

Parenting  
&  
Feeling Healing



Book 5

Samantha McCabe

# SAM'S BOOK

## Parenting and Feeling Healing

### Book V

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

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

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

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Book IV  
Book V  
Book VI  
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Pain and Rage  
Vision  
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BOOK 5  
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FEELING HEALING

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## A little bit about my Spiritual History



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Samantha*

## So Bored.

24 January 2019

I am feeling so bored and I think I am writing this so I can do something, so I will Express how I am feeling. Like there is nothing for me, so bored, nothing to do, nothing I want to do so I am laying on my bed writing this about how bored I am. I walk up and down stairs to see if there is any change, but no, just the same nothingness. What's the point, all so pointless having nothing to do, what was I born for if only to lead a nothing boring life. What is the point in being alive, there is no point, I am such a nothing person of no use, I can't see the point in me.



I feel like I am a ghost, here, but not seen or heard. If I don't make myself known to anyone it will be like I don't even exist. If I don't do something I won't be acknowledged at all. As I am not doing anything, I don't feel like I exist. It makes me think of everything I have done in my life, all of it only to be acknowledged, seen, heard, alive, existing because I haven't wanted to feel like this, a ghost.

When will it change, will it ever change? It might not and I might be bored forever, I don't know. It is just such a nothing place to be in; wandering around the house with no aim, what's the point. I am even bored writing this, it's so boring me just moaning about it all.

There is nothing I want to do either, all there is, is to eat, drink and go loo and move about, shift myself from one place to another but I usually settle for my couch with my red blanket and sit there all day feeling bored as my mind tries to conjure up things for me to do, just like mum used to, none of anything she suggested I wanted to do, it was all stuff like do your homework, clean your room, who the fuck wants to do that shit. I wanted to do something amazing, interesting, fun but she never suggested anything like that, just horrible stuff. Now, I long for those same exciting pleasurable things to do, they are all fantasies though, just the same ones as when I was a child. I am still that bored

child waiting for something exciting to happen to me, I am still waiting to feel alive.

The reality is, I am as bored now as I was as a child, nothing good is going to miraculously happen to me it's all fairy tales in my mind. Wanting a different life from the one I have, a fun life full of new experiences instead of this dull existence I have. I crave excitement, I always have but never got it with mum and dad, we might go here and there on a Sunday outing but I couldn't wait to break away and leave home so I could please myself and for what I wanted.

The excitement is just fantasy though, escape from the truth of how unloved I feel, and how disregarded and ignored I felt as a child. No one ever asked me what would I like to do, what needs did I have, we did everything as a family and it would always be my parents decision in the end so it didn't really matter.

I feel so hopelessly bored and useless, I can't see why I am here, what the fuck is my reason for living, I am of no use to anyone, I just don't do anything. As I write what I write, I get a feeling in me that tells me "this is how you felt as a child", it's a very definite feeling and makes me know that what was just written is the truth of how it was for me. When I write it I am right back there with mum and dad, I had forgotten the feeling but it comes back as I write.

I have nothing to do, I want to stomp around moaning about how bored I am, but no one will want to hear me, God will. I am going to moan to God like I would to mum and she would tell me to go and find something to do, what fucking answer was that!

I am going to tell God all of it like I am that little bored girl again, because that is the truth.

**Screaming to God.**

24 January 2019

I have just finished a 20 minute scream to God, my throat is raw and it kept breaking during my expression and I broke out into coughing, it was like I wasn't allowed to express it all, I can only get so loud and my voice breaks and

I can't get anything else out, I am not used to being allowed to express all of my pain and I still stop myself. Vocally I just can't scream, it hurts too much and nothing comes out of me, there is only so far I can go but I did it and really got into it and I went right back to being a baby and being so bored being left in my cot, pram, playpen, I wanted to be picked up by mum or dad but they didn't want to only when I became unbearable to them.

Through my yelling and telling God how bored I am I was able to see how unheard and unwanted I was, they just wanted me to go away, they didn't want to spend time with me and do things, it was too boring for them so they got me distractions and substitutes for what they couldn't and didn't want to give me, themselves. I wanted them, I was bored being left and I wanted them and their love, had I had their love I wouldn't feel bored, I would have been content.

I was exactly the same with my children, I did the same, trying constantly to get rid of them, shut them up, make them be good for me, I am just as my parents were to me.

I can see so much through this yelling session about my boredom. I can now understand the suicidal thoughts I went through all my life and my children are now going through. Boredom is lack of love, it's like you don't exist in life, and it's lonely and



no one wants to know you. That is how my parents were with me as a baby, they didn't want to give me any part of them when I needed them, they wanted me to be good, do as they wanted, just to go away when I was being bad or crying, to not exist, to die. I really feel that, When they couldn't stop me crying they wished I was dead and I have always carried that feeling with me as have my children because I was the same as my parents.

Being so bored as a baby I can see how all I wanted was for my parents to want me, I was begging for them to pick me up, to want to be with me but it was the opposite, they wanted me to shut up and disappear all together wishing they had never had me. They didn't want to spend any time with me at all because

they couldn't control me when I was not being how they wanted me to be and I knew this. I am still that baby, being so bored feeling so unwanted by my parents, they never filled me with their love so I would feel content that I was so loved, so I have had to create things to do to keep me happy and amused just like they did, all so they didn't have to love me.

I am very discontent, very agitated inside, very bored and angry about knowing that their love would have stopped all of this, but they didn't have it to give. Now I have nothing to take me away from how bored I feel, I have no toys, no sweets, no TV to keep me from feeling so unloved, no distractions or substitutes for the love I missed, I just have to feel the truth of how being so unloved feels.

Boredom is an absence of love, the emptiness and loss and lack of any loving feeling, boredom is what is left when all addictions are taken away and it is all that you are left with, Boredom, Nothing, not being wanted, being rejected, being hated, your parents not wanting to spend time with you, they don't want me at all, they don't want to be with me, they don't want to play with me, they want me to amuse myself so they don't have to. **THEY DON'T WANT ME.**

### **More expressing my boredom.**

24 January 2019

More is coming to me about my boredom. I felt bored as a child because my parents didn't want to spend any time with me and they gave me substitutes instead of them, but now I am being the same as they were to me, I am not wanting to be with me either, just like they taught me, not to want myself, not to want to be with myself because they didn't so I have done the same as they did, I have done all I can in life so as to not be with myself, to deny myself as they denied me, all of my addictions, compulsions, jobs, men, everything has been a distraction from myself and how I feel treating myself just how they did, rejecting myself and my feelings.

I have spent a life not wanting to be with myself and boredom is more of that, boredom is like not feeling, rejecting how I am feeling so I am bored and its not until I want to be with myself and go deeper into boredom that I am wanting to be with myself and so being loving to myself, even though I don't feel any loving

feelings right now but me wanting to be with me and my feelings is loving because I have stopped the rejection of my feelings and want to feel them.

I am now being a good and loving parent to myself, how I would have wanted my parents to be with me.

That all sounds good but I don't have any loving feelings in me and I don't know if that will ever change, I don't feel like it will right now. I feel cold to myself and even more unloving than I have ever felt, so distant from anything loving. I don't feel love at all and all I once thought was love was all bullshit, mind stuff I created and now all of that is leaving me, I am left with the coldness that is me. I have no love, I am not loving, and I cannot give or receive love.

This is the truth of how it was for me and I have to let it come out, I believed I was so loved by my parents, all of my brothers and sister believe they are so loved but they are not doing their healing, they are still deeply entrenched in the untruth that they were loved and only through my healing have I now seen the truth. I was not loved and I am left with that truth, it is cold, empty and scary, the whole world has been a scary place for me because of not having been loved how I needed to be and it answers all of my questions. I can't love, I can't give love, I don't have it in me to be like that and through being bored today and most days, I can see that it is more truth of how unloved I was. I am not Love.

24 January 2019

Right now, I am feeling the truth of how unloved I have felt and to what extent I have gone to, to feel loved. Everyone has been an opportunity for me to feel loved but it has never happened, all ending in pain, unfulfilled pain. I am feeling such a deep loss about it seeing my life as one big love sucking sponge that just couldn't be had, no one can give me what I want because my parents couldn't. I don't even think God can give it to me, I feel my parents have left me in a no hope situation, that I will never feel love, completely Baron.

I feel so hopeless to ever feeling it and although I long to God, my longings are fading out to a fizzle of a longing as I don't really believe it will ever come

because it can't, how can it when the truth is I couldn't feel it from my parents because it wasn't in them, maybe it isn't in God either to give it to me. I don't believe God will love me and that is the truth. I don't believe love exists and I long for it in vain, it will never come, it never did.

### **Living in my parents' Fantasy.**

24 January 2019

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

My healing is working through all of my fantasies, bursting each bubble as they come up and I can see the truth of each one of my fantasies, all bullshit, never going to happen, it's all a dream. Believing I can do this and that to make it, have a good and comfortable and safe life but my healing has shown me the truth, I am going to be just like my parents and end up with nothing because none of it was true or real. Unlike them, I won't be denying the feelings that come up in me, the truth I am shown about myself, it could have never worked, I never was going to be comfortable in life, it was always going to be a struggle for me because I wasn't loved by them, nothing good can come from untruth and unloving parenting, it's always going to be painful when the truth is revealed.

I can't believe how far away from truth I have been taken in my parents' delusions. I can remember them having all of these ideas for a better life and dragging us around with them all in the search of a better life and all of it ending horribly, not a thought for us, their children, it was what they wanted so it happened and we were uprooted again, into another failure. Fuck, the struggle they went through and it all being futile when I look back at the pattern of their

own unloving childhoods, nothing could work for the good, they were doomed from the start, it was all dreams.

I have chased very similar dreams all ending in the same horrible way, how could it be any different and I thought it could be, I thought I was better than them but I can see I was just the same as them. Trying to gain power the same way as they did, thinking I could be something special, like they did and prove to their own parents that they weren't the losers their parents thought they were, they were losers as was I because I am a product of loser parents who tried to convince themselves and their parents they were something special, delusional.

Everything I have done has been a fantasy, something to make me feel loved and wanted, successful and fulfilled because I haven't wanted to feel the truth. I am a dreamer coming from a long line of dreamers and my mind still wants to come up with more fantasies that would make me great or special. I catch it when it happens and I see the fantasy try to begin in me but then I feel about why I would want to do that thing my mind is suggesting and it is all to be special, wanted, loved, powerful and so on. Its all rubbish and once felt about there is no way I would ever want to do it, I don't want to do anything anymore, none of it is right, its all done because of my want to be loved because I feel so unloved. I can see that all I do and all that my mind comes up with is to be loved, it's a denial of how unloved I really feel.

**Having to go back to work, it makes me feel so bad.**

25 January 2019

I have woke up feeling sad today, like I just want to cry and I will if it happens, the feeling is stirring in me now that I want to cry, I don't know why I want to cry at the moment, it is a sadness. I talked to a friend, Veronica, I have only just met her through John and we talk quite often now, which is good for us both. last night I was telling her how scared I feel about my money running out and I don't want to go back into the working environment, I just want to heal myself at home, the thought of going back into work, doing something I don't want to do is such a step backwards for me but it would also make sense as that has been my life, having to do what I don't want to do.

It has been my whole childhood so if I have to go back into working when I don't want to, it would be as it was for me as a child but I feel sad about it, I want to cry and sob about how I feel I am being dragged into working again against my will, I don't want to go and the feeling is the same as how I felt every day of my life about having to go to school. I hated every day of it and when 3:15 pm came and I was let out, shit, the freedom I felt was elation in me, I was free for a few hours until the same thing again tomorrow.

The feelings of having to go to school were so desperate in me, I don't want to go, everything in my body told me this was wrong for me and I feel the same dreading about having to go back to work. I don't want to go, don't make me go please, I don't feel good or right about going, I am scared of everyone, I feel attacked, I am not like them, I don't fit in, it is wrong. Why couldn't my parents see how unhappy I was, why did they make me go against my will, why didn't they sit me down and ask me why I felt like this, why didn't they want to know why I felt so bad about going to school.

They never asked me anything, they actually thought I liked school as my mum has said to me since, which I couldn't believe, how couldn't she have seen how unhappy I was. I feel totally denied, they didn't want to see it, they didn't want to know anything about how I was feeling, it was all about them and what they wanted and they wanted me to go to school to get me out of the way. I was the same with my children, feeling free when they were at school, wanting them to be gone out of my life so I could get on with mine without having to look after anyone else, I was just the same as my parents.

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

I believed it just as my parents believe they were loving parents and my pain is nothing to do with them, it is just how I am according to them, they can't understand where it has all come from and would never accept it was anything to do with them whereas I know what I have done to my children and they suffer now because of me and my unloving, rejecting parenting, their pain is the living proof that I have been an unloving parent, it is paraded in front of me every day and I can't escape from it.

And I was just a normal parent doing the same as any other parent does but through my healing and revealing the truth I have seen how evil normal parenting is, how normal is all wrong but we believe it is right. It is unbelievable to see the ramifications of the pain that 'Normal Parenting' and the truth of the real feelings we were feeling at the time, cause our children. The feelings that I never expressed and wouldn't dare tell anyone, that is the damage because my children felt it, the truth, the feelings that never got said but felt by them.

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

### **Standing up for myself.**

25 January 2019

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

and then I got a call from him to do this thing for him and it showed me the truth which is I have been taken advantage of and I let people do it because I can't say no, but today I felt I could so I said it.

It was very easy to say it and at the time I didn't feel bad but now I do, I feel like I have mortally wounded my Son by saying how I felt and I didn't want to do it any more. He was fine about it and he said he wouldn't ask me any more, it was a bit much and he knew he was taking the piss and I let him do it. I let people walk all over me, I always have, I had to as a child. As a child I had to let mum and dad walk all over me, take full advantage of me and I couldn't say a thing about it. I wasn't allowed to express my anger at being made to do things I didn't want to do. I could never stand up for myself and say NO to them, it wasn't allowed and I was too scared. I had to do as I was told and be obedient to my parents and never answer back and this I have carried on doing into my adult life. Some things I can say no to now, I am getting better the more I feel about it but it is still so hard to say NO.

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

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

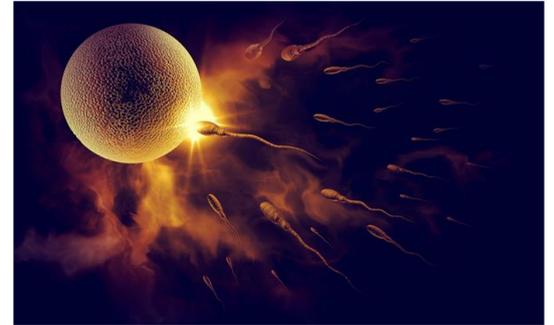
with me.

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

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

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

Yes, I feel really bad now. I feel sick, what have I done to him, how could I hurt him so much, I keep seeing him as a baby and a small child, actually seeing him like a vision showing me all the times I have rejected him and it began at conception, I denied him and I feel sorry for him. I could only treat him as I was treated and I know how I was treated through how I treated my children and how I dealt with knowing I was pregnant, how scared I was, how I didn't want to do the pregnancy test because I was so scared of it all. I wish there



were more women on here (website forum) to be true with their feelings about what went through their minds when they found out they were pregnant, the fears and all the other bad feelings. I suppose I say that because I don't want to be the only one to admit to how they really felt, I am scared of telling you all, I am scared of the judgment, I am scared of being thought of as bad and I want to know there are other bad mothers out there and by bad I mean NORMAL, which is bad when you go into the truth of your feelings at the time and admit the shit you felt. I am scared.

Shit I feel so bad saying no to my son, to anyone in fact, I don't want to hurt them and make them feel rejected, I know how it feels to feel like that. I feel so bad like I am the worst person in the universe and you might think I am going over the top with this but its not, these are the feelings that I could so easily deny and not even know about myself but I want to heal how I feel so I have to keep repeating myself and going into how I really feel all of the badness that is there in me.

I am in pain deep down, I feel like I have put a wound into my son so deep he will never recover and I have and that wound begun with his first rejection at conception, I feel like I have killed him, it feels that bad now I am going deeper I feel like I have killed him and he can't see it but I can, oh my God, it is so painful and bad what I have done to him. The original wound I caused him and I keep opening it up again for him to feel, I can see it but he can't, he only feels it but doesn't know why he keeps feeling so much pain, the wound has never been

healed and won't until he decides to do his feeling healing. This isn't Love; if a mother can do this to her child this isn't love.

To keep hurting your child with rejection, a simple "NO" can do so much damage to a child and once it is said the rejection is the knife that continuously goes in deeper until it kills them and it will. I am feeling so bad about what I have done to my children and I must stress that it isn't hitting them or anything like that it is all through Normal parenting and the wrongness of it. It is all so wrong even down to giving my children sweets and treats, all so evil because it was a substitute for me and the love I couldn't give them, they will feel good and loved if I treat them to sweets, they will love me, all so fucking wrong and evil, these are the things I mean when I write about what I have done to my children, normal parenting stuff, its all wrong and evil and through my healing I can see what I have done and how wrong it all has been.

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

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

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

## Feeling bad about saying NO!

26 January 2019

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



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

Now I feel I can't stop, I feel like a runaway train with it but I changed it a little when I said no to my son yesterday, I didn't want to do it, it just came out of me, but the dreadful feelings I felt afterwards have crushed me. I feel like I am not loved anymore, I feel like I have hurt him so badly even though we have spoken since and I have expressed all of this to him and he has told me he can see how he has been in the wrong to ask me to do this for him, which was no big deal really (see, I am minimising it there, like it doesn't matter, I do that and I am so aware of it now).

What he asked me to do is to pick him up from work and put his bike in the back of my car with some stuff that he needed a hand bringing home, it was too big for him to carry on his back whilst riding the bike home. It causes me pain because the bike is awkward to get into my little car and it is always wet and muddy and my new car gets dirty and I have to clean it all out, it's a nuisance and ruins my car and he asks me to do it a lot recently and I feel like he is taking advantage of me, because he knows I won't say no. He texts me saying "I know it is cheeky but would you be able to pick me up from work as I have something big to bring home....." and so on. I was sick of it and said no to him, the bike is too dirty and big for my car.

I know I have done the right thing by finally putting my foot down but I still feel bad for hurting him, or maybe I haven't hurt him, it is just my feelings projecting on him, he doesn't feel like this, he says he is fine and is sorry and hopes I am ok but I had to tell him how bad I am feeling, really, really bad pain inside at rejecting him because that is how it feels to me. I was constantly rejected by my dad, my relationship with him was one big 'NOoooooooo' until I didn't even ask him anything because I could feel his answer and how he felt, everything was an effort, even if mum asked him for me, it was done under duress and the feeling I could feel from him was awful, like I was really making him do something against his will.

All communication between us broke down and I think he preferred it like that and I can see that it was true to how he felt, he didn't want to do anything for me, so he didn't and at least he was being true to how he felt but the thing is he still says that he loved me, when the truth is out there to say he didn't. He is living a

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

### **How rejecting being told “NO” feels.**

26 January 2019

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Feeling so much fear for my Son.**

26 January 2019

Seeing and feeling so much deep feelings about my son. I can now see that through my feelings I have taken so much responsibility and control away from my son by doing so much for him, I have been so scared for him and felt so much guilt about how unloving I was to him as a child and now I can't do enough for

him. I can't bear him being in any pain so I have taken it away by making sure he has all he needs and I have got to a point now where I see what I have been doing. I have been controlling his life so it will be free of pain because I can't bare it. I have been so evil in my controlling ways and I feel like it has ramped up so much over the last few months it has got to an end today. I don't want to do it any more; I finally can see what an evil mother I am still being by controlling his life as I have been. He has loved it, but I see it all so clearly now, today, through my feeling healing and with God's help the truth has been shown to me and it is now breaking down and I can feel it changing in me.

Shit, I have cried so much today, about the fear I feel for my son in this awful world and how I have tried to protect him from the pain but it has been control, not protection, just as my parents did to me. I was thinking back to before my son moved out into his room share, I left him up to his own devices, I was nothing like what I am now with him and the change in me is quite unbelievable. I feel like I am possessed as I have asked God to help me see the truth, the truth came and I have turned into this person I do not know. A controlling mother who is doing everything she can for her son and it is weird, I can't really explain it properly but it is a compulsion in me to do everything for him and I can't help it, it's like I am not in control of it but God is, God is showing me the truth of how I am and how it was for me as a child. All the control I went through with my own parents and now I can't do anything but be my parents, to my children. I am feeling so insane with what has happened to me, it's too much, suffocating and over the top.

