

# **Childhood Repression - blog posts**

**April 2009 - September 2010**

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<b>Contents</b>	<b>Page</b>
Childhood Repression	3
CR - introduction	11
CR - what is it?	25
CR - is it real?	28
CR - its causes	32
CR - healing it	39
CR - and my healing	59
CR - and our negative state	79
CR - and therapists	86
CR - and trauma	94
CR - and love	98
CR - and parenting	105
CR - and children	112
CR - and family	121
CR - relationships	127
CR - put yourself... in your child's place	135
CR - at the Fishing Park	158
CR - and the feminine	169
CR - and spirituality	172
CR - and nature	181
CR - and a vision for humanity	185
Truth	187
A summary of childhood repression	192

# Childhood Repression

Childhood repression is very real. Too real. I wish it wasn't so real, but it is. Anyone who says that childhood repression doesn't exist will get quite a shock when one day they find their life leading them towards the truth that it is real and they are full of it. But there is little known about it. And there are very valid reasons for this, one being that it is very scary to look back into your past and bring to light the truth of your relationships with your parents and other carers. For what you might see, you might not like. But whether you want to see it or not, it is, and will always be, within you – that is, until you heal it.

## Aim

What is the aim of healing your childhood repression healing?

It is to find the truth of your childhood repression; and of course, to heal all your pain, trauma and suffering. The finding of the truth is the sign that there is no longer any pain left hidden within you.

And it is to uncover within yourself – all through your feelings – the truth of your relationship with your parents and anyone else who was influential in your life during your forming years. And the truth all boils down to whether or not you feel loved. And how much you do or don't feel loved.

And this includes other aspects, such as: do you feel wanted by your parents, do you feel you were important to them; how did they not want you, how did they reject you; how did they love and accept you making you feel special and important to them ?

And associated with all the negative parts is pain – a huge amount of pain contained in you as repressed bad feelings. All those feelings you would have felt when not feeling as loved, wanted and special as you needed to feel. And all those bad feelings are buried inside you, crippling your self-expression and your ability to feel good about yourself.

To find the truth is very difficult, because who wants to discover that they weren't loved, that they weren't wanted, that they were unimportant to their parents. But it's the truth of such feelings that needs to be seen and fully accepted – FULLY FELT. That which you will do as you work your way through your childhood repression healing.

## **Feeling-Healing**

Feeling-Healing is the name I call my childhood repression healing. I'll be mentioning it a lot in my posts. And simply it involves accepting (instead of denying) bad feelings, speaking – expressing them, all with the intention of uncovering the truth of them.

Feeling-Healing you do just with yourself (and your friend). You can believe in God or not as you do it. If you want to do your feeling-healing with God and God's Divine Love, then this I call your Soul-Healing and I would suggest visiting Divine Love Spirituality's website or blog, links being over there on the right.

Feeling-Healing has all come about as a result of Marion, my partner, and my childhood repression healing experiences, and most of the understanding of it has resulted from Marion, with my just writing about it. Without Marion's help I wouldn't have got anywhere in my feeling-healing because I was so shutoff to my feelings. And because of this she has a much better grasp and understanding of how to naturally express feelings, whereas I tend to be more conceptual and too much in the mind, but something I need to be in order to write about it.

Overall, this blog is about Feeling-Healing your Childhood Repression.

## **The overall problem**

The problem of childhood repression exists because we were unlovingly treated by our parents during our forming years. With such negative treatment resulting in our inability to fully and freely express all we feel. We deny many of our bad feelings, having been made to fear them, all of which causes us untold problems. Our childhood repression is simply all the bad feelings we were not allowed to express still trapped – repressed – within us, being held in place by our erroneous beliefs and self-denying behaviour.

Much focus is given to a traumatic period or event during childhood that is causing many problems in adult life. And if such an early childhood trauma can be healed, then all the resulting problems will go, allowing one to get on with one's life, unhampered by such trauma. And to achieve this may require years of deep penetrating psychological therapy and counselling, all bringing to light the buried pain and truth of what it was all about.

My approach to dealing with childhood repression is slightly different from just specifically focusing on one major problem or traumatic area. It's not about just trying to fix certain known, or even unknown – unconscious – problems, so when fixed, one can get on with one's life as one would have been able to had such trauma never occurred.

I'm trying to present a more overall view of the problem. That being – and requiring an

acceptance of – the fact that our whole life, all we are, is wrong. It's all negative, reflected in our ongoing denial of our bad feelings and other aspects of ourselves.

And that even if some parts of our upbringing were good; and even if we felt loved and enjoyed our family life, still, it's all been lived within a negative mind and will state, so is still self-denying.

And that our whole world and society is an expression of our negative unloving state, which our continual abuse of nature – nature existing for us to conqueror – being the sign that we are living the wrong way.

So within our complete traumatic negative state, certainly some people have suffered very severe specific traumas, and as much as they do require healing, should be kept in context within the overall picture that they are only a 'localised' problem.

So to do your Feeling-Healing is to take on the WHOLE of your childhood repression – all that is wrong or imperfect within you. So it involves, not only healing all your major traumas, but also every part of your being that doesn't express itself properly and truly; every part of you that is self-denying; every incorrect belief and behaviour, all with the aim of ultimately having the perfect relationship with yourself, your partner, nature and God.

It is a COMPLETE healing of ones negative self-denying, self-rejecting mind and will condition. An incredible inner transformation from the negative to the positive – healing ones self from living untrue to living true.

So it's not just a matter of healing a specific trauma and then getting on with your negative self-denying life feeling much better about yourself; it's about healing the COMPLETE TRAUMA OF EXISTING IN AN UNLOVING STATE.

It is wanting absolute self-love – the ultimate healing process of self-help.

The trouble with how I am presenting childhood repression is that there is little understanding or appreciation that our whole condition – how are and how we live our life – is traumatic. Everything we do in our lives is coming from the negative – even if we feel loved and are loving – all sill being subtly conditioned by our self-denial and overall unloving state.

And until we realise the extent of our problem, we won't understand the extent of our childhood repression.

## **The conundrum**

We say we are loved and feel loved by our parents, and yet all they did to us filled us with

suppressed childhood feelings – our childhood repression. So if it is true love, then why are we so fucked as adults, with all such problems stemming from our early childhood?

And so few of us want to consider this.

We grow up in loving families. Our mum and dad love us all they can. We feel loved by them and love our own families and our own children feel loved by us, and yet as adults we're all full of repressed childhood feelings – our childhood repression. Which means something went wrong during our forming years – we weren't loved as well or as much or as we needed to be loved. So why is this, and how did it happen? What's really going on?

Why is it that we grow up feeling loved by our parents and yet as adults we're full of problems, things going wrong within us and in our lives; and we're unhappy, not feeling as loved as we'd like to feel? Why aren't we as adults still full of that love, still feeling the joy of life? Why aren't we still bursting out of ourselves wanting to throw ourselves into life knowing it will be great and will make us feel good? What went wrong, where did the changeover occur – if it did at all?

Surely if we were so completely loved we'd still be feeling the same way as adults. And even if life threw hardships at us, by being underpinned by such love, we'd be able to easily deal with them without them making us sick or making us feel bad.

And why with all the studies of psychology, all that's known from people doing deep therapy, aren't we looking at the truth of our relationships with our parents and seeing what's really going on?

Why are we still missing the point? Why do we want to keep allowing it all to continue? Do we want to eternally feel bad? Or is it that the truth is just too terrible to even begin to contemplate?

But there's no avoiding it, it just doesn't add up. As adults we are all fucked up, all full of childhood repression, and yet we persist on declaring that we were loved by our parents and lived in loving families, yet look at what such 'love' has made us become and makes us feel. What's so loving about it all? What great job of love was done to you, all to make you as an adult feel so bad?

We say we feel loved by our parents and families and that we love them, and yet we're full of repressed childhood bad feelings that are causing all our problems in life. So where did all this childhood repression come from? Was it a result of all the 'love' we felt and had from our parents and family? It all sounds a bit weird if you ask me.

## **A grandfather was speaking to me...**

About being with his grandchildren. He said – being aware of how important a child's early life is in its formation – that he and his partner are able to clearly see the impact of what they say and do on the children's faces. And just how quickly they show they are hurt by some little thing – by something he said. He just speaks and out comes the words and he doesn't think he is saying anything bad to them, yet they are hurt and so he then reassess what he said, so as not to say the same things or say them in the same way, next time.

He said that it's been an enjoyable experience with them seeing how they take everything in and form and grow with all their good and bad parts being set in place by the age of seven. And as far as he is concerned, he's only human, and you can only do so much, and the children will get over their problems and they will be alright.

He said he and his partner can't do anything else other than love them and try to change themselves when they see the child is taking something the wrong way.

And so that's about it, what more can you do. And really, what more can you do?

And I understand and sympathise with him, it's all so terribly difficult. You love your child and yet you are hurting it in many ways most of which you're not even aware of. And that happened to you when you were little, and you seem to be alright, and so you expect your children to end up alright. As he said, "it's life, and what can you do about it anyway – nothing".

And the whole rotten thing of living denying yourself, living untrue to all your feelings, goes on. All being passed onto your children.

So what can we do about it?

And this is why I am presenting this blog and my childhood repression website, because from my experiences, when you have had enough and do sincerely want to do something about – do something for yourself, then one of the things you might like to consider giving a go, is doing your Feeling-Healing.

## Me

I am working on healing my childhood repression. I've been doing it for thirteen years now. There is a lot to heal. It just goes on and on. I do it by acknowledging, expressing, longing for and uncovering, the truth of my bad feelings. As I do this it leads me into re-experiencing and liberating my repressed bad feelings, all the ones I was forced to suppress and not express through my forming years.

With this blog I want to share some of my childhood repression experiences, some of what I have uncovered about the truth of it, and some of what I feel about things – those things that we are refusing to see, things we are denying in our lives and within ourselves.

As a part of healing of my childhood repression I want to have my say. I wasn't permitted to have it in my family – no one wanted to listen; so now I want to put it out there, have my say in the blog world.

But be warned: I am on the child's side!

## **Unqualified**

Yep, that's me. I don't have any qualifications or experience working in psychology or healing (nor do I want any), only my own childhood repression healing experience.

I write as a teller: I want to tell you all about it. Dearly I'd like you to listen to what I say, but I don't think you will. No one will. And why should they, no one listened to me when I was young.

All I say is probably too confronting, it will probably put you off more than invite you into looking at your bad feeling denial and rejection. Doing ones childhood repression healing through ones Feeling-Healing will be too hard for most people to consider, and I don't blame them. I didn't have a life before I began mine, but most people do, and giving it up – all the parts making them feel bad – will not be a pleasing thought.

And, as to whether or not anyone will be able to do their healing as Marion and I are, I don't know. I can't say to you that I know it will work. It works for me, but that's all I know. I think it sounds good, but what do I know.

But I write this because I don't feel anyone has a sound grasp or real appreciation of just what our childhood repression is; how it influences our adult life, and the degree to which one needs to work on oneself to heal it.

I know many people have been working for years on themselves, with their attention being focused on their early childhood, and really I can't comment on anything, but all I read on the Internet only confirms my suspicions that really we don't have a clue about our childhood repression: how it came into being, how it's effecting us, and how to heal it.

And it's not that I think I know much either, only certain aspects of my healing have made me come to certain conclusion, those of which I am presenting here.

But I would love to hear any feedback and comments, your thoughts and feelings – good or bad; and if you know anything about childhood repression – what you know.

## You won't like this

***WARNING: THIS IS A FEEL-BAD BLOG. NOT A FEEL-GOOD ONE.***

You won't like what I have to say. It's not feel good stuff, it's feel bad stuff. We've all been denying the problem for all too long. But it's hard to face it. Yet I want to try. And my blog is my attempt at saying all the yuk stuff. I didn't want to face it, I didn't know it was within me, I didn't know I was full of childhood repression – I didn't know that underneath it all I felt unloved by my parents. But now I do, now I'm waking up to it, and it's very painful to see.

I don't expect you to like my blog – to like what I say, but I don't care, I want to say it. I want to say it really to my parents because they didn't allow me to say it when I was growing up. And had they listened to me they wouldn't have liked what I said. So I don't expect you to either.

I want to try to say how bad it all is, all from the point of view of us all being afflicted by and filled up with repressed yuk from our early childhood. And if you're not open to this within yourself, already on your way to understanding such things about yourself, then you won't like this.

## Self-help

We're all carting around our baggage from early childhood. And we all would dearly love someone to come and take it from us. Someone to relieve us from the burden we feel all but smothered by. And if someone says, I can help you, we rush to them wanting them to do so. I too are looking for someone to relieve me of my inner pressures, but that is not how I want to live, for then I am forever dependent on them, transferring my dependence from my parents to someone else.

So if you get the feeling from my writing that I am trying to dump off my burdens on you, asking you to help and save me, I am sorry, but I need to do this as a part of my childhood repression healing. And I hope, as I heal such a need within myself – the hope that finally my mother and father will love me as I need to be loved – it will lessen and stop altogether.

And likewise, I can't offer anyone else any help other than what I am doing. So this is the ultimate self-help experience you'll be taking on if you choose to heal your childhood repression through your bad feeling acceptance.

But from what I know of my experiences, if you do want to truly do it, then the necessary help

will come when needed. You won't be left all alone struggling along by yourself (although at times you might feel like you are) just how you felt when you were little.

## Welcome

I grew up believing I was okay. Sure I had a few problems but who doesn't. And sure I had a few parts of myself I didn't like or wasn't too proud of, but hey, I wasn't perfect... and who is?

I grew up believing I loved my parents and they loved me. That I came from a relatively happy family. That we all liked each other, supported each other, and were there for each other.

I grew up seriously deluded, so I found out through my childhood repression healing. I didn't know there was such a thing as childhood repression. I was completely ignorant of it. But now all of that has changed.

Each day as I continue healing my childhood repression I understand a little more about it – about my delusion. Now I understand that I wasn't loved by my parents as I needed and wanted to be loved. Their so-called love for me and mine for them was nothing more than a fantasy; a falseness we all agreed upon and perpetuated. It was a show we acted out with each other. Really we had very little in common.

And waking up to this truth, becoming conscious of the truth of what I really do feel about myself, them, and my life, has been shocking – the last thing I would have thought my life would have been about.

But now here I am with all I feel, all I have uncovered about myself and my relationship with my parents and family; all of which I have uncovered through my childhood repression healing years. And I can't deny it. Once I stopped putting on the cover-up act denying all the bad feelings I did feel; once I started to accept just how bad I felt, the truth came out.

If you want to find the truth of yourself, of your life – the whole truth, no matter how shocking it might be – then heal your childhood repression.

# CR - introduction

## Childhood Repression in perspective...

Let me try to put childhood repression into perspective, this being how I experience it: I'm full of it. You're full of it. We're all full of it.

Anything that is spoken of as being 'denial' is really the denial of some aspect of yourself, of your personality, something that you were made to do during your forming years and are still doing it.

When you are 'in denial' you are really denying - not allowing yourself to express - all the feelings you feel, this being largely what your upbringing consisted of: feeling-denial. Consequently you live, I live, we all live, denying many bad feelings, all of which cause us pain. And pain we may or may not be currently aware of.

When your parents stopped you from being your true-self as a young forming person, they made you deny parts of yourself. You put yourself aside, suppressing yourself, and have then kept this suppression, repressed - hence your childhood repression.

From conception to the formation of your mind, around six years old, each time you were stopped from expressing yourself as you wanted to, you suffered, and all that suffering is still within you.

For example:

'Stop that James, don't do that that way, do it like this... that is not the way to do it, I told you how to do it, so do it as I told you... oh how many times do I have to tell you, not like that, like this... are you stupid or something, you do it like this... stop being naughty, smarten up will you, and do as you are told... if you don't do as I say I won't take you to the park and I'll tell your father you've been misbehaving and he can deal with you when he gets home...'

What chance did I have of ever expressing myself how I might have wanted to. It was all her way, all their way, NOT MY WAY, and that hurt. It fucked me up; fucked me up no end, but it wasn't until I started to heal my childhood repression that I got back in touch with the feelings associated with episodes like this. And what have I felt?

Anger, huge amounts of anger. Misery, pain and many more bad feelings. And I have felt a lot of them. And I still feel them as I uncover yet more truth about how badly and how unlovingly I was treated by the very people who I believed loved me; who I believed cared for me and had my best interests at heart.

Being forced to not be how you want to be, to be how they want you to be, has caused a lot of damage within you - traumas on various levels, and great amounts of suffering. Imagine if someone came along to you now and said stop what you are doing and do what I tell you to do - how would this make

you feel? And how many times in your early childhood did this happen to you, being told by those who were bigger, stronger and older than you - your parents and other adult carers - that you couldn't be how you wanted to be? And so how do you think you felt about such things happening to you when you were a little child, especially when you had no power, when your saying no was easily rendered ineffective by them as they just took you over forcing you to comply to their demands?

But do you remember each and every one of these times when you were overpowered by them? No, how can you. But each of those times and all their associated bad feelings are still inside you. And will continue to be, until you want to re-connect with them; until you want to go back to them and re-experience all the anger you felt and all the pain you suffered being stopped from living how you wanted to live.

Your childhood repression is a HUGE thing within you. It governs your every moment, and mostly you are totally unaware of it. But it's there, it's all there, for where else could it be, it couldn't have just gone away.

Your childhood repression is within you, and it's within you irrespective of what you may or may not believe about it. And the longer you deny it, the greater the pain it will cause you.

## **Who is going to do their childhood repression healing?**

Jesus said nicely, as he always seems to, that the meek are going to inherit the Earth. I would say that it will be the fucked who struggle along with nothing to gain and do their feeling-healing - heal their childhood repression.

It all comes down to a matter of power. From what I have observed and seen within myself, if you feel reasonably happy, content and fulfilled in your life, if your life is going in the direction you want it to and if you can make it do so, then why would you want to change anything. You have a reasonable amount of power, some say in your life, with life looking pretty good. But what if you don't? What about those people who don't feel powerful, who don't feel happy and fulfilled, and always have things wrong without being able to do anything about them?

If you were allowed to have power within your family as you were growing up, then naturally you will have the same power as an adult in the world, your early childhood patterns still asserting themselves. But if whilst growing up you weren't allowed much or any power in your family then you won't feel like you have any as an adult. You might pretend or believe you do, but underneath such a false exterior, if you could admit it, you can only feel powerless as determined by the patterns of belief and behaviour you were subjected to and forced to accept as a young child.

Why is it that some people are failures and other successes, and how do we define these terms? And is it such a great thing to be a success in a life that we are all living wrongly? To be a success in a power-seeking world, a world that is driven by fear and deep underlying feelings of powerlessness, all brought about by our abusive parenting, means that to be successful you are living very incorrectly so far as the truth is concerned. So your so-called success is actually taking you further from your true self, you are moving further and deeper into falseness, into the control of your mind; you are in fact

not becoming successful in truth as you might like to suppose, but are becoming the very opposite.

Yet if you are a failure, unable to assert yourself, unable to command, compete and make others do what you want them to do, then really, so far as the truth and a true good life is concerned, you are successful as you are not buying into the falseness, the evil, the self-deception and delusion that you are someone of some account.

None of us know what having true power, the power of our true nature is, because we were all stopped from having it as we were growing up. Our parents dominated and controlled us, they 'bent us to their will', so all we had within their regime, all we were allowed to do and so were allowed to feel powerful in, is false power and so not real. So being a powerful person in the world is a fantasy as many will testify once all the crutches they need to support themselves are suddenly removed.

As the financial crisis bites hard and sets in, the means to make as much money as you could, the ability to assert your power and maintain your success becomes lessened, and you may start to feel scared, for what will happen to you if you can no longer do it, if you become one of those dreaded failures. What will happen to you as you are pushed back into yourself loosing your ability to control, into the truer self that you are so desperately hiding from. And how will you cope as you start to break down, as the house of cards you have built up starts to crumble. What will you do as you are forced closer to facing your childhood repression and feeling-denial. What happens when you can no longer use money and your standard of living to hide from such bad feelings. What indeed...

## **The tough part about healing your childhood repression.**

What is really difficult about it, especially about considering healing it, is that it is going to take you straight into the truth of your relationships with your parents and carers - your 'loved ones'. It is going to challenge your feelings of feeling loved by them and your love for them. And as the truth of these feelings of love comes up within you, it is very difficult to face. For what you might have to confront, deal with and then accept, is this love is not all you felt it was.

Do you want to delve into your early childhood to uncover the truth that your parents did not love you as you needed them to? That is the question one needs to ask oneself, because this is invariably what the healing of your childhood repression is going to be about; together with potentially years of seeing and feeling just how unloved you actually felt as a young child. And if you already feel and know you weren't loved, then it will still be difficult for you to bring up the pain of all the feelings you have kept suppressed about how not feeling loved made you feel; but if you feel you were loved by your parents and place a lot on this, and the truth turns out that all you feel this love to be is not actually the great love you currently feel, that it is merely a belief you have created for yourself to deal with and hide the horror of not feeling loved, then the truth will come as something of a shock.

From what I can see as I read about people's childhood repression healing experiences, often their healing is based around a specific trauma, one that mostly involves their relationship with one other individual. And as shocking as this will be in itself, what I want people to understand is that ones whole early beginning, involving ALL the major people in it, was of itself one huge trauma, and the healing of ones childhood repression will involve dealing with and uncovering the truth of all the

unloved feelings you felt from EACH relationship.

If your parents loved you 99%, when you are moved into feeling your 1% of feeling unloved, when you are deep within it, you will feel COMPLETELY unloved making you feel as if you weren't loved at all - were NEVER loved. And to feel you weren't loved 100% is terrible, perhaps the worst feeling, or group of feelings, you can feel. And when you are faced with this truth it is hard to look at your parents in the same light, and invariably your relationship with them is going to change - and not for the better. So the healing of childhood repression is going to adversely affect your relationships, which may or may not be a good thing for you.

And so it is even conceivable that to heal all your childhood repression you are going to end all relationships with those who caused you to have it. So no more 'nice' and 'loving' relationship with your mother and father, sisters, brothers, grandmother and grandfather, aunt and uncle. So as you see, it may be hard to face and deal with such potential realities. And as to how bad it will be for you I can't say, however we are all full of repressed childhood bad feelings, so none of us, no matter how loved by our parents we might feel we are, have been loved completely as we needed to be. So we are all to some extent going to feel bad about our relationships with those who brought us into life.

