



Sam's Essay:

I am allowed not to love my parents

'I am allowed not to love my parents' – I can say that, it is ok not to have to love my parents. I know now that I have spent a life of 'loving my parents' as being a demand from them, like it was such an awful and evil sin not to love them. I know now that I never have, and how could I when they didn't have any real love to give me as a child. They were both unloved children who believed they were loved, despite the cruel and unloving treatment by their parents. They believed they were loving parents but it was all made up, all fantasies because society tells us that parents love their children and if they don't then they are awful people and they didn't want to be that, so they lived in the lie of being loving parents and made me believe it.

I no longer have to force myself to love them and I now know that I did force myself as a child, I had to love them and be an obedient child and kiss them both goodnight every night, which I dreaded and hated doing. I never knew why I hated doing it as a child and I felt very bad and guilty because of how kissing them made me feel, I hated it so much, it made me so raging angry to have to do it. Now I know that it was because it was against my will, I was forced to kiss them as a respectful ritual to my parents as they demanded love from their children. I didn't love them and it has been a long denied feeling in me that I dared not accept as a truth because then I would be that awful child that would be so hated by my parents. Their demands to be loved were such a huge weight for me to bear, that demand gave me no freedom, I felt trapped by their demands of me. It was a huge ball and chain that I dragged behind me throughout my life.

This demand that I had to love my parents has hung over me like a threat, it has so much power over me and so much control and made me feel like it was a 'Master and servant' relationship, especially with my dad and the respect he demanded from me. I was a lowly, insignificant being compared to the 'God' he wanted me to believe he was and worship. It has been the ruin of all of my relationships. I have always carried the ball and chain around with me and dragged it into every relationship believing that I have to love this person and if I don't, then I am an evil person. I believed it was a demand from every man that I love him, so in every relationship I have felt severely trapped and it can be no other way, it has to, and can only be the same as my relationship with my parents, me believing that I have to love, it is demanded.

The demand that I have to love my parents has caused me the greatest anxiety throughout my life. It has been such a severe pressure on me to love when the truth was and always has been that I didn't. The huge anxiety and panic it has caused me has crippled me in all life, the huge demand that if I don't love this person, I will be the worst person alive, the most evil person and it all came from my parents making me have to love them and making sure I felt awful if any feelings of anger or hate towards them crept in. I was terrified of that happening, the truth coming up that I didn't love them. I was so scared of not loving them, it terrified me to think that maybe I didn't love them, so I would quickly get rid of that feeling and deny it some more but it stayed with me because it was the truth.

I had to live my life through my parents' eyes, I was them completely in all I said and did because I wanted to be a good little girl, so I lived to make them happy and to show how much I loved them, just like they demanded. I was too scared to live my own life and follow my own desires and feelings so they had to be denied and suppressed at the risk

of losing my parents' love. To live like this caused me extreme anxiety and panic as I crushed my own feelings so that I would still be loved by them. My body had become an instrument for my denied and suppressed feelings, the secret life that I had to hide away and never let it have expression and this denial caused my body to react in terrible ways, I became very ill as a child, very weak, anxious and depressed as my body told me the truth of my self denial. I was struck down with Anaemia and Lupus and severe body rashes as my denied and suppressed feelings tried to express themselves through my body. My body was speaking to me and telling me the truth, that denying myself in this way was killing me, but it was what my parents wanted. I was killing myself being what my parents wanted me to be.

I now know that the love I had for my parents was not real, it was only what they demanded of me and I had to obey. It was also a desire to be loved by them so I kept giving it as they wished, it was the hope of feeling some real love from them, a love that didn't only come from their mind to mine, but from their heart to my heart, a love that I could feel as real and not just a thought of love that went no further than my mind. I realise all of this now, through doing my Feeling Healing.

Now I know the truth, that I don't have to love my parents any more, the truth is now allowed to have a voice. I am free of having to kiss them goodnight every night, I can turn my back on them and let the truth be accepted, expressed and be completely known by me.

Samantha McCabe.