I have wanted to take control so he doesn't feel pain, I can't bare it to see him in such pain so I have tried to make his life easier but it has gotten out of control and I haven't been able to stop and I can see that my controlling ways, have all been to stop him feeling and that is so evil of me.

I wrote my son an email today to explain it all to him and to apologise for my complete madness. I wanted to take all responsibility from him so he would feel better and I have stopped him growing by taking so many experiences away from him that he needs to feel. I am the vilest mother, just the worst control freak of a mother and I am so sorry.

Today, I can feel an ending to my crazy mother thing, it feels like for the last few months I have been climbing a mountain with my son and now we have reached the top and it is time for me to leave him there and for me to come down alone so he can now grow and take responsibility for himself. I don't want to be in control any more and I can see what I have done to him, I feel bad, foolish, controlling and I can't believe this has been me! What the fuck have I been thinking! I can't believe it, I really can't and it is like today I have woken up and seen the truth. I didn't want him to hurt so I did everything for him but the damage is already been done, and by me, it is in him and I am the person he needed protecting from, I am the cause of all his pain.



Today has been so tough, I feel like an unhinged crazy person and am in shock at how I have been. I can't believe that was me being like that and I am in shock as the truth has now been shown to me, was that really me, yes. I am being the listener on one hand and letting my children pour out their pain, then stopping them feeling on the other hand, how fucked up is that, it's too muddled to cope with but it's how it was for me as a child, they love me, they don't love me, so confusing to a child and I have done the same to mine. Now, I am so aware of how I stop my children feeling and why I do it, I have seen so much today and now I know it. I don't want to be like it any more. I feel repulsed by how I have been and now have to undo all of that mess with my son. I will meet with him and explain in person, I need to do that because he is going to see a change in me now which will be to let him be responsible, feel and grow and I will always be here to listen to him and his feelings, that is all I want to do. I can see so much how I have stunted his growth by not letting him feel his pain fully.



There is just so much, so many feelings to heal and feel about, I have fucked it all

up an every bit of it has to be untangled. Oh, the mess is colossal and unbearable to think about but feeling-by-feeling I will do it.

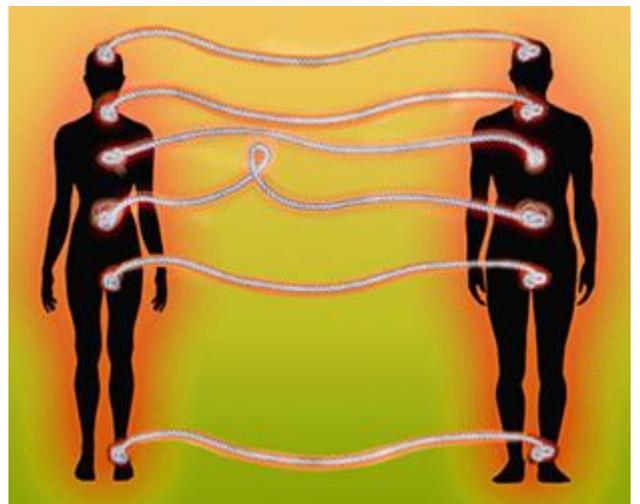
### **My healing is setting my Son free!**

28 January 2019

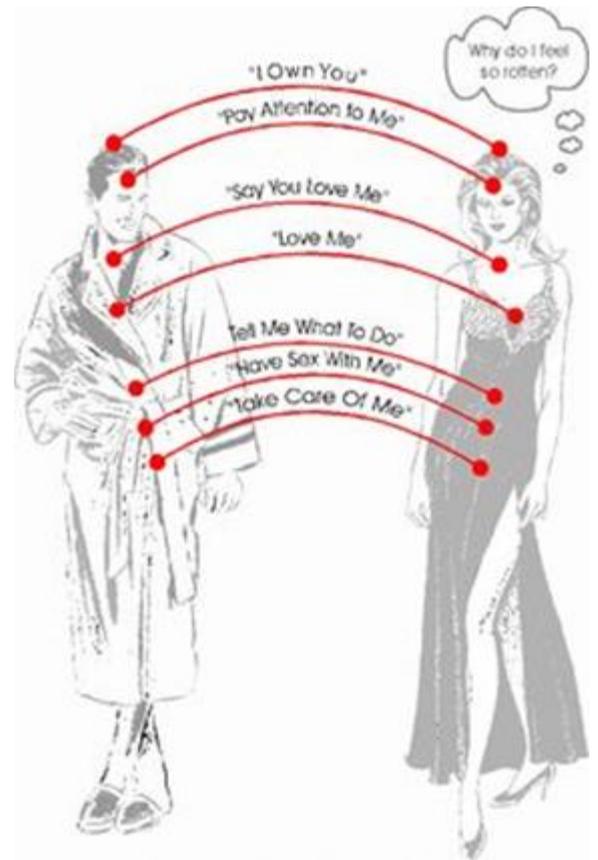
I feel like I have set myself and my son free through all of the healing I have done about our relationship and I can see just how my fears have kept us both locked into this very unhealthy, child like relationship. I have been treating him like a child again, being a controlling and protective parent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

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

The last couple of days I know that I have freed myself and my son, of this very harmful need in me to do everything for him, to compensate for all the rejection. I have actually seen the **corde**s between us, that were thick and tightly pulled, slowly disappear into a dissolved mist, like they are melting away between us so gently and now we are both free and I can feel it.



I have admitted to my son what I have done and why I did it and that I want him to grow and be free and he can't because of my need to mother him like I should have done when he was a child, I got it all wrong. I feel now I have freed him from me as those **CORDS** have now broken down between us and he is free of me.



Example of Cording

### Back pain expression of feelings.

28 January 2019

Oh my God, more fucking pain. I am sitting on the couch and I turned and the top of my back is in agony, I can't even breath properly, the pain is so deep and tight across my back.

It feels muscular but it burns inside and is scaring me as all pain does. "What is this pain telling me about myself, please help me Mother and Father to know the truth of this pain."

I am scared, too scared to move in case I make it worse, even turning my head is making it hurt, I just lifted my arm to scratch my face and it is twinging and aggravating the pain in my back. I am too scared to move or do anything and it has taken me back to my childhood, being too scared to do anything against my parents will, but I want to do it but I can't, it will cause too much pain for me. I am scared of the pain and being in trouble with my dad, he scares me just like this pain does; this pain is him and my fear of him.

We had good times with him but there was always an undercurrent of fear with me, I couldn't be myself with him, with mum I could a bit more as she was scared of him too, his anger. He never hit her but he smacked me once which I have written about, I was 10 and I peed myself I was so scared, I think there was another time too but it is too faint to recall. I am so scared of him, when we have good times and laugh it is nice but as I said I am always aware of his anger that is constantly there.

How bad will this back pain get, I am scared, it is nagging at me even as I type, it wants me to stop, stop doing everything I want to do so it can have power over me and I am left powerless. That is how I feel now in the clutches of this pain, powerless and it is how my dad made me feel. I was so scared about him finding out about things I had done, what would he do to me and as a kid the mind runs wild with fear as being a powerless child that can't do anything. How bad would the pain get and that is how I am feeling about this back pain, how bad will it get, that scares me a lot. I am so shit scared of pain and what it will do to me, it is my dad and other adults in authority, this pain is them.

The fear of the pain makes me immobile, I want to just sit still and not aggravate it any further which is how I had to be with dad, just be good and do as he wants, he was in control of me, and he is this pain keeping me under control. That is why they had me, another tiny child to make them feel powerful, someone to boss around and scare. I must have felt like that in the womb and the first two babies didn't make it, mum had two miscarriages, they must have known and thought "fuck this, no way". I feel I was too scared to do anything but carry on and be born into it all, as I am now, too scared to do anything but carry on and go through it all. Shit I am always scared, always have been, just waiting for the pain to get a hold of me, I have always felt like this.

I am in pain, my back is threatening me to get worse if I make the wrong move and that is just how it was for me as a child, which is how I felt always having to keep everyone happy or feel the pain. I want to jump about and wriggle around and shout "fuck you pain, I fucking hate you and I don't give a shit about you, do what you want to me, I don't care" but I am too scared just as I was with my parents, I couldn't express myself to them like that and I would never dare to. I would be much too scared of my dad. I can't express myself properly because my parents never allowed it and I am still like that now. I am scared of men and any authority. I would love to be able to just come out with it and kind of envied kids that could tell the teacher to fuck off, or have a go at their parents, they were hero's to me but I could never do it. I was made to fear grown ups, authority and men so I stayed quiet and let the repressed feelings kill me inside, that is where they all stayed and I am suffering for it now and also seeing the truth of all I have repressed.

My back is so tight right across my shoulder blades, tight and burning inside, it hurts. I keep moving to see if the pain is easing of but it isn't, like jabbing it with a stick to see if it has gone away but it is still there letting me know it is in control of me, pain is in control as my parents were. It has to be this way for me as this is how it was with my parents. Shit, I am seeing how lightly I had to tread around my dad because I am treading lightly around this pain in my back, not wanting to aggravate it to make it worse, that is how it was with dad and this pain is helping me know more about myself with dad.

The pain across my back is helping me know the truth of my fear of the pain I felt with my dad, how controlling it was with him and how scared I was about upsetting him ever. I feel like I gave every part of me up so that I could be how he wanted me to be, yet with mum I can see how much freer I was, it was completely different with them both so I have no power with Men, but with women I have some.

**Back pain gone.**

28 January 2019

My back pain is now gone completely, I continued with my expressing how the pain was making me feel and it just disappeared. I feel so good.

**Bad feelings about my daughter.**

29 January 2019

Having more bad feelings about my daughter now. Her passport runs out in February and she is off to Bali in June and I reminded her last night to get the forms. I realised even by saying this I am interfering with her and trying to gain control. Then this morning I thought I will go into town, to the post office and pick up the forms for her passport renewal, I washed my hair and was in the throws of getting ready to go and I realised again, I am interfering so I have had to sit down and feel about this, why am I doing it, what are my intentions.

Fuck, I am uncontrollable, I believe they won't do it themselves so I better do it or everything will go wrong for them both. What am I so scared about if it all goes wrong!! She will leave it too late to get her passport and she won't be able

to go, she will be in pain and I don't want her to feel pain, I am doing it again trying to control their pain so I interfere so that it is all done for them and they can be happy and not feel pain, I am so scared of them feeling pain. I am so scared of feeling pain and I feel like I can't cope with their pain and mine so I do it all for them to avoid feeling.

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

I can feel the same fear in me, that it's all going to go wrong for her if I don't take it out of her hands and make it all good. I feel so compelled to get the forms and fill them in for her so I know it is done right and no pain will come of it, even pay the £70.00 for the passport, take it all out of her hands and she will be so happy with me for making her life easier. Shit, it all stinks of mum and dad and how if I were a good girl they would love me and be so happy that I have made their lives easier. I am unstoppable with doing it all, controlling it all, making it all ok for every one because that is what I had to do with my parents.

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

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

I feel like I am a hopeless case at the moment. I am a control freak and I can't help it, I am being it fully and I have never seen it before but over these last few months I have been seeing it and not being able to do anything about it, in fact I have been getting worse like a runaway train and I can't stop. There is nothing I can do but be it, I can't stop being like it with my mind or will power because that will just be controlling it, I will still be like it underneath, it will still be in me. All I can do is accept it is what I am like, admit it and as I am being it, feel how I feel being it and I am so scared of letting everything get out of control, it is overwhelming me as it did when I was a child and I felt like I was not in my body anymore. I would feel like I had disappeared, I wanted to, so I didn't have to feel the intense pain of what was going on, I couldn't do anything about it so it was too much for me to cope with and I wanted to die, disappear.

Now, I feel I am dealing with my mum and my relationships, with my son it was my father and me, now it is mum because I am feeling her when I feel these feelings with Faye. I felt so sorry for my mum all the time, she was so denied and had to pander to my dad to keep him happy and she taught me to do the same. I felt I had to keep her happy, so she didn't feel the truth of how unloved she was, dad never loved her, it was all an illusion and I would try to make her feel loved. I thought I could compensate for the love she never felt from dad, I thought that was my job and my responsibility, I couldn't upset her, she was like a little hurt child and I was the adult who had to love her. I would buy her things, things that my dad should have been buying for her but I knew he

wouldn't think of it, so I did, to make her feel loved, shit, now I am seeing it, I can see I was doing it constantly with her, compensating for the love she never received from her own parents and my dad. She had to have an unloving husband because she had unloving parents, she had to feel that rejection and I was trying to stop her feeling it and now I do that with everyone, I try to make them feel loved because I had to do it with both of my parents.

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

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

**More bad feelings about my children, it never ends!**

25 January 2019

Today, I feel plunged back down into my bad feelings about my children. Anyone who thought they have a loving relationship with their children and are good parents, think again. I thought all of that too, and its not until I began my healing that I knew the truth of my unloving parenting and the truth has been disturbing, very disturbing and any parents that may read this may be thinking "Oh that doesn't apply to me" well, we have all been deluded by our own bullshit that we are good and loving parents, we are not. **NOT ME.**

## We have delude ourselves!

We are the worst thing that could have happened to our children and they are showing us how pissed off they really are with us. I feel angry right now, I feel helpless and angry that I can't do anything about what I have done to my children, it's too late, they are fucked up as I was a fucked up parent and all of you are fucked up parents too and I don't give a fuck if you hate me for saying this, you have screwed your kids in one way or another, just as I have done.

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

Now all I can do for them is be there to listen to their pain, its all I can do for them to help undo some of the pain I have caused them, now I can see it, now I am out of the 'Normal Parenting' delusional trap. I can see what I have done and it is dark. On one hand I am still so fucked up about them and what I have done to them that I still want to take their pain away, it is so tough, and on the other hand I am sitting with them for hours on end encouraging them to tell me everything about how bad they feel and express it all to me, and they do, they are very good at it but what a fucked up way to live. I am bad for them and I can't help it. I have to keep seeing how bad I am so I am given more experiences with them to show me what it is I do with them to stop them feeling, what was done with me by my parents, I do it all by programmed default like a fucking robot and it is so hard to change that programme, I can't change it, only God can when I have seen the truth of all I am doing with them and all that was done with me and my parents.

Healing the pain with your relationship with your children is so tough, this is the hardest thing I have ever experienced, the truth of how I am with them. It's how my parents were with me and I can't be any different. They showed me how to do it. I feel so utterly helpless to be any other way, each and every facet of my parenting has to be looked into and the truth of it found and it is gruelling for me. I feel like collapsing in heap of no good, uselessness as I submit to being a useless, evil parent, I can't do it, I don't know how to be a good parent only a bad one. I am so sorry God for fucking this all up so much, I am so sorry my children for fucking you both up so much and now I feel unable to do anything about it and I am so sorry I have done this to you both. I can see what I have done to you because I did it too to escape from my own pain when I was your ages. It hurt me more than I can ever say, I wanted to die. I am so sorry but I can't do anything

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

### **Bad feelings about saying "NO" again!**

31 January 2019

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

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

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

I am learning so much more about myself by staying in my pain with my children, I can see more of how it was for me and the pain I have carried and have projected onto them and because of this pain I feel, I don't want anyone else to feel what I feel, it is so painful, so I say "YES" when my feelings mean "NO" and that is all changing more every day. I am saying NO because it is how I feel, I don't want to and I don't want to deny that anymore and it has been very hard. I have always been a people pleaser and would do it at the expense of my own feelings but I can feel that changing now. As a child I didn't have the power to say "NO" to my dad, never would I but to mum, I felt I could do it more, she was more accepting of it but not in front of dad. I had to say yes if he was there so now, with my children I feel I can say NO to Faye much easier than I can say NO to Alex my son, he is my dad and I am projecting that on him when like today. He reacted nothing like my dad would have done, he was very laid back with my "NO" response and just replied with "Ok, cool mum".

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

I keep getting instances with my children where I am given the choice to be true to my feelings and not being the doormat my parents made me be. Having to say "YES" to all of their demands so they could take advantage of me knowing I wasn't allowed to say "NO". I had to do as I was told so they could manipulate me, holding all of the power making me powerless. I have been the same with everyone in my life, a fucking 'Doormat' to wipe their feet on and I will let them

because I had to let mum and dad. I was scared of everyone so I did what they said even when I didn't want to, I had no voice to say "NO". I feel that is changing now, I am feeling able to say "NO" more and it has been a very long and painful process of being able to say it, be true to how I feel but it does feel good and getting better all the time. Although running parallel to this good feeling is also still the bad feeling, it is still there in me but not as strong and it weakens when I feel more about it.

### **Mother and Father helping with my feeling healing.**

31 January 2019

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

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

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

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

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

**I taught my Son to not care about himself.**

2 February 2019

I am seeing even more of my unloving treatment of my son. Today I have seen how my son doesn't care about himself. He came to my house as the snow was too bad for him to carry on with his bike. When he came in every bit of his clothing was wet through, even his two pairs of socks and his work boots, everything soddened by the deep snow and he had been wet like that all day, since 6:00 am when he went out in it so I have put all his wet things over radiators and his wet boots in the airing cupboard to dry. This has upset me so much, would he have done the same at his house or just put wet stuff on again tomorrow and go out into the snow again being wet and freezing cold, shit it has upset me so much to think that he doesn't know how to look after himself, or care.

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

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

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

I can see how I have carried on the unloving treatment from my parents, if I felt loved I would have felt worthy and it all would have been so different but that is not the truth. I wasn't loved how I needed to be and nor have my children been

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

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

**Parents put so much fear into their children.**

2 February 2019

Just sitting here I realised I haven't cleaned my teeth yet, I thought I better go and do it, then I thought, Why? What is compelling me to go and do it, how am I feeling about it, what feelings are now coming up about not cleaning my teeth!! I am feeling scared that if I don't I will be in pain, I will get toothache. This is the fear that is behind most of what I do, if I don't do it I will feel pain, everything I do is to avoid feeling pain. If I don't do something that I think I should, I am going to feel pain so I do it as to not feel the pain of not doing it, I am constantly scared. Where did that fear come from? Why is it even in me? Mum and dad are always there, controlling every thing I do, making sure I do it. If I don't they will tell me off, something bad that will happen to me, they put the fear into me like a bribe that if I don't do it, something bad will happen to me. I am always waiting for the pain, the bad thing my parents warned me about, to happen, I am full of it.



This has made me fear the future; the future is a bad thing full of pain and bad things happening to me. I have to be good and do the right thing because something bad will happen to me in the very near future and I am always waiting for it just like my parents said, I believed them.

If I don't go and clean my teeth now I will be in uncontrollable pain and nothing will take it away, that is what I believe about pain, it will take full control of me and it won't end, it will kill me so I do the right thing to stop it happening. Pain must be something so bad if mum and dad warned me about it, that if I don't do what they say, something bad would happen even with something like cleaning my teeth. Everything is associated with a painful outcome. It's like, "If you don't do what I am saying Sam, something bad will happen so go and do it now" its a horrible way to live, under a constant threat and I can feel that threat in me now, its always been there in me and it is the motivation behind most of what I do, believing that threat. I was under constant threat in life. Yes, I can feel that as a true feeling in me and it makes sense as to why I have been so scared of everything, because something bad will happen to me.

That threat has controlled and crushed me and stopped me doing what I want to do, I can only do what my parents say I can. If I go beyond that I will not be safe, I can only do what my parents say I can, they are in control of me because the threat is always in me, it's always there and I can feel it.

