving to me and I remembered how awful it made me feel, my heart and soul sank, like a sudden and instant dropping inside and it is the same as this hypoglycaemic dropping of sugar in my blood, the two feelings are the same the drop of love and the drop of

sugar, sweetness, love and they both make me feel the same dying inside feeling. I can remember how dreadful my partners made me feel at some of the things they would say and yesterday, my daughter rang me telling me of how her boyfriend had said some horrible things to her which made her feel like dying inside with the unloving feelings coming from him, it is all the same as my feelings and is being brought to me from all directions for me to know the truth of this feeling.

The lack and loss of love I have felt in my life has made me feel like I am dying, that awful dropping feeling when you are hit by the sudden shock of an unloving word from someone who should love and care for you, shit it hurt so much it felt like I would die, all of my life force drained out of me and that is just the feeling of my sugar drops, my hypoglycaemic episodes are the lack and loss of love in my life, beginning with my parents unloving parenting of me, it hurt, it shocked, it killed me inside every time I was hit by something unloving they had said or done and it carried on happening all through my life and what has happened is, I have turned to sugary cakes, chocolate and snacks to take this dying feeling away and without my sugar, I feel like I will die and that is the feeling I need to feel, how it feels to be without what I need, Love!!

It feels like I am dying, I shake, tremor, get confused, everything contracts in me and I feel so scared, like I am dying, it is so terrifying to feel and then I have something to eat and I am ok in a little while, all so terrifying without the love I should have had.

Diabetes is the same, I am sure of it, it is the same as what I have described above, food replacing the sweetness of the love we never felt from our parents. The need for sugar or a snack when those awful hypoglycaemic feelings come and you feel like you are going to die if you can't get to some food, it is all the lack and loss of love from our early childhood and forming years.

I feel so fucking angry that I have to go through all of this shit, all this pain and terror because of their lack of love, it has fucked me in every way, I am like a cripple because of what they have done and they are not even aware of the damage they have done to me, they believe I was loved by them, that they were

the greatest parents but through my feelings, I now know the truth of their parenting.

My stomach is getting worse.

30 August 2021

My stomach is getting worse, I can't eat right now, every time I eat I get the worst pain and then diarrhoea which lasts all day. I feel so fed up with the pain and there is always being something wrong with me. I feel like all I can do is give up and accept this is me and probably how it is going to be for me now. So many foods I can't eat and my body rejects it with painful feelings that cripple me.

This is yet more bad feelings letting me know just how awful and painful rejection feels, more of the denied and suppressed childhood feelings I have to feel. I really dread eating at the moment because of the pain that is to follow; I am so scared of it. I am terrified of the pain of how the rejection feels and that is why I have denied so many of my bad feelings. I am terrified to feel pain and the truth of how rejection feels.

Everything is working against me.

30 August 2021

Everything is working against me because my parents worked against me. It is how it has to be until I am fully healed. My body has to reject food and cause me so much pain because that is how it was for me as a child. My body is reflecting back to me the truth of my childhood.

Everything feels like it is so against me and taking my will because that is how my parents treated me as a child. It's all so amazing and clever the way it all works.

I know it sounds crazy but I feel like that truth has only just hit me and grounded into me. I know it and have written it many times but it now has hit my soul as a complete truth. It's another truth that I now know for sure, amazing.

My whole life has to work against me as they did, of course it does. That's the truth of how it was for me.

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

Feeling Divine Love.

1 September 2021

I was sitting on the couch tonight and suddenly I felt a powerful inflow of Divine Love. It made me feel like I was ascending in a lift, just like how my dizzy spells make me feel. The power was strong and there is nothing I can do but cry and all of this joy and sadness pours out of me at the same time. It's like joy floods in and the sadness is cried out, what a great and wonderful experience it is.

When I long for Divine Love nothing happens but then out of the blue I have sudden downloads of it and it is so overwhelming that I cry every time, there is nothing I can do about it, the tears fall as the love flows.

It got me thinking that maybe my dizzy spells were actually inflows of Divine Love and the fast ascending feeling I get like I am going up in a lift. That could be wishful thinking though because my dizzy spells don't come with any nice feelings like it did tonight, just terror.

It was so wonderful to feel some of God's Divine Love flowing into me tonight. It doesn't happen often so that was special.

I can't escape from my feelings.