And it is because of this: the fear of facing the truth of ones relationships with ones parents, that I believe so little has come to light about our childhood repression. We all so desperately want to cling onto the 'love' we have with and feel from our parents and family, so for most of us the last thing we want to do is challenge it and potentially expose it for being untrue, even if the underlying truth is that it is all false and nothing more than a sad game of self-delusion we are playing.

And so too is it conceivable that many people will fight to the death to protect their love of their parents and family, even when it is completely obvious that they weren't loved and don't feel truly and fully loved by their parents. But when you start to get into healing it, the truth starts to outweigh the falseness, and it doesn't take long before anger starts to overcome such pretensions and false illusions.

If you do seriously want to uncover the whole truth of yourself - there to be found as you heal all your childhood repression - then it is not going to be a pleasant journey. And it is not going to be about finding superficial forgiveness with your parents and those who caused you your pain and suffering all so you can shut out your deeper repressed pain and bad feelings. Forgiveness and sympathy may come at the end of it all, when you have completely healed all your suffering, but that's not going to be for years, because there is certainly going to be a lot to heal.

## The Truth Hurts.

As much as you might not like it, the truth that you weren't loved by your parents as you wanted them to love you, is what you're going to have to face if you want to heal your childhood repression. I'm afraid there is no avoiding it. And avoiding this truth is what you have been doing all these years, because who wants to feel unloved by their parents - no one!

The truth that none of us were as loved as we wanted and needed to be, no matter how loved we might feel by our parents, is what ails us all. It is the root cause of ALL our problems, and not just problems

of the physical kind. No matter what you believe, if something is not right in your life or within you, then the reasons why and the deep underlying causes you will find as you heal your childhood repression.

Most of what we do in the world and how our world is, is based on bad-feeling avoidance, as no one wants to feel bad, and yet we all do. And the more you get in touch with your childhood repression and bad-feeling denial, the worse you will feel. So if you believe healing your childhood repression is going to make you feel better, forget it. Sure it will in the long-run, but that's years down the track, and in the short-term and NOW, it's going to make you feel VERY bad. To go back into and re-experience all those bad feelings you are hiding from yourself is not a feel-good exercise. Everything about healing your childhood repression will be a bad-feeling exercise, exactly the opposite of how you are conducting your life.

And I am not going to gloss over the bad stuff. In fact I want to keep telling you how bad it is, because we have to accept our bad feelings - ALL of them, as it is not until we do that we can fully accept ALL of ourselves. To live in denial means you are denying bad feelings, and to heal that denial means you are going to have to find the truth - the reasons why you feel bad. And to uncover this truth means you are going to have to feel ALL the bad feelings you felt when you were little, all the ones you were stopped from expressing. And this includes ALL the bad feelings from conception right through your childhood. And if you don't believe you can feel a feeling good or bad that you felt at your conception, then do your childhood repression feeling through your bad-feeling acceptance and then see what you believe and feel about it.

The how to heal your childhood repression I am wanting to talk about on this blog and in my books on my web-sites is all to do with bad feeling acceptance, that being the way to access your childhood repression and find the truth of it. And what it begins with is your acceptance that you feel bad. We first have to start to admit to ourselves that we do feel bad - really bad in many cases, and then accept that it is OKAY TO FEEL BAD. You feel bad - it is a part of you, so really there is no point in denying it. But to accept just how bad you do feel, deep down within you, and how many bad feelings you do have locked away inside you, is... well... you'll see, as you venture into the healing of your childhood repression.

## **It's dementing, maddening...**

It sure is! At times doing my childhood repression healing all I want to do is scream, bang my head against the wall, tear my hair out, rip off my skin and get out of my body – just run away as fast as I can.

To be forced over and over, driven and pressured, into feeling bad, pushed back into yourself to feel your repressed feelings from long ago – argh! it's so dementing.

I don't want to feel bad. I don't want to feel as a child again. I don't want to feel as I felt back then. I feel so stupid, and it's ridiculous that I have to be subjected to it all over again.

I can't bear it. I hate it. I just want it to be over. I don't want to be subjected to so much pain, to see

how bad it was for me, to FEEL IT ALL OVER AGAIN. It was bad enough back then – I don't want to go through it all again.

Argh, I just want to scream... No! No! No! NO!!! NO MORE! STOP! I can't take it anymore. I give up. I give in. You say I'm bad – I AM. I Admit it – OKAY! Is that what you want? I AM BAD! I AM VERY BAD – THE WORSE PERSON ON EARTH. I AM, I am, I am...

## **How do you know if you have childhood repression to heal?**

Are there things you do in your life to MAKE you feel good? Do you do these things because you don't want to feel bad? If so, then yes, you do have lots of childhood repression to heal.

These are some of the things I realised I did only to make myself feel good and to stop myself feeling bad.

watched TV

went to the movies

went out for dinner

had takeaways

drank cans of Coke

drank wine

smoked dope

kept tropical fish

had sex, had girlfriends

went to work

went on holidays

bought things

listened to music

played computer games

visited friends

went fishing

And some more things...  
dreamt up business ideas

planned things in my mind

learnt things, did courses

read books

dreamed about...

wished for...

looked to the future for...

fantasised

And other things...

believed I was okay

believed I was loved

believed I was liked

believed I could get what I wanted

believed I could make things happen

believed I could say no

believed I could have my say

believed I could relate reasonably well

believed I could communicate reasonably well

believed I could express myself reasonably well.  
believed I knew about certain things

believed I was someone

And...

I didn't feel depressed

I didn't feel miserable

I didn't feel lonely

I didn't feel sad

I didn't feel rejected

I didn't feel uncared about

I didn't feel unloved

I didn't feel unhappy

I didn't feel fucked

Just a few of the things I did to keep my bad feelings away, to keep my repressed childhood feelings locked up firmly deep inside me, all of which have come to light as I have worked my way through my childhood repression healing.

What things do you do to deny your bad feelings?

## **Healing your childhood repression through bad feeling acceptance.**

Your FEELINGS are you, NOT your thoughts or beliefs. You are denying many feelings, especially your bad ones. So to heal yourself you need to do the opposite - ACCEPT ALL YOUR FEELINGS. So your childhood repression healing begins by:

Accepting and admitting, and gradually becoming more aware that you are denying bad feelings. When you feel bad - stop. Acknowledge that you are feeling bad. Allow yourself to feel as bad as you feel. This is usually hard to do.

If you can, and this part is vitally important, tell someone who cares about you that you are feeling bad. Tell them all you feel. Speak about - express - your bad feelings. They are within you and they want to come out - so speak them out. They are not going to come out, forever remaining inside you and doing you no good, if you do not speak about them.

Then want to know with all your being why you are feeling bad. Long for the truth of your bad feelings.

DON'T use your mind or allow it to tell you the reason why you are feeling bad - why you *think* you feel bad. The healing of your childhood repression is all FEELING-HEALING. Your mind will want to stay in control keeping you denying your bad feelings, so you have to keep speaking about them as you feel them to break this control.

Longing for the truth of your bad feelings is also vitally important. If you don't REALLY and TRULY want to know why you feel bad, forget it, as nothing will happen. You have to want to eventually uncover the WHOLE TRUTH of what happened to you as you were forming, and what such negative influences have made you become. You have to want to see the whole truth of your relationships with your parents and family. If you don't - forget it. At best you might only get into some superficial layers deluding yourself you are making progress, or worse, that you have healed yourself of your traumas.

Once you have longed determinedly for the truth of why you are feeling bad, speak more about how your bad feelings are making you feel.

And keep speaking and expressing all your bad feelings – ALWAYS!

You don't have to do anything else. The truth will come to light by itself when you are ready for it. So this is very simply all you have to do. And if you've had any good therapy or worked on yourself with success, you will be able to recognise this procedure in how you've helped yourself.

**Become aware that you are feeling bad.**

**Admit and acknowledge your bad feelings.**

**Speak about and express them to someone who wants to listen and know you.**

**Long for the TRUTH of why you are feeling them.**

**Speak more about how bad you feel.**

**Be patient, in time the truth will come.**

## **We can only see the world through our eyes.**

Our eyes being determined by our early childhood - what we saw and how we were made to see and experience the world in our family. And so as adults we largely still see, and judge or accept, the world through our child eyes. Our patterns were fixed, our behaviour set, with our adult lives being really nothing more than the out-working of our early childhood. So what annoys you and makes you feel bad during your childhood repression healing is reflective of what annoys you on the inside, it being representative of what happened to make you feel bad when you were little. And so we can use it, through our bad feelings, to take us back into those same feelings of our early childhood to find the truth.

Yesterday Marion and I drove off Phillip Island to have more of a look at the 'mainland' countryside - we went to Korumburra from Wonthaggi.

As soon as we left Wonthaggi the land opened up into mostly beef and dairy farmland. Miles and miles of open gentle rolling hills covered in grass - but where were all the trees? Where was all the

native bush land? Where were all the gum trees, the wattles, the fantastic birds and all our beautiful creatures? As we drove we saw a tiny pocket of bush, a tree covered hill, a dense forested sectioned off area, an inviting dark green leafed small valley, but mostly it was farm upon farm of green grass. All the lovely lush green colours vibrant in the sun looked quite spectacular, but not the same as looking at a forest.

On the way home from 'Wonthers', back to the Island, I felt a headache coming on. Then I felt nauseous. And as I started to speak about my bad feelings, it became increasingly apparent that the whole experience to me was very traumatic, that in some way it had related to something bad that happened to me during my early childhood. But I didn't know what. I couldn't remember, and I couldn't understand why seeing the land devoid of trees was affecting me so much, and yet I felt it was.

The more we spoke about it; the more I tried to moan and groan speaking about how sick I felt and how much my head hurt, the more I felt that sometime back in my past I had been taken out into bare farmland like what we'd seen and left there, taken away from mum and dad, from home, and left with some other family, something that I didn't want to do and which greatly traumatised me.

As I concentrated on trying to express - trying to speak what I felt, trying to allow my bad feelings of sickness and pain to speak, my mouth dried up, my throat constricted, my eyes filled with tears and eventually, choking, I spluttered out, NO! DONT LEAVE ME HERE! And in my mind I was screaming with rage and the agony of feeling left, NO! DON'T LEAVE ME! I could hardly speak the words as emotion, too much and having been too deeply buried, rushed up in me, leaving me choking, slobbering, spluttering. And I threw up emotionally. I didn't vomit, but huge deep dry retches of emotion spewed up out of me. And then it was over. I didn't feel sick anymore. I still had the headache and the pain had moved and changed into being a more stabbing pain rather and a dull ache, and for the rest of the trip home we talked about all we knew of my early childhood that had been revealed through my healing and how it related to what I had just gone through. I also continued to moaned, groan and emotionally throw up as my head ache came back and went again in waves.

This morning I woke up with a picture in my mind of all the farm land we'd seen being covered in bush as it would have been before white man wrecked it. I imagined the hills covered in trees, and the birds, the animals, the little bugs and beetles. And as I spoke to Marion about this picture and how it was making me feel, so I could find out why it was in my mind, I became slowly aware that it was all me. How I was seeing the land was how I was seeing myself. I used to be covered in natural bush, lush, pure and untouched, a perfect piece of nature, but then my parents set about clearing me, clearing in me all they didn't want. All that annoyed them, all that got in their way and made life harder for them. And so what am I left with, not much, just a little bit of me here and there with no way of connecting those parts. With a false me all but devoid of natural love having to live an artificial life of milking cows and watching the grass grow.

I still don't remember if I was left anywhere when I was young, such as in the country, but that no longer matters. I can remember many times when I was left places I didn't want to be. I was left as soon as I was born in the infant room in the hospital according to my feeling-memories. I was left every day I went to school. I was left emotionally. I was left alone a lot in my 'corner' playing with my toys without being communicated with properly; left to feel as if I was a stranger in my own family, a lodger in my own house; left to feel that I didn't matter, that no one cared about me; and as long as I was good and did what I was told, then largely I was just... left.

There was also another very interesting point this experience helped me to understand about myself by putting the new me into perspective with the old me. The old me occasionally travelled in such farm land country, and I can remember back then thinking about the desecration of the natural bush, but it never emotionally effected me, not to the degree it did yesterday by making me sick. And that was because I looked at all intellectually. I would mourn the loss of the environment and get angry with our unfeeling insensitive ignorant ways, but all mentally, all just within my mind and so at arm's length. I didn't allow any of it to come right in and deeply affect me. But now, the new me, the me that is allowing my bad feelings to govern my life instead of my mind, felt bad, and how very bad!

Yesterday it was all highly personal. I was the bush. I could feel the violation and desecration within me of my unfeeling parents cutting down my personality as the trees were cut down; their uncaring attention stopping me express myself. I could feel it all around me, as if I could all but feel the pain of the land, the pain of Mother Earth as yet more wanton destruction took place. And as hard as it is to go through such harrowing deep emotional purging and feeling so bad, still I would much rather allow myself to be so affected emotionally than being shut off to my feelings and living alone in my mind. I would much rather feel my pain driving through that cleared land than driving through it impartial to it all, telling myself: well, there is nothing I can do about it anyway so why get upset about it. I would much rather know that what I can do about it now is just allow myself to feel all my feelings, and that there is nothing else to do. At least now I feel alive in my feelings relating to life, rather than just being in my unfeeling mind... and left all alone.

## **Feeling-healing my childhood repression.**

Feeling-Healing is the name I call my childhood repression healing as it's based solely on feelings.

It simply involves trying to become aware of when I am feeling bad. Then speaking about - expressing - my bad feelings. And as I speak about them to Marion I long for the truth of them - I want to know why I am feeling them. And I keep speaking about them as I feel the need to, with the truth coming of its own accord when I am ready to see it.

The whole idea is to speak about all the feelings, which ordinarily, because of my early childhood programming, I would deny. And as I don't know which ones these are, then I just try to speak about them all. I also express my good feelings, but as they are mostly something I am not denying, I put more time, energy and concentration into focusing on my bad ones, as they are the ones I don't want to feel.

My intention and desire is to find the truth of myself, that which I've come to understand comes as a result of liberating my repressed childhood feelings.

Over the thirteen years I have now been working on myself doing my feeling-healing, I have released so many repressed feelings from early childhood that there is no doubt in my mind that I was made to deny and not allowed to express myself as I was growing up. And now through my feeling-healing I am able to, in a fashion, 'go back', and do it now, this being done as I speak about my bad feelings.

Through my healing I have realised that I am my greatest obstacle to uncovering the truth of myself. I am blocking my feeling expression - my self-expression - in many ways. I was made to believe and behave in ways that stopped me from being my true self, stopped me from expressing myself freely, resulting in what I call my childhood repression.

So I want to heal myself of all my repressed childhood feelings becoming a fully and freely self-expressive person, one that is not suffering from all the blocks, inhibitions, wrong beliefs, and self-denying behaviour that I am.

And as simple as it might sound to just speak about bad feelings whilst longing for the truth of them, when you actually have to start trying to admit to, and then speak about all those bad feelings you are denying, it becomes very challenging. And when you come to understand just how many bad feelings you are denying, being mostly unaware of your feeling-denial, it's daunting. And as you start to uncover the truth of what really went on between you and your parents when you were little, it is terrible difficult, as it makes you confront all that you are.

What I have also found through my feeling-healing is that there are layers to my childhood repression and then layers within those layers, and the further I go into myself the more complex my repression becomes, and yet I am further able to understand it all. It all reflecting the intricacies of my relationships with my parents and family. I had no idea that relationships were so complicated and feel like I've been put through my own personal psychology course.

All I am presenting on this blog and on my websites is what I have discovered for myself. Other than reading Alice Millers books on childhood trauma and repression, which I did early on in my healing, I have had little interest or exposure to mainstream psychology. I am only presenting my own thoughts, experiences and conclusions. And, as to whether all I am presenting can be readily applied to another person - as to whether or not other people will be able to do their childhood repression healing through their feeling-healing, should they want to, I don't know. I feel it can be done, but that waits to be seen.

## We spend billions of dollars on trying to feel better.

It's mad really. All we do is done to keep us away from our bad feelings. That is the extent of our so-called 'civilised progress'.

It's said we live on an insane world, and it's true. If we weren't mad with our pain, suffering and bad feelings, we'd have no need to do all that we do.

Look at your own life. The sad truth is: all you are doing in it is to escape from your bad feelings. And can you say it's not? Can you say you do all you do to welcome and accept your bad feelings?

And who wants to feel bad – no one. No one in their right mind would want to feel bad, and yet we all feel bad, even if we are so far gone we won't allow ourselves to acknowledge it.

But we all feel bad, somewhere inside us, we all do. And we really do, it's true, as shown by our childhood repression. Childhood repressed feelings make us feel bad. Our childhood repression is bad. It's not a nice loving thing, however it of itself is neither good or bad, the bad being what was done to

us to bring it about within us.

Currently on the material level of dollars, the economy is dying. We're having to keep up the fantasy for all it's worth. We can't just allow it to keel over and be what it is – nothing. We've made it all up, it's all unreal. So many people live beyond their means believing they can be happy living with debt, believing they can escape from the pain of their bad feelings by having things they can't afford.

We buy a house with money we don't have, but we hope we'll have in future. It's always the future, life will always be better in future, but why will it – why should it? We've only been led to believe this because when we were little we looked to the future to feel better. Our current 'now' moment with our parents made us feel bad, so it was always the future that was going to be better. And often it was our parents who said so.

So in no way we can just accept and live with the amount of real physical dollars we have, living within our means, because for most of us that would mean we wouldn't have anything. And we can't bear this thought. Because to have nothing means you don't feel loved – or so we've been wrongly made to believe. You didn't have anything with your parents making you feel unloved bring about your childhood repression, so now you must have material things to fill up this cavernous hole of despair – of feeling so alone, unwanted, unloved and uncared about.

But one day the house of cards will come crashing down. And this as we are seeing might be the beginning of that day. And if it does and the economy goes to shit, then what happens, how will we all survive?

And what will happen, something we can all count on – is PAIN. Yet what is this pain? And as much as it might be the pain of all the fear suddenly assailing you, really it is the pain, the buried pain, surfacing from your early childhood. It is the pain of feeling so unloved by your parents being manifest all about you by your failing life. The pain you've been refusing to face. The pain your greed and desperation by living in debt, living without anything real, living a false and fantasy life, is forcing you to feel. The very same pain of living a false and fantasy life of 'love' with your parents.

And is there an escape – a real way out? And what happens if once the flimsy house has completely come done with no hope of re-building, not for a very long time, then what?

There are two things you can do. One: struggle on the best you can, as mostly you have done over previous cyclic downturns, steadfastly trying to deny all your bad feelings - just as you have always done; and the other, is to go the other way, stop and begin to face the truth: that you feel bad. To accept, express and uncover the truth of all your bad feelings. To begin to acknowledge and accept your pain. To heal yourself of your self-defeating bad-feeling-denying life – to heal your childhood repression.

## **Books on children repression.**

So we've got libraries and bookshops full of books endlessly portraying our negative state of mind and will. We can read endlessly about how we deny feelings and all we're suffering as a result of doing so.

All that we are, all the terrible state we're in, has been written about, the whole depth and breadth to the point of wondering: is there anything left to write about?

One day authors will surely write books about childhood repression. Think of all the novels and autobiographies as people start to investigate all they uncover about themselves through their feeling-healing. All the abuse they have suffered and all the confusion of living in a anti-love state of mind and will, all from the perspective of healing their childhood repression.

And in the mean time, what is there in the way of books directly concerning childhood repression?

Not much.

# CR - What is it?

## Childhood Trauma.

**Your whole childhood was a trauma.** Start there and do your childhood repression healing. All other traumas will be contained within, and be as a result of, it. And around and around you will go, dealing with all the bad feelings that are liberated, as you uncover the TRUTH of your childhood trauma. THE TRUTH OF YOUR CHILDHOOD.

That is what you have to find. It is what you will *want* to find. And eventually, as you commit yourself to healing your childhood repression, you will want nothing else in life – only to uncover the Truth.

And then you will understand how growing in truth – the **Truth of You**, *is* life, your spiritual life. And by the time you know this to be true, you will be a very different person, with perhaps little of the old you remaining.

**Childhood Trauma comment:** A new born-child is a totally spiritual being. all experiences of conditioning a child to adjust in the society act as a trauma on helpless little spiritual being.  
D...

I couldn't agree more D... However, even by the time it is born, as I have discovered through my childhood repression healing experiences, it's already too late, with so much damage already done. It is appalling to think that we should even begin to condition a child making it adjust to something that is far from perfect like society, let alone our own family's society. To take such innocent perfection and then force it against its wishes, wrecking it by making it become imperfect, is a crime, and it must be stopped. But of course this won't or can't happen until people do their childhood repression healing, being then able to put themselves in their child's place, feeling themselves exactly what they are doing to their own child. When you feel how badly you are treating your child because you too are the child, then you will stop torturing it. But we can't put ourselves in our child's place and feel-relate to it, because we are too shutoff and disconnected from our own feelings, and in particular, our bad feelings. We don't know when our child feels bad because of what we are doing to it, as we don't feel bad ourselves. We don't see there is anything wrong with the pain we are inflicting on it. We can casually let it cry itself out without feeling anything, by being so divorced from our own pain and all the crying we did but weren't acknowledged for when young.

## Paying the Price.

If you cross the line you pay the price, and the price will be pain and will be paid in full. The Golden

Rule is to never make or force another person or creature go against its own will; to make or force them to do what they don't want to do – to go against and be untrue to themselves. And if you do, even if it's in a 'well-meaning', 'caring', 'loving' way you are still causing them to hurt themselves by going against themselves and living untrue to their own self-expression. And if you hurt them it means you are already hurting yourself, as you can only do to another what you are doing to yourself. And if you are unaware you are hurting yourself, so to will you be unaware you are hurting them. And in hurting them you will have to suffer the same amount of pain you are making them suffer, bringing upon yourself yet more suffering and pain.

And this is how we parent, it's how we conduct all our relationships.

We think nothing of yelling at our child forcing it to do what we want it to do, all the while being completely unaware of the damage, hurt and pain we are inflicting on it, or of which we are suffering making us treat another person in this unloving way.