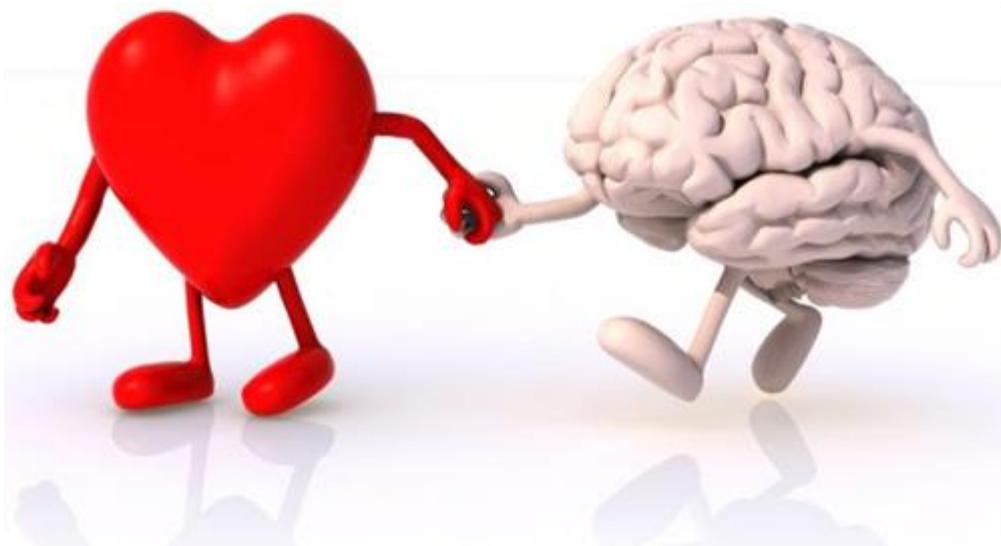
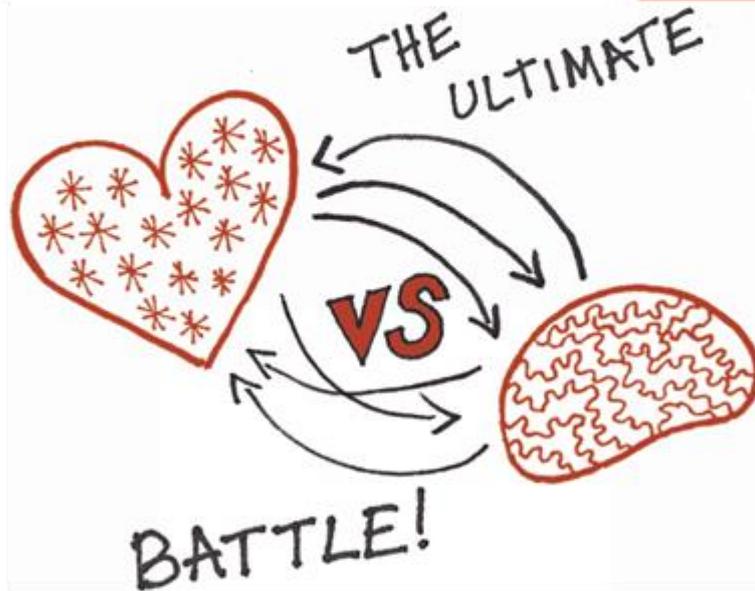
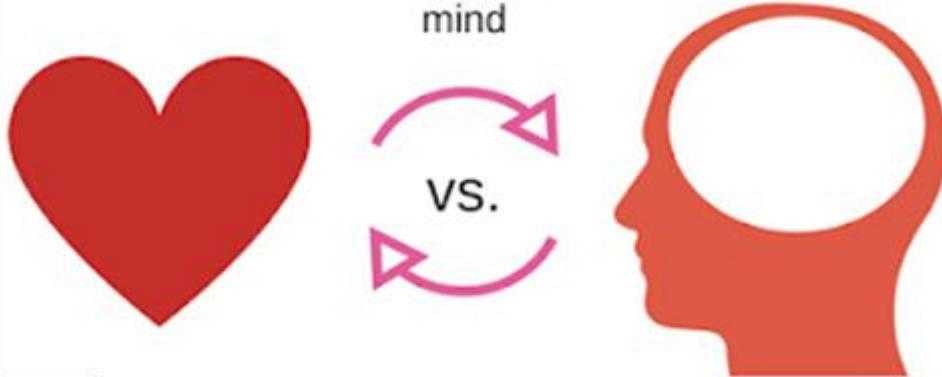
Right now I am feeling attacked by this truth, a constant threat of attack on me if I don't do the right thing, it will be bad for me. It has made me fear doing anything wrong or displeasing to anyone else, it has made me powerless in fear of the pain coming, controlled by it, my parents fears and I have done the same to my children, making sure they are doing the right thing, being good, doing what they should be doing or there will be uncontrollable pain for them and it is all mind control making sure I don't follow my feelings or trust them at all because they might lead me into going the wrong way and bring pain.

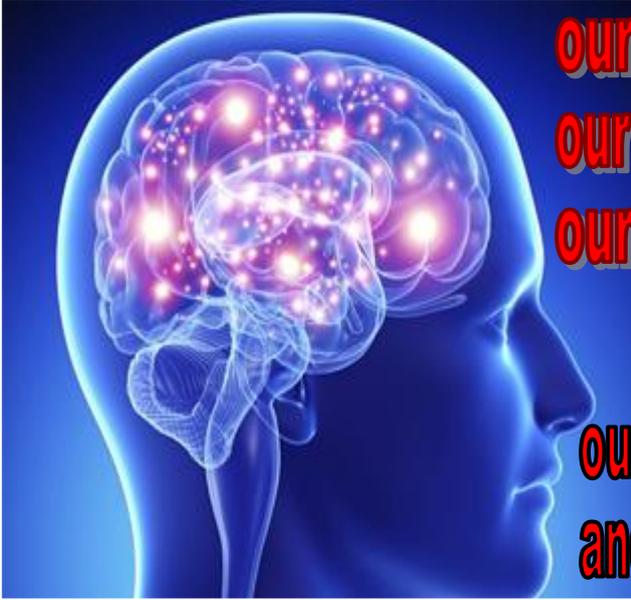
So, doing what I am told, being obedient and don't trust my feelings as they are wrong, (so I had been led to believe), the mind's control is right, that has been the way of my parents and they passed it onto me and I believed it all. Only now am I turning that around but it is so hard, it has been like, do what you should do, not what you want to do and that is a total denial of my feelings, putting my controlling mind in control. Now, to trust and follow my feelings where there is no future plan is very hard and scary. It's a completely new way of living and trusting and it takes time to do the huge U-Turn and turn it all around.

# HEART & MIND

## Finding the Truth

A false dichotomy of the  
mind





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

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

**ASSUMPTIONS are the product of our MIND!**

**HEALING** ends  
**MIND-CONTROL!**



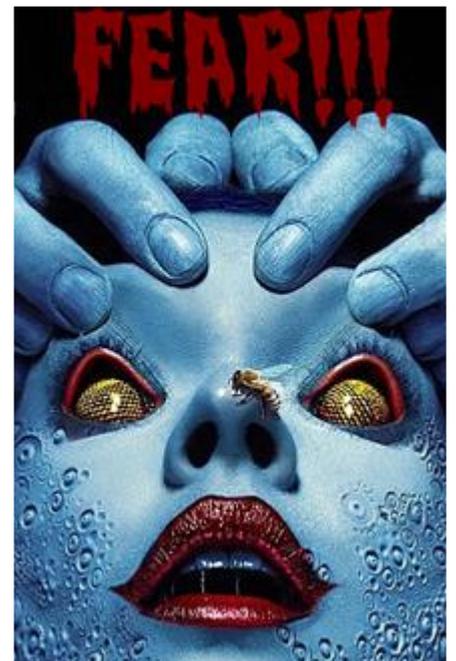
**our SOUL is our TRUTH!  
our FEELINGS are our TRUTH!  
FEELINGS FIRST, mind to follow!**

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

Today, I am feeling the pain of going against my parents' way of living with the mind in control. I am trying to live true to my feelings and I am so alone with this, I have no one to share my fear with as it feels like such a new and unprecedented way to live. I really feel raw and out on a limb with it all and quite scared having no one to talk to about it. If you do this healing with a partner who wants to do it too, wow, that would be so good, to have someone to say "Fuck, I am scared of trusting my feelings, I am scared of where they will take me, are you?" and then hearing their reply and sharing all you feel, all the fear about the bad thing happening, the bad thing that has always been threatening me in my mind if I go against my parents. Shit, it's very scary and it makes me feel like a child again, feeling so different and alone in my own little world with my parents outside of it because they didn't connect with me.

I feel really lost today, and scared, and alone with my healing having no one to share it all with. I feel like when I was a child, in bed with my head under the covers waiting for the bad thing to come and get me, the monster that has always been with me waiting to get me. That is how I feel today. Scared for my life. That everything is not going to be alright because I have gone against my parents, my Mind.

I am following my feelings with my mind fighting me all the way, like my parents wagging a finger at me telling me I am wrong, naughty, disobedient, horrible, unruly, traitorous to them and they know what is best for me. If I come back to them I will be safe, if I come back to the way of the mind's control all will be ok but that can't happen, no way will that ever happen, so I will feel all of the fears that they have put into me until I don't feel them any more and see them for the lies that they are but today, they feel real and all I can do is be them. Let myself be the fear that I feel and let it come out and have a say, accept it and admit I am so fucking scared of the bad thing, that threat happening to me that my parents warned me about.



**Being Overwhelmed.**

2 February 2019

If I don't do it all the right way the pain will be so overwhelming I will die. That is what I have to be, overwhelmed, let it come and get me. Feel how it feels to let it all go, swamp me, drown me. Let all my fear come and crush me.

**Feeling so helpless, I can't stop being wrong.**

9 February 2019

Feeling so fucking hopeless, wanting to be one way but can't stop being the wrongness that I am. I am so wrong all the time and I can't stop being it. Everything I am is bad and wrong and I can't make myself be good and right, I can't use my mind to be right like I used to, I can't control myself. I'm like a car crash, smashing my way through life. I can't make myself do the right thing or the thing that would be best for me, I have to keep doing the bad thing and I can't help myself and I am getting worse. I no longer have any control; I am out of control, the very thing that has always terrified me, being out of control. I am it.

It's making me feel fucking terrible, like I just want to cave in, give in, let it all go. I am fucked up, hey everyone, this is me and I am fucked up and I can't control myself. This is the truth of me, I am all the bad shit I tried not to be so everyone would like me, now you can all hate me as you get to see the truth of me.

I feel in such despair with myself as I see the truth of me, the truth I can't stop being, it's like someone else has control of me, I can't stop it. My mind wants me to be one way, the way everyone will like and accept but my soul is taking over and I am being the opposite and I hate it but I also love it, it makes me feel free but also scared of not being accepted.

Fuck, I still can't get to how I am feeling, it is there but I can't reach it. Help me for fuck sake God, help me Express how I am feeling.

I am stuck. How do I feel, please Mother and Father help me find the truth of how I am feeling.

I am scared of not being accepted by being the truth of my feelings, I am scared people will hate me and inside I feel so like all is lost with me, I am a lost cause and beyond love. No one will ever love me like this, I will be isolated and alone. I don't love me like this, I hate me being like this, being such a loser in all my life, in every area of it. I hate myself and I am so lost now everything is gone, all my false life, I have nothing left.

I have been getting worse lately, more judgmental, saying things about people and not being able to stop, it just spews out of me like I have fucking torrents and in my mind I am thinking "what's the matter with you Sam, you just can't stop yourself" and I can't. It has to come out so I can see the truth of how I really am, I criticize everything and everyone and it is so fluent, it just comes out of me and I feel like dying as it comes out of me. There is no hope for me, it is how I am so I have to be it but it feels so bad, yet good too because it's the truth of me and it feels good to finally allow myself to be it, so I have these two sets of feelings going on in me.

### **Feeling so unsettled.**

10 February 2019

I always feel so unsettled, fractious and discontented, I want something constantly to amuse me or settle me but nothing works. I want to eat to settle me, give me the good feelings that I am so desperate for. Nothing works. I lay here in bed so bored wanting to be entertained or fulfilled in some way. It's a constant longing in me, desperation.

I can see myself as a baby having these very feelings, being fractious and crying and my parents not understanding me, not knowing me and what it is I need from them as they try this and then that to quieten me, nothing works and it is the same now, exactly the same.

I feel like I am a baby again but now I don't understand myself, just as my parents didn't understand me, I am being the same to myself as they were to me and I want to scream as I did back then. I feel so desperately unsettled, it's a nagging, a yearning inside me and nothing hits the spot just like when I was young, nothing worked. I am so fed up and restless, I want something and I look

outside of me for something to satisfy me but nothing works. I feel angry and frustrated that nothing makes any change to me, I feel awful inside, so empty and I want to cry and scream like a baby until I get picked up or some attention from someone.

There is no one, just me, no one to hear me or understand me and what I need. My parents didn't know what to do with me. I could feel the constant disconnection from them and I feel the same now. There is no one for me, there never was and all the things they gave me to settle me, never worked, just took me further from them and myself, my feelings. I want to tell someone everything about how bad I am feeling, I want to connect with them and feel they are really concerned about me and want to hear me because they really care, like my parents should have. I have no one at all and it is horrible.

### **Taken to the Hell realms.**

10 February 2019

Before I went to sleep last night I prayed with all the longing in my heart to Mother and Father to help me understand more about the truth of my feelings, I felt my longing go out to them and then went to sleep and had an Astral travelling experience.

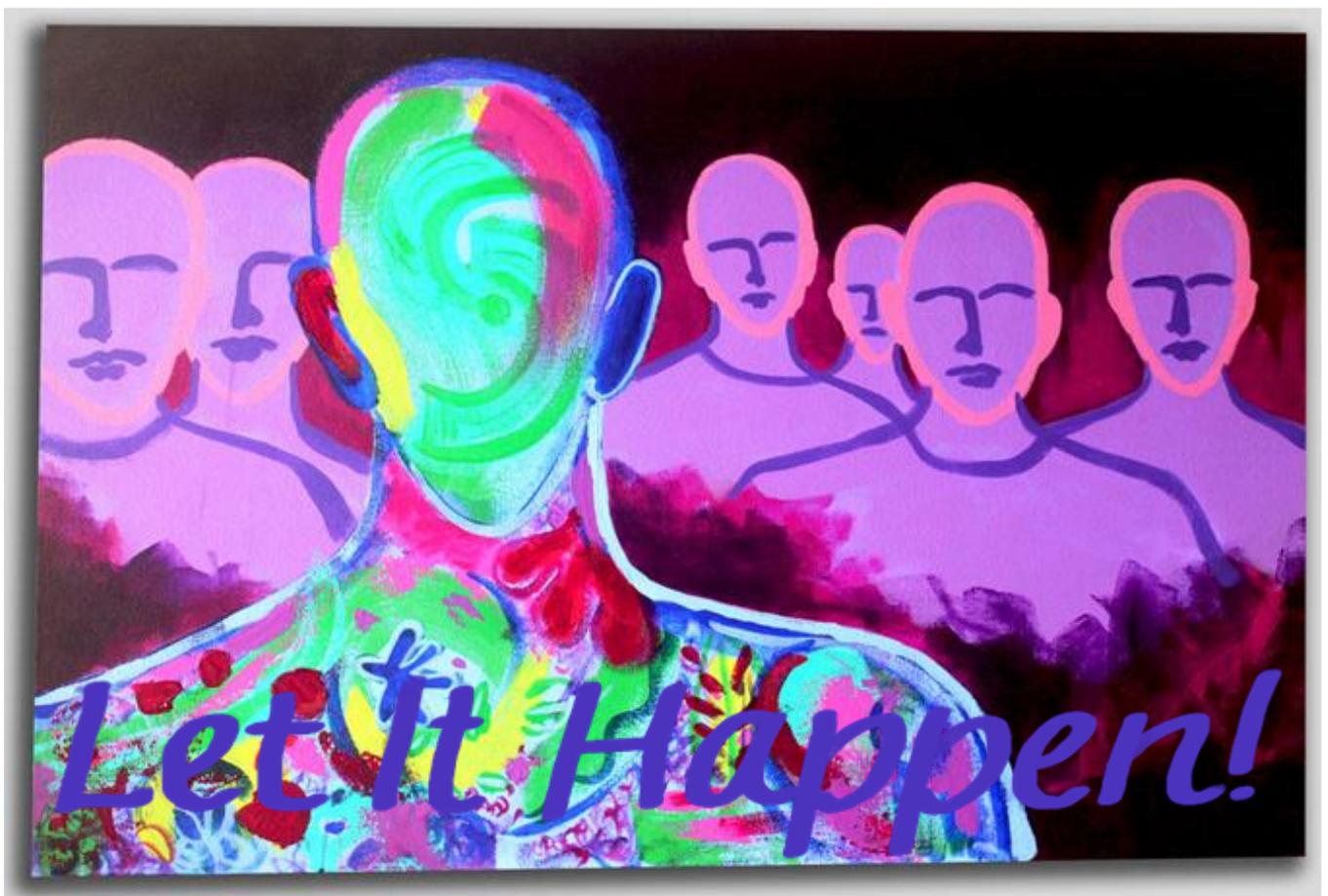
I was taken to the Hell realms to experience my fears, the ones I can't get to. I had a man's voice guiding me and taking me to all these places and I was constantly being attacked, stabbed and screamed at and told it will never end if I don't feel the truth of my fears. Every new place I was taken to I had to travel out in space to get to them and it wasn't a nice travel experience, everything about this was awful. I had to tumble through space and I heard myself screaming and saying "oh no, not like this" because of my fear of being so dizzy and out of control so every aspect of my travelling time was to feel my fears.



I arrived at another dark place, every place is dusky and twilight looking and I

was being stabbed again but I couldn't see the knife only the blade inside me. I opened my mouth and the blade had gone through my cheek, I could see it and the blood was running out of my mouth and down my throat, I could taste it like it was really happening. The knife was going into my body again and again.

The last trip I did was to my bedroom, I was tumbling through space and landed in my room and I could see myself asleep, it was dark. I went out of the bedroom door and the house was like an old cottage with stone steps that were cold under my feet. I saw an old woman washing up; she was very small and old with long grey hair piled up in a messy bun. She didn't turn around to look at me but said "don't worry about me, I am nearly done and will be gone soon". I went back up to bed and got into my body and woke up. I didn't know if it was another trip or it was real, I felt so crazy and not knowing if I was really back or not so I got up and went outside until I came around.



How did it all make me feel? Well, it showed me so much of my deepest fears of being attacked, attacking myself, being out of control and I was, there was nothing I could do but let it all happen and this is what that man said to me on

my travels. I have to let it happen and feel it or it will never end, let myself be out of control and my time in the Hells showed me how it feels to be out of control and have all of these bad things happen to me, the things I am scared of.

I am so glad to have gone there and felt my fears and have them so clearly shown to me, it helped me so much to be put in the situations of being out of control, the ones I won't let myself give in to. I had to give in, I had no choice I was taken right to the pain that is in me. As I was being stabbed I was told to let them do it, don't fight it or it will never end and as soon as I stopped screaming and fighting it, it ended and I was taken somewhere else. So much happened I can't write it all, you had to be there to get the full feeling of it all but it has helped me so much.

What an amazing experience to get that help from spirit, take me right to the pain of my denied and repressed feelings. It was a dark place, damp and cold with figures moving but I couldn't see them clearly. I was totally out of control and this is what I needed to feel.

I think now, what a great use of the Hell realms in spirit, to take those that are doing their healing into them to help them heal and feel their denied and repressed feelings. To the places I won't let myself go but I longed to Mother and Father to help me feel the feelings I can't get to and they answered me. All through out this time in the Hells I felt accompanied by a spirit, a man, no one I know I don't think but definitely a man and although I was terrified he was with me and I felt a feeling of safety too, he was with me every step of the way although standing back at times and then other times right next to me, amazing. It has helped me so much, I feel different today.

**I am so helpless, I can't stop being like this.**

10 February 2019

All day my experience of last night has been with me. The scene of a man telling me they won't stop hurting me until I give up my control. He was helping me feel the pain of having to be in control, if that makes sense. It is the pain I am causing myself and this experience was making me see and feel the truth of the pain of having to be in control. I feel so helpless with it all, like I can't stop being

like it and this experience helped me feel how powerless I am feeling. I was powerless to whatever happened to me in my sleep state, completely powerless and had to let it all happen to me, I couldn't stop any of it and my whole life has felt like that, like I have to let people treat me how they want to without standing up for myself.

I was so powerless, I was like a sack being pushed around and in my experience last night, I was on the edge of a cliff and they just pushed me off and I went flying into the darkness of space, I was tumbling through the stars getting dizzier and dizzier and when I had enough I landed in another scenario of control and powerlessness. Different aspects of this experience have been coming back to me all day. It felt more real than life and I feel changed, different.

My whole experience was of being out of control and feeling the pain I have repressed and suppressed over the years and it is dark and hidden and very scary, as I was shown last night, this guy kept yelling at me "Do you give up yet, do you give in to us", shit I can feel it all and I couldn't speak, I had nothing, absolutely no control, they could do whatever they wanted to me.

I was scared but I loved the truth of it, I loved being taken to where ever I needed to go to know the truth. I was shown the real damage done to me and the damage I now do to myself and my children because of my fear of losing control, how powerless I have been made to be.