2 September 2021

I am feeling absolutely shit, scared out of my fucking wits. I had quite a big dinner about two hours ago and I knew it was too much and I shouldn't eat it all, but I did and now I feel so full that I can't escape from it. I am having little panic feelings and such an uncomfortable full up feeling that I can't escape from it. I am so full up with bad feelings and I feel trapped and scared and this is bringing

up more childhood feelings of being trapped and full up with my childhood feelings that I couldn't escape from as a child.

I am freaking out right now, I don't know where to put myself, I can't escape my panic. I am panicking because I can't cope with the overwhelming bad feelings I am feeling right now. I feel chaotic, I feel trapped, I feel sick, I feel dizzy and disturbed and unbalanced. I am so scared of feeling so bad that I can't get away from my bad feelings, I am them, they are me and there is no running from myself. I have to give in, I have to accept this is me and this is how I feel. I have to accept this is how trapped and scared I have always felt, as a child and now as an adult. I am still the scared, trapped child in an adult body.

I am verging on shaking with terror and hyperventilating and all it took to bring these bad feelings up, was to over eat. My breathing is shallow as I go into panic. I have to let it come; it is me, the truth of me. I need to go and feel this fully and let my self shake and tremble in terror, let myself be the scared child that I am.

MY ADDICTIONS ARE MY WAY OF COPING WITHOUT LOVE.

They fill the space where my parents love should have been but then the emptiness comes back and that emptiness needs constant feeding so I don't have to feel it. My addictions do that, they fill that space!

We have been put here to feel the truth of our feelings living in Rebellion and denial of God.

6 September 2021

I could have carried on my life in the same way as I used to, denying my feelings and continuing the suppression and I wouldn't know any truth about myself. I would be none the wiser. I could have gone on thinking this is it, this is all there is to me and my life but through Feeling Healing and through longing for God's help I have been able to access the deepest depths of my denied and suppressed feelings. It has been shocking to know the truth of my feelings and just how deep they go to finally get to the truth. One day every one will have to go through this.

All of these feeling experiences that I write down are the results of exploring my feelings for the truth of where they began, how I got that feeling, why I need to feel it and have that experience, why I needed to feel that headache or physical pain, how it made me feel. It's a constant and ongoing exploration of my feelings to get to the truth.

Everyone will do this one-day. Everyone will end up taking their feelings seriously because it is only our feelings that will lead us to the truth of how unlovingly we were parented and that rejection and withdrawal of our parents' love has caused every bad feeling that we experience.

We have been put on this planet to experience how it feels to not be loved, to be of no love. To have denied and rejected God's love, to have rebelled and turned our backs on God and thinking we can do it our selves without God and be fully self sufficient. How has that worked out for us? Not well at all!

The pain we live is how it feels to live life without God's love.

10 September 2021

Woke up and had a shower and I felt awful, like I am so hungry, so empty inside that it hurts and I am shaking, finding it hard to type this and making so many mistakes. I can't think straight, I am all over the place like I have had such a huge blood sugar drop, shit I feel so ill, like I am going to die. I am so scared, so fucking frightened of what is happening to me. I could go and eat and it would all be ok again, my blood sugar levels would even out and all will be fine but I really want to feel my pain and how bad I feel I want to know the truth of how empty I feel.

This is how it feels to be without any love to fill you; it feels like I am going to die. This is how it feels to live a life without God's love, turning my back on Them and doing it all on my own, without Them. Telling Them I don't need Them and I am fine but I am not, I can't do it without Them because I keep feeling like I will die at any moment. A life without God's Love is a life of pain and torture and constant hunger, like how I am feeling now. I am so hungry but it isn't for food, it is for the substance that is God's Love, the substance that will fill me forever more and will replace all food and all addiction.

My body craves food but only the food God can give me. My body and soul craved my physical parents' love when I was a child and this was how it felt but they didn't have it to give to me so I had to use food and other addictions to replace what I needed from them. Now the only food I crave is the food of God, Their Love and now I am feeling the pain and emptiness of how it felt as a child not to have my parents' love inside me, keeping me content and safe. This is how it feels to be so without love of any kind and so scared in a world without love. It feels like I will constantly DIE! Constantly be weakened by the lack and loss of love. No love makes us ill, weak, in pain, crippled, angry, sick, jealous, and all the other bad feelings we feel.

To be put in a world to experience no love, to see how it feels to turn our backs on God and feel the consequences of that, it is called HELL!

I am sitting here writing this feeling the worst I have ever felt, shit, I am so ill inside, so shaky and scared as I feel the truth of having no love inside of me. I am just an empty loveless shell living a life trying to keep the pain away so I do all that I do so I don't have to feel the truth of how it feels to live without God's Love, my parents' love. I must have felt like this all the time as a child but my parents taught me ways to end the pain and stop feeling bad about it. They taught me how to deny my feelings of living a life without love. They taught me how to live without their love; they couldn't give it so they showed me ways of denying that truth so I wouldn't hate them for not loving me.