We think nothing of yelling at our dog making it obey us; we think nothing of keeping the bird cooped up in a cage; fish in a tank, and we think nothing of allowing our cat to roam far and wide killing everything that takes its fancy.

And we think nothing of keeping all our farm animals to just make money out of them: to keep the cows in field without shelter, a single horse in a paddock without company, a pig enclosed living on concrete, a chicken...

And we don't understand that we can do these things to other people and creatures, denying them their true self-expression, because we are already doing such things to ourselves, because that is what was done to us. We don't understand we were treated this way as children and so we believe and feel it's right to treat others in the same way.

We don't understand that we can only do to another what was done to us. And if we were made to suffer and then made to feel that this was okay, it being how life is meant to be, then we naturally won't see or feel anything wrong by making another suffer and be like ourselves.

We don't feel our pain and hurt because we weren't allowed to. We were forced to deny it. Our parents broke the Golden Rule making us believe they loved us when they made us feel so bad.

And we don't understand, feel or truly appreciate that when we do a bad thing to someone else we too are going to suffer for it. Sure if we murder or rape or use another for our own ends guilt will catch up with us sometime, but we still fail to understand that it's in all those seemingly 'acceptable' little daily things we do to ourselves, other creatures and other people – even to those we love – that are wrong and will one day cause us to feel the pain of the wrongdoing.

And we don't understand because mostly we are too shut off to our bad feelings. If we weren't and we crossed the line, immediately we would have hurt another in any way – physically, emotionally, mentally, spiritually, psychically – we'd feel bad, we'd feel the same amount of pain we'd inflicted on them. And so naturally wouldn't want to keep behaving as we are.

And we still fail to understand that there are natural laws in place governing Creation. That in fact we

don't have to make up any laws ourselves. And that if we were all living true to ourselves as soon as we did something bad to another person or creature we'd know we'd hurt and disrespected them because we too would feel bad, as if the bad thing had been done to us. So life would naturally educate us through our feelings as to what was right and wrong and how to conduct relationships in a loving way.

Life would be so much simpler and we wouldn't need all our manmade laws, all which are necessary only because and to show us just how removed from our true selves we have become. The more laws we need the further away from our true nature we are getting. And the more untrue we are living, the more shut off from our true feelings we are and so the more pain we inflict on ourselves and on others.

Having masses of laws is not a statement of a civilised society, it's a statement of in what a bad way we are – how unloving of ourselves and each we are and accept as being 'right'.

We are only cruel to others and nature because we are cruel to ourselves. And we are only cruel to ourselves because our parents were cruel to us. And our parents were only cruel to us because their parents were cruel to them. And their parents were cruel to them only because their parents were cruel to them. And their parents were cruel...

# CR - is it real?

## Another child crying...

Another little child crying in the supermarket. The noise threatens to lift the roof off. How can someone so small make such a big noise? What is happening to him? Why is he crying like that? What has been done to him?

He's older than I thought, but about as miserable looking as I would have imagined. His mother is ignoring him, just continuing on with her shopping looking at the shelves while he screams. Other people are looking around wondering what's going on, and possibly thinking what should they do to help. An older lady passing tries to console him and gives sympathy to his mother. The two women give each other that knowing look. It's them against him. It was one against him - his own mother, but now it's two. And of course it's all his fault. It's always the child's fault - isn't it? Yes, we all know that, particularly those people who are angry with the crying, nerve-testing screaming - why doesn't he shut up for god's sake? Some people might blame her, but I guess it would be only a few.

I blame her. I hate her. Can't she see what she's doing to her child? How can she be a mother and yet do what she is doing to him? She is making him cry and scream like that. He's not doing it for the fun of it. It's ALL her fault. It has to be, he's too young to know about such things. But such women probably think that they are never too young, they are always trying to get their way, have things they shouldn't have, always trying to put one over their parents. The poor parents, gee, what a bum deal it is being a parent.

It's as if being a parent was forced on them. I can't see any enjoyment in it for her. It looks like a battle, and I know they've been battling ever since he was conceived. It was always going to be her verses him, she didn't want him for himself - only for herself. So he has had to fit in with her, and if he doesn't then there is hell to pay. And we're all listening to that hell. And that is what he is objecting to. It's all her way, it's always her way, and yet she would probably say the opposite. She is doing all a good loving mother can do - what else can she do? She being such a good loving mother.

Loving? Ha! What's so loving about how she is treating him? What's so loving about how he is being made to feel? And she can't see it. She's blind to how she is really treating him. I can see it. And I can see that other mother with her three little children and how differently she treats them, and how they are all happy and enjoying their time together, but not him.

He's terribly alone, scared, feeling desperately unwanted - rejected and unloved by his own mother. And the worst part is this is not his first time feeling such things, many times he would have felt them. And he is not alone. Just about every time we go to the supermarket there is a child like him. But such children don't know each other, they only feel so very very alone.

No one loves them, no one cares about them, no one makes them feel wanted. They can't have a life,

not one they want to live their way. They have to put themselves aside, give up and submit to the greater power. They have to accept they feel powerless and then turn into false people putting on a false front trying not to show the world how pathetic they feel.

His crying goes on and on. How long can a little person cry for? I don't hate her anymore. She's fucked, he's being fucked up by her, and what the hell - we're all fucked in some way. Those happy children in the other aisle will probably be going through their hell, throwing their tantrums, later in the day or tomorrow. Does any child escape from the torture?

I didn't. I am him; he is me. I was treated the same way. I was there all for my mother, nothing was for me, although she always told me it was all for me. But I never felt it was, and those feelings don't lie. I know what he's feeling because that was how I was made to feel. But I had forgotten all those bad feelings, repressed them, blocked them out of my life. But they all came back as I started to heal my childhood repression.

I'm that little boy. He's not alone, only he doesn't know it yet. But knowing others have suffered like you have doesn't do anything for you - not when you're in it, not when you're deep in your pain. Not when you're deep in your pain of not feeling loved, and only feeling hurt from being rejected. Growing up, forming in life feeling rejected and unwanted - unloved - so many times is not good for your self-esteem, nervous system or anything else. No one wants to feel fucked. I know I sure don't.

## **Feeling unloved – how does it feel?**

You might feel unloved now. You may have felt unloved in the past as an adult, and it's horrible to feel such bad feelings, but can you remember what it feels like feeling unloved as a young child?

Can you remember being with one or both of your parents and feeling them rejecting you, pushing you away from them, not wanting you, not loving you, making you feel bad - very bad?

Can you remember that feeling of dread, the intense fear, that terrible feeling of anguish with the thought that if they don't love you, then what? What is going to happen to you? Is the black hole that's waiting to swallow you going to get its way. That awful feeling like no other feeling that there will be NOTHING, as if you will cease to exist, or worse, that you will exist, but in complete and utter nothingness. Unable to do anything, unable to function, unable to do anything but feel bad, and so, so bad. Bad being comprised of every bad feeling you could ever possibly feel, and then more. Even more bad feelings, all those ones you know are out there just waiting to seize you and crush you out of existence.

And the misery. Can you remember the misery? Can you remember feeling so miserable and that is all there is. Nothing but a sea of misery with no land in sight. No safety, no security, no comfort, no caring, no nice feelings. You, totally alone, unwanted, uncared about, unloved at sea in wave upon wave of misery and despair. Can you remember how devastated you felt feeling such bad feelings? Can you remember how all you could do was breath? And if that required any effort, it too would have ceased. Can you remember being so nothing that you could only give up? Give up, give in, allowing it to be done to you with all fight taken from you. Defeated and depressed. So depressed. Life with

nothing in it for you. Nothing to look forward to, nothing to get up for, nothing to like, no fun, no happiness - nothing. Nothing, nothing and then more nothing. And the misery.

The ever-present misery. It being your only comfort, your only friend. You without anything, not one good feeling trapped in your life, surrounded by unloving people, so utterly alone. They are speaking to you, but you don't hear them. You have been forced too far away. You have been shut out from them - walled into your own little space, all but entombed in your own misery. Can you remember those bad feelings?

And the pain... oh such pain. The ever-present pain. Always the pain. Pain that never leaves you. You can't exactly place where it is but it's all through you - YOU ARE PAIN. It is with you in your nothingness, but it is not your friend. You don't want it. They are trying to make you like it, and perhaps in time it too will become a friend, but like your misery it's only a false friend, and it doesn't love you. Nothing and no one loves you. You feel unlovable. You might wonder what is wrong with you, why do they hate you so much, why don't they like you, especially when you've tried to be good and do what they said. But it's no use. Nothing changes. Nothing gets better. The pressure might ease off for a moment, and then you might feel not so bad, but sooner or later back will come all those dreadful feelings. You hate those feelings. You hate your people for making you feel so bad. You don't understand why they do, but you don't understand anything anyway - they've made that quite clear. And you hate yourself for hating them. You want to run away, but where too, and you can't, they are your parents, it's your family. And if they don't love you, who will? It's a very bleak picture indeed.

Can you remember feeling so bad, and how often you felt so bad during your young life? Can you remember how the feelings just went on and on and on, how the pain was ever-present even though you tried to numb it out of your mind? Can you remember how miserable you felt, how disheartened, how unloved?

And if you can't. Don't worry, as you will when you do your childhood repression healing. Then you will remember. Days and days, years and years of feeling all those bad feelings of feeling unloved will come back to you, and you will remember. And you will remember so well that you will never again forget.

## **Why life works for them but not for you.**

Why do some people seem to effortlessly get all the breaks, and you, no matter how hard you slog away at it, nothing seems to come of your efforts? And just when you think you're getting a break, crunch – again.

Why is it that for some people all the doors open without them even having to do anything, and yet for others they only seem to slam shut in their face, if open at all?

And why life works for you as it does, is all because THAT'S HOW IT WORKED FOR YOU AS A YOUNG CHILD THROUGH YOUR FORMING YEARS.

And nothing has changed. It might seem like it has on the surface, without you being able to draw any direct correlation with your life now and how it was for you through your early childhood, most of

which you probably don't even remember, and yet it's the same. It has to be, it can't be anything else, because it's still you – you're still the same person, still with all the same beliefs and behaviour patterns, those formed and taken on during your forming years.

If the door opens without you having to do anything, then that's how it was for you during your early childhood. If the doors open only to slam in your face, then that was how it was for you during your early childhood. And if the doors refuse to open, then that was how it was for you. In fact, you can look at how your adult life is, how it's gone, and use it to see just how it was for you as a young child.

The patterns or truth of how it was for you during your forming years are still you. Superficially you may have altered a few surface layers, but the deeper hidden driving patterns will be the same. And they will NEVER change until you do your childhood repression healing.

And if you happen to be one of those people struggling along with everything set against you, don't concern yourself with those who seemingly don't have anything to worry about, it all appearing to be given to them on a silver platter, because they too have been subjected to a negative unloving condition just like you, only in the ways of the world they have been allowed to be 'freer' than you. But still their day will come when they too don't feel all that great about their life and have to look into the reasons why from their early childhood. The so-called 'good times' can't go on forever because still the seeds of destruction are lying dormant awaiting their germination.

And because your seeds never got a chance to lie dormant, this may turn out to be a blessing as you are forced into looking for the truth of why you feel so bad, a long time before those who feel good are. And you may have even completed your feeling-healing, the healing of your childhood repression, way before those people who don't feel there is anything wrong within them, even begin to feel bad.

But then of course you may not heed such warnings, you might still continue to deny your bad feelings suffering all the torments of an 'unsuccessful' life, whereas the one who has it all comes to realise that still deep within them something is still not quite right, and begins to look into themselves to find out why.

And of course how it all goes for everyone, how it will go for you, will be all perfectly according to your early childhood patterns, because like everything else, it can't be another way. It can only be how it was for you.

# CR - its causes

## What causes your childhood repression.

From what I understand it's the forced suppression and denial of yourself as you are growing and coming into being. If you are not allowed to be your true self, and prevented from expressing your anger at this and all the other bad feelings you may feel, then not only does your true self not come into being, but also all those other bad feelings remain within you.

The actual personality dynamics of how we come into being are very complex, and I wouldn't begin to say I understand any more than some generalised concepts and theory. All I've to go on is how I've felt as I've worked my way back into my early years bringing up all the bad feelings that have been locked away inside me. Yet, as I've liberated these feelings seeing the truth of why I am in this state – what happened to me back then, I've become increasingly aware that I am changing, becoming more real and true. And how I know this is I feel it. I can't explain it in any other way. I just know I am more of the true me, and I like what I feel about myself. And I become aware of how more of the false, unreal and affected me has gone. I no longer need to behave how I did, to maintain the false me I was forced to contrive as I grew up, in place of the real me.

As to what practically causes our childhood repression, I would say it's our parents and 'loved ones' negative intentions we are subjected to. If they are unloving and untrue, themselves being false, then we suffer, with the greater suffering causing what are known to be traumas.

To have a stronger will force itself over you, not allowing you to be how you want to be, is very damaging, especially when you are only a newly forming and growing will. It is something akin to 'breaking in a horse', 'bending' its will to suit yours. It still has a will but you've forced it to only do your will, to behave how you want it to, effectively causing it to relinquish its own true will, making it into a 'false' creature, no longer a 'real' horse in the truest sense – no longer free, but a creation of yours. And we do the same to children to a greater or lesser degree. Then once the patterns have been formed, you being none the wiser, unknowing that you are not the real and true you, use your will to obey the patterns your parents imposed on you. And as you grow up you delude yourself that you are in control of yourself and your life believing you know what is right for you, but it's not true, it's all only how your parents have made and conditioned you to believe.

And you carry on denying yourself all your bad feelings, all your protesting anger and the misery and pain of being untrue; lying to yourself you are okay, when you are still, deep within you, traumatised and suffering.

So to unwind and heal all of this, you can begin by stopping the denial of your bad feelings. And as you allow them to be, you are beginning to allow the true you - unloved, unwanted, rejected-by-you and your parents, to be. And so up comes all the repressed pain along with all the other bad feelings. And as this happens it is vital to express all your bad feelings, to speak about them and re-feel them

without trying to deny them. And then to long for the truth of them. For you need to see the truth of their underlying patterns, because when you do it means you are right down in your original will formation and subsequent denial of it, able to now use your healing will to let go of all that you are doing to stop the full expression of yourself; to choose to live your way and not the way of your parents.

And in the moment of this choice, and often you can feel and perceive it, you know you are no longer this untrue, false you in this aspect of your personality. And this part of your childhood repression healing is done.

If you don't long and seek the truth, you can express your bad feelings all day long, yet nothing will happen other than letting off steam. You may in the short-term feel a little better, feeling like you have some power, but you won't be taken down inside yourself.

The real cause of your childhood repression is your parents and other carers, and to face this truth can be very confronting and difficult, potentially destroying any so-called 'loving' relationship you might have with them. But then again, how loving can it be when they have caused you such terrible problems, traumatising you at the time in your life when you needed their love the most?

If you sincerely want to become the true you – to find out what that is; to heal yourself of all your falseness, show and imperfection; to fix all that is wrong within you, then you are going to have to face the truth of your relationship with your parents – there is no other way. And when you feel how badly they've treated you, fucking you up, you are not going to be happy with them.

If you value your 'good', 'nice', 'loving' relationship with your parents and family, above that of yourself, then you are not going to be able to heal your childhood repression. If you are prepared to rip everything apart, if that is what is required to save yourself and become the real and true you, then you will succeed in healing your childhood repression. It may take a long time, but you will get there.

And perhaps if your parents and family were to also do their childhood repression healing, then when it's all over with everyone living true, you might be able to be friends and love one another. But until then, you have to be prepared to do the opposite.

Your parents didn't set out to cause you to suppress and then repress parts of yourself and cause all the associated bad feelings, but by default they have. And so they are to blame. And blame and accuse them you will throughout your healing. You 'do' whatever your bad feelings feel to do, expressing and acting them out, more often than actually carrying them out, all to uncover the truth of why you feel them.

To find the truth of yourself is a huge task. You have to know why and what effect your parents had on you, good and bad, on every part of your early forming life – from conception through to becoming a young adult. And during that time you went through a lot that didn't make you feel good, that forced you to deny parts of yourself, and you felt a lot of bad feelings you couldn't tell anyone about. But now you can. And it will take time as you change and adjust to letting go of the false untrue you, while embracing the new real you. It takes time to live all the necessary experiences you'll need to have to make you feel bad, so you can bring up your bad feelings.

And by the end of it you'll know a lot about yourself and your relationships with your parents, all of which you will actually feel very grateful for, even though it was hell.

## **Oh, that ugly face!**

You look in the mirror and you don't like what you see - why?

You look in the mirror and instantly you feel revulsion, oh I look so ugly, my hair's not right, my face is sagging, puffy eyes, my nose is crooked, my ears stick out, my face is pale, black rings under my eyes - you know the sorts of things, but why are you so self-critical?

Why don't you look in the mirror and like what you see: yeah, not bad, rather handsome I think, gee my hair is looking pretty, what a nice shaped nose I have, and I like those eyes. I like you.

Why don't you like yourself instead of hating yourself?

Put yourself back with your mother when you were little. You didn't look in the mirror; she was always looking at you. You've grown up used to people looking at you, and no doubt commenting on your looks. And so it's as easy as that, as you know nothing else, when you look in the mirror you become your mother or father or carer, you are them and no longer yourself. You are them looking at yourself. So being them you see what they saw. And if they didn't like it, neither do you. If they liked it, so do you.

You're not truly looking at yourself. You're too conditioned to see yourself through the eyes of your parents and carers. And if they didn't love you, weren't all-loving to you, if they were critical and judgemental of you in any way, then that is how you are to yourself.

And looking at it from the bad side: not liking what you see and not feeling good about yourself, is a horrible experience, it gives you horrible feelings, to think that they didn't like, love and adore you.

Our self-hate comes ONLY from being hated by those who should have loved us. We weren't conceived hating ourselves. It's all something that has been done to us, and like everything else that happens to us during our forming years, we've taken it on. We've formed in it, it is us, we have become it.

And to heal it requires doing your feeling-healing.

## **The value of speaking about what you feel.**

As we speak about what we're feeling we are accepting ourselves. We are saying to the world: I feel this, I am this, this is me, this is how I am - this is how I feel. We are making a statement about ourselves, and saying we have the right to make it, and showing everyone by what we're saying.

As little children we weren't allowed to say all we wanted to say. We were made to feel that a lot of what we wanted to say - what we were feeling, wasn't wanted. So we were made to feel we weren't

wanted. And still inside us are all those things we wanted to say, locked away in millions of repressed feelings.

When we were stopped from expressing ourselves as we felt, we had to put various ‘parts’ of ourselves aside, and by doing so created a false self to survive. So as adults we’re false and mostly what we say to each other is meaningless and untrue, so a lot of rubbish.

We have been made to speak from our minds and not with our feelings. So much of what we say is self-rejecting, unloving and not self-accepting. We wrongly believe we are a force in the world by putting on a good show, when in fact all we’re doing is stating to the world how untrue we are and how much we don’t like ourselves.

If you do LOVE your child, then the best thing you can do for it is allow and encourage it to freely express all it feels. To do so you are allowing your child to live and be happy; to stop it expressing its feelings, you are killing its soul. And of course this is also the best thing you can do for yourself.

True self-acceptance is simply gained through accepting ALL you feel. It’s being self loving.

## **Being controlling is not being loving.**

If you tell another person what to do, if you are controlling them, then you’re not being loving.

If you control your child - your child, believe it or not, is another *person* - telling it what to do, how to be, what to say, then you’re not being loving.

You can delude yourself all you want that you are a loving parent, but what is your child really feeling?

And what does your child do with its feelings of feeling unloved by you?

Hence we are all suffering from repressed childhood feelings.

And it’s up to us as to whether or not we want to continue living denying ourselves believing our parents did love us, or do something about it.

And doing your feeling-healing is doing something about it.

## **We - the controllers.**

We are controlled by our parents.

We have children and control them.

We only know how to live being controllers because we were controlled.

We live in a controlling family.

We live in a controlling society.

We live in a controlling world.

And we learn how best to control so we can fit in.

Everything we do is to control, all so we can have power, all so we don't feel powerless.

And we've been made to feel powerless because right from the start we were controlled.

And being controlled and made to feel powerless makes you feel really bad.

And yet we're forced to accept this is our life, this is the way of things, and there isn't anything you can do about it.

Other than give in, give over, accept it how it is, and learn to play the game.

All whilst you deny all your bad feelings pretending you no longer feel bad, all so you don't have to keep being reminded just how bad you actually do feel, because you feel so powerless; because you have been controlled; because you still are controlled; because you are not free.

## This is how it works.

This is how we've taken on our negative unloving self and feeling denying states of being.

If as a child all that happened to us was we were hit on our hand by a hammer, experiencing nothing else, then one day we'd want to take over from our parents and start hitting ourselves on our hand. We'd grow up knowing nothing else, that it wasn't wrong, even though it hurt, because our parents, so we believe and who we want to be like, were showing us it was right - this is our life. And as we grow and want to have our own power, so eventually we'd take over from them believing we were now living life as an adult as we're supposed to, hitting our hand with our full power. With all the pain being buried deep within us, with our constant dismissing of our bad feelings using our mind.

And that then applies to everything we do in life and why we do it. Everything can be traced back to doing it with our will having taken over from their will doing it to us. All because we no longer wanted to feel subservient to them.

And because they didn't treat us lovingly, we don't treat ourselves lovingly. And because they wouldn't allow us to fully express all our feelings, so we don't allow ourselves to, denying so many of our bad feelings. And because they made us so scared of so many things, then we make sure we have things in our life making us scared. And because they interfered with us, so we have things in our life that interfere with us. We have to, it's our pattern – our negative self-denying pattern we formed through

our early childhood.

And we might not outwardly appear to be hammering ourselves on our hand, but inwardly much of what we do to ourselves will be having the same affect on us. And if we could go back, take it all back to our beginning, gradually we'd stop doing all the things we are now doing as adults - doing to ourselves inwardly and unconsciously - making us feeling like we're hammering ourselves, slowly replacing them with a real hammer.

And this is what happens through your feeling-healing, this is how we uncover the truth of what is really going on within us. All so it becomes a literal experience, all so we can go back as adults and literally see what they – our 'loving' parents – did to us. To see they are hammering us making us feel bad.