**Seeing more of my pain from my sleep state experience.** 11 February 2019

My sleep state experience is still with me today. I can see more about the pain of being controlled and having to submit into weakness and how it made me feel as a child. Having to always do as someone else says, being too scared to say "NO" because it wasn't an option for me. The pain I was being subjected to in the Hells was the pain I have denied feeling all my life and the control mechanisms I have put in place so I don't have to feel that pain but I was being made to feel it. To get it all out in the open and experience how it felt, all of those little times I suppressed how I felt as a child grew out of all proportion into feeling like I am going to die at any moment, be attacked and hurt, I always felt so close to it if I

did something wrong and that fear kept me from doing as I wanted to do, even if it was wrong in my parents eyes. It made me into a sneak, going behind their backs and becoming a liar, as it was the only way I could do as I wanted, not to tell them or to make something up to stop them stopping me.

I was really made to feel my pain and it is hard to believe that it is so bad and that I have minimalised it so much in my life when the truth is it is a big deal. To anyone reading this, it will sound like I was beaten as a child and treated so terribly but I wasn't on the surface of it all, I was treated ok with some good times as well as bad but the pain comes in so many different ways which are so fine and almost unnoticeable until you go into your feelings and see it all, and it is horrific the amount of pain that is stored from the terrible way you were parented.

All the feelings that have been brushed aside and you just have to get over it, well of course you don't, the bad feelings just get stored inside you for ever and it builds and builds until you die of them; or decide to turn it all around and do your healing. My parents' parenting wasn't ok, it was fucking awful, as mine has also been, normal parenting on the surface of it is fucking awful when it is dissected through the doing of your feeling healing. You will see the horrors that I am now seeing, that I was blind to in how I was parented and how I have parented. My sleep state experience has showed me the horrors of all I denied from my childhood, all that I thought wasn't so bad and I brushed it off denying all my pain. I was in pain, extreme pain as a child and I have been in extreme pain as an adult and I was shown the truth.



# Seven Spirit Earth Planes

Each of the seven Earth spirit planes co-exist in the same space as we do in the physical. We of the physical world are of the coarsest and densest material. Starting with the 1<sup>st</sup> plane, the material within each plane becomes finer, more refined and of greater luminosity. Those within the lower planes cannot see or discern the presence of those in higher planes. Those of the higher planes can move about those in lower planes without them being aware of being present unless they wish to reveal themselves.

Each plane is predominantly for one group of spirit or angel personalities. However, there are sectors within planes where visitors from higher planes can move about freely. No harm or disturbance can be caused by any spirit personality upon another, not even those within the physical Earth existence.

7  
6  
5  
4  
3  
2  
1

7<sup>th</sup> Earth Plane being for visitors from Havona and Paradise, together with the Daughters and Sons of God. This includes Angels who have come all the way from Paradise.

6<sup>th</sup> Earth Plane being for visitors from the higher levels of our Local Universe. Higher Daughters and Sons together with higher Angels.

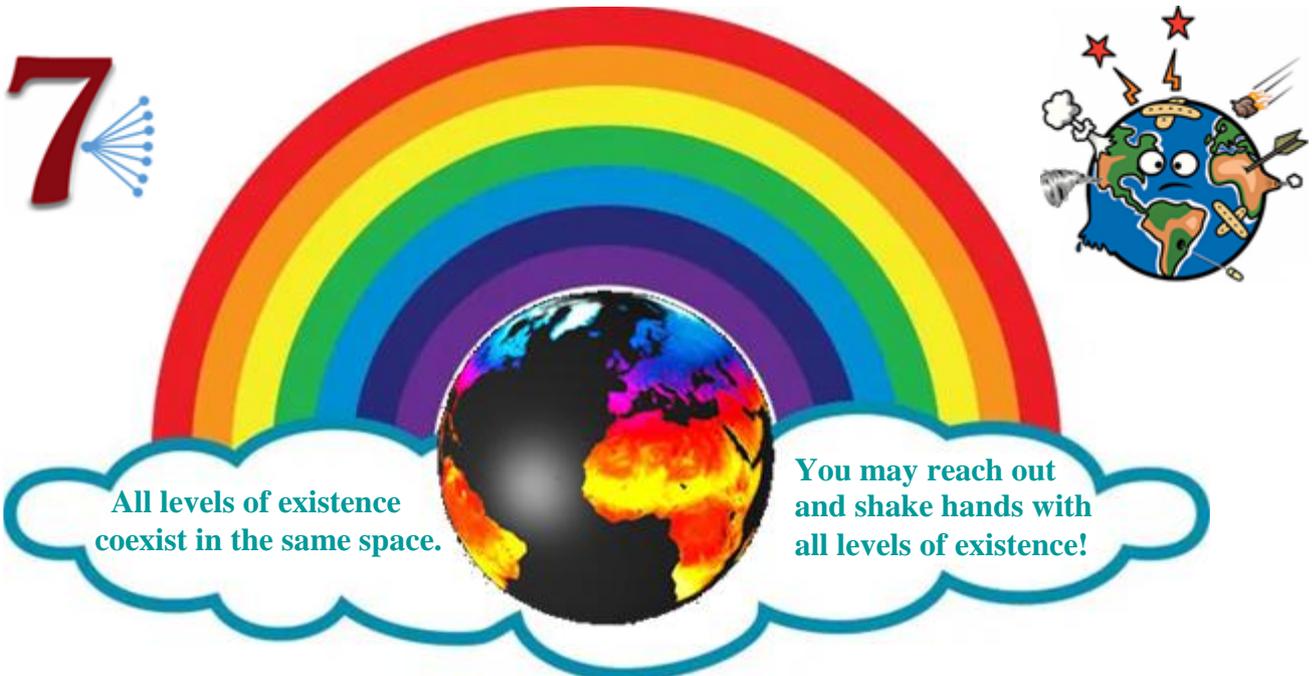
5<sup>th</sup> Earth Plane being for visitors from the Celestial Heavens and higher angels and spirits from other parts of Creation, including Finaliters.

4<sup>th</sup> Earth Plane being exclusively for Angels, some of which have evolved from Nature Spirits!

3<sup>rd</sup> Earth Plane is the exclusive domain of Nature Spirits who are derived from creature life experience on Earth.

2<sup>nd</sup> Earth Plane – a ‘Sphere of Isolation’ from which one progresses having settled the Law of Compensation, allowing entry into regular spirit life in the 1<sup>st</sup> spirit Mansion World.

1<sup>st</sup> Earth Plane – the darkest ‘Sphere of Isolation’ and closest to Earth. A plane allowing spirits to live in their state of hell because of their grievous inclination to cause harm to others.



**Being attacked.**

11 February 2019

Being attacked like that in my sleep state experience was terrifying, it is what I am scared of in life, being attacked, disagreed with, told off; it all amounts to being attacked to me, I feel it as an attack, just like those knives going into me, it hurts me, it is so rejecting to be so dismissed as a child and adult. It is a physical pain to my feelings and body like a knife going into me.

I am so scared of being physically attacked, punched, hit, hurt, smacked; it scares me shitless. Why would anyone want to do that to me, why would they want to hurt me so much, how could they do it to me, want to hurt me. I can remember asking myself these questions when my dad hit me once when I was 10, how could he! How could he hurt me! I had the same feelings when my first husband would verbally abuse me and treat me so bad, hitting me, kicking me like I was nothing, how could they do it to me, I want them to stop treating me so bad. I don't understand it in my mind, I am still in shock at how I have been treated and I didn't see it until my sleep state experience. I am still in shock about being treated so unlovingly and these men not stopping, in my sleep state and in my real life. My bastard of a husband was relentless at times and I would see the anger begin in his face just like my dad. How could they hurt someone so scared of them, my dad hit me once, or maybe twice but my husband was very abusive and I can see the power he gained out of having a powerless wife. I am in shock at how terribly I have been treated at the hands of men, mentally, emotionally and physically I feel beaten and battered like in my sleep state experience. I had to give in to that man in my dream, as I had to give in to the men in my life, submit or it would get worse, even death.

I was scared of my dad and still am, I am scared of his anger the same way he was scared of his dad's anger. I am scared of crossing him and making him angry, I am scared of what he might do to me and as a child, in my mind, I was going to die and it was the same with my first husband but he showed me physically how scared I was of my dad.

The man in my sleep state experience was stabbing me and screaming at me and I was so scared, like a child with my dad, so frightened of him yet at other times he could be nice and fun but there was always an undercurrent of fear. The man

in my SSE kept telling me to give up all of my control or it will get worse, it won't stop, so I did and it ended and I was off tumbling through space to my next stop which was more of the same, it kept happening until I gave up, submitted feeling weak and beaten and that is how I have always felt and feel now.

I don't know if any of this makes sense but I am just going with how I feel and it is all over the place.

### **Feeling my anxious feelings.**

12 February 2019

I have woken up feeling anxious. My stomach is taught and rigid, it feels like it is all scrunched up inside, like really tensed up. I can't relax it, it feels all acidic inside and angry, it just won't relax. It feels so tight and on guard of something bad happening to it, like when you are about to get punched, you tense up your muscles to make them hard to protect you from the blow. But there is no blow or fight physically, but inside, my feelings are on guard.

Please Mother and Father help me see the truth of my really tensed up stomach muscles, they hurt and it feels uneasy, I need your help. Why am I so tensed up inside?

I am waiting for something, I am anxious to receive it; my body is getting ready for the blow, the pain. I can't relax I have to be on guard, prepared for what may happen, I mustn't relax or it will catch me off guard and hurt me. My stomach is all churned up in the wait for the bad thing to happen to it. I have to be ready, I have to act quickly. Clench up Sam and be ready for everything they throw at you, be on guard. Shit, I feel so tensed up and anxious, nervous like and the acid in my stomach is bubbling, I hate this feeling of tension and I have only just woke up, nothing has happened yet. Now I say that I can remember feeling like this a lot in my younger years, tensed and prepared for the battle of the day, what was I going to go through, I had to be ready for it. I couldn't relax, ever, oh my God, that was and is a horrible feeling, impending doom.

How does my stomach feel Mother and Father? What is going on? It is too

anxious to digest anything, it is bubbling with hot acid preparing to fight, it can't relax, and it has to be ready. It has to be in control so it is preparing to fight. My stomach is controlling itself, preparing for what ever the threat is today, it is ridged, the muscles are hardened, and it is in control and ready. It can't relax and let what ever the threat is, come. It has to fight. Shit, as I wrote that my sleep state experience has just come back to me, the man in it told me to give in and let the fight happen or it would never stop, I can see what he meant, he was stabbing my stomach and told me to let it happen with out a fight, my stomach is ready to fight today, it is so hard to give in and submit to what ever is going to happen. Like the man said to me, give up the control and it will end, it is so hard to give it up and be vulnerable, to submit, shit it is so hard when I have had to be in control all my life to protect me from pain, now I understand what my sleep state experience meant, give up the control and I was only in control to save me from pain and I was like that as a child too, I can remember it, always anxious about what would happen to me, would it hurt, how bad will it get for me.

I can feel my whole body is always so tensed up, even now I am ready to protect myself, it is such a natural way of being. Now I can feel my muscles, I don't think I am ever rested and relaxed. If I actually think about relaxing my body I can feel all my muscles drop down from their tautness, it feels like I have just lost a couple of inches as my muscles relax and drop off their guard. I am naturally always like this, so tensed up that I don't even notice it now, it is the natural way for me to be.

I hold my whole body under control all the time and to let it relax is a big change in feeling, to let that control go, wow, it feels nice but my stomach is still not having it, inside I am still up tight and anxious. My stomach is still telling me it's not safe to relax. It hurts and feels so uncomfortable, almost sicky.

What is going to happen to me, that is the feeling I am feeling, and anxiety in me that keeps my stomach in readiness for the fight it may have to be in. It's a constant fear in me whenever I do something, will it hurt me. Why do I always have to feel so restless Mother and Father? I was like it as a child. Always waiting to be told off for doing the wrong thing, not doing as my parents want me to do, feeling anxious about that and never knowing if what I am doing is right or wrong, I was and am so confused, what do they want from me, I don't

know, I am in such a state, I don't know anything. I have to be told by them to be sure it is the right thing and I won't get told of for doing it my way. I am always so unsure of what I am doing, is it wrong, I need to be told, someone tell me because I feel so anxious without anyone telling me. I will be in trouble if I haven't been told to do it. I can't use my own discernment in anything I do, I need acceptance to feel happy doing it, I feel all wrong, everything I do is wrong all the time, I am useless, thick, stupid, "What are you doing that for Sam, why are you doing it" oh my god, those questions put me into panic. I don't know what I am doing and I don't know why!! If I haven't been told to do it then I don't know why I am doing it, I am sorry for doing it, I will stop and do as you tell me, I am so sorry.

I felt like this as a child and I still feel like it so I have to control my body ready for the questioning, be prepared for the blows, shit I feel sick, I can remember it happening at school if I did my own thing, I was brought back into line quickly and I felt terrible. I had to do as I was told or it would be bad for me. Every day wondering what would happen to me, it was misery and this was just in the normal day events of life, the little things that went unnoticed but caused me so much pain. Having to be something I was not all the time, to be good and do the right thing when maybe what I wanted to do was the wrong thing but I didn't have the chance to learn that for myself.

My stomach is constantly waiting in anxiety for the emotional blows it has to take, that is how it feels right now, like it is ready to be punched, all tight and massed up with knotting muscle with a volcano of burning acid inside it, its fucking angry and raging and screaming in pain at having to be like this all the time, having to be in such painful control as it waits for the blows. I can taste its acidic anger burning up my throat and in my mouth. It wants to let it all out screaming how it feels, letting it all out. It is me, it is my anger that I am not allowed to express so it stays inside like a volcano of hot anger at how fucked off I am at having to be so anxious, so ready for the fight just to defend myself against everyone who wants to change me and wants me to do the right thing.

With anything I do I always have the undercurrent feeling of it being bad and wrong and I should get approval before doing it. I can't do anything without it feeling ok to do it, it is always bad and that is the anxiety inside me today. I am

waiting to be told I shouldn't do what I am doing and I am on guard against that, I am ready to stop doing it and do what whoever tells me to do. I can't just be myself, I am bad and wrong, my whole being is bad and so wrong and I have to fight for whatever I want or make sure it will be approved of by my parents first. Everything I have done has been done because I am sure my parents will approve of it, or I won't do it, they will be so proud of me. I have done everything in my life with their approval and if I felt they wouldn't approve, I would do it but lie about it so I didn't have to feel their disapproval.

Yes, this is my stomach anxiety and pain today and every day, is what I am going to do, is it going to be approved of by my parents and I have to be constantly ready for the fall out if it's not. I am in a constant state of anxiety just waiting for their disapproval of me and it hurts, it is pain, it is control, rigid control and it fucking hurts. I don't feel free to be myself because their approval is in everything I do, I only go as far as they will allow me with all that I do.

My stomach pain is the pain of anxiously waiting for my parents' disapproval of me, everyone's disapproval of me, I now have to have it from everyone so I am accepted by them because it is so painful to be so rejected and disapproved of, shunned, its lonely to feel so alone and outcast. I can feel the anger of that rejection.

### **Wanting approval.**

12 February 2019

I want everyone to approve of me and I feel anxious if they don't, I don't feel happy until they are happy with me, I can't bare the rejection of their disapproval, shit, it hurts so much. I can now see how I have been like this all my life and it has caused me so much anxiety and having to control myself so much to stay in the approval of everyone and it burns inside and the anxiety bubbles up with its acid in my stomach.

To be disapproved of feels like the end, I might as well die, they hate me, I am nothing to them, I have disappointed them, my parents and everyone else, I am a failure, I am unlovable, I don't exist, I am not important to them. I am nothing to them, I feel like dying and something inside me has, my soul shrinks and hides

as I can feel myself dying a bit more with every refusal and disapproval. I feel so overwhelmed by this today, it is too big for me, I can't see over the top of it, it is going to crush me under all of their disapproval, kill me.

I feel like such a disappointment to every one and I have worked so hard in my life not to be. I am it. I am disappointment, I feel dark and black and dead inside. It is too hard to keep it up, I can't do it, I am a disappointment, it is who I am behind all the things I do to be approved of and accepted, there lurks the truth, disappointment.

If my parents could tell the truth for one moment they would say how disappointed with me they are and I would love that truth. I wish they could tell me the truth, I want to hear it from them then I would know where I stand, just tell me how you disapprove of me, please. I want to hear it from you both because I know it is true because I can feel it and always have or you wouldn't have tried so hard to make me into something better than what I was, you wouldn't have tried to change me so you must have been so disappointed with me. I know this is the truth because I wouldn't have spent my whole life trying to impress you and get your approval. You my parents have been behind every thing I have ever done, trying to gain your approval so I could feel LOVED.

**Wanting my parents approval.**

12 February 2019

When you feel the truth it is a wonderful freeing feeling and that has just happened to me.

Everything I have done has been about getting my parents' approval, I didn't get it from them so I went out to seek it from everyone else, they were my parents but it still didn't satisfy me because they weren't them. All the good I have done was for the wrong reasons, it was to get the feeling I needed, my parents approval, nothing I have done has been true, with true intent because it has just been another ploy to get my parents approval and love but it was from someone else so it didn't work, all futile.

Today I can see that truth and it is so wonderful. I am amazed at the lengths I have gone too, to feel approved of and loved, a whole life's worth of shit I have

gone through to feel accepted and loved and I still don't and I love that truth that I now really know about myself. When I see what they have made me into because of this rejection, I am them. I have done it to my children too, what a fuck up and it is all so clear to me now, it might not be to anyone else and what I have wrote might be hard to understand but I now get it.

**I am still so wrong, I feel hopeless.**

16 February 2019

Oh my God, I am such a fuck up, I keep letting myself down, doing stupid shit that I feel I should know better about but I can't stop doing it. I feel so let down by myself, disappointed that I am still doing stupid shit, untrue shit. I am such a fuck up and I can't tell you how deep the pain is that I am still doing these stupid things, fucking useless. I want to punish myself, I am punishing myself that I am so controlled and programmed to do these things that are wrong. I am one big heap of wrongness, everything I do is wrong and I can't stop being like it, wrong. I am so wrong, so bad, so useless, so disappointing and I feel ashamed of myself, like I am telling myself off just like my parents did when I did something stupid or wrong, I can hear them but it is my voice saying their words.

I am still so wrong, I feel like I have learnt nothing at all. I feel I should be better than I am being but I am fucking worse. It is all coming out in me just how bad and untrue I am, I am 'SO UNTRUE', so, so, so untrue still, even worse than I have ever been and I feel like such a bad person, angry and disappointed at myself. I am so fucking ashamed and so fucking useless. I feel like I have 'untrue torretts' syndrome, I can't stop being like it, I am a runaway train of untruth. I don't want to be like it but I am it, I can't help being like it.

Shit, I can't even put into words how fucking untrue I am and there is nothing I can do about how bad I am. I am so let down at myself, I feel so deeply let down and keep doing it again and again and I catch myself being so untrue but can't stop it. I catch myself being like it and think, "shit, here I go again, what the fuck am I doing, again". I instantly go into feeling about it, why I am being like it or doing it and I get my answers but then it is into the next untrue thing, my whole life is untrue, everything I do is untrue, there is nothing that is not untrue about me.

I give up, I just fucking give up with myself, I am untrue, that is all, I am fucking untrue, living a fantasy life of untruth and I fucking hate myself like this and I so want to change but I can't. I just go from one untruth into the next and it is only now that I see my whole life is just one huge untruth. Nothing is true, nothing about me is truth and I hate it, it makes me feel so powerless to see what a pointless lie I am and how enormous and overwhelming my untrue life is. I feel exasperated by it. Like when I was a child and there was nothing I could do about anything so I felt the same exasperation and my soul sunk and it felt like I was dying.

I feel like I want to be really hard on myself, scream at myself, tell myself to fucking get a grip of life and stop being so untrue but I can't control it like that with my mind, all I can do is accept that I feel angry at myself. I want to punish myself and feel where those punishing feelings come from. I am so angry at me that I am so useless at this.

I can't be true, I want everyone to know; and me to know, I can't be true in life and I can feel myself still trying to be but it is futile because it isn't the truth of me, I am not true, I am all the untruth in the world. I let myself down because I feel I should be able to be true but I can't, its bullshit, I am untrue so I can't be true. I feel so crazy with it all.

I am still trying to have power in my life, I still am not wanting to feel the truth of my powerlessness and that fucking pisses me off that I can't just be powerless because my mind still grapples for it. What the fuck, this is so hard, I have such a compulsion to gain power, fuck, I am so fucking useless at healing myself.