As a child I believed that all the ways they taught me about how to deny love, was love! I have been fooled by them, lied to!! I thought my addictions were them loving me! What the fucking FUCK! That truth has only just hit me. They taught me all the ways to believe I was loved, but that was a denial of love because they felt bad not being able to give it to me, because they didn't have it in them to give so they gave me decoys, toys, food, TV, playing, trips to the park, and all the things they did to cover up their bad feelings of not being able to love me, they felt so bad and didn't want to be hated by me so they did all of this to pretend and make me feel loved. Now it all makes sense.

It can sometimes take years for a truth to hit! It has to be felt like such a certainty

there is no questioning it and that is how I am feeling right now. I could have gone and had something to eat to get rid of my hunger but I knew it had so much truth to tell me so I had to go into the bad feelings I was feeling and find the truth. It is like gold when a truth hits you, there is nothing like it.

I still feel shit but I have such a hunger for the truth that I want to continue feeling bad so I can get to more truth.

Yes, I lived a life without my physical parents' love, I lived a life without God's Love and it all hurts and causes all of my pain in life, it has been a life without any love, a life of lies and that lie leaves such an empty space inside, that empty space is what I am feeling now, such emptiness and it feels like I am going to die. I am shaking, I feel dizzy, I have such a painful pit of darkness inside of me and it keeps nagging at me to feed it to stop the pain and bad feelings but i won't give it the decoys my parents gave me to stop the pain and hunger. I want to feel it, let it hurt and get the truth of that pain through my feelings.

I feel like I will die without food, the hunger is ripping inside my stomach making me not be able to function properly, even typing this is such a struggle. My brain can't get the words right, I have to keep correcting it. Without food I can't function, love was the food I needed and my life hasn't functioned without it, it has been a crazy fucking mess and a constant fear that any moment I will die. I rely on food so much to keep me alive, I can't go for long without it and it is a constant reminder that I have no love inside me to fill me up. With love there is no need for anything else, Love is the substance from God and it fills every part of you but I feel depraved of any of it. Like I have none at all and my body shames with the lack and loss of love.

I yearn for God's Love to fill me but I don't get any, I yearned for my parents' love to fill me but I didn't get any and they had no idea about any of this, they believed they loved me and were very good parents but my whole life has been a wreck because of that initial lack and loss of their love. I can't receive God's Divine Love because it has to be the truth of how I was parented by my physical parents and they didn't have love to give and God will not lie to me by filling me with Their Love. They are showing me how it was for me as a child and it was no love!

What I lived believing was love was the denial of love, I believed that denial and all of the ways it showed itself, was real love and I poured that into my children, that same bullshit that was taught to me to be love, I gave to my children and now they believe that is love and that they were loved. Oh my God! What a huge fuck up! We have all done this; every parent has done this to their children.

I have stopped shaking, I don't feel my emptiness ripping inside my stomach, I feel quite calm, I feel ok-ish! I am amazed at this truth; I have known it all along but knowing and feeling it as a truth are miles apart. I know more truth about myself and that makes me feel so good, no longer in the dark in my own life. The lies being uncovered because I am feeling the truth of my feelings and the truth they have for me is transforming me as I ask for God's help to know more truth. Change comes in tiny bits, as I know more truth about myself and with that tiny piece of truth comes a tiny piece of Love, which changes my soul, tiny piece by tiny piece more truth and love enters me.

Allowing myself to cry and feel sad when I need to.

18 September 2021

I had a real bad day yesterday, felt weepy all day and crying a lot, sudden bursts of crying so I just let it all out whenever I felt like it. Sadness comes over me at times, just like that, so I cry it out when it happens. It is a sad feeling so there is a lot of sadness still in me to come out and these crying bursts let me know when it is time. It always feels good afterwards.

Today I feel great, really good, so that is a nice change and I am going to enjoy it while it lasts. I have been feeling times like this more often just lately and it is noticeable to me, so I wonder if something is changing in me, I don't know yet. I have felt like I maybe changing before, only to find a huge drop back into pain to feel more unexpressed feelings.

Something is changing in me.