This is what any good therapy will seek to help you see about yourself, if you allow it to. If you want to see the truth.

## **Wanting to be wanted.**

I kept my beautiful little tropical fish all so I could feel wanted by them. They needed me: to feed them, to keep their water pure and clean, to give and maintain their little world. And I loved it when they bred, seeing the cloud of tiny see-through dots swimming around mum and dad. And they were such good parents.

I had to create an artificial family using my fish in the vain hope that I had a family that wanted me. They had to make up for feeling not wanted by my real family.

And as I went out into life, I went to work hoping to find a new family that wanted me, that needed me, that found me indispensable, and loved all I did for them. And along with my fish I got a little cat and caudex plants and a lovely wife all for the same reasons, all so they would need me, all so I would feel wanted.

Yet still I never felt really wanted.

And as I've slowly given up such things (except my wife) through my feeling-healing, no longer needed them to be my substitute family, I have been able to feel less and less do I need the outside world to want me, and yet more and more do I need my parents to.

And the more I express the pain and all my repressed bad feelings caused by my parents not making me feel wanted, gradually so too is my need for them to want me subsiding.

And I can't tell you how much better I feel about myself.

## **How wanted, do you feel?**

I believed my family and parents wanted me. I believed I was important in our family world, that I had a place, that they were interested in me, that I was an integral part of it all. Now I know otherwise.

My childhood repression healing has shown me the truth: I don't feel wanted at all.

Had I been accepted and loved for who I am; had my parents treated me with kindness, caring about and wanting me, and had they not been so self-obsessed, then I might have felt genuinely wanted and felt good in their world and so in the bigger world. But that wasn't the life for me.

They didn't want me how I naturally was, they wanted me to be different to how God made me. They wanted me to change, to fit in with their needs, to give them what they wanted. They wanted me for themselves, and I became a part of their show; they didn't want me for myself.

So I tried my best to please them, to fit in, all in the hope that if I did, then they would want me, me who daily became more false and untrue. And to a very small degree it worked. If I projected myself onto them, if I lost myself and sort of became them, then I would be as they were and they would like me and want me and tell me they loved me. But it was hard to do.

So the more I gave myself away, the more I became as they wanted me to be, however still they didn't fully want me. They only wanted me to keep changing, to keep becoming how they wanted me to be - they were never satisfied. I never felt like I made it, that they were happy how they had made me be, so they didn't give me attention and power in their lives. So I was never able as this false person to go out into the world feeling it wanted me, able to do as I pleased.

I missed out altogether.

I missed out feeling naturally wanted. I missed out feeling wanted because I was false and untrue. So I missed out on life. I have drifted around the periphery of life, pretending that I did feel wanted, that I could do what I wanted in the world, but the world showed me the truth. It didn't want me, it rejected me, nothing I wanted to do came to fruition, everything failed.

And all because my family, because mum and dad, never made me feel wanted. They never made me feel like it was my right being in their world and all the world was for me. And they never made me feel good when I tried to fit in with their endless conditions.

Now I am slowly coming to accept feeling unwanted and understanding what that feels like. Slowly I am allowing all my hurt, pain, misery and anger to come out. Slowly I am accepting my unwantedness.

# **CR - healing it**

## **How to heal your childhood traumas.**

What I am advocating is healing them through what I call Feeling-Healing.

Your trauma, no matter when it happened or what it is – any bad experience, as you know, will make you feel bad. And just because it might have happened a long time ago doesn't lessen the pain.

So to begin your feeling-healing, to begin healing your trauma, accept these bad feelings. Don't push them away. Don't take pills to get rid of them. Don't go to a therapist to have them give you an alternative way to deal with and deny them. Don't tell yourself you shouldn't be feeling them, or listen to anyone else telling you they are not important. They are vitally important, they are you, and YOU ARE VERY IMPORTANT! And you have them for very valid reasons, which you can find out by accepting them and allowing them to be.

You go head on and ACCEPT THEM – you allow yourself to FEEL AS BAD AS YOU CAN. But this is hard to do as it will go against all your programming and self-controlling beliefs.

AND, as you are doing this, it's imperative you speak about, emote and EXPRESS them as fully as you can to a friend. You need to say to someone (even a therapist) who is really the world and your parents, 'I FEEL BAD. I FEEL VERY MISERABLE...' You need to be able to stand up and admit it, to hear yourself say it, then have your friend – another person – accept you as you are, saying in effect, 'You have all rights to feel as you do, to feel bad. It's absolutely right what you are saying about yourself. Tell me more. I want to know all about your pain and suffering, all about the terrible things they did to you'.

And as you are speaking about all your feelings you long for the TRUTH of them. You want, desire, long to know why you are feeling them. Why do you feel bad? What has happened to you? What did they, those who should have loved and cared about you, do to you to make you feel so bad?

And you keep going speaking about all your bad feelings. You DON'T use your mind to try and work out answers, nor do you allow your 'well-meaning' friend to come up with answers if they are that way inclined.

You just stay true to your feelings, concentrating on speaking about them and all you think and feel to do with them. The truth, the answers, the insights and understanding will come of their own accord, BUT ONLY when you've expressed all your suppressed and repressed bad feelings out of you. And this takes time, even a long time before you're making headway. Or, it can be relatively quick. It's just what you need, the process you need to go through to wake you up to your traumatised state.

So try not to look for the quick fix. And even if you feel you've had a big breakthrough and outpouring

of emotion, feelings and revelation, there may still be a lot more to see.

From what I have observed, a lot of people may know or suspect they have experienced a major trauma in their early life. And so naturally want to try to heal it. And if successful, are then able to 'get back on the horse' resuming something of a 'normal' life. But in doing so, may fall into the trap of feeling they have healed ALL their childhood repression, now their main trauma has been released and the truth seen.

What I am presenting is the understanding that there is more. Certainly, if you just want to heal your trauma so you can live a so-called normal life like everyone else – fine, but what I am saying is, what is considered normal is STILL NOT RIGHT. You'll still be full of feeling-denial and more repressed childhood bad feelings that need expressing, and all that's causing them will need to be healed. There will still be a huge amount of healing to do; bad feelings to express; truth to find, so as to rectify all your personality suppression and deep will damage and dysfunction.

Focusing on and healing one specific trauma, even if it's very large and all-absorbing, is only a PART of the overall picture and problem, that which I'm endeavouring to bring to light.

From what I have experienced during my childhood repression healing there are definite levels to it. And each time I finish off – heal – a level, I feel it's all over, I'm healed and it's all done. But with Marion's help I have not been seduced by these intermediary good feelings and sense of accomplishment. My mind has wanted desperately to believe it is all over, and yet with her help, soon more bad feelings come and down I go, deeper still into myself working on the next level to be healed. And from what I understand, there are seven main levels, all with multiples of seven sub-levels. And just to complicate matters, from my experiences, the seven main levels seem to be contained within three broader levels. All these levels I have only a vague awareness of, and looking back over my healing can see something like them emerging, but I know not to fix things down, as they will no doubt change again, and deeper I will go, yet again, into another level or level within a level. I'm saying this to illustrate that no matter what you might think, there could possibly be more, and by the time you have truly finished your healing, I imagine you will be so different to how you are now, you will know that your healing has been fully completed. At least that is how I see it for myself.

## **How can I bring up my repressed memories.**

Well, from my healing I do it by longing for the truth of myself, wanting to live true to my feelings. Wanting to be true.

But I can't specifically bring up my repressed memories or feelings associated with them. I can want and long for them to come up within me, and this is very important to do, but other than that, I have no say or control in the matter.

It's a process, I call it my Feeling-Healing. And I can't determine the order or sequence it takes. My soul does that, and as is said, 'the future is already written'. Mostly through my healing experience, I feel like I'm just being taken along for the ride, as unpleasant as it is.

And all I can do is long for the truth of why I am feeling bad and keep speaking to Marion about my

bad feelings. Really my feelings, and speaking about them, are all I have, they are the ONLY part of me and my life that is real. There isn't anything else I can do, other than just living what I feel as best and spontaneously as I can, but always with speaking about all I think and feel being the main and most important part.

If there are repressed memories that need to come up to help me uncover the truth of all I feel, I don't have to worry, as they surface when I am ready for them.

I also read where some people are plagued by past memories surfacing uncontrollably, and in such instances, I would suggest speaking about all they are making you feel, every time you feel such feelings and in particular your bad ones; and long hard to see the truth of them.

I have found that I can't make anything happen as far as my childhood repression healing goes. It's hard enough trying to keep speaking about all my bad feelings as they surface. Especially as so many of them I am not even aware of that I have.

And what I have to try really hard not to do is put the brakes on by not speaking about them, thereby stalling my healing progress.

If you make a complete commitment to your childhood healing, making it the ONLY priority in your life, it will roll on with you struggling to keep up. And whether memories are to come up or not, all you will need to help stimulate your bad feelings and show you the truth will be presented to you. I am constantly astounded how the few real memories I do have keep providing me with pivotal points in my healing.

## **How to uncover childhood trauma.**

During my Feeling-Healing my childhood trauma have steadily been revealed to me, layer upon layer of them as they reach back into the very depths of my psyche.

When I first began my childhood repression healing I wasn't aware of my repressed childhood bad feelings or any traumas. I just had parts of me, mostly behaviour, I wasn't happy with. And I also felt scared a lot and unhappy, and nothing I seemed to do changed this, or did for a short time, but then the ever-present 'down' feeling would return. I understood I wasn't perfect and thought surely there must be a way to become so, and to become happy, but I also thought all I had to do was alter my way of seeing things and thinking and that would do the trick. How wrong I was!

The first big shock, as it became apparent, and virtually a trauma to me in itself, was that all I thought my loving relationships with my parents was, was not loving. And as I went further into my new and shocking feelings of feeling unloved by the very people I had believed loved me, I came to accept my whole early childhood experience was traumatic.

Then within this, smaller, yet very significant trauma, started to show themselves. Such as: when I had a half-brick thrown in my face at the age of three; conception – the realisation that they didn't want me; my birth – a Caesarian, and the accompanying abandonment and rejection I felt from my mother;

my time 'in her' during her pregnancy; my time during her emotional out-bursts and rages as I was growing up; my school years. But overall, all my bad feelings, feeling unloving and unwanted by my parents, and my grandmothers steadfast refusal of this, insisting that nothing was wrong, cementing into me my bad feeling denial.

Compared to some people who suffered a major trauma or a long series of them: sexual child abuse, death of a parent, severe and repeated illness, for example, I have not experienced anything too extreme, and for a long time during my healing, because no such repressed memories containing such 'really bad' traumas surfaced, I didn't give my own bad feelings their full due.

But slowly as I felt more and more unloved, and understood how badly it's fucked me up, together with all my negative self-control and denial, I have come to appreciate that no matter what ones trauma is, if one was made to feel unloved to the extend of feeling ones existence was threatened, then there isn't a greater trauma to be experienced.

And when I have been placed back in such horrendous feelings, the pain is all but too great and I wouldn't wish it on anyone. Accept those who did it to me.

In other posts I have outlined the Feeling-Healing method of bad feeling acceptance I have used to do my childhood repression healing, and I would say that if you use it, with the help of a friend or therapist, then it won't be long before you move into the buried traumas of your early life.

And if you are already aware of some of them, by doing your feeling-healing you will be able to go with all the feelings of them, bringing them all out by speaking about them, and find their truth, thereby healing them.

And throughout your childhood repression healing, not only will you deal with your repressed childhood trauma, but all the ones you have experience through your adolescence and adult life. Doing your feeling-healing is a complete healing, helping you to uncover every bit of truth about yourself and your whole life, all being done through your ongoing bad feeling acceptance.

## **Feeling bad is Good! It's okay to feel bad.**

Feeling bad is Good! It's okay to feel bad.

Feeling bad is good. Feeling bad is good. Feeling bad is GOOD!  
It's not bad to feel bad – it's good.

FEELING BAD IS GOOD. Very good!!!

And feeling really bad is also good. And feeling worse is even better.  
It's all very good! It's okay to feel bad. Bad feelings are okay. It's good to feel bad.  
Bad feelings are GOOD!

It's good to feel bad about feeling bad. Bad feelings are YOUR feelings. YOUR bad feelings have a

right. A right to exist. A right for you to feel them.

Your bad feelings are a part of you. Bad feelings are good and they are your feelings!

**ACCEPT THEM!**

It's okay to feel bad, there is nothing wrong with feeling bad. You might not like feeling bad, but it's okay to feel bad.

You are allowed to feel bad. Bad feelings shouldn't be dismissed.

Bad feelings already feel unwanted, why make them feel more rejected?

You are your bad feelings – if you reject them, you are rejecting yourself. Why are you rejecting yourself? Why are you rejecting your bad feelings? Is this how you want to live – rejecting a natural part of yourself? Is this how you want to live - rejecting your bad feelings?

Feeling bad is normal. We all feel bad. We all feel bad a lot of the time, even if we won't admit it, or even if we're not aware of it.

There are many bad feelings, all sorts of different bad feelings, and they are a normal part of you – of everyday life.

Bad feelings – your bad feelings – are to be welcomed. Bad feelings are to be wanted. Bad feelings are to be accepted.

Bad feelings are to be loved.

If you ignore or deny or dismiss or reject your bad feelings, what are you really doing? Denying, dismissing, rejecting yourself. Is this what you want to do?

You are your bad feelings – Your bad feelings are you.

Bad feelings have just as much right to life as good feelings.

Be true to your bad feelings – acknowledge, honour and accept them!

Accept your feelings. Accept yourself.

## **What is the aim of healing your childhood repression?**

It is to find the truth of your childhood repression; and of course, to heal all your pain, trauma and suffering. The finding of the truth is the sign that there is no longer any pain left hidden within you.

And it is to uncover within yourself – all through your feelings – the truth of your relationship with

your parents and anyone else who was influential in your life during your forming years.

And the truth all boils down to whether or not you feel loved. And how much you do or don't feel loved.

And this includes other aspects, such as: do you feel wanted by your parents, do you feel you were important to them; how did they not want you, how did they reject you; how did they love and accept you making you feel special and important to them ?

And associated with all the negative parts is pain – a huge amount of pain contained in you as repressed bad feelings. All those feelings you would have felt when not feeling as loved, wanted and special as you needed to feel. And all those bad feelings are buried inside you, crippling your self-expression and your ability to feel good about yourself.

To find the truth is very difficult, because who wants to discover that they weren't loved, that they weren't wanted, that they were unimportant to their parents. But it's the truth of such feelings that needs to be seen and fully accepted – FULLY FELT. That which you will do as you work your way through your childhood repression healing.

## **1. The importance of ACCEPTING your feelings.**

Your feelings are you – you can't get closer to the real you than through your feelings.

Your feelings are very important. Far more than anything to do with your mind: beliefs, behaviour patterns, thoughts, fantasies, hopes, dreams.

Your feelings are the most important part of you, so why do you deny so many of them? If they are you, why don't you accept them, allow them to be, feel them? Don't you want to accept all of yourself?

Monitor yourself through the day if you don't think you do deny any of your feelings, and see if you can catch yourself pushing them away.

For example: If you feel suddenly angry, what do you do with your anger? Do you allow yourself to be fully angry – as angry as you feel? Or, do you tone it down, resist and fight your own angry feeling? Or, does it depend on the situation and who you are with – or who you are angry at? Do you fear being angry – as angry as you possibly can? Are you scared of what you might do if you just let go? And do you believe it bad to be angry – shouldn't you always be nice, considerate, all-accepting and able to control such feelings? After all, what will people think if you express your anger?

So think again: are you denying any of your feelings?

If you are, why? Why deny yourself any part of yourself? Surely you want to be the full expression of yourself? How can you hope to live a happy and fulfilled life if you are denying any part of yourself?

So why are you denying feelings? And why in particular, bad ones?

So do you see, you live a huge amount of each day constantly denying a lot of what you feel. You stop yourself feeling, and so experiencing the fullness of life. You stop yourself experiencing all you feel, retarding and limiting your self-expression. So how can you maximise your experiences in life, in your relationships, if you can't FEEL?

And if you live denying and blocking out any of yourself, let alone all those countless bad feelings, what's it going to do to you? And I'm sure you know what happens if you live denying a part of yourself – that's right, you're going to get sick. And more than likely at some point you won't feel good being all blocked up inside with repressed bad feelings.

So if you want to help yourself end your feeling-denial, then you have to accept your feelings. Or at least want to, because it's not as easy to do as it sounds.

It's heavily programmed in you to deny your bad feelings. It started as a young child and it's become second nature to you. And every time you do it you're reinforcing the negative pattern affirming the belief and behaviour that it's right for you to do it. But it's slowly killing you – that's what self-denial will do. With its ultimate goal to deny your existence, to rub you out all together. All being done to yourself by yourself. So it's not very loving, is it?

True self-love – self-acceptance, begins with accepting how you are. So admitting to yourself you deny many of your bad feelings is where you begin. This is you admitting you live in self and feeling-denial. And it's okay, you're not going to get punished – you're already punishing yourself enough.

So your Feeling-Healing begins by admitting, accepting and honouring the fact that you don't like, nor want, a lot of your bad feelings, and trying to see how you deny and push them aside.

This is all the first step of bad-feeling denial acceptance. The first step of understanding about a major part of your relationship with yourself – how you and some of your feelings don't get along.

And in accepting this, then what do you do? You speak up about them – you express them; you bring them up and out of you - ALL you feel.

## **2. The importance of EXPRESSING your feelings.**

Having admitted to yourself you're living in feeling-denial, the next step in your self-acceptance and Feeling-Healing is to allow your bad feelings to be, and then have their say. But this can be very difficult too, because it means you will actually FEEL THEM, which means, you will FEEL BAD. And feeling bad is NOT how you want to feel, for if it were, you wouldn't be denying them – would you?

So you're going to have to allow yourself to feel bad, and this can also be very scary and painful. But there is no way out of it. However, you don't have to just impassively let your bad feelings swamp

you, you can do something about feeling them, you can speak about them – express them. As they surface you let them come out. The opposite to denying them. And some feelings, like anger, feel like they can't wait to come out. Others, such as sadness, misery, or guilt, threaten to bear down on you crushing you with their burden; rushing out being the last thing they want to do preferring to just immerse you in their state until you drown with depression. But these feelings too have to come out – you just have to work harder at speaking up and expressing them.

Your repressed bad feelings are like poison in you. And each one you can speak out is talking some of the poison out of you.

So give voice to your bad feelings: talk about them, emote them, express them. Give them life – feel as bad as they make you feel, and speak out such bad feelings.

It is vitally important that you speak them out - express them, it's the ONLY way to rid yourself of your repressed feelings. And the longer they stay within you, the worse they will affect you. Your talking about them is your saying to the world (and to yourself) that you - your bad feelings - have a right to exist. Speaking them out is your demonstration in the world of that right. It's literally bringing you up and out of your repressed state of being.

And when you speak and express them, tell a friend. A friend being anyone who wants to listen to how bad you are feeling.

During your early forming life, no one cared about you; no one wanted to listen, no one wanted you to tell them how bad you felt. No one came to help you. No one was listening; you had no one to go to. For if you did, you wouldn't be denying your bad feelings, would you? Your patterns would be the opposite, and expressing them would be second nature to you.

So with a friend, now you have someone who does care; someone you can tell all your pain, anger, misery etc. to. Someone who feels sympathetic to you; someone who's on your side – a good friend. So now you can feel bad and tell someone who cares about you. You can go to them taking about all your bad feelings, and cry. And they won't tell you to stop, go away, shut up, go tell someone else – they won't reject you. They will welcome this bad feeling you into the world, helping it – you – to finally come out of hiding. And their unconditional acceptance of you will show you that speaking about how bad you feel is not going to cause a bad thing to happen to you.

Finally you can start to bring out and liberate these denied parts of yourself. And all because someone wants and accepts you totally as you are – and that someone is, not only your friend, but YOU!

### **3. The Importance of LONGING for the Truth.**

Now while you are accepting yourself as you truly feel and telling your friend all about it, you can desire and long to know why you feel the bad feelings you feel.

Why do you feel bad? The answer – the TRUTH – is within you. And it's through your feelings (by accepting and expressing them), and desiring and longing for the truth, you can uncover it.

Wanting the truth; wanting to know the truth with all your heart, is what drives your finding it.

You can use your feelings to help you uncover the truth of what you are feeling now in any experience; and you can also use them to take you back within yourself to the truth of your early childhood.

You long and want to know the truth with all your will, whilst you keep talking about and expressing all you feel. These two actions are the key to healing yourself. You don't have to always do them at the same time, but when you feel to do them. Mostly you concentrate on expressing your bad feelings, then during a pause, natural or contrived, you can long for the truth of them; then continue expressing them.

You never force the truth. You never use your mind to try to make it come. You never use your mind to try to answer the question: why am I feeling these feelings. It will come of its own accord when you've expressed all you've needed to. The truth is the pot of gold at the end of your feeling-rainbow.

In seeking to know the truth of your childhood, when you experience something that makes you feel bad, as you accept and speak about it, the bad feeling may seem to grow and expand making you feel far worse than you first did; this happening as you tap into and access, and start to bring up, your associated hidden repressed feelings. Your bad feeling experience now acts as a trigger to help take you back into your early childhood repressed bad feelings. And to complete your Feeling-Healing, this is what you want to happen, so potentially as all your buried yuk and bad feelings start to rise, you're going to feel even worse than you did. And as this meant to happen, it shows you're on the right track.

And here's where wanting to know why you feel bad comes in. You want to know why you have such hidden and repressed bad feelings.

You want to know, and so long and desire to know with all your being, to find the answer. You long to see the WHOLE TRUTH of ALL you are feeling. And what you see might not be too pleasing, but you just have to keep going.

And it's not until the truth shows itself, which it will do so long as you stay focused on accepting and expressing your bad feelings, that your healing will be complete. When you see the truth; when you see what your feelings are showing you, then your healing is done. That part of you you're denying, being denied through your feelings, will no longer be rejected. So as you will no longer be rejecting this part of yourself, there will no longer be any reason for you to feel bad. All the bad feelings that have been locked away inside you having finally come out. With the result being that you now know yourself a little more, just how you would and should have done when you were forming.