The truth is I still want power in my life, I still don't want to feel the truth of my powerlessness. I still want fucking power, I want it and that's the truth, fuck I want it. I WANT POWER, my whole being craves power and I can't stop doing things to get it. Shit it is scary how power mad I am, all so I don't have to feel my truth. I am powerless and that drives me to gain power constantly. I keep fucking up, yet it's not fucking up, it's just the truth of how I am and I have to be it. I am being the truth of my untrue state, all I have been told to be like, to be powerful, to be right, to go for it in life and only then are you loved and wanted

and it is fucking hard to turn it all around. I can't stop trying to gain power and I can see what I am doing and I am feeling the truth of why I do it.

**Seeing everything I do to gain power.**

16 February 2019

I feel so fucking hopeless, useless and pathetic as I see all I do is to have power, I feel like there is no hope for me, it is hopeless and I am too far gone, wanting to do all I can to gain power. I can't be any other way other than my untruth. I feel hopeless, like I am beyond help and beyond change. I had to be this way as a child and an adult, and now I see just how deep I am in it, it seems impossible to ever be any different, I can't help but be it and I am expressing all my feelings as I am being it, it is all I can do. The feelings of hopelessness are overwhelming, I can't control how compulsive I am and it is all coming out of me, I am being it and it is so bad and it is scaring me, I had no idea I was so bad, I have been so unaware.

I hate myself, I hate being like this, I hate knowing and seeing the truth of myself, I hate feeling so helpless. I hate the despair I feel about myself, I hate the sickening feeling of disappointment I have for myself, I hate the lie that is me, I hate being so fucking weak as my addictions control me, I hate this false untrue person that I am and I fucking hate that I can't be any other way but my fucked up, pathetic self. I hate everything about me.

**I hate myself for being this way.**

16 February 2019

I hate myself so much for being like I am, so out of control, letting all of my addictions and compulsions run riot in my life, it is a shock to be so awake and aware of them and that everything I do is to deny my feeling powerless. All the feelings that come up are the powerless feelings of my childhood, they take me right back there. I am feeling as powerless as I did when I was a child and I couldn't do anything about it then and I can't do anything about it now, it feels just the same. I feel like a helpless little child trying to do all she can to feel wanted and loved, trying to prove herself to her parents that she is worthy, constantly looking for their approval in all she does and that approval being the only reason she does anything in her life as a child and an adult. I feel so fucking

pathetic hanging on any glimpse of approval in anyone for anything that I do because to me, they are my parents.

As I long to Mother and Father to help me see the truth of me and my childhood I am seeing that truth in everything I do because of the way I feel about things, they are the same denied and suppressed feelings I felt as a child.

God, I feel so pathetic and weak and like giving up, I am not in control of anything, Mother and Father are and They know just what I need to know about myself, they are constantly showing me the truth of how I am.

**Feeling gutted inside.**

17 February 2019

Woke up feeling gutted inside, so empty and unloved as I see everything I do to be loved, to replace the love I should have been filled with from my parents. Gutted at how false this lack of love has made me and like there is no return from it, I will never be true, there is just too much damage. Today, I feel beaten and unable to recover from it, I am on the floor.

I will do something and when I feel about why I did it, I feel such a huge let down in me, I am back at the beginning again and feel like I have made no progress at all. There is just so much falseness in me driving me to do something to make me feel loved and accepted, I just can't stop being like it and I can see it, but can't change it and I punish myself for being such a fool when the truth comes as to why I did it. There is so much untruth in me, it feels like a mountain to climb and I just get put back at the beginning to start again but it is just a new untruth in me, that I am to see and feel about, one after the other. Even getting on with my healing is all for power, wanting it to be over, for me to be of a Celestial level of truth, it's all for power and for me to feel loved. There is no end to my evilness and always so much more coming up in me. Everything I do is for power because I feel so powerless.

**FREEDOM OF  
FEELINGS**

**FEELING  
HEALING**

**I am my parents.**

17 February 2019

I can see that I am being my parents to myself. I am being unloving to myself by not accepting how I am but punishing myself for being like it, for not being how they wanted me to be, by being so let down and disappointed at myself for all of my actions. It is still in me to tell myself off like they did when I was wrong. They told me off or told me how I should be and I felt guilt, shame and like I had let them down for being so far away from their expectations of how I should be. That pain is still there in me, they put it in me that I was so wrong and I should be better, be more like them and how they wanted me to be.

Everything I feel about myself is the disappointment of how my parents felt about me. This is all them telling me off or disapproving of what I am doing and I tried to change to make them happy but I couldn't maintain it just as I can't now. The truth has to come out, I can't be good, true and perfect, it isn't me, it is me pretending to be who they wanted me to be, all to please them and feel them being proud of me.

Now, all of my badness and untruth is coming out of me. I am being it and feeling so many feelings about it, guilt, shame, disappointment, hopelessness, how pathetic I am, punishment, disapproval, all how my parents would have felt about me I now feel about myself.

While I write this all I can think about is the huge pull I have to make myself feel better. To go and get some food and eat the pain away, make myself feel better and comforted with food, fuck, I am having such a craving right now, it is like a frenzy inside of me to have something nice, something that pleases me and gives me so many good feelings to replace the bad ones. Mum was terrible for doing this, taking the bad away with anything she could because she couldn't cope with the pain herself. I am just the same, as I write this it is all going on inside of me, this chatting in my mind to go and get something nice to make it all better, it is mum and what she used to do with me. She didn't know how to deal with my pain so she tried to get rid of it as quickly as possible, like it was so bad to feel bad and I must get rid of the bad feelings, she taught me to be like this and even last week she came over and I told her Faye had been really rough with a cold and she said instantly, "Give her some pills to get rid of it, it will pick her up and

make her feel better, have you got some, do you want me to go and get some for her". I saw in that moment what she had always done with me; medicate it instantly to get rid of it and I learnt that bad feelings are very bad and must be got rid of, not felt.



**Men make me feel powerless.**

19 February 2019

I have felt some more truth today and that is that men make me feel powerless, I knew this before but it has only just been felt in me as a solid truth, I really know it now. Men make me feel useless, thick, no good, worthless, pathetic and powerless and it all comes from my relationship with my dad. Every man I now project onto how my dad made me feel, I am never as valuable as a man, I am under him, unworthy compared to him, subservient to him, Master and servant relationship.

***"The True Liberation of Women is Through the Truth of Their Feelings."***

Women are no good compared to a man, the master, the breadwinner, the boss, the authority, the man of the house and all of that shit I have been made to believe. I am powerless to a man and I really feel that to be true, I am shit scared of them, I cower to them inside, I have to please them and do as they say. Man is the authority I have to obey. Shit, I am so scared of men, I will never be as good as a man because I was born a woman, a powerless woman, the servant of man. I feel so lowly in comparison, like a slave. Inside, I feel so unworthy and I have to let man have all the power because that is how it was with dad, I had to let him have all the power and make sure he always felt powerful by being scared of him and all men.

I have tried to have my own power but it has all been false power, trying to prove to myself I am strong and powerful like dad but I am not, I am a weak woman and that is what he has put into me, to always be scared of man and to know my place. No matter how powerful I have pretended to be in life I have always been brought back to the truth of what my parents put into me, that I am weak and powerless and can only ever be that, that is the truth I come back to every time, all I do to be powerful collapses and I am left with the rubble of my untrue efforts of how I was made to feel, weak and useless and subservient.

I feel like I have to let the man be right. I have to be wrong, I am not allowed to have power and have to give it all up to the man and now I am feeling anger. Fuck the man making me have to be so subservient to him, having to obey and be good or feel the wrath of dad. Shit, I am like it with my son, I have to let him be right because he is my dad and when I disagree with him he gets pissed off just like dad. When I don't give him the power he gets all pissy with me and that is how dad gets and to be honest, I am scared of it. I am scared of my son because I am scared of my dad and I am scared of all men and think I have to give all my power to them, just like I had to do with dad.

I am so scared of men, they fucking terrify me, all men, my son, my dad, other men and God, My true Father, I am scared of them all and can't give or receive any love from any of them because of this fear from my childhood, it's still in me until I feel it all out of me. I feel like I can only go so far with men before they come down on me and annihilate me in their anger if I fuck them off. I would never go too far with dad; I was and am scared to disagree with him. Having an opposing opinion was not allowed so I have been like that with all men because I was not allowed to communicate my true feelings with my dad and it has stunted me and my growth with male relationships. I am scared of all men, I am very scared of saying how I feel about them, they will hate me, be angry with me, even hurt me. Shit I am so scared of men, they are such a bad threat to me.

**I feel sorry for the bad guy.**

19 February 2019

Another memory that has come up today, it pops up quite regularly and it is that when I was 7. I went to a birthday party and this little boy took my hand and

squeezed it so hard my finger broke and I was in agony but I couldn't tell my parents the truth because I didn't want to get the little boy in trouble. I felt sorry for him, and it is like he did mean to hurt me but I felt so strongly that he didn't mean to do it. Somewhere inside him was a nice boy and he didn't mean to hurt me.

I feel like this with anyone who has done something bad, even really bad like rape or murder, I feel sorry for them and like somewhere in them they didn't want to do it but they had to because of their own pain caused to them in their childhood. I know this now but as a child I didn't but I still felt the same feeling for them, sorrow. I felt this for this little boy so I took the blame and said I hit my hand on a wall while we were running around the house outside. I had to have it strapped up for weeks but never told my parents what really happened and I doubt they would even remember that I broke my finger.

I realise now that I couldn't take his power by getting him in trouble and him being humiliated because my parents would have told him off and he would have been plunged down into his powerlessness, I couldn't bare to see that happen to him so I took it on so he could stay the powerful one and that is because that is what I had to do with dad. Not ever try to be powerful in front of him, make sure he stayed the powerful one at all times and me take the blame or punishment and be subservient to him and all men, or all people who were stronger than me, I had to stay weak and it wasn't hard to do because I felt like that anyway.

Shit, I feel so sorry for anyone who has their power taken away. I feel sorry for the victim and the baddy who felt so powerful committing these crimes and incidents and then gets caught by the authorities and has their power stripped away like a naughty child with their parents.

I couldn't have a go back at my dad because I didn't want him to feel powerless, so I stayed the powerless one so he could feel good and powerful. I would have felt sorry for him and terrible for making him feel powerless, guilty. I don't want any one to feel like I feel, powerless, not even him. Oh my God, it is all so fucked up but I just couldn't be horrible to him but let him be horrible to me. He could say what he wanted but I couldn't, I had to make sure he stayed powerful, that is

why they had me, so they could stay powerful and have someone they didn't have to respect and would stay subservient to them. My dad felt so powerless inside that he had to have four children he could gain some power with and feel good about himself bringing them up the right way, to fear and respect all authority including parents and adults, I was scared of everyone older than me.

I let people hurt me because of all this with my parents, I had to let them hurt me and I don't mean I was beaten or sexually abused, but all of this is in the realms of 'Normal Parenting' and before I began my Soul Healing through my feelings. I thought my parents were the best parents and they got it right and that is how a parent should be. I had denied so much of my true feelings and pain. Shit, is it a revelation to know the truth of what I have denied and repressed from my childhood.

Right now I am not feeling so sorry any more for that little boy, in fact I feel quite angry as he intended to hurt me and enjoyed it and I let him get away with it because I didn't want him to get in trouble. It saddened me too much so I took it on and I did the same with my first husband. He was even more violent with me and I did the same. I covered for him all the time. Oh my God, I did. I did the same as what I did with that little boy breaking my finger when I was 7 but now I was in my 20's still doing it, covering for a violent boy who wanted to hurt me (his mother). I came up with so many excuses why I was bruised because I didn't want him to be in trouble with my dad, it's just the same. I have carried it on from my childhood because I had to let my parents/dad overpower me and I wasn't allowed to fight or tell him to go fuck himself in fear of the anger and punishment. I had to let the man stay the powerful one and I remain powerless or I might get hurt, I was scared so I stayed subservient because that is how I was taught and treated as a child.

**The same routine every day.**

20 February 2019

I am so fed up with myself, every day I wake up and do exactly the same things, the same routine and I don't want to try and change it with my mind but it is no different, everyday the same shit. I could wear a well-trodden path from my bedroom to the loo to the bathroom, down the stairs, into the lounge, then the

kitchen and finally to my computer. It's that everyday. All so boring and I can't be any different; it is my programmed self, doing what it does every day.

It was just the same at home, having a routine to follow, hearing mum's voice telling us to get up and get dressed for school, get washed and have breakfast and go to school in all weathers and sometimes I would get there soaking wet or freezing cold and cry with the coldness of frozen fingers. It was fucking awful and I hate my parents for not caring once we had gone out the door, we were out of mind but I was suffering and no one cared. It's all so fucking unloving, not even dressed properly for the weather. No care at all.

If I didn't have this routine every day I don't know what else I would do, there is nothing else but the routine, stick to the routine, all so regimented. And the evenings are the same, I do just what my parents would have done, I am them in every way, they showed me how to be them. It is programmed in me to be them and do what they do no matter how much I hate it, it is in my DNA. I am so boring, just like them and I don't know how to be another way, I can only be like this, like them and I hate it.

**Speaking to Graeme on Skype.**

21 February 2019

More truth coming out about myself. Through talking to Graeme this morning on Skype, I realise that I don't know how to be in the outer world with other people. I am not good at talking to them or confident, my whole world is about my inner world and living that inside of myself and not communicating it. I can feel it and think it and write it all down like this, but actually speaking to others and getting across what I mean, I feel so retarded at. I get nervous, shaky, worried and so uncomfortable about speaking with anyone and it was the same at school, I was shit scared at getting across what I mean and how I feel, it all went from me or I lost my train of thought and could never finish what I meant to say, it was awful and I am still like it.

I have no problem being in my inner world, but I have such a problem being in the outer world. I spent my whole childhood being in my inner fantasy world with all of my thought and feelings and I was only allowed to be angry in my inner world. I could rage and go off on the inside of myself but never express it

out of me, it has been in me, all going on unexpressed, all of that hate, anger and rage festering in my inner world but to the outer world I was fine and nice and good. That is what my parents wanted to see, not the truth of what was really going on in me.

On my Skype call today, I began feeling nervous and scared all of which Graeme knows about because he asked me how I was feeling and I told him. It has brought back a whole life time of faking it, keeping it all hidden inside me and pretending I am confident when really I was shitting myself to talk to anyone in case I got it all wrong, said the wrong thing and they hated me.

People scare the shit out of me and I am just seeing more and more truth about how scared I am about interacting with people, I am only safe in my inner world, the one I can have all to myself and can control, it is too dangerous out there for me, something terrible will happen to me, I will be attacked if I fuck it all up. It's just not safe for me to speak with others; I will get it all wrong, fuck it up and be hated. I am so scared to be with other people and this explains why I went through such crippling agoraphobia, it was this very fear that was at the root of it, I was scared of my parents so I was scared of everyone and that made me feel unsafe out there with other people. I am only safe in my own inner world that I have control of. I have no control over the outer world and what might happen to me. It was all too scary.

I feel so scared that if I speak to anyone, it will all be over; they will hate me, leave me and never want to see me again but today. With Graeme on Skype, I was scared and he knew it, I didn't have to pretend anymore to be ok when I wasn't.

Shit, I never realised just how scared I am of everyone and have always been and I want to be the truth of that. I want to tell you all I am scared of you and I don't want to be told not to be scared, that you are ok and nice because that changes nothing with me, the fear is still in me until I feel it all out of me, so just accept that I am scared of you all, please.

This fear is surfacing so much and it really began in all of its awareness when I spoke to John a couple of years ago but it only then occurred to me to keep it quiet and hide it. Now I want to be it, as scared as I am and I want everyone to

know I am weak and powerless and feeling that pain very much as I talk to you, I am not that same person I was a couple of years ago, still trying to be strong and powerful by not showing her weakness.

I am weakened by my fear of others. You all scare the shit out of me as my parents, grandparents, teachers and any other authority did. Everyone is an authority to me, I am the one who can be crushed by everyone and I can now see why I was so scared to go out of my front door. I would be killed by everyone and those feelings were the most debilitating of my life. Everyday was crippling to me, from the age of 18 I fought to take a step out of the front door and to pretend to the world I was ok and normal, when I was dying because I was scared of people, scared of my parents.

### **The shocking truth.**

21 February 2019

I know I keep going on about it, but I am so shocked to know the truth of how scared I am of the outside world and everyone in it. It is so good to know this truth but also a shock and to finally know why I suffered so badly throughout my life with agoraphobia. I was scared of the people in the world, which was really being scared of my parents. If I had felt loved by them and felt I could approach them with my bad feelings, then I would have been able to deal with the world and not be scared of it.

It is all amazing to know the truth and it all comes back to healing my feelings with my relationship with my parents. This has all come about because of Graeme asking me for a Skype call and me feeling scared and nervous about talking to him and as I felt more into those fearful feelings, I found that I felt like this about everyone. I am scared of people and what they might think about me or do to me. How they might overpower me and make me feel crushed and weak and powerless because that is how I feel inside, through my relationship with my parents. Because of this, I have had to lie and keep pretending I was ok and confident, all bullshit.

I am scared I will not be what they want if I speak to someone, I am scared of the rejection and being dropped from their lives if they speak to me, they will no longer want me. I am not what they want and this all comes from the way I felt

with my parents. I now project those feeling onto everyone, I think if I say one wrong thing that they don't agree with I will be dropped, if I get it wrong, it is over for me.

I feel so weak being like this, so pathetic and scared of everything, humiliated by telling everyone this about me in fear of being judged as a pathetic, whining pain in the arse and I can hear my parents say "get over it, just do it, you will be fine", none of this helps me at all. They didn't care, just wanted me to plough my way through life ignoring my feelings, they didn't want to know how scared I was and all I wanted them to do was to listen to me so I could talk about how scared I was. I still don't have anyone to tell all of my feelings to now, because that is how it was for me as a child, as I am seeing.

### **Feeling so subservient.**

22 February 2019

I don't believe I am good enough as I am. I am not worthy as I am. I am not enough as I am. I am nothing, yet I pretend to be something and now the truth is being shown to me. I am now being my nothingness, beaten down and unable to pretend I am something. I am wretched and feel absolutely beaten down into my nothingness of how I felt as a child. The memories come to me of all the times I have pretended to be anything but the truth. I feel so weak and powerless I can hardly get up and walk, I feel so ill and sick inside and this is the truth of me, these are the true feelings I have been ashamed of and denied. It is hard to believe that I felt this bad as a child but it is the truth because I can feel it is, I feel so bad and so ill like I am going to die.

I feel so subservient compared to anyone else, I am so scared of everyone that I want to curl up and hide forever, I can't bare it, I have never felt this weak. As I get down to the deepest truth I am feeling worse, so ill I feel like I could die. Even standing up is hard for me.

This new level of truth has only come about because of how I have felt about talking on Skype and how scared I am of it, of talking to people and the severity of how bad I really am has shocked me. The truth of how scared I am of people, it has come up and slapped me about and I feel beaten up by the truth that I am

realising, this is how I have always felt but denied it, pushed it away and told myself I am being stupid, silly, just like mum would say to me. I now say this to myself but it isn't any of those things, it is very, very serious and needs to be expressed and the truth found so I can heal it in me. If only my parents could have been interested in how I was feeling and listened to me, at least I could have unloaded some of it but that is pointless to even say that because they weren't. Their care was only on the surface, it didn't go to any depth in me, I didn't feel it.

Men are authority to me because my dad was the authority in my life and I was scared of him and all my life I have been scared of men, talking to them, and dealing with them at work I would always shy away from them. They scare me and always have but only now am I feeling the hidden severity of just how scared I am of them. Since I have agreed to have a couple of Skype chats, the fear has come up for me to feel and only through this experience of talking to men on Skype have I been able to feel the truth of my fear, of my dad and all men. Shit, I feel so unworthy compared to men, I feel like a little pathetic blob of a person who is nothing compared to a man and I am to always stay subservient to men. They are the boss and must be obeyed and I will always be wrong compared to them. Shit, I just want to hide away and never come out, I feel that bad right at this moment and it is so good that I have this opportunity to feel all of this at such a deeper level than before.

I can't be confident around men, they scare me too much, they are so much cleverer than me, they know so much more than me, I know nothing, I feel like nothing. I have faked it all my life that I am ok around men. I have denied all of this truth that has been going on inside me and I have been so ashamed to be so scared, so hid it out of sight. If a man knew this about me it would weaken and de-power me so much and that it would feel like I am dying inside, the shame of feeling so weak and showing it. It's humiliating and crippling to be so weak and the worst thing would have been to let anyone see the truth of how I feel.