21 September 2021

I have felt a change in me, a good change. I no longer want cakes, chocolate, crisps and all the other shit I eat. I have it in my cupboards but Trevor is eating it all and I have been going shopping for nuts, fruit, green leafy salads and veggies. I have loved not eating the shit stuff and really enjoyed shopping for good food that is going to be nice to my body. I want to be nice to me and not punish myself with bad food that my body struggles to cope with. I am loving eating it, preparing it for myself, it feels so loving to make and prepare good food. I only want to put good food into me, I feel like I want to take care of myself and be loving to myself.

This has been going on for a few days now and I have no attraction for the foods I used to eat. Trevor has chocolate éclairs in the fridge, chocolate buttons, Flake chocolate, many varieties of crisps and I have no longing for them at all. It all feels so bad and polluting to eat that and put my body through the process of having to struggle to break it all down. All the effort my organs have to go through to break down un-pure food. I have no desire to eat any of it.

This could all change at any moment, I realise that, but I am just enjoying not having that constant longing for shit food to feed my bad feelings, to comfort me and make me feel good. There is none of that in me right now and it feels so good.

I have been drawn to buying gluten free foods, I have been having a growing feeling that I shouldn't be eating it but thought 'fuck it' I want it so I will eat it no matter how bad it makes me feel, I don't care about hurting myself, all I want to do is to feed the frenzy of feelings inside of me, the longing and the need I have to feel satisfied and good. The shit food that I have been so addicted to all my life, I no longer feel the need or desire to eat. Not one part of me wants the shit food.

Trevor is sitting right in front of me, right now, eating a coke float with a flake chocolate bar and I have not one feeling in me that I wish I could have it, nothing at all. It is amazing to not feel the longing that I have always felt for food, it now means nothing to me, in fact it is repelling me which is incredible to feel this U-

Turn in me.

I really feel like I don't want to hurt myself with food anymore, I feel sad for myself and my body at what I have put myself through with food. I now only want pure food and I am looking forward to shopping for it every time I run out. I am shopping for me alone, for the first time in my life it is all about me and I don't have to think of what everyone else wants to eat. It is just for me and it makes me feel special and like I want to treat myself kindly for the first time in my life.



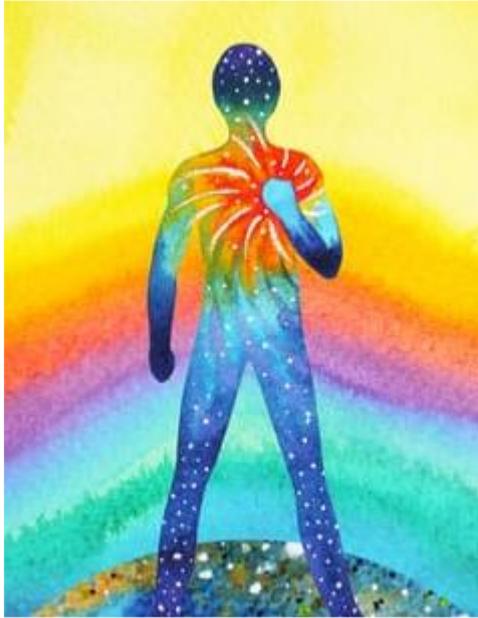
I can't tell you how good I am feeling right now, how clean I feel and cherishing myself, this is all so new!!

I am still feeling good.

22 September 2021

I am still feeling so good, so happy. I feel different, peaceful and calm and not worried about anything. I almost have nothing to write about because I am feeling so happy and content. I am still eating pure food and went out to look around the shops at food that might take my fancy. I bought a selection of nuts and found that walnuts and Brazil nuts are my favourite. I don't have any bad feelings about how I look; it is so unimportant and doesn't matter to me at all.

The feelings I have written about before, I don't feel that way anymore about myself. This is me right here and now, in the moment and I feel like my physical body doesn't exist, only my soul does. My body is of no importance to me, only my soul. I have only just begun to feel like this so it is all very new to me to feel so good and content with everything. Food has no importance to me and only my physical body needs it, my soul has no need for it and I am feeling like I am living two lives right now, my physical body life and my Soul body life and there is a weird feeling of a gap in-between, like a separation gap and I don't know much more about that right now, it is just how I am feeling it all. I feel like I am separating from my physical body, a slow distancing from it as I become closer to my soul, growing towards it as I know the truth of my feelings. I will write more about it when I feel more.



I am my SOUL!

I am not my body!

I am not my mind!

I feel I am changing.