The whole reason why you are doing your feeling-healing – why you want to heal your childhood repression – is not only to heal yourself of all your pain, but to understand what went on in your relationships with your parents and carers when you were small. What they did to you that caused you such pain and the repression of so many bad feelings. And facing this truth will no doubt bring into question a lot of what you believe your relationship with your parents is about.

## **4. The Importance of FOCUSING on your feelings.**

Focusing on your feelings is focusing on yourself.

We have been taught to focus on our parents instead of ourselves. They demanded we pay attention to them, doing what they wanted, being how they wanted us to be. So as a result, we 'lost' the ability to remain self-focused, to remain in tune with what we felt. We were made to deny many of our feelings, to stop experiencing them, whilst making our mind take over.

With our mind we now control much of our feeling inspiration, even to the extent of contriving feelings to match the learnt beliefs and behavioural patterns our parents made and forced us to accept.

I believed I felt loved. Had you asked me before my Feeling-Healing, I would have said, yes, of course I know what love feels like. But now as the falseness of such love feelings has been revealed to me, I'm not so sure. I don't know what love feels like, as all I knew it to be has proved to not be love at all, merely something I was told was love and believed felt like love.

Parents – and you can observe it all the time, especially with young children – because they are not self-focused or truly self-aware, focus too heavily on their children, seeing as it were, themselves in their children, even 'being' their children and so treating their children as they would themselves. They yell at and criticise their children, telling them how to be, as if their 1 and 2-year-old toddler is an adult. They speak to their young children as if it should know better – even telling it so, as if it is an adult but for some reason isn't behaving as it should be – as they have been made to behave.

It's the weirdest thing, totally absurd and shocking to see, when a parent yells at its child as if the child were a grown up person. And telling it off because 'it should know better', abusing it because 'how many times have I told you not to do that!', and yet they are speaking to a little person who can't possibly know what its parent is talking about. It doesn't see the world through its parents eyes, and yet its chastised and yelled at until its crying for not doing so. The parents look and act like compete morons, badgering their poor uncomprehending child into being something it can't possibly be. It's outright child – person – abuse. If adults spoke to each other like that, you'd end up fighting or never having anything to do with each other again. Yet the child can't leave, and it can't fight. It can't assert itself, and it's all too easily overpowered. It's forced to weather the angry tirade time and time again. And this treatment of their child, the parent would say, is loving, forcing it way beyond itself to be as the parent is. And to end up nothing more than a clone, a non-person, a shadow of its parents. So if this is love, then something is seriously very wrong. It's not love, it's only a fucked up mind believing and saying it's love. And most parents are fucked up children, fucked up by their own parents, who shouldn't have had children in the first place.

My parents shouldn't have had me. They didn't make me feel truly loved and wanted. And they forced me to focus so heavily on them that I became totally dependant on them, with very little independence of my own. I had so little of my own self-identity, and so few feelings of self-awareness. I was nothing more than a sad, fucked up, confused, miserable copy of them. And I now have nothing to do with them. My childhood repression healing and my search for my true-self got me away from their controlling ways. And nothing of what I used to call 'my love for them' exists any longer. My father is dead, yet my mother still persists in holding onto the fantasy that she loved me and I love her, and that

one day when I've come to my senses, I will return to her, being once again her loving and dutiful son.

And I have told her no-way, it's over; that I don't love her; that there never was any love between us; that it was all unreal, and yet she won't listen to me because she never did. She just persists in living in her own mind, cut off and separated from her own true feelings. And really I can't blame her, I only need look at how unlovingly she was treated by her parents.

But the greatest move I made in my life was to turn away from my family, to end my role in the play of falseness. To say good-bye it's over, and to get on with my feeling-healing and the discovery of my true-self. To slowly return my focus to myself and away from them. Beginning by focusing on how I really do feel – living true to my feelings; and particularly my bad ones, as I express them and long and look for their truth: the truth that when seen, enables me to slowly return my focus to my true-self – me.

I am still not fully self-focused, my childhood repression healing not finished, but at least I now know where all my problems are, and I am expressing my bad feelings that arise because of them. Accepting the feelings, longing to see the truth of them, and finding it.

My focusing on my bad feelings is my focusing on myself, the unwanted, rejected, unloved self. And each time I bring up more and express them, I am bringing myself out so I can get to know myself - the truth of me. And this makes me feel loved.

## **5. Staying true to your feelings – living true to yourself.**

Yet another aim of doing your feeling-healing to heal your childhood repression is so you can live true to yourself. By doing this – it being achieved by living true to your feelings – you will no longer experience any feeling denial.

Our parents by interfering with our natural self-expression caused us to live untrue to ourselves and our feelings. And each feeling we don't fully honour, accept and express, stays repressed within us, waiting until one day when we go back to it, allowing it its freedom.

As we grew up, as we formed, having been made to stop focusing on ourselves by expressing all we felt, we have learnt to deny ourselves, with our denial beginning with our feelings. So as adults we live negative self and feeling-denying lives; lives which cause us much pain and unhappiness.

We live in a desperate battle to not feel bad, to not allow our fear and unhappiness – all the bad feelings resulting from not feeling loved and being rejected countless times by those who should have loved us – to surface. All we do – our whole adult life – is bad feeling avoidance. We put so much time and effort into it, creating a hostile unloving unfeeling world that helps us in our headlong pursuit of self-destruction. Destruction of nature and ourselves, ourselves also being nature, something we seemed to have forgotten.

But we don't see or feel this because we don't truly see or feel ourselves. We look at ourselves and our life through heavily distorted perceptions, through the eyes of our parents; eyes that were of a negative

soul-destroying mind and will.

Every pain that you experience, the ones you are conscious and unconscious of, are being caused by your repressed early childhood feelings. If you cut yourself with a knife whilst preparing dinner, the pain you feel, were you to accept and express with the intention of uncovering the truth of your childhood repression, will, if you apply the feeling-healing principles, lead you back into your forming years helping you see more about yourself. More about what went on back then between yourself and your parents, and how it has led to your cutting yourself with the knife and all the pain you are feeling.

Your feeling-healing is an extraordinary process, but will only work if your true motive is to become true: true to yourself and true to all you feel. If you manage to do this, then you will discover every part of your hidden self, with all that you do in your adult life being completely explained and understood.

When you have released every repressed feeling within you, then you will naturally be living true, being able to freely express all you feel as you experience all your wonderful feelings, good and bad. No longer will you fear and hate your bad feelings, experiencing them with the full exhilaration they provide – no longer with you fearing and hating yourself.

## **What happens when you repress bad feelings?**

You get sick. Your sickness may not immediately show itself, but it will. And it might not show itself only on the physical level as in physical illness, it might show emotionally, mentally or spiritually. And it might not even show during your physical life, it might manifest when you are in spirit. But what you can be sure of is, it will show itself one day, because it has to – it has to show you that you are doing something bad to yourself by repressing your feelings.

Your feelings are you. If you repress and deny any part of yourself, then you are hurting yourself. You're not being loving of yourself. You are hating yourself. You are rejecting your own self-expression, your own presence and being in life. And if you do this then you will get sick. Because what you are really doing is killing yourself. By stopping yourself express and so fully experience your feelings you may as well be hitting yourself on the head with a hammer, or sawing off your fingers, then your arm, then...

So it's a blessing that you get sick. And ALL sickness, all illness – ALL PAIN – ONLY occurs as a result of your repressing feelings. It's the repressing of your bad feelings that IS the pain. It is what causes you so much pain, and causes all the bad things to happen to you to make you sick.

If you can look at being sick as your system telling you loud and clear that you are repressing feelings somewhere within you, then you might want to find out where and how you are. And you can do this by doing your Feeling-Healing. Which simply involves doing the opposite to what you are doing: express and speak and bring out all your feelings, whilst longing for and wanting to know the reasons why – the truth – you are feeling them. And you will find there are very valid reasons.

Being sick is not just bad luck – for some unknown reason you have got sick. And it's not just because

you smoke too much; you're too stressed; it's genetic; you eat too much red meat; too many eggs; too much salt; you don't do enough exercise; you happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time when that flu ridden person breathed all over you.

These are the things your system will use to manifest your feeling denial. So if you get cancer from smoking too many cigarettes, and you really want to know why, then the reasons are going to be found in why you need to smoke. Why do you need to do this thing to yourself, slowly poisoning yourself, slowly killing yourself, which in the end does kill you? Why do you need to smoke to cover up the bad feelings you are repressing? And the why is because you are slowly killing yourself by denying some aspect of yourself. And this aspect is represented by the feelings you are denying and repressing. So your system has manifest your death from cancer to show you what you are doing to yourself – killing yourself. And it's not just bad luck, or that your mother died from the same cancer so you're more prone to it; it's because you are killing yourself – rejecting yourself - your own life - by rejecting your feelings.

Why you suddenly catch the Swine Flu is because your system now has it available to use to show you how you are rejecting and denying a part of yourself. So it makes you 'catch' the virus. And then how having the virus makes you feel, how feeling sick makes you feel, you will discover, were you to express all such bad feelings, are the very same bad feelings you are rejecting and repressing. So you bring to yourself the vehicle – the virus – to help reflect and show to you just what you are doing to yourself. And if you don't need the virus to help you show you this, then you won't catch it. And if you do need it and you take shots to prevent it helping you see – through your bad feelings – what you are doing to yourself, then you are only covering up your self-rejection, repressing and burying your bad feelings even more. All of which will one day force themselves to the surface manifesting in some other greater pain.

And the difficulty we face is that most of our bad feeling repression has begun during our early childhood, we've been repressing feelings for a long time. And so to heal such causes, as to why we are doing this horrible thing to ourselves, requires a lot of very hard work on oneself, and will involve the healing of your childhood repression. Again which you can do through your feeling-healing.

And any further feeling suppress and keeping those feelings repressed as an adult, will only reinforce and add to that which you are keeping going from early childhood. And taking it another step, the only reason why you would repress any feelings as an adult is because it's what you've learnt and been made to do as a young child. It's all apart of how you are.

If you want to stop your feeling repression and so stop the need for it manifesting and making yourself sick, then be aware that every time you go to the doctor and have things done to you to take the pain away you are only burying more of yourself and will have to pay in pain some day for it.

But I say that not to make you stop going to the doctor – you have to always do what you feel you want to do. I say it just to help you become more aware of what you are doing, and what the consequences might be. So if now you don't know what to do: go to the doctor or not, take something to get rid of the pain or not, all you can do is your feeling-healing: keeping on speaking about all you feel and longing for the truth of such feelings, whilst you go or don't go to the doctor.

IT'S THE ONGOING SPEAKING ABOUT – BRING UP AND EXPRESSING ALL YOUR BAD

FEELINGS – THAT IS VITALLY IMPORTANT. It doesn't matter if you keep doing things to further deny and repress feelings in the short-term, whilst you get the hang of speaking about all you feel. It's just so important to speak about all your pain and bad feelings instead of just wiping them aside pretending you're not feeling such things.

If the pain gets too much, of course you do what you need to do, and whilst doing it, keep speaking about just how bad it's making you feel, and how feeling such bad feelings make you feel; and keep wanting to uncover the reasons hidden within you as to why you are experiencing such bad feelings. And as the truth comes, the pain will lessen and so will your need to make yourself sick.

## **Being true to your feelings - the greatest act of self-love.**

If you were true to your feelings, you'd naturally accept them, express them and want to understand why you're having them - the truth of them.

And you would naturally grow on all levels, with your feelings leading you and showing you the way.

And as you grew you'd feel really good, about yourself and all things; and you'd feel love - a great love for yourself, and all things.

Living true to our feelings is the greatest way we can love ourselves, and express such love.

And yet what happens all through our early childhood? We're forced to stop living true. We're made to deny and suppress many of our feelings, and especially our bad ones. We're stopped from being able to fully accept them (accept ourselves), express them (express ourselves), and find out what they are trying to show us. We are stopped from loving ourselves in the most important and potent way we can.

So we grow up being feeling, and so self, denying. We grow up treating ourselves unlovingly. We do all sorts of things that make us feel bad, all whilst we live untrue to our feelings.

And then we're told how to use our minds to become self-loving through millions of self-help books, when all we need do is accept all our feelings: living true to them. However, as we've been denied how to do this, it doesn't naturally come to us, so we have to come to understand what's involved in something called our Feeling-Healing.

Our feeling-healing being the ongoing accepting, expressing, whilst we long for the truth, of: our FEELINGS.

## **Fearing feelings. Unable to live true to them.**

By living true to your feelings, meaning, you accept them all - all the good and bad ones, can pose problems.

‘If I do live true to my feelings and allow all my bad ones to be, then what will happen to me, how will I ever feel good again?’

The fear is too great: What if you submit to your bad feelings and they overwhelm you taking you down into your bottomless pit of darkness?

It’s certainly a daunting proposition. Instead of doing all you can to repel and stop yourself from feeling bad, you do the opposite allowing yourself to feel as bad as you can. And I can’t say I’d want to do it.

However with your Feeling-Healing, that’s not all you do. The first step is to allow yourself to feel all your bad feelings, but you don’t stop there. You then speak about them, you express them, you talk to whomever is your friend and will listen to all you have to say about them - all they are making you feel. And then, whilst you are speaking about how you feel, you long for the truth of your feelings - you want to know why you are feeling this way.

And when the truth comes, the beauty is, you no longer feel bad. Your feelings only being there to help you uncover the reasons why you are feeling that way. And once you know why you’re feeling them, their purpose has been fulfilled, so you no longer need to feel them - and they go.

So you’re not left to the mercy of your bad feelings, accepting them and forevermore feeling bad. You can actually ‘work’ through them, and it’s incredible what they will show you. What they will show you about yourself.

## You are your feelings.

What you feel is what you are. What you think is not what you are.

And yet we’re taught that it’s our minds that are important and not our feelings. So we are taught not to be what we are. We are taught to be false.

We have a choice in life: to live true to our minds - thoughts, beliefs and behaviour; or, to live true to our feelings.

To live true to our minds means we are denying and living untrue to ourselves. Living true to our feelings means we are accepting ourselves through what we feel.

We enter the world with the decision already made for us - trying to live true to our minds. And because of this things don’t work as they should: we are constantly inundated with problems, the world is always at odds with us, relationships are always failing. All because we’re trying to control life with our mind.

To live allowing your feelings to guide you is a completely different way of life . And it involves a new approach. It includes a new philosophy - new attitudes about yourself. It means you’ll want to stop being unloving to yourself as you have been taught to be by denying your feelings, and become

loving by allowing your feelings to have their say.

However, it's not an easy thing to do, to suddenly change your whole programming giving up being mind-led and giving over to allowing your feelings to guide you.

Doing your Feeling-Healing is going the feelings way. And if you manage to do it, then with and through your feelings you will live true to yourself, completely love yourself, and all problems and confusion will melt away. Relationships will work and life will flow along as it's supposed to do, all in harmony with what you feel.

## **Emotional baggage.**

We're all carrying around emotional baggage, and a measure of the success we are as a person is shown in how well we deal with it.

We can't give in to it, we can't allow it to overpower us, we have to keep it under control at all times.

And the great challenge we face is 'overcoming all obstacles', which are only our bad feelings.

And yet we fail to realise that by striving to overcome our emotional baggage, by keeping it buried and hidden as best we can, is actually not the right thing to do. It's only making things worse.

If you have emotional baggage it's far better to sit down and open up the baggage and see just what is contained within the cases you are carrying it around in. See and accept that it's a part of you, it's in you for a good reason, and that reason can be found.

It is far better to 'burden' yourself and even others with it, because it's already a burden, and to seek to see what it consists of rather than pretending it's not really there.

And we can unburden ourselves of our emotional shit by doing our feeling-healing.

## **Completely healing your childhood trauma – any trauma.**

It's the same for any trauma – there is only one way to heal it, and that's to speak about all it makes you feel.

There isn't much else you can do once the physical healing has been done other than speak about all your bad feelings. With any trauma, the greatest part is the emotional, mental, spiritual and psychic (etheric) pain one experiences, that which can remain forever if nothing is done about it. And what can you do? Speak about it, about all you're feeling about it. And keep on speaking about it until there is simply no more to speak about. Something which can possibly take years to do. If you don't speak about it, it will fester away inside you until such pain builds forcing you to one day break and speak about it.

So you decide that the only way you're going to heal all you've suffered is to speak about every bad feeling that comes up to do with it. And so naturally you'll need someone to speak to – a friend. And a willing friend, someone who wants to hear about all your suffering. But what do you do when you don't have such a person in your life? All you can do is want such a person, and think and feel and in some way try to express all you feel about it, about not having such a person. And one day I'd like to imagine there will be volunteer 'friends', people willing and wanting to listen. But in the meantime, I guess you'll just have to do the best you can, using professional counsellors and therapists if you afford them. And although writing about all you feel is a poor alternative, I find it a great help in allowing me to accept all I feel and not push the bad feelings aside so easily. But at some stage, you've got to speak about all you feel.

You need a lot of help, and it's going to take a long time, and there will be lots to speak about. A hell of a lot. And if your traumas are from your early childhood, then there will be a huge amount of hidden repressed bad feelings all of which will have to come out if you want to heal it all.

But where do you begin, as you can't just say, right, today I will speak about my early childhood trauma and how bad I feel about it all, and there it all is, all the bad feelings ready and waiting for you to start talking about them. But there will be some bad feelings associated with it, so this is where you begin, you start talking about them.

And you start talking about them in a meaningful way. You speak about seriously wanting to find out and understand all about your pain: why you are suffering, why it was done to you, and how it all came about. You talk about it desiring – longing – to know ALL about it – the whole TRUTH of it.

So you now have a purpose to speak about your pain and bad feelings. You have a goal, something to aim for: the truth of what happened to you. It's not enough to just say, I want to talk about it so I can heal it. The uncovering of and finding out about the truth of it all IS the healing.

The healing is done, and the pain will leave you, ONLY WHEN YOU FIND THE TRUTH OF WHAT IS CAUSING THE PAIN.

And to find the truth you will need to speak about every little aspect of it. And to do this you will have to pay attention to all your bad feelings and speak about them all as you feel them.

Your bad feelings are your way into the truth – into the TRUTH OF YOURSELF.

And to want to uncover the truth of yourself means you might have to face some tough, ugly, stuff about yourself and your relationship with your parents or early carers who have traumatised you. But you just have to keep speaking about it all – all the bad feelings. And the deeper and more significant your trauma, the longer and the more bad feelings hidden away inside you there will be waiting to come out.

And in a way, having a trauma that keeps making you feel bad, that unhinges you keeping you from so-called normal life, can even be seen as a good thing, as it will give you a specific focus and way into your past, allowing you to uncover the truth of your pain, evolve your conscious awareness of yourself and the truth of your early relationships. For people who don't have such ongoing pain

gnawing away at them, who believe they are relatively okay in life, it will be much harder to go back into their early childhood and see what terrors they are covering up. And the terrors will be there even though they might not feel traumatised.

And how you speak about your bad feelings matters too.

You need to express them by really putting yourself in them and trying to allow 'them' to speak. You try to emote the pain, you try to allow the pain to express itself, to come out and put itself into words. As you speak you focus on nothing other than your bad feelings, you let them consume you, you BE them, you submit to them, you sink into them, or bring them up all around and in you. (And if you are worried that your horrible feelings will overwhelm you, destroy you, sending you into madness if you finally let go, so long as you're speaking about all such fears, and always longing to uncover the truth of them, as hard as it will be, you will be okay.) And you use your feeling expression to block out your mind, to stop all thoughts and any justifications or rationalisations you might have that your mind presents to you trying to stop you feel and speak about your bad feelings.

If you commit yourself to speaking about all the bad feelings you feel related to your trauma, life will present you with all the opportunities you'll need to stir up your hidden bad feelings, all so you can express them.

The uncovering of the truth of your trauma to heal it, is a whole journey in and of itself, as those who have done it will testify. It's not like taking a pill and the pain magically goes away. It's a laborious process because it involves all aspects of yourself, namely the many beliefs and behaviours all of which constitute the fabric of your being. You suffered a lot of pain and bad feeling as the trauma happened, and it might have happened over years, so you have formed about it, it is a part of you. So to go back into it, to unwind and bring to light your relationship with it, is going to be very challenging as your bad feelings take you into looking at all the negative 'circuitry' within you. And to 'reprogram' yourself will be very hard, but will naturally occur (you won't have to do anything with your mind to make it happen) as the truth is revealed.

And mostly it's a highly personal journey, one another person can't understand or fully relate to because they didn't experience your trauma. So you will feel very alone at times, but such feelings are yet more bad feelings to speak about, and so on it goes, endlessly speaking about your bad feelings.

But what else can you do?

Never underestimate the importance of speaking about how bad you feel. It is the way and the key to help and heal yourself. And it's the only thing you've got that you can do to help yourself. Speak!

## **How I am presenting childhood repression and its healing.**

The problem of childhood repression exists because we were unlovingly treated by our parents during our forming years. With such negative treatment resulting in our inability to fully and freely express all we feel. We deny many of our bad feelings, having been made to fear them, all of which causes us untold problems. Our childhood repression is simply all the bad feelings we were not allowed to

express still trapped – repressed – within us, being held in place by our erroneous beliefs and self-denying behaviour.

Much focus is given to a traumatic period or event during childhood that is causing many problems in adult life. And if such an early childhood trauma can be healed, then all the resulting problems will go, allowing one to get on with one's life, unhampered by such trauma. And to achieve this may require years of deep penetrating psychological therapy and counselling, all bringing to light the buried pain and truth of what it was all about.

My approach to dealing with childhood repression is slightly different from just specifically focusing on one major problem or traumatic area. It's not about just trying to fix certain known, or even unknown – unconscious – problems, so when fixed, one can get on with one's life as one would have been able to had such trauma never occurred.

I'm trying to present a more overall view of the problem. That being – and requiring an acceptance of – the fact that our whole life, all we are, is wrong. It's all negative, reflected in our ongoing denial of our bad feelings and other aspects of ourselves.

And that even if some parts of our upbringing were good; and even if we felt loved and enjoyed our family life, still, it's all been lived within a negative mind and will state, so is still self-denying. And that our whole world and society is an expression of our negative unloving state, which our continual abuse of nature – nature existing for us to conqueror – being the sign that we are living the wrong way.