I know I am going over and over the same feelings but I have to, I am just typing it as I feel it so it comes out of me and I am feeling very humiliated about my weakness as I write these feelings down. I feel stripped bare and so vulnerable

and this is what I have worked so hard to cover up all my life, the shame of my weakness. Being so scared and admitting it to everyone.

I want to heal more than anything else in my life; it is all that matters to me now so I want to get it all out. My fear of men is so strong, it's a fear of my dad and my dad has such a strong fear of his dad and I expect his dad had such a strong fear of his dad and so back it all goes in our family. I am just the latest in a long line of children, scared of their dads, it has been passed down the family and here I am with it all accumulated in me and hopefully ending it through my feeling it to heal it.

My dad was scared of men because he was so scared of his dad and I know dad was scared of all men as I am, he had the same fears and felt disrespected by his father so has demanded it from everyone to make him feel powerful. His father totally demoralised him and stripped him of all loving feelings and my dad has always said he never wants to be like his father but he can't be anything else. All of that pain is still in him and he has poured that pain into us, his children and doesn't even realise it. It has all been passed on by default no matter how much he has tried to convince himself that he has been a good dad, he was better than his father, I will give him that. He is still a scared little boy afraid of his dad.

### **A bad night.**

24 February 2019

I had a bad night and kept waking up feeling ill, something was happening to me because I could feel an energy all around my body. The feeling felt nice and reassuring but the ill feelings I was having were not so nice. It felt like I was being surrounded by an energy and I hate using that term 'Energy' it sounds so new-agey, but I don't know how else to put it. As the pain and bad feelings came to me I felt myself opening up to them and telling them to devourer me if that is what they wanted to do and as I let the feelings in, the pain faded and I drifted back off to sleep. This happened on and off all night, it was strange but I feel different today and without pain.

**My feelings about my Skype chats.**

24 February 2019

Well, this week has been different for me as I had two Skype chats; with two different men and on both occasions I was feeling nervous, anxious, scared, confronted, subservient and vulnerable. Men are an authority to me, as my dad was and the way I feel about all men is that they are my dad, as I have written on a few posts earlier so I won't go into it all again, you can read if you want.

The calls went well, before I hit the video symbol to speak to both men, I could feel my heart quickening in fear and panic, shit, it was such a big deal to me. I am shocked at the fear that came out, fear that I would have once denied and told myself to stop being stupid and get on with it, but now I had to tell them both how I was feeling right from the go. To allow myself to be vulnerable and let all of it out. I am still shocked at the truth of how men make me feel and when I cut the bullshit off pretending I am not, it is shocking. I am really scared, in fact I am scared of all communication with anyone men or women. People scare the shit out of me.

As the calls went on I felt better, except for the fact that my shitty Skype connection was so bad, crackling and breaking up with huge delays, but that again is another truth for me, it is the truth of how I was feeling. I have a terrible connection that is crackly and broken up with huge delays with men. Even my Skype connection was showing me the truth of my feelings as the calls were in progress, amazing.

I was feeling angry because of the poor connection and frustrated that the connection was so poor, which is how it was with my dad and even the internet was showing me the truth of my relationship with dad, wow.

**Interfering in my daughters life.**

29 January 2019

Having more bad feelings about my daughter now. Her passport runs out in February and she is off to Bali in June and I reminded her last night to get the forms. I realised even by saying this I am interfering with her and trying to gain control. Then this morning I thought I will go into town, to the post office and pick up the forms for her passport renewal, I washed my hair and was in the

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

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

I can feel the same fear in me, that it's all going to go wrong for her if I don't take it out of her hands and make it all good. I feel so compelled to get the forms and fill them in for her so I know it is done right and no pain will come of it, even pay the £70.00 for the passport, take it all out of her hands and she will be so happy with me for making her life easier. Shit, it all stinks of mum and dad and how if I were a good girl they would love me and be so happy that I have made their lives easier. I am unstoppable with doing it all, controlling it all, making it all ok for every one because that is what I had to do with my parents.

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

feel like this, how compelled I feel to take over and do it all, it is so strong and out of control. If I go and do it then I know it is done and I won't have to feel any pain, it is all to stop my own pain. I want to control it again, now with Faye. I can't bear to see her in pain if it all goes wrong, even though it will be her doing but still, I can't bear to feel her pain if it all goes wrong and her not going to Bali and having to be left out, rejected.

This is how I felt constantly as a child, left out and rejected and it feels terrible, like I didn't exist, such a let down and disappointment and that made me feel like I was dying slowly, shit the pain of it and I don't want my children to feel that bad but it is in them because I put it there and there is no way they won't feel it. I can't stop all the pain for them and that is what I have tried to do.

I am so evil, trying to stop them feeling their bad feelings. I don't want her to feel the same pain I feel so I do all I can to control their lives to be pain free, in my evilness I want to stop them feeling bad, which is to stop my parents from feeling bad, so to stop me feeling bad.

I feel like I am a hopeless case at the moment. I am a control freak and I can't help it, I am being it fully and I have never seen it before but over these last few months I have been seeing it and not being able to do anything about it, in fact I have been getting worse like a runaway train and I can't stop, there is nothing I can do but be it, I can't stop being like it with my mind or will power because that will just be controlling it, I will still be like it underneath, it will still be in me. All I can do is accept it is what I am like, admit it and as I am being it, feel how I feel being it and I am so scared of letting everything get out of control, it is overwhelming me as it did when I was a child and I felt like I was not in my body anymore. I would feel like I had disappeared, I wanted to so I didn't have to feel the intense pain of what was going on. I couldn't do anything about it so it was too much for me to cope with and I wanted to die, disappear.

I feel I am dealing with the relationship with mum and me, through Faye. With my son, it is my father and me. I felt so sorry for my mum all the time, she was so denied and had to pander to my dad to keep him happy and she taught me to do the same. I felt I had to keep her happy so she didn't feel the truth of how unloved she was. Dad never loved her, it was all an illusion and I would try to make her feel loved. I thought I could compensate for the love she never felt

from dad, I thought that was my job and my responsibility, I couldn't upset her, she was like a little hurt child and I was the adult who had to love her. I would buy her things, things that my dad should have been buying for her but I knew he wouldn't think of it so I did, to make her feel loved. Shit, now I am seeing it, I can see I was doing it constantly with her, compensating for the love she never received from her own parents and my dad.

She had to have an unloving husband because she had unloving parents and her father, who she did love, died. She had to feel that rejection and I was trying to stop her feeling it and now I do that with everyone. I try to make them feel loved because I had to do it with both of my parents.

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

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

**I am still the same discontent baby.**

10 February 2019

I always feel so unsettled, fractious and discontented, I want something constantly to amuse me or settle me but nothing works. I want to eat to settle me, give me the good feelings that I am so desperate for. Nothing works. I lay here in bed so bored wanting to be entertained or fulfilled in some way. It's a constant longing in me, desperation.

I can see my self as a baby having these very feelings, being fractious and crying and my parents not understanding me, not knowing me and what it is I need from them. They try this and then that to quieten me, nothing works and it is the same now, exactly the same.

I feel like I am a baby again but now I don't understand myself, just as my parents didn't understand me. I am being the same to myself as they were to me

and I want to scream as I did back then. I feel so desperately unsettled, it's a nagging, a yearning inside me and nothing hits the spot just like when I was young, nothing worked.

I am so fed up and restless, I want something and I look outside of me for something to satisfy me but nothing works. I feel angry and frustrated that nothing makes any change to me, I feel awful inside, so empty and I want to cry and scream like a baby until I get picked up or some attention from someone.

There is no one, just me, no one to hear me or understand me and what I need. My parents didn't know what to do with me. I could feel the constant disconnection from them and I feel the same now. There is no one for me, there never was and all the things they gave me to settle me, never worked, just took me further from them and myself, my feelings. I want to tell someone everything about how bad I am feeling, I want to connect with them and feel they are really concerned about me and want to hear me because they really care, like my parents should have. I have no one at all and it is horrible.

### **My Chocolate craving.**

25 February 2019

OH my god, I am climbing the walls for some chocolate, but I have none in the house. I feel so frenzied for it, nothing else will do except chocolate and I am even considering going to the shops for it, I want it so bad, so, so bad, so fucking bad. I want it but I can't have it, I have none and it is driving me crazy how much I am craving it, it's all I can think of.

"Mother and Father please help me find the truth of my insatiable craving for chocolate, I want it so much, please help me".

I have looked through all the cupboards, the fridge and freezer for just a trace of chocolate and there is nothing; it's like a drug for me right now. I have none and I want it so much, I need its taste, I need it to comfort me, to calm me, to quieten me down, to give me all the feelings I need from it, feelings I can't get from anyone, feelings I feel so empty of. I need filling with the feelings I need but haven't got in me, I should have these feelings in me already from my parents but they didn't have them to give, so I use substitutes like chocolate. I thought I

was over this chocolate craving. It went for a few months but now it is back with vengeance and I feel mad with the craving, especially as I can't have it. It isn't in the house for me to have just as the loving feelings were not in my parents for them to give me.

This is the same longing I am feeling; I can feel the truth of it. I can't have what I need and want just as I couldn't have what I wanted and needed from my parents, their love to fill me so much that I would never crave for it or anything else because I was filled with their love already, right from conception but this wasn't the way for me so I crave those missing feelings, that emptiness that burns me inside as I long for it from any substitute I can get my hands on.

My feelings are going crazy, I long to be calmed with what I need, where can I get it? I can't, I am fucked and have to go without feeling totally unfulfilled, unsettled as my feelings go denied and unfulfilled. Sad, because I feel so neglected and rejected as I can't have what I need from my parents and they don't even know that their child is missing their love. They think they are loving but I don't feel it, I never did, so the truth is if I didn't feel them loving me and couldn't feel it inside me, then I didn't receive it from them no matter what they say about how much they loved me, they are just words as it always was. Never a true feeling that made me feel good and loved and so sure that I was receiving their love, I never ever felt the love they said they had for me so it was all-untrue.

They didn't have it to give to me and now I crave it from my addictions and compulsions and today I feel frenzied with the need for chocolate to make me feel loved and then feel very bad because it is putting weight on me and no one will love me if I am not skinny and perfect like my mum. Oh fuck it all, it is so hard, so many feelings to feel with every move I make, eat chocolate and I love it and feel so good eating it while at the same time feeling so bad as I don't want to get fat and be so rejected even more than I already feel.

This is such hard work, what we have done to our children is so fucking evil, given them all of our shit to heal, giving the addictions because we couldn't love them. I am so fucked off with having to do this every minute of the day, thinking I have healed something in me only to have it come back with vengeance. I want to fucking scream with anger and frustration.

I feel so restless inside, so tormented and twisted, I want to whine and moan with discontent at how much I want my feelings to settle and calm but they don't, they ramp up my craving for chocolate and I don't have any at all. I can't have it, I don't have it and as I wrote that I saw my parents saying that to me. I could actually see them like a vision saying to me the truth "You can't have our love Sam because we don't have it to give to you. You will have to find it else where on your own". This is the truth and I want to fucking cry at how sad it is. That I am left with this craving for loving feelings and have been left to go and fend for myself, find my own loving feelings, not from them but from my addictions and it is so sad and all false love, empty and hollow and makes me feel bad, not good.

Chocolate in the place of my parents' love, this is the truth of how it was for me as a child and has never changed, this is the truth Mother and Father are impressing on me with the visions of my parents and them giving me food and sweets to quieten me and to substitute the love they didn't want to give to me because they didn't have it given to them. It's so fucking pathetic to have to go to a bar of chocolate to get my love, what the fuck!!



So pathetic that I feel like this, that I need something so much because I am so unloved and have nothing of love inside of me to fulfil and satisfy me, I have to go and buy it, "can I have twenty bars of Love please to replace what I don't already have, to fill the empty space where my parents' love should have been?" fuck them. No wonder sweet shops and cake shops do so well with all of us unloved children buying our bars and slices of love because we all feel so needy to get our fix of substitute love.

I feel so up tight inside, my muscles are all tight and angry as I feel the anger of having no chocolate in the house, I can't have any because I don't have it, I have to go without, miss out, feel deprived inside and such a longing to have it, it's so sad and pathetic.

"Help me feel more truth Mother and Father please, I feel there is still more in me to express, please I beg you help me express more of this awful feeling of neediness in me."

God, I feel so needy inside, so poor and impoverished inside, so denied and rejected and neglected and it feels like such a pull on me, such a draw to be loved, to get my needs met in some way or I will die, I feel desperate to feel loved and I will do anything to get those good feelings. I feel so hopeless that all I have are my addictions, so pathetic that I don't have any real love in me and have to go to my addictions. I feel wretched, poor and so desperate for loving feelings, where's that fucking chocolate. I have none, so I have to feel bad, very bad, very, very bad.

This is the truth of how bad I have always felt with out love. All of the above. This is the truth of how I feel being so desperate for love and not getting it. I have looked for it in everything and everyone and it always has the same ending, Nothing. I want a bar of Love and I have none in the house, none in the fridge or freezer so I have to go without. Fuck it, fuck, fuck, fuck it. I am left alone with my unloved feelings to feel, it's all I have.

I feel so empty inside, I have nothing to fill me and deny the emptiness so I am left to feel it and what a bastard, Trevor has just come in eating a Cadbury's cream egg and as he eats it I can hear the crack of that lovely thick chocolate, he can have it and I can't and I have to watch him enjoy it when I want it but have to go without and that is just like my sister getting all the love and me watching it all go on and having to do without. I can see it all, my childhood of being left out and always watching everyone else get what I want, fuck them all. I feel like I made a pact with myself when I was young to accept I had to find love my own way because I wasn't going to get it at home so my addictions took over for me to survive a life of no love.

**Resign myself to doing without.**

25 February 2019

I feel like I have had to resign myself to going without, its hopeless, I can't do anything about it, I can't claw any love from anything or anyone, I give up. I have settled for a loveless life, I have settled for doing without, I have settled for

feeling unworthy of anything. I have settled for an insignificant life. This is as good as it gets for me, that is the feeling I have had in me all my life. It's no good asking, I won't get and that is the same as I feel with Mother and Father, I can want and ask for Their Divine Love but I won't get it, its not for me, everyone else can get it but not me, I have to do without and that makes me feel an incredible amount of loss, grief, lack, disappointment and despondency. It makes me stop asking.

### **How am I feeling?**

26 February 2019

Fucked off and shit. Useless and worthless. Ugly and gross. So fucking pathetic and stupid and thick. I feel just the way I have always felt, but spent a life time denying it. I am scared of everyone and everything and when I remember the life I used to have of forcing myself with my mind to be so good, so confident, so right, so nice when underneath I was crapping myself all the time, so much denial of my pain.

I have a really bad feeling inside me right now, like I am no good for anything and there is no shrugging it off, this is the truth of how I feel, so worthless, so wrong all the time, pretending to know stuff but knowing nothing at all. Shit, I feel so powerless as the truth rises in me of all I have done to pretend I am powerful, just so I don't have to feel the truth of my powerlessness. I feel like life has wiped the floor with me and I am left in my worthless nothingness.

I have such a bad feeling about me, it is horrible and feels really bad, it is dark and deep inside me, what is it? "Please Mother and Father help me feel the truth of this feeling that is bothering me, it is unknown and I want to know it, it is a part of me I want to know, please, I beg you help me."

It is a wrongness that is in me, I feel so wrong, all of me feels so wrong and bad and rotten, no good at all, the person no one wants to be with or hang around with. The pathetic one who always gets it all wrong.

Now, I am seeing visions of my childhood when this happened to me, it is all being shown to me by Mother and Father, I am seeing the instances where I felt

like this as a child at home, at school, with friends. I felt like it a lot and it was always a feeling I carried with me, that I was never enough, never good enough for anyone, never popular, the red haired girl who wasn't good enough, different. I feel wrong, really wrong, everything about me is wrong and I have denied this feeling all my life and made sure I did it all right, with my mind when my feelings still screamed at me how wrong I feel and that has come up today. I can't be confident because I always have this wrongness feeling in me, it's all going to go wrong, what ever I do.

Everything about me is so wrong and that is the truth of how I feel. I want to be wrong, I have just felt a feeling of just wanting to be wrong and it is getting stronger in me, Yes, I am wrong, everything I do is wrong, everything I say I feel is wrong. I am wrongness, I am doing things all the time that are wrong.

Yesterday, I dropped my daughters new iPhone X and broke the screen, I do everything wrong, she just hugged me and said it didn't matter but I felt so plunged into my feelings of blame and wrongness. So many instances of me being in my wrongness showing me the truth of how I feel and how it was for me as a child, I was always wrong and had to be corrected and it made me so powerless that I grew up being driven to prove I was right, I was successful, everything done to keep me away from my feelings of wrongness and how powerless that makes me feel being so wrong all the time.

I am feeling like I want to be wrong, I am feeling like I can accept it, that I am wrong. I can feel how unloved being wrong makes me feel, like I am different, silly, stupid, like I have to be excused all the time because I get it all wrong, treated like an idiot by everyone because I am so thick. I have spent a life trying so hard to be right but I AM WRONG. There is nothing wrong with being wrong, it is how I am, I get it wrong sometimes and I have been so ashamed of being wrong but now it feels ok to be wrong, I don't want to try to be right, I want to be wrong and feel my wrongness, accept it, admit it, it is a part of me that I get it wrong and I don't feel like I want to punish myself over it anymore or be so ashamed of it.

In fact I feel like I want to tell everyone I am so happy about it. I have felt so much shame and humiliation over not getting things right, such weakness in my wrongness but I am feeling so much better about it now and so sorry for me

feeling I will be so rejected for being wrong, like how I felt with Faye's phone, I thought she would go mad and I was scared of her anger but she did the opposite and hugged me but I still felt so bad and wrong having been such an idiot and dropping it, it had to be me to fuck it all up.

That deep feeling inside of me today had been my feelings of how wrong and bad I am, feelings that were put into me in my childhood and so many little things have been happening to me to make me feel them and it feels good to feel the truth of my wrongness and I want to feel more of it if there is more to feel about it and I know Mother and Father will show me more.

### **My meeting with Lemmy Kilminster.**

26 February 2019



I had a chat with Lemmy Kilminster from Motorhead last night in spirit. (Ian Fraser Kilmister (24 December 1945 – 28 December 2015), better known as Lemmy, was an English singer, musician, songwriter. He was best known as the founder, lead singer, bassist, primary songwriter, and only continuous member of the rock band Motörhead.)

He is in a place of dusky twilight and told me it is always like this where he is, it is an old run down club and it never changes. He looked about 35 years old and was drinking and smoking and was surrounded by women who were scantily dressed and men who were in awe of him, fans, and he said he never leaves this place, he doesn't go out but I could come in and talk to him, so I did.

He seemed content with his lot and was in a place that suited him constantly groping at near naked women. I went to leave but I couldn't because someone had taken my bag which had my passport and my money in it and I said I can't get back home without any money or my passport. Lemmy pulled out rolls of money from his jacket and threw them on the table for me, he told me to take what I wanted, take the lot but I said I would take one roll so I could get back home. He told the other people in the club to come and take what was left on the table and they scavenged for it like hungry dogs and he laughed at them. He told me that he has so much money but no need for it where he is now but the other fools around him think they still need it so he sometimes throws rolls of

money around to watch them dive for it, it makes him laugh.

I have never known anything about Lemmy from Motorhead or been into his music so this visit has been a weird one but still important because it is the first time I have been helped when I have lost everything, been abandoned with no hope of getting home because my bag has gone and all of my belongings gone too. I could feel myself travelling to him so fast that it took seconds to reach this place and it felt so real, like I was really speaking to him, I can still hear his laugh and see his face. I felt like he was revelling in the adoration these people had for him and he was feeling truly powerful being so adored by so many in their drunken sleaze.

I have felt a bit shocked about why it should be him I was talking to and yet again I felt I was not alone and someone was with me, watching me. Many feelings have been coming up about it and it made me feel dirty, just like when I used to work in similar sort of pubs, serving sleazy drunk, groping men. Was this all I felt I was worthy of. I could feel my parents' shame and disappointment as they looked at me when I was ready to go to work dressed in next to nothing. My parents could barley look at me as I left for work. I couldn't get out of it and was this it for me? A dark time and like in my dream I didn't feel I could get out of it because I didn't have any money so I would have to stay there. It is all fears I am working through at the moment to do with my awful self worth, money, which to me means safety and security and as soon as Lemmy gave me the money, I was safe to go and come back home and within seconds I was in my bed and awake.