24 September 2021

Still not wanting any of my addiction food, the cravings that have driven me crazy all my life have gone, there is nothing at all. I am eating fresh leafy food, nuts and some fruit. The food I was eating puts me off now. When I go shopping it is a very quick process, I am not looking around for something to comfort me and satisfy my cravings, there is no fizzy drinks, cakes, sweets, biscuits, chocolate, etc. The isles in the shop where I would have gone to first, I don't even want to visit. I am straight to the veggies and fruit, gluten free bread, I just want good food to put inside me, I don't want to hurt myself with the processed foods that my body has so much trouble breaking down. It is wonderful to feel so free of the longings and the cravings for my addictive foods, I really feel that a change has happened in me but time will tell and only God knows if I have felt all of my bad feelings about my addictions where food is concerned.

Has Mother and Father changed me, do they know that the feelings that needed the addiction foods have now all been felt and they can then change me, I am not sure but it sure feels different. I feel content inside and free of the cravings and longings and that feels so good, so fucking good to be free!

The pull is just not there, I can sit and watch Trevor eat chocolate, cakes, crisps, etc., and not feel a thing about it, I have no feelings that I am missing out while

he eats it all. It means nothing to me except that it is crap bad food that I no longer want, wow, that is so good. I have noticed a gap now, where I would go and eat a chocolate or a packet of crisps, now there is nothing to do in those spaces of time that I would have spent snacking on my addiction foods. What do I do with myself without the food to fill the boredom? I feel the boredom and all it makes me feel, having more time to feel bored, time that I would have spent eating to fill the space and not have to feel my boredom (does that make sense?).

I filled the empty spaces of my life with food; I had no sweetness in my life so I bought it in the form of sweets, cakes and fizzy drinks. The sweetness didn't exist within me from my childhood, the sweetness of the love from my parents wasn't there inside me so I ate to replace it, filling myself up with the sweetness I was so missing from my parents' love. My sweet addictive foods that I longed for and craved were replacements for the sweetness and love I never felt from my parents, I artificially put it into my body and it lasted a few moments but then disappeared and the longing and craving would begin again, as soon as the emptiness returned, then more sweet food would be needed so I didn't have to feel the emptiness of having no love.

Water taking my breath away.

25 September 2021

I had a shower this morning and put my face under the flowing water and suddenly it took my breath away, it was a shock feeling as the water covered my face. As this happened I had a vision of me as a baby sitting in my baby bath with mum pouring water over my head and it being such a shock that it took my breath away. If you have ever seen a baby in shock, that is what it felt like for me. For the second when the water covered my face I couldn't breath and that is how it was for me as a baby. Such a shocking experience that mum didn't even give a second thought about as she poured more water over me, it made me terrified and shocked.

I now know more about my fear of water and where it came from, it was my bath time experience with mum as a baby, it terrified me and I have always felt uncomfortable in the bath or shower, always a fear about me until I get out, I never felt safe. Today when the water covered me, I couldn't breathe and had to

take a gasp of breath because of the shock of not being able to breathe.

The vision was very clear and it was a picture of me in my bath with mum pouring water over my head, I saw it as clear as day, it was only for a fraction of a second but it was enough to know the truth of my fear of water and where it came from. I am in constant communication with Mother and Father and my Angels, asking them to bring to me more truth, longing to them for the help to reveal the truth of my feelings and it works, every time it works, I am answered, they hear me.

Asking Mother and Father for their help.

I chew the inside of my mouth. I have always done it ever since I was a child. I have two little lumps that are inside the front of my mouth and I just caught myself chewing them, first one side, then the other. It feels good to do it, I like it.

As a child mum would tell me to stop doing it, stop chewing my mouth. Why would she want me to stop, I can't understand what it had to do with her and why she wanted me to stop, it feels like a weird thing to say to me without having a reason why! I like doing it, I liked doing it as a kid but she told me off, not in a big way but just told me to stop it. Why though?

It is my body, I can chew it if I like but I couldn't, I wasn't allowed, I had to do as she said and stop it. It wasn't hurting her in any way, why tell me to stop it. Just to have power over me, to lord it over me again and be the boss, my keeper. But why do I do it?

Please Mother and Father help me to know the truth of this part of me, why do I do it?

I like it, it soothes me, it feels nice to get a bit of skin and bite it off, it feels satisfying when I am not satisfied. Yes, that is definitely it; it is so satisfying to do it. I have control over it until I am told off, then my will gets crushed again and I have no control over it, mum does. It is so satisfying to nibble off a little bit of skin, I have done it, I have accomplished something and I feel powerful. Help me go further Mother and Father please, I want to get to the truth of this. Such

accomplishment to do it until it begins to hurt, then I stop. It is my will, it is my body and I will do what I want with it. It distracts me from my other pain. I am doing something so when I am doing this I can't think about the other pains in my life. I chew the lumps off until they feel smooth and flat in my mouth. When I am nervous or agitated I chew because I have to be doing something to take the pain away, I have to have some sort of control over what is happening to me, control over my life and as a child this was one of the ways I found I could have control, it was something just for me until I was told to stop.