So within our complete traumatic negative state, certainly some people have suffered very severe specific traumas, and as much as they do require healing, should be kept in context within the overall picture that they are only a 'localised' problem.

So to do your Feeling-Healing is to take on the WHOLE of your childhood repression – all that is wrong or imperfect within you. So it involves, not only healing all your major traumas, but also every part of your being that doesn't express itself properly and truly; every part of you that is self-denying; every incorrect belief and behaviour, all with the aim of ultimately having the perfect relationship with yourself, your partner, nature and God.

It is a COMPLETE healing of ones negative self-denying, self-rejecting mind and will condition. An incredible inner transformation from the negative to the positive – healing ones self from living untrue to living true.

So it's not just a matter of healing a specific trauma and then getting on with your negative self-denying life feeling much better about yourself; it's about healing the COMPLETE TRAUMA OF EXISTING IN AN UNLOVING STATE.

It is wanting absolute self-love – the ultimate healing process of self-help.

The trouble with how I am presenting childhood repression is that there is little understanding or appreciation that our whole condition – how we are and how we live our life – is traumatic. Everything we do in our lives is coming from the negative – even if we feel loved and are loving – all

sill being subtly conditioned by our self-denial and overall unloving state.

And until we realise the extent of our problem, we won't understand the extent of our childhood repression.

# **CR - and my healing**

## **Repressed feelings, not Repressed Memories.**

As I read arguments for and against repressed memories, I look back over my childhood repression healing to see if I can say that I agree or disagree, and as far as I have read, all I can say is I can't relate personally to much of it.

What I am focused on is trying to give voice to my repressed feelings, some of which have memories associated with them; some what I would call vague perceptions or impressions. At times I have felt as if I am on the verge of a profound forgotten memory surfacing, but often it doesn't come, only the feelings. My mind tries in vain looking for memory pictures, as my feelings - that which are important - keep coming up. And I have found that it is only the feelings I require to connect with my past, so I speak and express them to uncover and bring to light their truth. Often I have wished I could see a video of my early life, to see just how I was treated, but that's not the way it's done - it's all feeling-healing. To have too many visuals without direct feeling connection would only give my mind too much to hold onto, and inevitably deny the very feelings I am trying to bring up within me.

I do have some memories from my early childhood but not many. I wonder if my early childhood being devoid of memories is a sign of how miserable I felt back then with so little of it enjoyable for me. Too much of my childhood was overly dictated by my parents and grandmothers. It didn't make me feel good, so I have blocked it out.

I don't have any memories of my time in the womb, or the early years after my birth, but my healing has given rise to many feelings and perceptions about those times giving me something of an awareness which I feel to be true. And these feelings, perceptions, and their associated awareness they create in me, have been substantiated over and over by other feelings and perceptions all adding up to the picture of truth my soul is revealing to me. And all the way along my feelings tell me that all I am uncovering and seeing about myself is true – because I FEEL it to be so. It all feels too familiar and explains too many things I have always wondered about myself and my life. All I feel-see, feel-perceive and feel-remember fits, and sadly enough, it's a perfect fit.

As I move back into my repressed feelings I feel they were mostly repressed by me without any conscious action on my part. I might have suppressed actively and with awareness some of my bad feelings as I grew older, as my mind took over dominating my feelings, but still I can't say for sure, as my feelings haven't been too clear on that. And really it doesn't matter, because whether I suppressed them consciously or they were repressed automatically and unconsciously in me for self-protection, what has become apparent is the extent of which I wasn't allowed to freely express my feelings right from the first moment of my conception. And being stopped from being allowed to be my true self, from being able to truly and fully express in whatever way I felt, has caused the greatest amount of damage to me. And that is why speaking and expressing my repressed feelings as they surface during my feeling-healing is vitally important, as it is me finally liberating myself from my forced

suppression and repression.

As to whether or not we have feelings and memories, and do need to express ourselves, right from our very beginning, I would have to yes. But feeling-memories I have brought to light from my earliest times are not clear feelings and memories like I have now, but that too doesn't matter, because I now understand that my soul has taken the light from such early experiences, and when I need to feel such repressed and hidden feelings, it presents them back to me as feelings I can relate to as an adult. So my feeling-healing is literally taking me as the adult back through me as the child so I am able to feel and understand, so find the truth of, feelings I had back then. I am able to take the trauma of rejection I suffered by not being loved by my parents as I wanted and needed to be, and articulate it now as a grown man, by feeling that the feelings I feel now in my life are the same as those I felt back when I was small. The whole connection between the present and past being conducted by and through feelings, and really without the need for memories at all.

All I mostly have dealt with is feeling-memories. I had one this morning. A dream, as I recounted it and all I felt during and after it to Marion, helped me to feel, yet again, how interfered with by mum and my grandmother I was. I felt so angry, and full of anxiety, nervousness and stress in just being with mum, she wasn't a calm rational mother, and her jarring impact on me was shown to me in the dream. So I then used these bad feelings to feel-remember times when I was young, when I felt these same feelings. The memories, although vague, were not important, as it was the feelings, remembering that I felt all these bad feelings time and time again during my early childhood, that was. And as I connected the feeling now with then it gave me another feeling like I was waking up, waking up in understanding and awareness – remembering – that my relationship with them was as I was remembering it. That all I was feeling was correct, it was absolutely true and right. They did constantly make me feel this bad, yet I had forgotten. Now I remember the feelings, all the bad feelings, and as I expressed them speaking about them, other bad feelings surfaced until I saw the truth of what they were all trying to show me. The truth I won't go into here, as it was too personal and I'd have to write about my whole relationship with mum and Gran, of which there is no point; but when the truth came, then I felt as I always do, as if another buried and dead part of me had come up, had stepped forward into life to have its say. And mostly that say was standing up to them being able to say no. No, I don't want nor accept how you treat me. It doesn't make me feel good. It is not loving and I hate you for treating me this way.

I could say that, as I feel a bad feeling now, and also feel it connecting with the same bad feeling I felt when young, that there is something of memory involved, but really it only serves to assure me that the connection is truly being made, that I'm on the right track in my feelings, and what I am feeling is real and I'm not just making it up.

The difficult part about my feeling-healing has been trying to keep my mind out of it. So often it wants to jump in and take over. It wants me to push the feelings I am feeling aside and for me to then listen to it. It wants to tell me the reasons - to rationalise and justify - why I feel bad, in the hope that I will give over and listen to it, and so do as it says thereby stopping myself from feeling bad. And many times it tries to seduce me with false promises, that if I do the pain will go away, the bad feeling will no longer hurt me and make me feel bad. But luckily with Marion's help, I have been able to understand my mind behaves like this, it being really all my parents and grandparents said to me when I was little to stop me feeling bad, and so I have been able to stop its negative influence allowing my feelings to finally have their say.

The beauty of the whole process is that because I am determined to uncover, see and understand the whole truth of myself, all that went on between me and my parents that made me feel bad; all that brought about my childhood repression, that I need only concentrate on my feelings. And in fact for the process, for the feeling-healing to work, it is vital I do so. I don't allow my mind to start looking back into my past trying to find reasons why I feel bad. I always stay focused, well at least try to, on speaking about my feelings and FEELING them. Feeling them and desiring nothing more than the truth - and the truth comes. And this is the miraculous part. Seemingly out of nowhere suddenly there it is, I see it, it comes up in me, and I become consciously aware and it tells me all I need to know - the truth bubbles up and I KNOW. My mind then comes in and helps put it all together, as I speak about what I see and feel. When I see the truth, I JUST KNOW IT IS TRUE AND THERE IS NO DISPUTE. And because of this I also know that in no way am I making it up. I know I am not lying to myself. I feel it is all true with all my heart - with my whole being and all my feelings. And as I progress through the levels it compounds, building on itself as the picture of understanding grows in me. And how wonderful it is to have the picture of truth – the truth of myself, what it all means to me, and finally an explanation to all those parts of myself I didn't understand; and reasons why I felt all those bad feelings that would assail me for seemingly no reason. Everything begins to make sense. And I have changed my life, giving up all the things I do, believe, and how I behave, that caused my feeling denial. And gradually I've felt so much better about myself. I feel that now I am on my side and no longer on the side of my parents against myself. And I have done it all through feelings - my feelings.

## Bringing up repressed memories.

In my **Feeling-Healing**, I use my current bad feeling – by expressing it – to take me back down into myself liberating other repressed feelings, which at times can bring to light a repressed memory. However, the focus is ALWAYS on feeling-expression and NEVER just using my mind, or a mind technique, to probe and hunt around, speculate, even contrive, a repressed memory. And there is a great temptation to do this. Trying to go deep into yourself via your bad feelings is not a pleasant experience – it makes you feel very bad, yet that's what it's all about – allowing yourself to feel these bad feelings, ones you've been hiding from yourself, and not escaping from them using your mind.

To try to avoid feeling bad, using your mind to create answers, reasons why and explanations, by making up false memories, is fraught with danger. The danger being, that for the most part, you aren't even aware you are doing it. A plausible memory surfaces, you grab it – that must be it, you tell yourself, it all makes sense, and you feel you have found the truth, but all you've succeeded in doing is further delude yourself, further avoiding and denying your bad feelings.

With feeling-healing you don't look for the truth or hunt for any hidden memory. I was guilty of this, desperately scanning over and over my early memories hoping to force a crack or open a new window into my forgotten past, something that would explain my trauma. But I didn't understand about just expressing – ALWAYS ONLY JUST SPEAKING ABOUT ALL I FELT. Always staying focused on my feelings, and then simply allowing what happens to happen. While all the time longing hard to find, see and know the truth; and being patient, understanding that the liberation of my buried feelings will tell the story of what happened to me. And with time the picture of truth forms and grows, but not

all at once. I have had masses of repressed bad feelings surface about every part of my unloving childhood relationships, all slowly coming to light like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

There has been a huge amount to see and comprehend. But my feeling-healing experiences have conclusively shown me that I MUST AT ALL TIMES keep my mind out of it, and always just keep focused on speaking about my feelings.

My mind, in a way, has become them – those who were against my natural self-expression. And so I only have my feelings to go with, and they have liberated many repressed feeling-memories.

At times, earlier in my childhood repression feeling-healing, a memory, or what I thought was one, would come into my mind, but I wouldn't feel completely happy and certain about its authenticity. But I'd still use it, going with the feelings it stimulated in me, and usually, what could be years later having grown in other aspects of myself, that memory would come around again for more scrutiny and I would be able to detect its falseness, and so let it go. And it would evaporate, whereas all other true memories, no matter how much I tried to push them away, would remain firming in my feelings with increasing conviction of their truth.

During the early stages of my feeling-healing, a lot didn't add up, but I just kept trying to speak about all I felt. Mind you, I was lousy at it, and it has only been thanks to Marion that I've made any headway, but now, years on, it is all coming together and making perfect sense.

## A Feeling-Healing example: Cape Barren geese.

### 1. I became aware I was feeling bad

The Cape Barren Geese – gorgeous birds – are currently nesting – it's winter. One female has been sitting atop a mound of cut down trees about ten metres off the ground. The male stands around the base of the mound in the grass, on guard. She sits on top of this mound exposed to all the elements. We haven't seen her off the mound feeding on the ground eating the grass, but we're only car-seat birders driving past her early in the morning every couple of days, and a bird book we read says she periodically leaves the nest covering her eggs in down.

Another female sits on her nest on the ground right in the middle of a paddock. The cows all mill around her with the male on duty not far from her side, but never, too close. She too is very exposed to all the wintry weather. Apparently they sit on their nests for up to 37 days. Thirty-seven days of sitting out there in the middle of nowhere!

Last night it rained. And it rained and rained and pelted down. We haven't had such a downpour for many months – the other day it hailed. The winds roared, our little house shook. The heavy rain woke me up. It was very cold and very dark, and all I could think of where the mother geese sitting out there on their nests. I felt bad. I felt bad for them. I was scared that something bad might happen to them. I lay awake wondering how on earth they manage to cope with such fierce winds and torrential rain. On and on the rain pounded on our tin roof. Hour after hour – how could they manage, surely they would have to abandon their posts and seek shelter; surely they won't be there sitting on their nests the

next day we visit them? And I dreaded to imagine what disaster might assail them having to abandon their nests, the eggs going cold, the growing chicks inside them dying.

My mind cuts in over my fear trying to reassure me they will be alright; trying to stop my worrying about them. It says: yes, these things happen, but it's nature. Nature has designed them to cope with such extremes or else there wouldn't be any of them. Nature makes them nest in winter so it must be right for them. Nature knows what it's doing. The mother geese can cope, you have nothing to worry about. Go back to sleep, enjoy the noise of the rain hitting the roof. You'll see them when you next go out, just as you have these past weeks, and after they survived the fierce winds and hail of the other day. They'll be all right. You have nothing to worry about.

Before I started my healing, my mind saying these sorts of things to me, would have prevailed. I would have listened to it, using my rationalisations to block out my bad feelings. I would have chided myself that it was pathetic and pointless to worry about the geese, they were after all, only birds. And my mind would have succeeded. I would not have worried about them. My mind would have been so domineering that I wouldn't have even allowed myself to be worried and concerned about them. I might have had a fleeting thought about how they cope on such nights, but then would have dismissed all my bad feelings, all my fear – I didn't want to feel bad, and especially over something that had nothing to do with me, and, wasn't me.

But now I no longer want to dismiss my bad feelings, I want to feel my fear. I want to identify with the mother geese, because that's how I'm feeling. I want to feel bad because I AM FEELING BAD. I want to honour my bad feelings, not dismiss them, now that I have allowed myself to become aware that I do feel bad.

## **2. I accepted my bad feelings**

I lay in bed allowing myself to feel worried about the geese. I allowed myself to feel as scared as I could. I didn't like feeling scared because of the rain pelting down, but I stopped my rationalising mind from interfering. I was scared – that was what I was feeling. I allowed myself to imagine I was one of the mother geese sitting out there, and how terrible I would feel. All alone, dark, getting saturated by the rain, cold, with water on the ground rising about me threatening my eggs; too much rain, it not soaking into the ground quickly enough, exposed to the winds... Argh! I just wanted to scream, run away and hide somewhere safe and warm.

## **3. I expressed my bad feelings**

In the morning I spoke about my fear to Marion. I described it all, the whole situation: what I felt, how I was imagining I was the mother geese. I spoke about how scared I was, how I felt like it was me out there sitting in the dark, cold with all the rain.

I told her how feeling scared made me feel. "I hate feeling scared. I feel suffocated by it, there is no escape, I feel at my wit's end. I feel like my whole being is going to die, that something really bad is going to happen to me. I hate feeling scared, really scared. I feel so powerless. I can't do anything about it. I just have to take it all. I can't run away. I'm just out there, no one cares about me – I don't matter. The rain just pelts down on me. I want to disappear, go somewhere else, be somewhere else; somewhere where I feel warm, wanted and loved. I feel like I've just been thrown out there and what's

going to happen to me? No one loves me. NO ONE LOVES ME! NO ONE CARES ABOUT ME! I'M SO ALONE." Shit I hate these feelings.

#### **4. I longed for the truth of my bad feelings**

I long for the truth as I am telling her about all I feel. I try to concentrate on feeling scared and trying to express all this makes me feel. It's very hard to do. How does feeling scared, really make me feel? After some time, I pause, I long for the truth again. I want to know why I feel this way: why do I feel so bad about the geese. I'm the one feeling for them and their situation. I don't know what they are experiencing. I don't know if they feel bad about it. For all I know they might relish it, or simply not feel anything at all. Why am I identifying with them so much? What is it I am trying to show myself through them? What is it that my bad feelings want me to see about myself?

Marion speaks about all she feels, and her comments help me to shift my focus a little. She says that it seems like I've been shut away in the dark, alone and cold, not literally, but emotionally, as all of my repressed stuff is mostly emotionally based.

#### **The truth comes**

And it's true. That is how I feel. I feel so emotionally shut off from my family. My healing has been one long awaking to this fact. How I lived with these other people I called my loving family, and yet how we didn't express ourselves freely to each other; we didn't communicate all we thought and felt – at least I didn't, as I can't really speak for the others. And the result was that I feel so alone, shut away from them. I feel like they don't want or care about me. They just need me to be around, to fulfil something they need, but it's all for them, and nothing for me. I just get blasted by their anger, hit, criticised, ridiculed – made to feel I'm stupid. I'm just all alone, out there on the ground and atop the mound getting pounded and rained on from all sides, and they didn't care how I felt.

I felt so scared with them. I may as well have been literally shut away in a small room, in the dark and cold. It's been a huge revelation and one very difficult to accept that I actually feel scared of my parents. My own parents, who always said how much they loved me. And yet it's true. All of my healing has led me to see just how terrified I am of them. I am the geese, scared to death out there in the dark. And that is how I have lived in my life, terrified that at any moment the next storm will break on me. I will be emotionally beaten, traumatised, scared yet again feeling my life is threatened. My existence – me, myself, I will cease to exist, all because they don't want me to. The fear and bad feelings are too much. I can't embrace them all in one go. I feel I will go mad, something extreme will happen to me if I do. I don't know what, and I don't want to know, it's just all too bad.

So my fear has come up in me in little bits – a bit more tonight. And so long as I don't allow my mind to dismiss my bad feelings, and keep accepting and expressing them; allowing them to be and have their say, steadily more truth and understanding comes to me about my relationship with my parents and how it's negatively affected my life.

Now it's late morning, the dark rain clouds are moving on. The sun is peeking out, a moments reprieve...

#### **More truth and understanding comes**

Having been speaking about more feelings to do with my fear from last night, and specifically about

how my mind was trying to stop me from feeling bad, Marion said, it sounded like it's someone telling you those things. It's not your mind by itself, it's just what it has learnt to do. And she's right. As I speak to her again about what it was saying to me - what I say to myself: not having to worry about anything, that nature knows what it's doing, I can hear the words of my mother and grandmother telling me not to be scared, taking me over, making me be how they say I should be. All their attempts of trying to love and reassure me that I had nothing to worry about, did the opposite for me. All they did was help me deny, suppress and keep repressed such bad feelings. The fact is, I was scared, and the feelings should have been accepted – I should have been accepted for how I was, for having them. Instead they made me deny them, rejected them, and in doing so rejected and denied me. Causing me to live my whole adult life rejecting my bad feelings. Causing me to feel always so scared of feeling rejected, unwanted and uncared about.

## **Day 1. Doc, is it the big one... have I got it... the dreaded...**

*Another feeling-healing example:*

I became aware I was feeling bad

Late yesterday afternoon I suddenly felt it. My throat was sore. Swallowing hurt. Gee, it came on fast!

I accept, honour and describe my bad feelings – I tell Marion about them.

'Suddenly I've got a sore throat. It hurts right across the back of my throat, from ear to ear. It reminds me when I had my tonsils out, but it's nowhere near as sore yet. I feel like I'm coming down with a cold. My head feels light, yeah, I even feel a bit sick.'

I express how feeling bad makes me feel.

'I don't want to get sick. I feel scared. I hate getting sick. I don't want to get all coldy: coughing, runny nose, all blocked up.'

'What's the worst part you fear?'

'It's if I get really sick and I have to go to the doctor. I don't want to go to doctor. But what if I have the flu, the Swine flu, and what if it makes me really sick? I don't want to get really sick. I don't mind a bit of a cold, but not the flu.'

'Why don't you want the flu, what's so bad about it?'

'I hated having to go to the doctor to get the injections. Whenever we got sick mum took us to the doctor. I hated sitting in his waiting room, the horrible smells, the old leather chairs all placed so far apart. Other people there, and everyone so quite. The mother's all telling their children to shush. It was always so scary, waiting to be called. And then it was always another injection. "Yes, well we better give him an injection just in case it is the flu". And at other times, "He better have a tetanus injection, he hasn't had one for some time, and you just never know what might happen with summer coming

up". Always bloody injections – god I hated them, they always hurt so much.

'One thing I did like about being sick however, was hearing those magical words... "I don't think you'd better go to school today, keep him home for a week and then we'll see how he is". At least that was some compensation for having to go to the doctor, he was always on the side of allowing me to stay at home, but I still hated going to see him.'

'What other bad feelings do you feel?'

I long for the truth of why I'm feeling sick. Expressing my feelings takes me into it.

'I hate feeling so powerless being sick. Just having to lie around in bed, doing nothing, waiting to get better. Yes, it was always that this thing was making me sick and I couldn't do anything until it – the bad thing – went away. So I'd take the pills or do whatever, but at least now I know I can speak about how bad I feel and look for the truth of it, that makes me feel not so bad, not so useless...'

'... Now a new bad feeling is coming up... yes, it's anger... yes, now I feel really angry. And I feel angry with them, with mum and dad, with all the bullshit I had to put up with from them. It was how they treated me that made me sick. I can feel that now. I am so angry with them. They made me sick, they fucked me up so I had to get sick. It's as if some part of me was even trying to get sick to stop them interfering with me, to make them see what they were doing to me. Gee it's so clear, I would have never known that, but I can see it. They made me sick, then they fussed over me as if they were the nice and caring ones: "would you like me to bring you back something from work, are you comfortable, do you need another pillow, are you warm enough, how about I buy some fresh oranges, they'll help you, what about a nice book to read over the week?" It was all such crap, they didn't really care. If anything they were probably happy that I was out of the way - I wasn't any trouble for a week. I'm so angry, I can feel it within me, it's my bloody anger, the fact that I wasn't allowed to express it that is making me sick. I'm all blocked up with it. I feel so cramped in my chest, like I want to hunch over, and I also feel like I want to break my chest open, expand it somehow, blow out all my anger, and blow it out all over them. I want to rip myself apart, rip it out of me. I want to smash them up with it. Give it all back to them. They can be fucking sick, they can have it all, they can leave me alone. I am furious at how they treated me. It was all such shit.'

More repressed anger, that's what's making me sick. How much of it do I have within me? There's an endless supply. When's it all going to come out? I don't want to be sick... I hate being sick... I don't want to get a cold... I don't want to feel bad!

Some time later, just before bed.