I am always taken to the darkest places to help me feel my feelings, the ones I can't connect with properly, I feel like this is such a huge help for me, to be taken to these dark realms in my dreams, in spirit world or during astral travelling if that is what it is, I don't know but all that matters is how real it all is, so real I can get to feel my deepest feelings and fears, I am put into the situations to really experience my feelings, it's so amazing and the speed in which I travel is like a blink of an eye.

I am still feeling the significance of this experience and all it means to me through my feelings but there is a lot of shame, unworthiness, and how I needed

the attention of men like Lemmy to make me feel good about myself, to give me the power I needed. Shit, it's bad but it's the truth, I needed the attention of men to make me feel powerful and if I didn't have it, I felt shit about myself and if they had wives or girlfriends and were paying me attention I felt even better about myself, more powerful.

I am cringing writing this but it is the truth of my evilness and I had to go to the lower realms to feel this truth that is becoming more known to me. Shit the excitement I used to feel, the chemicals changed in me like rocket fuel, it was all for power to have a man's attention. The attention I never felt from my dad and so craved and now I am feeling more into this, Lemmy made me feel like I used to feel, I had his attention and it made me feel good in my dream, he left his band of groupies to come over to me and it made me feel powerful. I am feeling very dirty, like I belong in those darker places with the likes of Lemmy. Shit, I feel really bad and low, this is how I felt back in those days, dirty and sleazy but denied it, yet on all levels I was sick, ill, depressed, suicidal while all of this was going on, I was denying how I truly felt, unloved and unwanted because when those men went back home with their wives and girlfriends, I was alone and unwanted.

### **More expressing my Lemmy experience.**

26 February 2019

I feel I still want to express more about how I am feeling about my visit to Lemmy. I feel so sleazy and dirty about myself and I am shocked this has happened to me like this. I don't feel I was fully in the Hells but it was a dusky place of debauchery and I am red in the face with shame at how I used to be and that I have needed to visit this place to make me face the truth of my condition.

I didn't tell you that during my visit to Lemmy he continuously kept touching me and I liked it, I liked to feel that he wanted me. It excited me to be so wanted I could feel the power in me build the more I was wanted and that makes me feel the truth of my powerlessness and how devoid of attention and love I was as a child that I had to go out and find it in such a shameful way that caused me great pain. I would never want to go back to that life I had then, how did I get through it? I felt dead inside and I feel so broken as the feelings come back to me. I just don't know how I managed every day to get through life. This was in the late

80's, early 90's, I was a hairdresser by day and a bar girl at night.

I feel really ashamed and so sad for myself that I let myself be treated so disrespectfully by men, I have never felt respected and had no respect for myself and that makes me feel so sad for myself.

This is getting to painful for me to write about, I am so ashamed of myself, I feel so wrong inside and if I had just been given that respect by my parents, it all would have been so different. My sister was the complete opposite from me, she did everything right, had a professional job, a rich Lloyds stock exchange boyfriend and was so respected by my parents, they were so proud of her, then I come along fucking it all up, doing it all wrong, making them so ashamed of me and leaving them wondering why I couldn't be more like 'Beverley Hills' (they even gave her a great name), my older and more sensible sister who I so wanted to be like but couldn't.

I can't believe how I am burning up, my face is red raw with shame and it is itching with psoriasis as the memories come up for me to feel about. Nothing is left behind in this healing, everything is gone back to and felt fully, I get away with nothing, all of my past is dragged back up for me to feel about. I feel such pity for myself that I was so disrespected that I thought this was how I had to let people treat me because it was how I was treated as a child. I don't remember all of my disrespected treatment from my parents but my feelings are telling and showing me it is the truth of how I was treated as a child and I can feel it is the truth or my whole life would have been different, like my sister's is because she was so loved and respected as a child, she feels worthy in life and I feel the complete opposite. It's like all feelings just dropped off the planet when I came along, they used them all up on Bev.

I am understanding why I needed to visit this place and have this experience with Lemmy, it is how I let men treat me and I enjoyed it, it gave me power to have a man want me. I would have had this power in me right from the start as a child if I was wanted by my dad, I would have been filled with knowing I was so loved and wanted, I would never have had to go out and get it in the ways I did. My parents were ashamed of me and couldn't understand why I had to have a job in sleazy clubs and pubs but it was all I thought I was good for. I

didn't go to the college my sister went to and go onto be a Mortgage Broker like her, I went into hairdressing and that was always for girls who were shit academically so I took the low road in life while Bev took the high road.

### **Feeling disgusted about myself.**

27 February 2019

I am feeling disgusted with myself at all I have told everyone about myself, I am ashamed of how I am and have been, I am as ashamed as my parents are of me, I am being them to myself. I feel like a dirty whore and that is how they felt about me to, so ashamed.

My time with Lemmy in my sleep state has brought back all of the bad feelings about how I let men disrespect me. All of their attention was so disrespectful and I let it happen, I let them treat me that way as that is all I believed I was worth and I needed to feel wanted by somebody. I was no different to those nearly naked women dripping all over Lemmy and I could feel myself judging them as I judged myself, disgusting little whores (I didn't know how to spell it), that is how I felt about myself. I was so far from what my parents wanted; I felt it was too late for me.

Had I felt loved from the very beginning I never would have had to go through this, I would have been sure about myself, respected myself enough to not let anyone treat me this way, like my sister. But the truth has shown itself to me and I felt deprived of love and attention. My parents tried to show they were interested in me but it was all in the mind, no feelings from them to me so I couldn't ever feel their interest as a truth because it came from their minds not their hearts. I was just one of four children to them and they said they loved us all. I never felt loved, I never could feel their love in me, it was all just words that went over the top of my head, never to enter me as a feeling that made me feel so safe and secure in the knowing that they loved me. I felt in the way, unloved and scared of life, terrified of everyone and everything but had to deny those feelings because there was no one to hear me so I got on with it my own way and on my own and I fucked it all up.

**Good feelings from being wanted.**

27 February 2019

To have attention from someone, mostly a man, is such a good feeling, for someone to be interested in me felt so good to me, I felt wanted but it was all so wrong and bad and horrible. I was in a fantasy world that I was being truly wanted by someone above all else and those feelings were so wrong, they were the feelings I needed to feel from conception from my parents but I never did so I went out to get them any way I could. I feel like such a fool. I feel horrible and dirty, like I belong in that sleazy place with Lemmy and if I wasn't doing my healing I probably would have ended up there, stuck like the others in that place, day after day until I had a true longing to change. I do have a true longing to change and heal myself and that is why I was taken back there in my sleep state. I get so much from my visits to the places of my denied feelings, it is truly amazing how the spirit world can be used to take us over there to feel the truth of our feelings in our sleep time, I want more of it, it brings up feelings I have forgotten or can't remember, it is such a great help to me.

**My sleep state is amazing.**

27 February 2019

Everything in me has to be healed. No stone is left unturned and I have been dreading going into all of this but my visit to Lemmy has brought it all up. I couldn't be bothered to go into all of the feelings I had about this time in my life. I would feel a bit of it here and there when it came up, but it has happened and I was taken there to feel about it and get it out of me, and every night before I go to sleep I pray to Mother and Father to help me see the truth of my feelings, in any way they see fit for me and my sleep time is proving to be a wonderful adventure into my feelings and the deep denied parts of me.

It is all going to come up for me to feel the truth of, there is no getting away from any of it and I love leaving it to Mother and Father to lead the way for me and show me how they want it done and they guide me from feeling to feeling, deeper down into my awfulness but it is coming out of me in ways I never thought possible. I never knew I could Astral Travel, if that is what it is, but it seems that for my healing that is a good way for me to do it, and I can feel myself zooming off in the blink of an eye to places where I am going to feel my feelings like they are really happening to me, in real experiences so I can feel them

physically, it is so amazing and very scary but I know and feel I am not alone, I am being watched and accompanied. It's too amazing for words.

### **Crying with the shock of feeling snow.**

27 February 2019

The feelings keep coming up in me as soon as I leave the forum, on the web, another one pops up for me to feel about and now I am being shown pictures in my mind of times I was disrespected as a child. Memories and things I had forgotten about. One of them was the first time I saw snow. We used to live in Africa and it wasn't until we came back to the UK (United Kingdom) that I had seen snow properly. We were living at my Nan's and I was enjoying watching it snow from the window in London when my dad picked me up and put me out in the snow without any shoes or socks on and it was such a shock to me. The shock of the coldness still remains in me but the hurt, the pain of being so disrespected by him, doing such an uncaring thing to me and not thinking it was wrong. I felt so unloved and uncared about as I stood in the freezing snow as a little girl. I can remember more about it now, crying with the shock of being so unloved that he could do it to me, thinking it was funny for me to feel the coldness of the snow as we had just come back from the heat of Africa.



People might not feel this is that bad and might even laugh along with him but it stayed with me as a shock at how little I was cared about to do that to me. Thank you Mother and Father for bringing that back for me to feel about.

Another time was when I was very young and some music was on and dad pulled me up to dance on his feet, you know when you stand on your parents' feet and dance with them, well I can remember dad doing this and I didn't want to but I got pulled up and lifted onto his shoes and he held my wrists so tightly I was crying and laughing at the same time and everyone thinking it was funny. I was hurting physically and emotionally. I didn't want to dance with him and be pulled around, I was scared and felt unsafe like I was going to fall off of his feet and the pain of his grip around my wrists. I thought my arms would break. I didn't want it, it was against my will and I wanted to be left alone not dragged around for every one to laugh at as I cried and nearly peed myself as I flopped

like a rag doll losing all control and giving in, he was too strong for me to fight against.

These little things might not seem like much to anyone but they hurt me so much. What might be seen as having family fun is doing so much damage to a little child. It is disrespectful, controlling and giving the child no say in what happens to her so in later life men can treat her how they want and she has to let them, let the grope at her and do what they want to her.

My dad was never sexual at all with me, or any of us; I am not saying that at all. He was a normal dad, but in general 'Will' terms, he over powered me and it set the path for me with all men.

Just these little forgotten actions within the family that are seen as playful are so harmful when they take the 'Will' away and overpower and disrespect the will of a child.

I can see so clearly  
the truth of why I  
have let men

**Freewill**

control me and disrespect me, not feeling I am allowed to speak up for myself but letting them do what they want to me, treat me how they like and why I have always chosen men like that, I have had to, it is the truth of my relationship with my dad and his relationship with his dad and how he treated his daughters, my dad's sisters, which was terrible. I want to finally put an end to this in my family by feeling it to its end, when there is nothing left in me to feel and it is all expressed out of me and the truth known.

27 February 2019

Today has been a full on feeling day, feeling all of my wrongness, evilness, how disrespected I have been and my visit to Lemmy has brought it all up in me and I am feeling pretty empty now until the next feeling comes.

**Feeling so ill in Winchester.**

27 February 2019

I had to go to Winchester today and I felt so ill, feelings that I once would have ignored and just got on with it but all the way there, which is only 20 minutes, I was expressing my feelings to Mother and Father. I felt so tired and weak after yesterdays out pouring of emotions. I parked up and got out of the car to feel my body being dragged around and it gave me the memories of being dragged around the shops by mum when I was very little and I didn't want to be there, I hated it, it was boring and all for her not for me but I had to do as she wanted. This time I was dragging myself around and I didn't want to be there, it was just the same feelings as when I was little.

I felt exhausted and tired and very ill as I did what I had to do and as quickly as I could get back into the car and came home, back to safety. Now I am sitting back on my couch and feeling drained and so tired. Yesterdays feeling healing was gruelling for me, to rake up all of those old horrible dirty feelings made me feel very disturbed and ill and I am still feeling the pain of it today. I am not well today.

Going over all of my past denied and suppressed feelings is draining on every level, it goes on day and night, there is no rest from it but it is what I want and what I pray to Mother and Father for in all earnestness. I long to them to show me the truth of my feelings in any way they see fit and they know what to do with me and what is best.

I am sitting here feeling like I need to fall asleep, feeling drained and unwell as I usually feel after a big expression of my pain, it leaves me feeling like I have flu, so full of aches and pains and so much weakness, its the weakness that is so crippling and it was very bad today as I walked around Winchester. I kept talking it out to Mother and Father, how weak I feel and that is the truth of the weakness and powerless state I was in all those years ago and always have been like it. It is how my parents made me feel, it is the truth of me.

**Hopeless feelings.**

27 February 2019

I am feeling so absolutely hopeless, I wish I could put it in words how hopeless I feel and this is because my addictions control me and I can't do anything about it. I am completely at their mercy as they control me. I am helpless to do anything other than what they say, they are my parents. I have an insatiable appetite at the moment and I can't control it, I need more and more food and I feel unable to stop myself, it is depressing me that I can't do anything about it. I want to be slim, I don't want to put weight on, only skinny girls are wanted, not over weight women that can't control themselves.

No, no, no I don't want to put on weight, why do I have to be so useless, no one wants a fat person. I have strived to be slim all my life, worked at it everyday of my life all so I don't have to feel rejected for not being what is considered acceptable and wanted.

Be pretty Sam, put on makeup Sam, stay slim Sam, the boys will want you if you are what they like in a woman, if you let yourself go, you won't be wanted and you will be unhappy. All so much pressure just to be wanted, to be what someone wants, to be accepted. It's all too much, I can't do it any more, it's too much pressure just to be wanted, it's too hard.

I am feeling scared of not being what is acceptable for a woman to be, I see beautiful skinny women and I want to be them, so adored by everyone. I am feeling so awful about myself, I hate myself right now, I am not what anyone wants. I have put some weight on and I feel awful about myself. I am ashamed of myself and I hate being so out of control. I have always had to work so hard at staying slim so I can feel attractive and wanted but now, as I have put on some weight, I am feeling just what I didn't want to feel, I am full of self loathing and hatred for myself. These are the feelings I kept at bay through dieting all my life, just how much I really hate myself when I am not perfect and this is how my parents felt about me too, they wanted me to be perfect and then I wanted me to be perfect.

Now, I have to feel the truth of my feelings as all of the self-loathing comes up from inside me. I disgust myself but can't change it, it is what Mother and Father

want me to know about myself, the truth of how I really hate myself because I was hated when I was anything but my parents idea of perfect.

### Feeling into my self-loathing.

28 February 2019

I feel like I am going down deeper into my self loathing, I really hate myself and can see all I have done to pretend I am ok and I don't hate myself at all. I do. The truth is quite shocking at how much I hate myself and have needed validation from men especially, to prove to me I am ok, it has never come from me, I have always needed to be told because the truth in me is that I hate myself.

I felt so compelled to eat a whole packet of Vegan Raisins covered in chocolate today, I sat on the couch and stuffed the whole lot knowing they were tasting so good but making me feel so bad, and I couldn't just have a few, I had to have the lot until I felt sick and I never wanted to eat them again, but I will. I hated myself with every mouthful, pushing more and more hate into me making me feel my self-loathing even deeper. These chocolate covered raisins always make me bad afterwards, a terrible



stomach, and these were no exception, I was straight on the loo with my head in my hands telling Mother and Father how weak I am, how I have to give in and eat them all. I sat there telling them how much I hate myself for being so controlled by my addictions but I can't stop them, they have total control of me and I have to let them do what they want with me because that is how it was for me with my parents and all of my addictions are telling me that truth. I sat there feeling so hopeless, in a state of giving up and giving in to it all. I can't stop my addictions, no matter that they have me like a drug addict, I am no different.

I don't want to be like this, I can still feel the resistance in me, wanting to fight it, I am still not accepting and not giving in to it, I am not there yet. I have put on weight and I want to be how I was, it isn't a huge amount but it horrifies me to

be like this, I want to be slim again and I grieve about it. Feeling devastation in me of no longer being that young, slim girl but it was all maintained with my mind, trying all the time to be disciplined and stick to a diet so I will be accepted by MEN!! If I had my dad's acceptance from conception, if he wanted me I wouldn't be going through this shit but this is the truth of it, I wasn't wanted and he would be horrified to hear me say that because he still demands that he loved me when we have spoken about this, he doesn't have any idea where it has all come from and thinks I have gone mad but it is the truth and I can feel it is so. I have never felt loved no matter what my parents might say. If I was loved I would have known it and felt it but I didn't.



I feel like shit about myself and this, how I am now, is the truth of how I have really felt all along, all my life only now I am doing my healing, it is all being shown to me, every bit of truth I have denied and I fucking hate it as well as love it, it is so painful. The truth is wonderful but the pain of the denied feelings is terrible and that pain has been in me all along.

I hate myself so much, I hate the weight I notice on me, I feel ashamed of it, disgusted by it, appalled by it, no one will love me like this and it is all about me being acceptable to men and what people will think of me.

I have so needed to be wanted by men so I kept myself trim as this was the way I made myself feel good, if a man was to look at me, it made me feel good and wanted but now that is all over for me, I am older and menopausal and putting on weight and I fucking hate it all and I know this all sounds so shallow but it is how I am feeling and it is a big deal for me, especially to admit it all. I feel fucking stupid talking about it. I feel pathetic needing to be validated by men so I have some sick feeling of self worth, like I am wanted and they are all my dad and my need to fill myself with the feelings he never instilled in me as a child, so I have been on a mission to claw back some feelings that I am wanted by men when my role model man, my dad, never wanted me. It's all so fucked and I have used my body and sex to do it, now I am really ashamed but it all has to come out. Yes, I loved the power I felt to have a man want me, it was the feeling

I needed to fill the void of not being wanted by my dad, and they were all older men, I wasn't interested in men who may have been younger or my age, they were all father figures to me and it all feels so sick to me now.

My powerlessness has driven me to do some stupid things and they all need to be looked into and brought out into the open. I want to know the truth of them all. I am feeling really bad about myself at the moment but it is tinged with a little bit of sympathy too, I feel sorry for myself having to go down the road that I did just because I didn't feel loved or wanted, I had to find someone to want me, all so sad and painful.

Now I am feeling that pain, as I will never be wanted again, I am too old and too imperfect to be wanted, the truth is coming at me from all angles in my life for me to feel it. In my younger days I was getting all of my feelings satisfied for a brief moment but always left in pain so I went on to do the next stupid thing to not feel my pain until it crippled me with illness and I was forced to break down and it weakened me.

I am feeling so weak again, all I want to do is sleep, I feel ill and worn out as more truth comes to me. Being slim and pretty in my heyday gave me such power but now that is all gone and I am left with the truth that was laying dormant underneath the false power. I am feeling powerless and like a pathetic pain writing all of this embarrassing stuff about me and how sick anyone reading must feel about me. I have done horrible and pathetic things in my pursuit for being loved and it was all about men and I am seeing that so clear now, just how damaged I have been because I didn't feel my dad's love for me. I have always been a little girl begging to be loved and wanted by her dad.

**Everything I have done has been an attempt to be loved.** 28 February 2019

Everything I have done in my life, every job, every hobby, every relationship, EVERYTHING, has been an attempt to feel loved and I can see that so clearly now. I only have to think back to something I have done and it has been done just so I can feel loved. No matter what it is or how insignificant it may be, it has been done so that I can feel loved and wanted in some way.

I thought I was loved and wanted and I thought I loved and wanted my parents but it has turned out all to be a big mind controlled game, all only words without any feelings that I believed were true and my parents still believe that is the way it should be, that is love, there is no other way but it is all just an idea in their minds, they don't have it in their hearts because their parents didn't have it to give to them but they still maintain it is love and their parents loved them. It is so sick to call it love knowing all the pain they both felt being children, brainwashed into believing their parents loved them because it is what parents do, love their children no matter how they treat them, its not love, its HATE.

**I have had enough of the PAIN!**

28 February 2019

I am so exhausted with pain. I have had enough. My face pain has come back, if it is going to happen it will be about 8:00ish in the evening. My whole face cramps up and the pain moves around my face, it's weird and so painful. I have it now and it is in my nose, then my cheeks, then to my eyebrows, my jaw, head, anywhere it wants. The pain is so tiring, I've had enough of it.

I feel exhausted, like I can't go on like this as I lay on my bed letting the pain do what it wants to me. I feel like I have no will, no say in what happens to me. I have no power to stop it, no power to do anything. I feel like I will never be out of pain and it has full control of me. I have no say in what happens to me. This face pain is too much, it has just moved to the back of my head and now to the back of my eyes, I am in so much pain. I think it is connected to my sinuses but that isn't important, it's just about how it makes me feel and I fucking dread feeling this much pain, it burns inside my face.

It makes me so restless, I can't get comfortable, and it only comes at night, never any other time. "Please Mother and Father, help me feel the truth of my pain, why do I get this pain, what is going on."