Mother and Father please help me go further with this.

I want to get rid of the imperfection in my mouth, bite the two lumps off and have a smooth mouth, everything has to be perfect, just as I was taught by mum and dad, lumps should be gotten rid of, they are not right. I want to get the lumps off, I want control over them, I am in charge of them. I like feeling them with my tongue, little lumps each side, they are mine and I can bite them off or leave them, I have control over them, they are all mine and no one else's and I can do with them what I want. I want power over myself and when I am stressed or nervous I am losing power, losing total control and being overwhelmed by whatever is stressing me so I go to the two lumps and begin chewing to regain control. OH MY GOD, THAT IS IT, THANK YOU MOTHER AND FATHER, THANK YOU SO MUCH.

The truth has hit me, I know for sure why I do it and it is just another one of my ways of regaining control when I become overwhelmed with the stresses that hit me. I did it as a child and I have been sitting on my couch chewing away and wondered to myself why I do it. I have asked God to help me know the truth with such longing and earnestness and they have yet again answered me and now I know the truth of my chewing. When I feel out of control, it is my way of regaining some control over myself, I chew!!

FUCKING AMAZING!!

Feeling like I am coming down with something.

3 October 2021

Feeling tired and so weak today, like I am coming down with something.

Throughout my healing I have felt like this so much, feeling so sure I was going to be ill but to wake up the next day feeling ok again. I ache all over and feel fluey, so weak that I can hardly lift my arms, my muscles hurt and my glands feel sore, like they are fighting something in me. I am so sick of feeling so ill and weak, shit, I just want to sleep I am so tired.

This weak feeling is the truth of how I have always felt inside but done all I could to deny it because being weak and feeble isn't accepted, wanted or loved, it is rejected and no one wants to know a weak person so I made myself strong ever day. I have spent a lifetime denying my true weakness and now it is here, right now, with me in this moment. This weakness is the truth of me; it is how my parents made me feel as a child and so now, as an adult, I am weak. My strength was all a facade and I always knew it but wouldn't let it have any expression, I was embarrassed by my weakness, I felt ashamed by the truth of it and there was no way I was being it so I built a life denying the truth of my weakness. With my mind I became falsely strong and it nearly killed me to keep up the pretence.

How does being weak feel?

I feel like I could crumble at any moment, fall in a heap on the floor and if I need to do that, I will. I will give my weakness expression and let it tell me the truth of me. My skin is burning and my eyes feel hot and sore like I am so tired. I just want to shut down completely and I am beginning to get a headache, everything wants to shut down because I am so weak. The tiredness is so powerful and my eyes keep closing as I write this. I want my weakness to speak to me, tell me how it feels, how I feel.

"Please Mother and Father, help me know the truth of my weakness, please help me to feel the deepest truth of it".

Here it comes!!

I was never allowed to be weak or to show weakness or pain, I felt like I had to be strong all the time so they, my parents didn't have to worry about me; "Sam is ok, she can cope on her own, she is capable of doing stuff for her self". I wasn't capable at all, it was all fake and I was in desperate need but I never felt like I could tell them that as I would be a burden to them, yes, that is it, I was a burden and I wanted to relieve that burden on them by being so self sufficient, like I didn't need them and I could fix everything for myself and for them, that felt like it was my job. To not be a burden but to be a helper to them and make it all ok. I believed that weakness is a burden to my parents so I made sure I was never a burden to them, I never worried them with my pain or bad feelings, I kept it all in and denied and suppressed it all so I wouldn't be a worry for my parents.

"Please Mother and Father, there is more, please help me get to it."

In my younger years I was a burden to my parents, that is how I felt, they must have made me feel like that with little comments they made to me, their child. These comments are made to little children every day by their parents and they have no idea how much damage these comments create in their children. "Don't be a pain Sam", "It's bed time Sam", "Go and play Sam", "Do as I say Sam". Oh my God, there is so many little comments made that made me feel like a burden every minute of the day, all so unloving and all so unwanted, I just felt like I was a pain to them. Now as an adult, I have always felt like a pain, like I am in the way, like I am a burden to everyone so I have to be of use, be helpful, not get in the way.