'Fuck it, you know, I can't be bothered trying to fight it. And what am I trying to stand up to it for anyway? I can't be bothered fighting with them, it never got me anywhere, they always won. So I'm giving in. Now I feel to give up, just let it come. Yes, if I am to be sick, so be it. Bring it on, just do me in, kill me, I don't care anymore. I'm not going to resist it, it can overwhelm me. And so what, what will happen, just more bad feelings. I already feel so bad, what's more bad feelings going to do to me? And I can speak about them to you. I feel bad. I feel sick. My throat hurts, it's soarer down the back of it now when I swallow. And my nose is getting runny. And I don't care. They can yell at me, they can make me do whatever they want, and I give up trying not to do what they say. I hope I do die, it would

be much better than always being angry and trying to make them stop. I will just let myself be as miserable as I feel. I feel miserable anyway, so I'll feel worse - so what! I hate them. I hate my relationship with them, it just always makes me feel bad. You know, I still can't believe that I loved them, that I thought we all had a nice time together, when now all I feel – the truth – is that they make me feel bad. It's a wonder that I wasn't sick more often. I nearly died that time when I was around six, but that was all, other than bad colds. I wish I had died back then.'

Having said all that to Marion, now I feel my cold moving more into my chest. But I feel okay about it. I no longer feel angry, and in fact I actually like feeling a little bit sick. It makes me feel like I'm changing, like yuk in me is breaking down and coming out. I want to change, and it feels like a good cold, firing up my system, will help me. I've seen so much about myself of late that I don't like, and I want it all to go, so perhaps this will help it. I'm looking forward to speaking about the next good or bad feeling my cold makes me feel...

## Day 2 – my cold.

Day two of my cold and the symptoms are getting worse. I haven't had a bad cold since I started my feeling-healing, but occasionally I get a sore throat and feel like 'I'm coming down with one'.

Marion in her usual enlightening way has been helping me to understand how my cold is really a bunch of my unexpressed childhood bad feelings seeking the light of day manifesting in what I call 'a cold'.

It's a new way for me to look at my cold. And I can feel what she means. I can feel lots of repressed anger and hatred from my early childhood 'causing' my cold symptoms. So it's not that I have 'caught a cold', but that I have all these unexpressed feelings to now express. And sure enough as I speak about how bad I feel, out comes my anger with more insight into why I'm feeling it.

So my 'cold' is saying to me: you need help; you need me to make you feel bad so you can bring up more stuff. You need me to make you feel how you are feeling, but refusing to allow yourself to acknowledge. You need me to help remind you how you felt as a young child. And I know if I don't speak about all I feel, my cold will just get worse.

My cold is as though I've reached a point in my ongoing repression and I'm boiling over with repressed feelings, which I'm not allowing myself to express, so this has to show itself in a weird way called 'my cold'. My cold not the actual expression of my bad feelings, only the signal alerting me to the fact that I have to now focus on and deal with these feelings.

Late yesterday my throat became sore. Now it's 2.30pm the next day. And here's something of a list to illustrate how productive my 'cold' has been so far in helping me see more truth about myself through my bad feelings.

But before I write it, a couple of hours before my throat became sore, Marion and I witnessed a sight that has also hugely contributed to what my cold has been helping me to understand about myself.

We heard very loud child's crying coming down the street outside our house. It was a young boy, possibly about six years old, crying and yelling at his mother. We couldn't hear what he was upset about but it looked like he was imploring her to stop. He ran around facing her, pushing himself wailing against her, but she just ignored him, pushed him aside and walked on. This infuriated him even more, making him run after her so desperate for her to do what he wanted as he repeatedly tried to stop her, only to be continually pushed aside. His loud heart-crushing hysterical crying could be heard as they continued on all the way down the street.

This incident is a perfect example of how we are provided with all we need when we want to uncover the truth of ourselves. For this little boy to come into my life at this exact time was perfect for me to help use my cold to see more truth about myself.

My list – so far what my cold and this little boy experience have helped me see about myself:

I am scared.

I hate feeling sick.

I hate going to the doctor.

I hate mum and dad for making me sick.

I'm so full of anger at how badly they treated me.

They made me sick.

They made me sick because I couldn't express my anger.

They forced me to give up fighting them.

They made me feel weak, powerless, sick.

They made me feel just like that little boy might feel: I would cry, yell and scream my protest, only to be pushed aside.

They rejected me, didn't care about my bad feelings – didn't care about me.

I imagine that when the little boy finally gives up – as his mother certainly isn't going to, that he will feel wrung out, out of his senses, weak, spent, pathetic, what's the point, no one cares about me, all of which my cold is making me feel, all that feeling sick makes me feel. I feel glazed, worked over, as if I can't go on. I want to die. I feel just as I did so many times with them as I tried to tell them how bad I felt by having 'my tantrum'. I can feel-remember this through the feelings of my cold.

I feel trapped and want to break out. My protesting comes to nothing. I have to do as my mother says. I don't want to be brushed aside and treated as if I don't matter.

I'm not free to express myself in life as I'd like to.

I want to smash everything apart.

I want to smash her apart. But I can't, I'm just too pathetic, too useless.

I have no say.

I have no power.

I don't matter – certainly not to my mother.

And all these insights, many of which I've had many times through my feeling-healing, have all come as a result of speaking about how angry I feel – how angry my cold is making me feel.

And still my cold is making me feel and connect with my buried rage. I feel just like that little boy, raging against the stone wall, and that wall is my own mother. Where is her love and compassion? How can she just lock down and pretend I'm not there? How can she just see me as a tempest she has to stoically weather, and once it's blown itself out, can get on with her life like nothing happened? Yet it's me! Her very own child that is storming at her. Me! How can she be so cold, heartless, cruel and unfeeling – to me?

## **Day 3 – my cold.**

How my cold makes me feel reveals how I felt as a young child. It's quite amazing. Each time I feel bad and focus on how my cold is making me feel, I can relate to the bad feelings being exactly the same as how I felt so often during my childhood. Through it I almost feel like I'm in two realities at the same time: back then and now, being shown and connected by the same bad feelings. This being what I am meant to feel as I use my cold to help shed more light on the truth of my early life.

Last night I had another dream, and this one helped me, as I spoke about it to Marion, see more about my relationship with my brother and our family dynamics. I have already seen a lot to do with my relationship with him, yet as happens through my feeling-healing, every time I go over it again because of more bad feelings, I see deeper into it, more subtle aspects, gaining a greater understanding.

In my dream I separated from my brother refusing to do what he wanted, and I felt good for the first time seeing that his way was not mine.

Speaking about how the dream made me feel helped me to understand how so much more attention was focused on him, he being younger than I. He got away with doing things that I got punished for. He was the one to entertain the family; I was just there to help him. I was meant to look after him, to make sure he didn't get into any trouble. It was all him and not me, making me feel I wasn't important; he was, I wasn't allowed to be an individual in my own right, but he could. I wasn't equally the central focus, I was always in the background doing all I could to support him. He was more the leader, and yet they told me I was to lead him being the eldest. I was praised for being a good boy being his

minder, and clung to the praise wrongly believing they did like me, and that I too was important, but it was all for the role I played and not for myself. So now as I strip my role away, that which my healing has forced me to do, I feel totally at a loose end, without knowing what do to without him to order around. And it helps me to see how fragile and false my feelings of power were, all just given to me by them, but nothing coming from my true self.

All of this helped to liberate feelings of sadness, and a deep feeling of hurt from a wound deep in the core of me: they loved him, not me; they wanted him, not me; they made a fuss of him, not me; all he did was important, even if it was bad, nothing I did mattered.

And these feelings explain so much to me about myself, and how I've conducted my life. I've felt more like an extra in a movie, sort of needed and wanted, but not too much, and definitely not to show up the main performers. Just so long as I stayed out of the way, didn't demand too much attention, didn't interfere with what was going on, then I was tolerated – just tolerated.

And I know if I were to tell this to my mother she would say I was wrong, that she loved me just as much as my brother but in a different way. And then she'd go on about how different we are, yet I now know it wouldn't matter what she said. It's all meaningless because the truth is: I don't feel loved by her or dad or anyone else. So whatever is going on in her mind is her thing, and it's not going on in me. Which then confirms all I feel, making me feel even worse, because I know she's full of shit. And I know the truth of how my cold is making me feel is the truth of how she made me feel. And I know, because through these feelings I can remember; I can remember exactly how I felt back then. And it's how I still feel as nothing has changed.

I am so grateful to my cold. It's getting better now. Three or four days duration, compared to how my cold's used to go on and on for a month or more, before I started to honour the bad feelings such sore throats brought up in me: before I wanted to know the truth of such feelings.

And I can't tell you how much better it is to live this way, to allow my cold and all my bad feelings to have their say. And to tell me just how it was in my early life, and just how it still is. And although I feel very miserable about feeling such bad feelings, feeling so unloved by my parents, still I would much rather feel such feelings than deny they exist. Because I now know I am feeling them, and once I have spoken about them to Marion, once I have admitted to feeling this way, then magically I no longer feel bad. I no longer feel the pain of such bad feelings - the pain of feeling unloved. And in fact I feel good, very good, as I feel more of my true self.

My feeling-healing brings out my sadness, along with my anger at being made to feel sad. My cold makes me feel, depressed and miserable, and together with my runny nose, sore throat, strange feverous head feelings, all being how feeling sad makes me feel.

And now that I am connecting this way with my cold – all through my feelings, it has no longer any need to help me, so it will go. The truth has been seen.

... and sure enough, the next day, it had gone, I was back to feeling 'normal'.

## The fucking vacuuming!

Feeling experience, number... Expressing my bad feelings. And it's in all those little things in life.

I hate doing the vacuuming. I hate doing the dusting, the cleaning, I hate it, I hate it, I hate it. I wish I never had to do it. I don't want to do any housework. I don't want to wash, cook or clean. I don't want to do it as it's so tedious, it hurts my back. I hate banging the vacuum around and into my foot. I hate the dust, always more dust. I hate having done it, and instantly there's more dust, never-ending fucking dust. I hate having to be tied to doing this thing I don't want to do. I don't enjoy it, it's a chore. And I hate that if I don't do it, the dust will build up – bloody piles of dust everywhere. I don't want everything to get dirty. I like it clean, but I hate having to do it. I feel so powerless in it all, it has control over me. I am subservient to it. I don't get a say. I feel so angry. I can't have things how I want them. Nothing goes my way, nothing works for me. It all makes me feel so bad. I can't get away from it. It's just like my parents. I couldn't get away from them. They were always making me do what I didn't want to do. They never let up – always at me, always demanding, always telling me what to do. I couldn't bear it. I hated it. I hate them. I could never say no. What they said I always had to do. They had complete power over me. They dominated me. They had it all their way. I never got my way. I never had my say. It wasn't fair. All those things they made me do, and I hated doing every one of them. And now here I am still doing things I don't want to do – still feeling just as powerless; still feeling so alone and with no one to help me. It's all too much. I wish it would end. I wish I could make it all go away. I hate it. I hate it. I hate it!

*Just keep expressing your bad feelings. Don't try to find solutions to stop them. Just allow yourself to say all you feel you want to say, and every time you feel to say it. Even if it's every time you vacuum. Make sure you speak up about it and tell your friend. (And if you don't have anyone to speak to, write it down, speaking it out loud to yourself.) I whinge and complain to Marion, she to me; we drive each other mad with it, until we accept that it's what we need to do. DON'T just push all your bad feelings aside telling yourself to just get on with it because it needs to be done. Complain, complain, complain. Drive yourself and everyone else mad with your complaining. Long to see the truth and underlying reasons why it's making you feel so bad. And keep going. Always keep speaking about how bad you feel. Never stop speaking about your bad feelings. And long for the truth again and again.*

## I am the Greatest Evil One.

I am no love. I have a heart of stone – this I now know as I feel it to be so. This is the truth of my anti-love negative state of mind and will.

And I feel good. Surprisingly, I feel good being able to accept this about myself. It's taken me years of hard slog doing my feeling-healing, but now I'm there, now I understand. Now I know I am cold, with no warmth, no blood, no fire in me, no love – just cold hard stone.

I have tried to resist this truth, I have not wanted to be told or accused of being unloving, but I am. I have fought my way to this hidden truth of myself and now I am there. Now I feel I need go no further, only to understand more about what it is like to be my unloving self.

I don't feel love. I don't feel loved by anyone – I don't love. I used to believe I did, but it was only a lie, all make-believe, false and wrong. It was nothing more than a belief I needed to have so I didn't have to face the cold hard truth. It was a belief given to me by my mother, father and grandmother. They believed it too. They believed they were loving, perhaps even all-loving, but they weren't. They weren't because I didn't and don't feel loved by them. And as I am of and from them, so too am I unloving. I too am as they are, only now I know and accept the truth.

I wanted to change the world. I wanted to make everyone be nice, kind, caring and loving of each other. I wanted to do this so they would all love me. The world being really just my parents. I so desperately wanted them to like me, to accept me as I was, to not try to change me – to just love me.

I wanted the whole world to do my bidding. I know the new way, the right way, and if only everyone were to listen to me, then we could all live happily ever after.

I wanted to change the world as many before me have wanted to, as many other people still do, but now I can see in myself, as I see in them, that we are all wrong. I am only wanting to do it for selfish self-centred self-glorying reasons. I am only wanting to be the supreme controller, the ultimate master of all. I want to be god. I want to wave the magic wand and make everything be how I want it to be - all so I will always feel good. So I want everyone to do what I say. And if they do, then I will be happy. It's all for me, not for them, only I pretend and superficially make out that it is for them, this being exactly how my parents said it was for me. They said they were all for me, the life they were giving and making for me was all for me, but it wasn't, it was only all for them.

Now I know the awful truth of myself. I am not all-loving and trying to be like Jesus, showing everyone The Way whilst showering the sick and poor with tenderness, goodness and love. I am the opposite, like the Evil Ones, with no love to give, only a leech wanting to suck everyone dry of all life, vitality, spirit and love – to suck them dry all for myself.

And I want to use everyone until there is no one left to use. Then it will only be me, the greatest person alive. But I will be alone. And this too is what I want. I don't care about being alone because that is all I have ever felt, it's all I have ever had. I am alone – that is my lot, as my mother told me, so I expect nothing more. Being alone I should be happy. Being alone I will be happy, because when I was alone I was away from them and I felt better. But I also know this too is all wrong. This is the price I pay for being unloving, for having no goodness and no truth within me. This is the price of my suffering - the cost of my pain. But I can live with it, or so I believe, as I have nothing else. There never was anything else, so this is all I have, all I can look forward to, all I can aspire to be. It is all I want.

So here I am, alone in my heart with nothing I love and no one to be loved by. I do actually have a loving person with me and a loving little cat, but I can't feel their love for me. I used to pretend that I did, but I didn't – I just wanted to believe I did.

I am with them and I am no-love, and I am alone. And there is nothing I can do. It is just how it is - how I was made to be. However as I said, strangely, I don't feel bad about about it anymore. I am just as I am and that is all I can be – it is all that I AM. I is all I can be in my negative unloving state.

## **I am a horrible person. You won't like me.**

I am a horrible person. You won't like me. There is nothing to like about me. You'll hate me. I am very bad. I am the worst. I do awful things. I'm evil. I'm perverted. I'm sick. I'm ugly. I don't love you. I don't care about you. I don't want to know you. I don't want you bothering me. I don't want you in my life. I hate you. I hate everything. I hate everything about you. Go away. Leave me alone. Leave me in peace.

When you work your way deep into seeing the truth of how badly, how unlovingly, how appallingly your parents treated you, making you feel repulsed by them, like you will never want to have anything ever again to do with them; and then you realise you are the same as them, you are of them, it's a terrible blow to your ego. To have to accept and admit that you are just as horrible as them, doing all the same horrible things to yourself, nature and everyone else, even to people you love, is very difficult. It hurts.

To have to face the hard truth that you are evil, rotten, despicable, such an unloving and uncaring person as they are, is... Just wait until you do, then you'll know what I mean.

And then when you take it further, you begin to realise and have to accept: I am a horrible person, made to be so because of my horrible parents. And if this is true, being shown in my impure self-denying negative state – all shown up as my childhood repression, then so is everyone else. Because we are all living in the negative, all stuffed full of repressed feelings and all that's resulting from them, from our early childhood. So we are all horrible people, all desperately not wanting to be so, desperately wanting to be liked and thought well of, doing all we can do cover up our yukness by being 'friendly', 'happy', 'caring', 'loving'...

## **I don't feel wanted.**

My father just wanted to have sex - always more sex. My mother didn't always want it, she had it to satisfy him. Mostly she had it because she *had* to. She had to so he would leave her alone. One day I resulted from their unloving intercourse.

I wasn't wanted by either of them. They weren't uniting together relishing the thought that they were to make me come from out of the ether or somewhere and into my mother's womb. They weren't wanting me to come and join and be with them in their lives. They weren't wanting *me* above all else. They didn't feel completely fulfilled in their own lives and I wasn't the icing on the cake.

They, sort of, wanted children. They, sort of, wanted me. But they didn't really. And I never felt wanted.

And I was a burden, an irritation, an annoyance growing in my mother. I made her feel uncomfortable, she didn't enjoy 'being pregnant'. I was an intrusion, an imposition, something she'd rather have not had to worry about. I stopped her 'getting on with' her life. My father didn't care, just so long as he had money to pay the bills, to pay for all the pleasures he was accustomed to. And besides, it wasn't *he* that was going to have to look after 'it'.

My big day arrived. What an anticlimax! How disappointing. Where was my big open armed and open-hearted reception? I was a 'pretty' baby, oh at least that was something, but then the hard work started and who wanted to do that. Then the fantasy started to become encroached upon; then reality started to break through the veil of falseness. Then it was 'oh you rotten kids, why did I have you!'

Why did they have me? They didn't want me. So what is the point of my being here. No one wants me. There is no point. My life is meaningless. I have no point. Nothing I do makes me feel any different. And how can it, when there was no meaning and no point to my being in my parents lives. So what am I to do? How will I ever be happy? How will I ever feel loved?

## No love equals dependence.

I wasn't loved by my parents how I needed to be loved. I don't as yet know entirely how I needed to be loved, but I will by the time I've finished my childhood repression healing.

As they deprived me of love so I am still longing to them for love. I am still dependent on them for love. By not feeling loved I wasn't able to individuate lovingly. I am unable to sustain myself with love. I don't feel loved, I don't love - I can't. I don't know what love is - I've not as yet experienced it, as I've not yet felt loved by them. I think I know what love is and I believe I have felt loved and have loved, but it's all been based on understanding relative 'loving' behaviour within my own mind, based on what I've learnt to be love.

I looked to my parents for love, but as it wasn't forth coming so I had no choice by to 'leave' myself and 'become' them, to live vicariously through them. If they felt good, I felt good; if they felt bad, I felt bad. And as I didn't want to feel bad, I spent a great deal of my time during my early life trying to make them feel good if they felt bad, trying to stop them being angry with me, trying to be the good boy so they wouldn't feel bad. And I still do that with people.

If Marion says she doesn't want to go to the toilets at the Nobbies because she doesn't like them as much, and there's a good change she'll want to go if we go there, then I deny my wanting to go and see the sea crashing in over seal rocks by saying we don't have to go to the Nobbies, let's go instead to the beach toilets that are nearby. I can't assert myself giving instantly over to her if what I'm suggesting is not going to make her feel good. I can't say I want to go and keep wanting to go whilst allowing her to want to go as well yet expressing her bad feeling about the toilet there.

And when we're going to check our mail at the Post Office box, I can't go ahead and do it as it's up high and easy for me, I have to wait back as if waiting for her to tell me to do it, or waiting for her to do it. I have to give over to her, she becomes the leader, she becomes mum and I have to do what mum says because how else am I going to feel anything good about being with her if I'm not doing as she says.

I am not a fully self-expressive person. I can only be how my parents made and wanted me to be - it wasn't how I wanted or would have been. I don't even know if the feelings I feel are truly mine or just what I am supposed to feel all according to them. I don't know if the words I speak are my original words, or just learnt phrases and things you say, things they said and things they made me say when I was with them.

I can't separate myself from them. I am bound with complete dependence on them. I am not free, not a self-determining person in my own right. And I can't tell you how much this gives me the shits. Fuck I hate it more than anything. I just drag along with no say in my own life. I pretend to myself that at times I do have a say, but I don't. It's all them, they have imposed themselves on me and I have left myself to in effect become them. I am not me, I am them, so psychologically I'm fucked up. And I'm completely trapped within this state, suppressing my true and natural self whilst trying to maintain my false self with all my might. I think mostly I'm okay, but I'm not. Really I'm very confused, a real mess inside. And mostly, if I allow myself to be true to such feelings, I feel very repressed. They kept me down as it were, so now I do the same to myself.

And all because they didn't love me.

## A hole in my soul.

There's a hole in my soul, dear God, dear God; there's a hole in my soul - and what the fuck can I do about it?

But it's not funny, it's nothing to sing about. I'm very serious about it. I've tried to push it away, laugh it off, pretend it doesn't exist, that it's not there - but it is!

It torments me. It makes me feel demented. It's a dreadful pain - absolute anguish. It's too much, I can't bear it, and it never goes away.

When I stop, there it is. When I feel bad, there it is. It's inside me, in my body, yet also deeper. It's somewhere inside me that I can't place. It's a gaping hole, a yawning expanse - it's all of me.

I've tried all I can do to fill it. Everything I can think of. I've worked, had sex, masturbated, taken drugs, drank, smoked, watched movies and TV until my eyes have ached; I've gone fishing, I've read books, I've played on my computer, I've written - I'm still fucking writing!, I've eaten - so much food; I've fantasied, I've prayed, I've meditated, I've played sport, I've gone for walks, I've driven long distances; I've travelled, gone diving, I've played the stockmarket, I've watched nature, had friends - girlfriends, got married, I've done all I can think of doing, all that has appealed to me, and yet still it's there, it never fucking goes away.

I've worked on myself doing my feeling-healing for years, all so I can uncover the truth of my bad feelings: the truth of this horrible feeling. And I've given up so many things, all so I can get closer to it. All so I can feel it. All so I can allow myself to just be in my hole, to sink down, to be it, to allow my fears of it obliterating me to be realised.

And shit I hate it. It's the worst feeling in the world. It eclipses all others, it goes way beyond feeling angry, miserable, sad, it's the fucking worst feeling of the lot. And again and again around it comes, that same terrible feeling...

The feeling of feeling unloved.

AAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

## **My big secret.**

Is... I don't deserve life.

This, I have just realised through my feeling-healing, I have kept hidden from myself, buried deep down inside me. I haven't wanted to admit it.