Its blocking me, its stopping me, it's making me go to bed and lay still, its controlling me and making my life a misery, it's overpowering me and telling me what to do, it's making me go to bed when I don't want to, it's isolating me from everyone making me be on my own, its wanting all power, its weakening me, it's crushing me, it's scaring me. It's so controlling making me go to bed and be on

my own, it wants to hurt me and tell me who is boss. I want to do what it says, I hate it, it's horrible causing me so much pain, it hates me, it just wants to get rid of me, and it wants me out of the way. I feel so isolated by pain, so alone and unwanted. I feel scared of it and what it will do to me, how bad will it get, I can't cope with it. I want someone to take the pain away for me, I can't do it, I can't do anything for myself, I can't handle the pain, don't let it hurt me.

It hurts so much, it is hurting me and I can't bare it. I don't know what to do with myself the pain is so bad. Why are you hurting me pain? You have full control over me, you have full power. I hate you pain, you are cruel and you hurt me when ever you like, you know you are stronger than me but you hurt me, I hate you so much, I want you to fuck off and never come back, I am happy when you are gone, I feel free when you are gone, I can be myself when you are not around.

This pain has turned into my dad, he is all I see when I express the pain and its control over me. His vice like grip on my life and his overpowering way is the same as this pain. It stabs at my face like little knives going into me, each one the control I felt as a child and adult. I feel so weakened by this stabbing, burning pain, like I have no control over it, I just have to let it hurt me, I have to let everyone hurt me, I am nothing just someone to hurt, someone you can cause pain to whenever you like, I am not my own person. I belong to you; do what you want with me. I have no say. I am not allowed to moan or complain about the pain you cause me, I have to allow anyone to hurt me if they want to just like the little boy who broke my fingers when I was little, I had to let him do it, I couldn't tell on him or complain, I had to let it happen to me. I have to let everyone control me if they want to and I mustn't complain because I wasn't allowed to Express myself to you, my parents, when I felt you had caused me pain, you were the bosses and I had to let you treat me how you wanted to and because of that I have been a doormat for everyone. I am in fucking pain.

**I need something sweet!**

2 March 2019

I am feeling such a strong, insatiable need for sweet food. Fuck, it is driving me crazy, insane how powerful it is. I am in a constant feeling of need, of so much lack that I am screaming out for something to satisfy me.

I have no sweet stuff in the house, which is just heightening the craving for it and driving me mad. I want sweet stuff; I want to shove it down deep into me so it reaches the need in me. I want so much of it and I just want more and more, I need so much, just keep it coming, I have such a huge emptiness in me to fill I want more and more, I don't think it will ever be enough. All that is on my mind is to have something sweet to eat, it is maddening. I want it, loads of it and I must have it now, I feel such empty pain, such huge loss and lack of any thing good, I need something good, to feel satisfied and loved and at peace, calm, sweet stuff does all of that temporarily. It quietens me for a very short time then the longings come back for more and more.

Some days I want to go out shopping just for sweet stuff to fill me and give me the feelings of pleasure I so long to feel but I am filled with such bad feelings too, I can't do it, I feel too bad about it, eating all of that beautiful shit. I won't be wanted or loved if I am fat, I will be rejected even more. I wish I could be like those naturally skinny girls and eat what I want and never put weight on but I am not like that. The weight I have put on has made me feel terrible and so hated and unattractive, unwanted.

It's here again, the longing for sweet stuff, it rises in me and makes me feel crazy for it, I want it so much, give it to me, I have to have it now but I have none, it's such a drastic come down, a disappointment to not be able to have what I need. I feel so fucked off and angry that I need it so much and can't have it.

It's the feeling that has been in me since childhood. I needed my parents' love so much, but couldn't have it; they didn't have it to give to me. I have led a life like this, wanting something so much but not being able to have it; it's all because that is how it was with my parents. I have been left in need, in wanting, in longing for what it is I need and never getting it, living waiting, in a state of anxiety over will I or won't I get it, for ever waiting.

**I feel so hopeless.**

3 March 2019

I have such deep feelings of hopelessness and such heaviness around my heart as I feel the deep emotions rising in me to do with my son. He is so I unhappy in every area of his life and he came over to talk to me about it tonight. He is in

such despair with his life and I feel so helpless to help him with his pain. He tells me how he feels but can only go so far with expressing his feelings to me, he can't go any deeper and I try to guide him by asking him to tell me how he feels, trying to open him up to go deeper but he can't and gets angry. I can't push him or force him to feel his pain but knowing there is an answer to healing his pain is so hard for me as I watch him go through the agony. He isn't doing his healing yet and is in deep rebellion against God so won't hear anything from me about asking God to help him feel the truth of his pain, and me, knowing that it works and is the answer but I can't talk to him about it because he doesn't want to hear it, it's all so tough.

**Enters emotionally - is to leave emotionally!**

All I can do is listen to him, as far as he wants to go and not push him in any way, I can't force the healing on him, it all has to be up to him to want to do it and that is in Mother and Father's hands, they know what he needs and what is best for him but watching both my children go through their lives without God's help and soul healing, it's very hard to stand by and watch while I heal myself and have to leave them in the mess I have born them into.

This is the hardest thing I have ever had to do, watch what I have done to my children and feel so helpless in helping them through it because they are not yet doing their healing. I am out of control, I can't help them really and I feel so useless.

When my son left I cried to Mother and Father over the pain I have caused my children. I couldn't stop crying, the pain is unbearable when you see the truth of what you have done to your children as they go through their lives of pain. It's torture for me now I am aware and I watch it going on. I don't know what to do but listen to them but it doesn't seem enough, I can't get involved as I once would have, I can't interfere, all I can do is be there for them and listen to them and help them to go into their feelings, as far as they can without God's help because they wouldn't want me to force that on them, I would lose their trust and it would be going against their will to do that, so I never do.

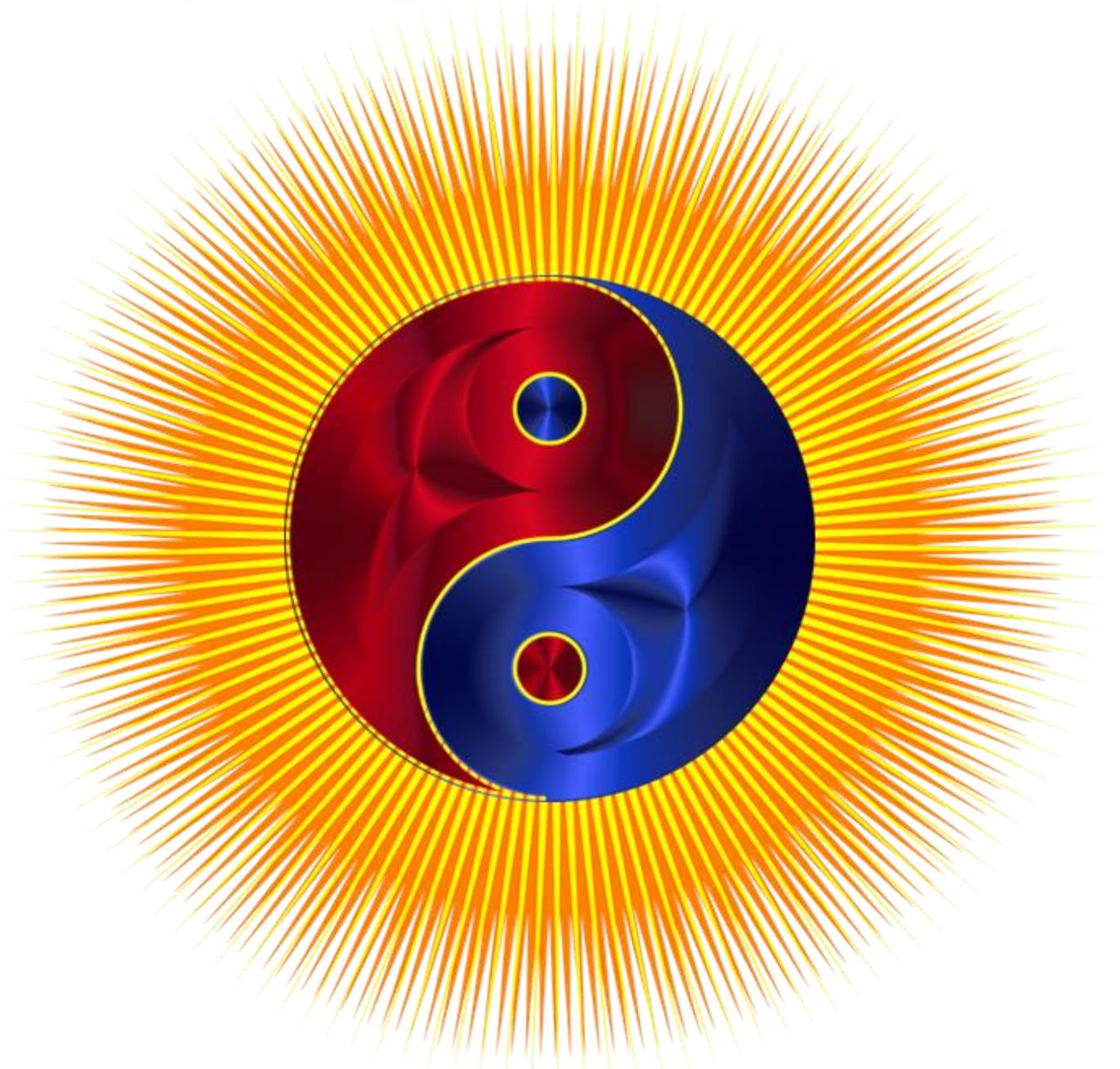
I love having Mother and Father help me in all of my healing, I ask them to help me find the truth of my feelings and they respond, it's nothing religious, just me having a relationship with my true parents and as their child, I ask them to help me but my children see any mention of God as religious no matter what I say and they don't want to know. They will have to come to it all in their own time as I did. I have cupboards full of my Soul healing journals if they ever want to know how I did it.

I am feeling the pain of what I did to them both, it is pain on every level of being and since my son went home I have had such a heavy chest pain and a constant feeling of discomfort in me, a heaviness and the feeling that I have done something really bad to him, which I have and it's called "Normal Parenting", the compensation is now catching up on me and I feel constantly terrible inside, there is no escape from it and I have to pour it out in the way of tears usually and repeating over and over again; "What have I done, I am so sorry, please forgive me."

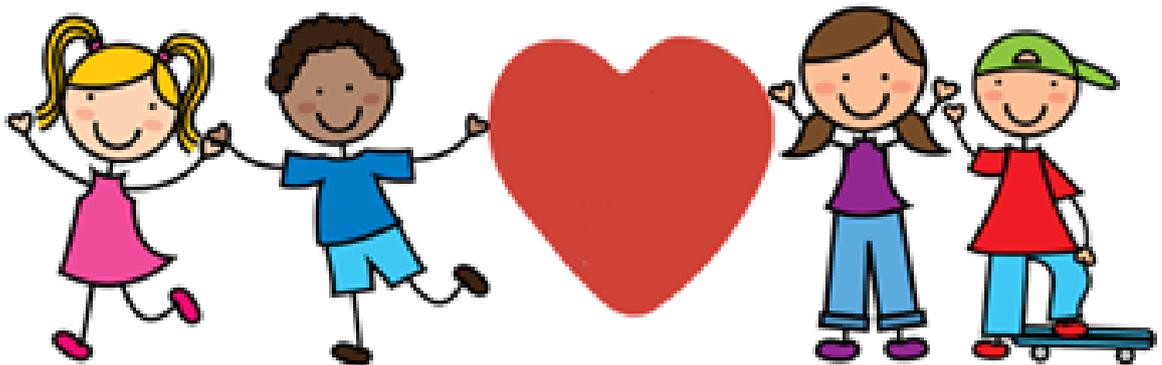
Sometimes when they are expressing to me their pain, I go into this place of feeling so fucking useless, I don't know what to say to them and I am sure they expect something like "come on, it will be ok" and that useless positive thinking bullshit that means that you don't really know what to do or say, so shit just comes out of your mouth. I can't say any of that crap, it is so insulting to Them because I know how those empty useless words feel. Like your parents just want to get away because they don't know what to say or do so they try to make you feel better, but its crap, it doesn't help at all. It just makes you feel like they don't have any answers for you, when they are your last hope, so it is all hopeless and you feel like dying because of the hopelessness.

All I can do is listen to them, I am interested, I want to know their pain because it is mine to, I want them to feel the relief of talking about their feelings and not have them festering inside them but not being able to share with them how to heal with God's help, knowing it works and is all they need to help them, it's so hard, for me to know it works and knowing they don't want to hear about it, so I can only help them so far, until they ask me, I can't do anything else.

Our Heavenly Mother and Father



WE ARE GOD'S CHILDREN



Our Spirit Friends on duty



**Feeling the truth of what I have done to my children.**

4 March 2019

Feeling deeper into my unloving parenting and I am feeling very ill, sick, bad stomach and so weak and constant crying all today. I keep asking Mother and Father for forgiveness and to help me feel more truth about the pain I have passed on to my children. The truth comes and it is devastating.

I find it hard to believe that I thought I was a fairly good mum, just the same as many others in my circle of friends but now I see the truth of my parenting, I was a terrible mum to my two children. I didn't hit them or abuse them in any way but my every day parenting was all about me and not about them. Making them do things they didn't want to do and now, as adults they are still doing that in their lives with relationships, jobs and all that life is.

They are both unhappy and that is a reflection of my parenting, it was bad, so all their life can be is bad! Showing them how it was for them as children and until anyone does their healing to discover the truth through their feelings, you won't really know what I am going on about but these things I am talking about are the things every parent does with their children ever minute of the day. When you see the truth of what it is you are doing to your children, through doing what you think is right for them, only then will you see how wrong it all is and your children are showing you this all the time. How their will is taken and replaced with the will of the parent and it's so wrong. If only parents could see the truth their children are showing them about their parenting, our children know much more than we do but adults believe it is the other way round, all so wrong.

My healing is now really bringing to me the truth of what I have done to my children. I see it in everything they do and say and it is getting pretty unbearable for me to see but I have to know the truth of the pain I have caused them, so I can heal it in myself. I have to know the truth but the awful feelings I feel inside me are crushing, sickening and I feel a constant unease in me, like I have done something so bad to them and I can't tell them about it, they wouldn't really know what I am talking about, although I have told them on many occasions how sorry I am for pain I have caused them. They still don't know why I am apologising as they think I have been a great mum but when healing begins, the truth shows me what I have done; they show me what I have done.

Crying is a major part of my day, it happens easy and brings me so much relief to get it all out, and just how bad I feel. I wish I could talk to my children about how I feel and what I have done and all the truth that is coming out about my parenting but I can't, they are not doing their healing so won't get it really, although they do express their pain to me, as expressing is a major part of our lives. They have not made the choice themselves to do their healing, so I can't be with them how I want to be until they make the decision to heal and ask me to help them. At the moment I go as far as I can with them but if I push the boundaries to far, I lose them and they shut down, so I have learnt that all I can do is to listen to them, be there fully with them and be totally interested in them when they want to talk. To fully engage with how they are feeling and sympathise with them because it is my pain to. I feel so sorry for them both and a deep, heavy pain sits in me heart for them and what I have subjected them to, my pain and they are living it, they took it all on.

### **Freezing cold legs.**

5 March 2019

For a few afternoons my legs, from the knees down and both my feet have been freezing cold. It feels like no blood is getting to them, my circulation has been cut off and they are both dead. I hate the cold dead feeling and I am lying in bed and my feet are so cold.

It feels like they will never be warm and comfortable again, I will have to live with this coldness forever. No blood circulating to them causing them to get sore and problematic as time goes on, that worries me. Having circulation problems makes me feel worried that all sorts of bad things will happen to me. I wish they would warm up and I could be comfortable again. What is wrong me?

As soon as something changes in my body it is always the worst outcome, I go straight to the worst thing happening to me. Such fear of what will happen to me against my will, that my legs will get so bad I will need medical attention because the pain will get unbearable and I can't cope.

I don't want to be interfered with, I want to be left alone, I don't want what happens to me to be taken out of my hands and I don't want anything to go

wrong with me that might make that happen. I am so scared of being interfered with against my will. I want my legs to go back to normal by themselves so I don't have to be forced into getting help.

My legs are freezing, my right one more than my left, in fact I can feel some warmth creeping back into my left leg and foot. I feel that whatever happens to me will be taken out of my hands so please warm up legs. This is happening more and more now. There has just been an icy blast around my legs, it is so uncomfortable and cold. I feel like they're not mine.

I can't rest or sleep because they are so cold. It's like the blood isn't going to my extremities and my feet are very pale. I feel so disconnected to my lower legs and feet, the coldness is so unloving, making me so uncomfortable. They feel like ice. I feel so cold and will never feel warmth again, warmth is loving, cold is not. Please warm up, I feel so separated from you, I want you to be something other than what you are, I can't love you like this all cold and horrible. I don't love you, I can't love you, you are not how I want you to be, you are not being how I demand you be so I can love you. I don't love you like this, you make me feel uncomfortable, I want you to change so I can be happy. Be how I want you to be then it will all be fine and I can love you again.

I am not loving this part of me, I want it to change, to be something other than what it is. I am putting conditions on myself so I can love myself and this is what my parents did to me and made me be, I am doing it to myself and I can see that and the blood is beginning to flow back into my legs and feet. I am warming up at last, yes, that is feeling so good as this icy cold is moving away.

I am now feeling a beautiful movement all around my legs.

**Constant fucking pain!**

9 March 2019

I feel like I am dying. So much self-hate and physical pain day and night. The face pain, which is like severe neuralgia all over my face, is nearly unbearable to me and I am finding it hard to believe this is the truth of the pain I have suppressed, it is so bad and even now as I write this, little explosions of pain are

triggering of in different places in my face, what the fuck. I am in shock at how bad this is and that this is the truth of my pain, it is fucking crazy that I have denied this much pain and now it is coming out.

I ask Mother and Father to show me the truth and they have, it is unbearable and it was unbearable for me as a child but I denied it all and thought it was all ok, this much pain, really!! I am in shock and I feel like I am dying with the pain, I can hardly move my head and I am getting this more and more as my healing goes on and I am so scared that it will completely overwhelm me and I won't be able to cope and that is where I feel I have to go with it, let it crush me and demolish me completely. I can't get rid of the pain, no matter how I express it and how exhausted I am, it stays with me, it is mine, my pain and I am still so scared of it and wanting to get rid of it. I feel so fucking useless, I hate myself, I really do, fucking hate every bit of me, I want to stamp all over myself and die.

**I can't cope with this pain!**

9 March 2019

Still in so much pain today and constantly longing to Mother and Father to show me the truth of my pain, I am so exhausted and tired and will have to go to bed soon. I feel Mother around me today and I keep speaking my pain out to her, I need her so much, I can't do this on my own and I am feeling drawn to Mother as I was drawn to my physical Mother when I was ill as a child and I feel the same need in me now, as an unwell adult healing childhood pain.

Mother, I can barely cope with this pain, how am I to accept, love and forgive something that hurts me so much and as I say this, I can see my dad in my mind, he is the pain I am experiencing.

I know that you know all of this already Sam and you are feeling despair at this time whilst you are in your pain. All you can do is to FEEL it Sam, feel it fully, every bit of it and express all of those feelings out of you, to me, I am here for you, I am your Mother. Tell me all, tell me how it makes you feel and as you already know, only once the truth of your pain is revealed through your feeling expression will you know the truth of it and only then will you forgive it and love it, keep longing to us, your Parents, Sam, to know the truth, involve us in your healing.

I am so scared of the pain Mother, I am so scared that I will always be in this pain, it will never leave me alone and I will have to suffer for ever, living in this painful misery with the pain being so intense making me crumble and making me give up on anything I want to do, all I can do is to obey the pain and I can see that is how I felt about my dad and I know that this pain is him and my relationship and the severity of the pain is showing me how much of it I denied as a child and I find it incredible that it was this bad and I pushed it all away and now it is coming out. I am so scared of it, of him.

There is more Sam, more to it and by your continuing to express the feelings of this pain you will get to it, I can't tell you any more as you can feel, please know we are here, listening to you when you ask us to. This is the severity of your denied fear and pain relating to your father, as you have already felt, but there is more to it and that is all I can say and I know you can feel that there is more coming, healing is very rarely what you thought it would be but your feelings will bring you to the truth of your severe facial pain Sam, keep going.



**FURTHER READING:**

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

**PASCAS CARE PARENTING**

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

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

Important recommended reading is:

by James Moncrief

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

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



**Mind Centric Way**

*Feelings First Freedom*

# Feelings First

IT'S A WAY  
OF LIVING.



*Samantha*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha McCabe

(Back cover page calibration 940 MoC)