This weakness I feel now is how my parents made me feel in my younger years, the physical feelings I am feeling are the same as I have always felt but denied and suppressed. I am going to let myself be as weak as I need to be, as weak as I can possible feel so that I know every part of the truth of my weakness, the weakness of feeling like an unloved child without love because in the absence of love, there is only weakness and pain.

Mum's visit.

6 October 2021

Mum came round today and we talked about her childhood and about Dad. I asked her if she felt loved by her parents and she said "No, never, she always felt in the way and a nuisance to them", I have written about feeling like that so many times and she confirmed it for me that I had no chance at all. She was parented with no love, or very little because her dad, who was a very loving father, died when she was 10 so that was the end of her love source. We talked for a long time and when it got too much she said she had to go!

We also talked about my dad and the fact that he had another child when they were married, he had many affairs but the one in the 80's produced a child who mum said looked just like me when I was born, bright red hair. She said her name was Chantelle and when I asked her for her surname, she didn't know it. I felt the lie in her, she knew it but didn't want to tell me in fear of me finding her and Chantelle knocking on their door wanting to know who her father is. My dad rejected her blatantly, he has never allowed us to mention her and none of us feel we can talk about her which is such a shame. Mum said to me do I ever think about her, to which I answered, every day of my life I have wondered about my sister Chantelle and would love to find her and I have tried but with only a first name, it is very difficult.

My dad has got on with his life like she never existed and that hurts me so much inside, to be cut off like it never happened, how must she feel about never knowing her father and being so denied and rejected by him. To see how easily he has cut the thought of her out of his life is so shocking to me, to never mention her or let us speak about her. He has forced us all to live a life like she never exists, we have all been too scared to mention her in his company because of fear of his response. He has had so much power over all of us, to be so scared of his anger, it is truly awful. Not in a physical way but his energy, it is pure anger. I was hit a couple of times by him as a child but what scared me more was his energy, I could feel him and the change in him was like flicking a switch on and off, nice dad – angry dad, it scared the shit out of me and still does.

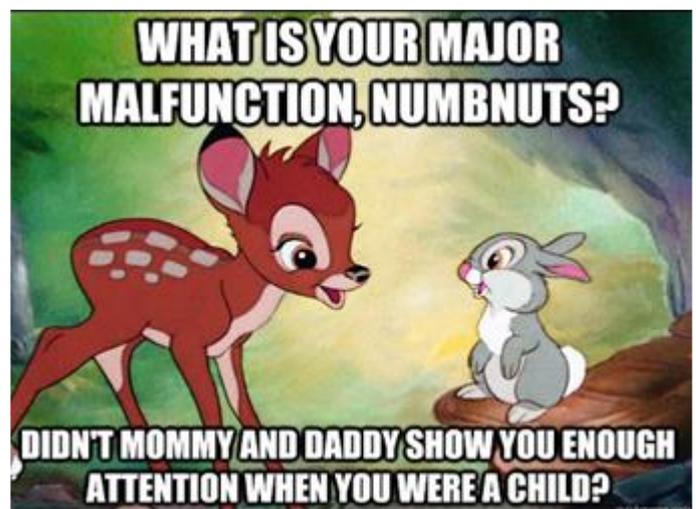
Mum said that dad has never approached her to give her a hug or show any affection and when she said that it gave me the answers as to why I can't do that,

it wasn't in dad to begin with, he wasn't loved or showed affection by his parents so how can he give it to others, there is no way it is possible and that is exactly the same with me. I found it very hard to be affectionate and they blamed me for it, they both said that I never show any affection to them, I am not loving to them, I push them away. Well what the fuck!!! It isn't fucking hard to see where that came from then is it!! In that sentence mum answered her own question of me. She had just sat there and told me that dad couldn't show affection yet all my life has blamed me for not showing affection. I WASN'T FUCKING TAUGHT IT – YOU COUPLE OF FUCKWITS!!!!!!!



Oh my God, what a pair of asleep numbnuts they really are. They both know that dad is not capable of showing love and yet they expect me to be and blame me for not loving them the way they need me to, I am not their fucking parents who they so craved love from as children. I am their child, who they taught about love. I am the living product of their unloving condition, of their unloving parenting and they have blamed me for it all my life, blamed me for not loving them when really they are blaming their parents for not loving them. I hope this is making sense because I am typing so fast in my furious state right now.

The thing is, even though mum knows dad isn't loving towards her, she still doesn't expects me to be, they just don't see the connection that if dad wasn't loved then how can I be. They don't see it as being their problem why I am the way I am, they don't see it as being their parenting that created my unloving condition and I tried to explain it and she just got all hurt. She even said to me today that she didn't know why I was unloving and I told her it was because it is the way I was parented, I can't be loving when my parents weren't and didn't feel loved by their parents. She got all pissed off in her fantasy of them being great parents and loving parents when she has just told me that she never felt loved by



her parents and nor was dad, they just have no idea about the connection and just expect me to be a loving and respectful daughter, it isn't fucking possible and any love and respect I had for them was all a facade, all a fucking lie to keep them happy so I didn't get in trouble because then I would lose their false love for me. Fuck!! How sick is this, it is making me feel so sick at the tangled fuckedupness of it all. If anyone is getting this then that is truly amazing!!

Now, I feel like my dad has rejected and blotted his other daughter out of existence the way he would have liked to do with all of us. He left a note one day to say he was not coming back and had run off with his

Fuckedupness

new girlfriend, a fucking note like we were all so dispensable to him. That note was the truth of it all, I found it first and read it, I was fucking over the moon that he had gone and I felt a sudden rush of elation and freedom from all the suppression of living with a man in control of me. I wasn't sad at all, it was the best news ever, freedom at last. That note was probably the only time he has told the truth about how he feels, he didn't want any of us and he must have felt as free as I did because I didn't want him either.

I have to go out now but there is more.....

Lack of Love from Parents!

**Parents abandon their
Children emotionally!**



More Face Pain.

6 October 2021

It's ten o'clock at night and I am feeling absolutely shit. I have my face pain again, for fuck sake I wish it would leave me alone. It feels like stabbing pain all over my face and with it comes a burning feeling in my bones and under my skin, so fucking painful as it moves about my face and head. I am so sick of it I can hardly be bothered to express it anymore, I have been over it so many times and I am exhausted with the pain and the boring feelings.

What I feel now is that I have to accept that this pain is not going away, and that is just what I had to do as a child with my parents, teachers, grandparents and all authority in my life, they weren't going anywhere so I had to give up and let them control my will just as this face pain is doing constantly. I submit to it, it is stronger than me, more powerful than me and I can't win. The pain isn't going away, it is the physical expression of my emotional denied and suppressed feelings from childhood and it wants me to know the truth of how painful it all was for me as a child. I feel like I can't cope with the pain, it is too much for me, it swamps me and crushes me under its power over me, I have no chance at all, I have to do as it says, do what I am told no matter how much it hurts me. The pain (my parents) is the boss and I am nothing to it, it can do what it wants to me because it is in control of a little insignificant nothing like me.

No matter how much I wish it would go away, it won't, it keeps coming back to hurt me as I weaken under it. All I can do is let it have the control over me that it wants, I don't even want to fight it, I have no fight left. It can wipe the floor with me if it wants, I am nothing to it, the pain doesn't even consider me and the hurt it is causing, not a thought for me, I am nothing to it and there is no escape for me so I give in and let it have all the control and power over me that it wants.

Feeling the Change.

15 October 2021

The constant longing I had all my life for food, chocolate and sweet stuff in particular, has gone. All the hard, gruelling expressing I have done about it over the years has paid off because it has been a few weeks now and all the longings I had for my sweet food addiction has gone. I don't feel any of those torturous feelings any more that were so strong and so powerful. The power they had over me was incredible and grew to be impossible to say no to. I had to give in to them and when my feelings were so strong for me to eat, I did and I let the weight pile on. I have expressed so much of the pain about it all, the feeling healing about my food addiction was constant, nearly every minute of the day I was expressing how I longed for cakes and chocolate and tiramisu, now I can't face any of it, it repulses me to even look at it.

I can't tell you how happy I am that the Feeling Healing has paid off, I kept going at it and it has worked and I can feel the changes happening in me. I truly feel that Mother and Father know that I have exhausted my feeling healing on this addiction and are beginning to change me, I can feel the change happening and I am ecstatic about it, I am so over the moon and happy that it is working and I am feeling so much better and I have absolutely no longing for anything sweet and the best thing is the weight I put on has slowly begun to fall away without any sign of a diet. I was feeding my emotions to make me feel good and loved, such a feeling of grief in me that needed feeding so I could feel better. Food was replacing the lack and loss of love from my childhood. I should have been filled with my parents' love instead of the addictions I needed to replace it.

FURTHER READING:

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

PASCAS CARE PARENTING

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

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

Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

The Rejected Ones – the Feminine Aspect of God

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



Mind Centric Way

Feelings First Freedom

Feelings First

IT'S A WAY OF LIVING.



Samantha

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha McCabe

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