I have carried a huge guilt impressed upon me since my early childhood: that I am bad. Constant judgement, criticism and correcting has made me believe that I am no good, no good in the eyes of my parents, not how they want me to be - so bad. I am a bad boy. And I haven't wanted to admit this either.

Because I am bad, I do not deserve anything. I am not worthy of anything - of any good things in life. I am not to step forward and demand what I want from life. I am to keep back in the shadows hoping that my punishment won't be too harsh... when it finally comes. And I am always waiting for it.

I carry this guilt deep in my heart. It hurts, it eats away at my inner being; it destroys any personal self-esteem and confidence I might have in myself. It doesn't allow me to feel good and safe and confident in life, it makes me feel like I'm a hopeless case, someone who really shouldn't be here. Someone who should have been killed at birth.

Across my back my shoulder muscles are deeply knotted, all bound up with my fear of this guilt. I am weighed down with the huge burden, the huge secret I must carry and never admit too. It is making me hunched in my older age, the weight is so great. I don't feel I can proudly carry myself upright feeling good about myself, life and all things. I can only feel bad - very bad about everything.

They told me I was very bad, and that I didn't deserve anything. I was naughty, wretched, and an evil little boy. And I believed them. I didn't want to believe them, and for many years pretended I was good and loved as they also told me I was, but deep inside I hurt a lot. And now as I get older I can't keep up the good show of pretending I am all right. My resolve is weakening and I am being forced to admit, that which I have known all along.

So I admit it. I don't deserve to live. I feel very bad, and so guilty that I caused them so much trouble.

## **Hit it, kill it.**

I hit the fish hard to kill it. Kill it, kill it, hit, hit, hit. I must kill it, I must hit it hard, hit, hit, hit, kill it, kill it, hit it hard.

I bite hard on my fingernails, hard, I must bite it hard, kill it. I bite to kill my finger nail, I bite it hard, hard, bite, bite, bite, kill it, kill it, kill it.

They hit me hard, they hit me hard to kill me. They hit me physically and emotionally hard, to kill me, to kill all those bits of me they didn't want. 'Don't do that!' - hit, hit, kill, kill. 'Stop it!' - hit, hit, kill, kill. 'Don't say that!' - kill, kill, kill me, stop me being how I want to be.

And with every hit they hurt me. With every part of me they killed, with every part of me they stopped me expressing, I hurt. I hurt a lot, inside and out. I was full of pain, all day, every day, more and more pain. More and more they hit me, they killed me, they hurt me. And every day my anger grew at them for treating me so cruelly, but I couldn't express it, so every day I buried it deeper within myself.

And in my life I couldn't hit back, I couldn't kill anything, I had to be nice, I couldn't be like that, like those other 'bad' people who were freer to hit and kill. Until the day I discovered fishing.

My grandfather took me fishing. I caught a fish. I was allowed to hit it, to kill it, to hit it on its head and 'put it out of its misery'. My killing a creature was sanctioned, given a blessing, I was allowed to do it and everyone said I was good for catching the fish. My grandmother cooked it for me, and I ate it. Now I could do something with my anger and everyone was pleased with me for doing so.

But still my deeper buried rage and hurt lies within seeking an outlet of expression. Still as an adult I hit myself, I try to do what they did to me, I try to kill those parts of myself that are bad. I see this in my biting my nails, trying to keep my repressed anger at bay. I have taken over from them, hitting myself, biting myself, killing myself.

And I have a casual job a Fishing Park. A place where everyone is happy that I hit the fish, that I kill the fish, that I take out my repressed anger out on the fish.

And all I really want to do is go back and hit my parents, to hit them and hit them, to hurt them, and to kill them. To kill, and kill, and kill them over and over, to hit them and kill them as many times as they hit and killed me. And when I have finally killed every fish in the world, when I have finally slated my killing need, when I have finally released all my repressed anger - if only it were that easy - then I might no longer bite my nails, nor wish I could hit and kill my parents.

But then there would be no more beautiful fish.

**'Come on, don't just stand there, give me a hand... hurry up, get a move on... don't just stand there waiting to be told... you know what to do, so do it...'**

Control, control, control.

I'm scared just standing watching Marion making the bed. I feel guilty, I should be helping her, even though she doesn't want my help and has her way she likes to make it. I'm scared that I'm going to get into trouble, that I will be punished. I should see that she needs help - even though she doesn't -

and I should ‘jump to it’.

But I don’t know what to do. If I help I always get in the way. ‘If you’re not going to do it right, then get out of the way, stand back, over there, you’re more of a nuisance than a help’. My grandmother and mother said that, not Marion.

So where am I to go. If I help I get into trouble, if I don’t help I get into trouble, and the truth is, I don’t even want to be there, yet they make me be there with them. I have to be there with them, I can’t have my own life.

They are the controllers, I am the controlled. I am always wrong - that is how I feel about myself and my life. Nothing ever works how I want it to. And how can it. They never allowed it to.

# **CR - and our negative state**

## **Feeling bad is Good! It's okay to feel bad.**

Feeling bad is Good! It's okay to feel bad.

Feeling bad is good. Feeling bad is good. Feeling bad is GOOD!  
It's not bad to feel bad – it's good.

FEELING BAD IS GOOD. Very good!!!

And feeling really bad is also good. And feeling worse is even better.  
It's all very good! It's okay to feel bad. Bad feelings are okay. It's good to feel bad.  
Bad feelings are GOOD!

It's good to feel bad about feeling bad. Bad feelings are YOUR feelings. YOUR bad feelings have a right. A right to exist. A right for you to feel them.

Your bad feelings are a part of you. Bad feelings are good and they are your feelings!

**ACCEPT THEM!**

It's okay to feel bad, there is nothing wrong with feeling bad. You might not like feeling bad, but it's okay to feel bad.

You are allowed to feel bad. Bad feelings shouldn't be dismissed.

Bad feelings already feel unwanted, why make them feel more rejected?

You are your bad feelings – if you reject them, you are rejecting yourself. Why are you rejecting yourself? Why are you rejecting your bad feelings? Is this how you want to live – rejecting a natural part of yourself? Is this how you want to live - rejecting your bad feelings?

Feeling bad is normal. We all feel bad. We all feel bad a lot of the time, even if we won't admit it, or even if we're not aware of it.

There are many bad feelings, all sorts of different bad feelings, and they are a normal part of you – of everyday life.

Bad feelings – your bad feelings – are to be welcomed. Bad feelings are to be wanted. Bad feelings are to be accepted.

Bad feelings are to be loved.

If you ignore or deny or dismiss or reject your bad feelings, what are you really doing? Denying, dismissing, rejecting yourself. Is this what you want to do?

You are your bad feelings – Your bad feelings are you.

Bad feelings have just as much right to life as good feelings.

Be true to your bad feelings – acknowledge, honour and accept them!

Accept your feelings. Accept yourself.

## **Love is evil.**

On our world it is.

Just look at how we treat our children.

Just look at how we treat our pets.

Just look at how we treat our farm animals.

Just look at how we treat nature.

Just look at how we treat ourselves.

And we say we love all these things.

And this is the truth we have to accept.

This is the truth you will have to accept if you want to live true.

This is the truth of the negative state we all live in.

This is the truth you will uncover through your feeling-healing.

This is the truth we refuse and are so afraid to face.

And yet this is you.

It is me too, and I am slowly accepting it. It is what my healing is revealing to me about myself.

I am wrong. I am false. I am unloving – I am evil.

And I don't want to be.

And isn't this post pretty? And doesn't that just say it all?

## Evil – the denial of personality.

We live in a negative self-denying state of mind and will, and consequently we are evil. We can blame each other for being evil: 'he's evil, look at all the evil things he does, whereas I am not, I am good, look at all the good, kind and loving things I do', and yet it's still all within the negative, all within evil.

We live on a world that exists in rebellion against all that is good and loving, all that is right and true - all that is perfect. We only need look at our relationship with nature to see this. We see the other creatures that share our world as things to use and abuse to make us feel good – to give us feelings of power. We denigrate our environment not because we love it so much, but because we feel so denuded of love ourselves. And something that is true, pure and perfect we can't allow to exist just as our parents didn't allow us to exist in our true and perfect states when we were coming into being. Nature must come down to our level and be as we are, as that is all we know.

When we look at how many bad feelings we fail to allow ourselves to feel - feelings that are us, feelings that want and should be expressed - we can only conclude that something is very wrong. And it is. We exist in rebellion against our own nature, we use and abuse ourselves trying to maintain the corruption that exists within us. We only abuse nature because we abuse our own nature, because our parents abused us – it's what we've learnt to sadly believe is the right way to be. We don't seek to be kind and caring to ourselves by stopping our feeling- and self-denial, we do the very opposite. And in doing so we are stopping ourselves from freely and fully expressing all we are – our personality.

God is Personality. We don't really understand this, nor understand its significance. We can accept and willingly say, God is love, but that allows us to keep the Personality of God somewhat removed from ourselves. Were we to accept that God is Personality, then we'd come to understand that personality is very important. And we'd begin to see that all of Creation is God expressing Their Personality. The Mother and Father have a feeling and they express it. We – humanity – are a result of one such 'feeling'. God doesn't hold back in Their expression of personality, allowing both the perfect and imperfect to exist side by side, so why do we?

To understand the problems of humanity – and indeed we all know we do have many – one needs to understand that expression of personality is above all else, for without it there is no love. If there is no personality how can you experience love? Sure love may still exist, but without full personality expression you'll never know about it.

So we need to attend to our personality understanding how we are denying its full expression - our personality being the sum total of ALL our attributes that define us as the individual we are, including all our thoughts, feelings, emotions, dreams, aspirations, desires together with all our physical, spiritual and behavioural characteristics. We need to look to God as Personality so we can look our own personality. And it doesn't take much to see that we are living anti-personality, anti what we've

been created to be.

We are meant to be the shining glory of our personality, not shrivelled up, disease ridden, poor pathetic creatures addicted to all sorts of things that are harmful to us and help to keep our self and personality denial in place.

Look at how addicted you are to your wrong childhood beliefs and behaviours, all of which are driving and maintaining your self-destructive rebellious negative state of being. Look at what your parents did to you and what you are still doing to yourself – look at what you are doing to your own children. Your parents didn't want to know you as you wanted them to, they didn't allow you to fully and freely come into being. They told you how they wanted you to be applying many conditions, and you had no option but to comply.

Your parents treated you evilly, and so now you evilly treat yourself, along with evilly treating everyone and everything else you have anything to do with. And by denying yet one small part of your personality, by not freely and fully expressing it - ALL Of YOURSELF, you are not being true, perfect and so are untrue, imperfect - evil. And as none of us want to see and accept this about ourselves, we all put on a false face, false smile, and pretend we are happy and all-loving. All whilst we set about doing to our children all the wrong that was done to us.

Humanity can't go on denying itself its full personality expression unless it just wants to exist in ever-increasing amounts of pain and suffering. Has the world with modernisation – 'the answer to everything' – actually decreased its pain and suffering? I don't think so. And so we will only continue to feel worse and have to do more extreme things to ourselves hiding these bad feelings as we 'progress'. And one day we'll start to wake up and wise up to the fact that our type of progress is only progressing deeper into our unloving negative states. That it's all an illusion that it's making us feel happier, healthier and more loving. That it's all only taking us further away from our true selves, deeper into our self- and feeling denial, deeper into personality suppression. Deeper into our evil state of anti love and anti all that is good, true and beautiful.

## **What happens to a child that grows up unloved?**

Look at yourself - you happened. You are an unloved child grown up. However you might not think that you are, but you are. And were you to do your childhood repression healing you'd see, not only that you are - that indeed you do feel very unloved, but also, why.

And what you will see in regards to your relationship with your parents might shock you, however it would be the truth. And the feelings that would have led you to such truth you will also know are real and true and so you wouldn't be able to deny such truth.

Some people grow up knowing they were more or less loved by their parents. You might feel you weren't at all, you might feel you were, and you might feel in-between - a bit yes and a bit no. However whatever you think still within you somewhere, whether you are aware of it or not, you will feel unloved. You can't live on this world at this time without feeling unloved to some degree by your parents. It's simply not possible to feel completely loved by them because as yet no one lives the level of truth that would make this happen.

And how you can tell this is by looking at how we all live. We all live denying bad feelings, so denying some aspect of ourselves. And if we live doing this then we can't be fully expressive and so we can't fully love - we can't fully express our love to our children. It's a simple equation however mostly we fail to understand it or its significance.

So what happens to a child that grows up unloved is that it feels unloved, it feels very bad, very unwanted, rejected, uncared about - unloved. And it won't feel good about itself. However it might not feel such things about itself consciously as it may have learnt through its childhood how to cover up and keep well hidden and out of sight such terrible feelings. So on the surface it might even seem loved, happy and enjoying life, however through its life certain bad things will happen to it to reflect its true state.

So what does happen to a child that grows up unloved, it keeps feeling unloved, that's what happens. And then it's only a matter as to whether or not it can do things to pretend and stop itself feeling bad about feeling unloved or whether it's negative patterns won't allow it to escape into some kind of fantasy. And if this happens then it will keep feeling bad with bad things happening to it, all to show it just how unloved it feels and how fucked its life is.

## **Wanting to be nice.**

A recent poll of Christian American teenagers apparently said that the teenagers wanted to be, among other things: nice, kind and pleasant, and I want to be these things too.

But that's my trouble, I *want* to be them, which means I'm not them. I used to believe that I was them, that I didn't do anything to purposefully hurt or control anyone, but my childhood repression healing has shown me otherwise. It has shown me that I'm full of repressed anger and hatred - masses of it, and unconsciously I'm projecting it out there even though I'm not physically hurting anyone else. But my intent to hurt is there.

And my upbringing has trained me to be 'nice', 'kind' and 'pleasant', all to put on a good show that I'm a good person and not a bad one. All so I can fit in the world and hopefully have other people - who are also stuffed full of anger and hatred - be nice, kind and pleasant to me.

I have learnt what is socially acceptable, both in my family and in society, and by and large, I thought I was rather successful at it, and so everything was okay and good in my life. Only the problem was, that I never really felt loved, happy and that life was all for me. I was always too scared of what would happen if people weren't nice, kind and pleasant to me.

So I have come to realise that my niceness is a fraud, a put-on-job, and that really underneath I want to smash, kill and annihilate everyone who makes me feel bad in any way, which is of course - and to start with - my parents. I want to go back and blow them to pieces, to smash them up and make them feel bad for every time they hurt me and made me feel powerless. I want to make them suffer all the pain I suffer.

And I have come to realise that I am evil, I am not a truly loving person, because I can't be, it's

impossible as right from the beginning I was stopped from being the natural loving, kind, caring and considerate person I would have been - the one God made me to be; instead, having to be this distorted, dysfunctional, fucked up, feeling denying, full-of-anger-and-hatred person, all of which I have to keep so heavily reigned in and buried so far out of sight, for fear of what I might do were I to let the bonds and restrictions go, all those beliefs and behaviours that I need to 'keep myself under control'.

And I hate to think what our world might be like if we all took off all those restraining controlling ways of being. If there were no self-made and manmade laws we had to adhere to. If we were all free, starting from Monday next week, to be exactly as we wanted to be in the world - no holds barred. If it was just a total free-for-all, and how quickly we'd degenerate into killing each other. In making our world hell. The living hell we've all got going on inside us but refuse to acknowledge.

Yet if we all decided to give it a go, to let ourselves be free, the horror we'd unleash on ourselves and everyone would at least truly reflect just how rotten deep inside we are. All our repressed anger and hatred could come seething up to the surface, erupting like boils of foul-smelling putrid puss, spewing out showing what's really going on within us.

There would then be no need to hide our faces of evil. We would no longer need to play this fantasy game of pretending we are something we are not. We would no longer need to pretend we were nice, kind and pleasant. We could live free to express our self-denying truth-fearing unloving states.

## **The lure of false power.**

We are born into a powerless life – our negative mind and will state. Right from the first moment our natural power is being stopped. It gets 'leeched' out of us by our parents as they use us for their own false power gains, all under the guise of 'love'.

Some of us within the false power regimes we call our family are given more support, even encouraged, to do whatever we can to gain false power. Others of us are not. We are kept down, drained of all life essence, barely able to function and compete in the world.

And the power is false because of one very simple reason: you can feel it to be so. For example: The person who feels they have a say in the world endlessly strives to 'better' their situation. They feel if only they had a little more, then they'd be right, then they'd be happy and could relax and enjoy life. If only they were a couple of inches taller, then everything would be all okay. If only they had a little more money; if only they got that job promotion; if only they were healthier; if only they weren't so fat; if only they were more good-looking; if only...

But the if only never comes, because what they fail to realise is really all they want, but can never have, was that which they lost and were prevented from having as a young child – love; and the ability to fully and freely express themselves – all they felt.

Our insatiable need for greed, always for more false-power, can only come from the fact that we always feel bereft of power – powerless. And you only have to see the tortured face of a little child being told off by its 'loving' parents to see how it feels so powerless, and is POWERLESS. And will

remain so forever until it does its feeling-healing. All the while striving to gain power, false power – even from its own children, never feeling totally satisfied.

# **CR - and therapists**

## **Alice Miller.**

If you are new to understanding about childhood repression then I highly suggest reading Alice Millers books.

Alice Miller is a psychologist focusing in child abuse and mistreatment.

Thank you Alice for all the help you've given Marion and I.

## **The ultimate self-help book.**

There is ONLY ONE self-help book you need – that which you will 'write' as you do your childhood repression healing.

All the rest are a waste of time if they keep you from your childhood repression healing.

If you need help in book form (or in person form for that matter, such as a therapist, counsellor or friend) and want to do your childhood repression healing, look for those that will help you STOP denying your bad feelings; will STOP you from using your mind to deny them even more.

Look for a book that will help you accept your bad feelings, express them and seek the truth of them. Look for books that will show you how to express yourself – all your thoughts and feelings – truly. Look for books that focus more on feelings and less on mind control.

Too many self-help books are mind controlling. And as such might seem they will help you, and may do so in the short-term, but in the long-run they will only make you feel worse. And be aware that a lot of books might speak about feelings and help you to express them, but will still only be mind controlling books in 'feeling-disguise'.

You are your own book waiting to be written. It is ALREADY written – you only have to bring it into being. And that will only happen through your feelings.

## **When you leave your therapist, then the real work begins.**

When you leave your therapist and start working to find the truth of your childhood repression through

your own daily bad feelings – then the real work begins.

You can only do so much with professional help. You can achieve a lot, but it will pale in comparison to what you'll achieve when you finally start to go it alone.

You might even feel and believe you have fully healed yourself all thanks to the help from your therapist, but in that you'll sadly be wrong. You will never completely heal yourself of ALL your childhood repression until you start to uncover the truth of it through all the bad feelings you are still denying.

Being with your therapist can certainly open up many hidden doors within you, and can expose and bring to light much pain and truth; and it may even enable you to feel good enough about yourself and your life to carry on pounding the treadmill, however it will be nothing like the doors that will open when you want to start looking into the truth of all you feel just in your daily life with your partner and friend.

You see, your whole childhood repression is all about you feeling powerless – your parents having treated you in such ways as to make you feel bad about yourself and your life. And the simple act of you going to your therapist, needing their help, confirms and is an expression of this. You are still needing the authority person to help tell you how to be and what to feel in life. Your therapist might not intrude on your self-expression when you are with them, they may be a good friend and helping witness, but still you are in the subservient position, still you are coming under their power and dominance. And the simple fact that they even want to be a therapist means they are using you, their client, to gain some of the power they feel they don't have. So do you see, it's not a balanced relationship you are having with them, and it never can be. And it's still just the same as it was with your parents. You were not an equal person with them, nor are you an equal person with your therapist. But when you step away and face doing your childhood repression healing, as in through your feeling- or soul-healing, with no one other than your partner or equal friend to listen to your bad feeling expression, then you will no longer be in the lesser position, then you will no longer need to have the overshadowing of authority in your life. And then it's all up to you – you have to find the truth of yourself within yourself all by yourself. And this can be very scary.

Many therapists themselves fear this. They say you can't do your childhood repression feeling without them, without their support and wise guidance. But this is still just more of the same you got from your parents, them telling you the same things. All so you don't leave them, all so you remain forever dependant on them, all so you are never free to fall down the holes in life for yourself if that is what is meant to happen.

And so whilst you're under your therapists 'wing' you will limit your self- and feeling expression. You will never feel equal, and indeed be equal, free to slog it out with your partner and friend. Free to uncover the truth of your bad feelings all through the ongoing daily grind of everyday life. And this is what we all need to do, as it was during our early life grinding along with our parents that our childhood repression came about.

You can do all of your childhood repression healing without a therapist if that is what you feel you want to do. However, if this is too much and you need such professional help, then this is what you must do – you ALWAYS do what you feel you want to do. And once you are free enough to finally

leave your therapist, then the real work can begin. Then you will be stepping out being your own therapist. Then you'll be moving away from the control of your parents looking to freely control yourself.

## Why would you want to be a therapist?

Because it's a way you can gain power.

Everything we do in our negative orientated mind and will lives is to gain power, an attempt to re-gain the power our parents deprived us of naturally feeling and expressing as we grew up.

Our parenting is mostly all negative, yet we call it loving. So much of it had a negative unloving effect on us as seen by our having repressed childhood feelings – our childhood repression. And yet we call it all love.

In our unloving states as we grew up we felt powerless many times. Just look at how parents treat their children – does the child have equal power with the adult? No, the whole thing about being a child, so we seem to believe, is that the child is inferior and can't nor shouldn't have equal power. And so by treating our children this way we make them feel powerless, we're always de-powering them, always pulling the rug out from under them. We might try to pump them up in other ways, trying to make them feel all-powerful and loved, but it's all too late, and all on a condition of previous powerlessness.

And as children we don't want to feel powerless. We do all we can to gain power within our family, some people being more successful at it than others. Yet it's still all ONLY a subset of our parents all-powerful dominion.

And so all we do as adults is done to maintain our false-power within our powerless states, within our negative condition. And so those people who feel they can help others by being a therapist really see being a therapist as their means of having power, of trying to make up some of their childhood power deficit. And it's acceptable. Being a therapist is 'good', so we all say, it's a good way to try to re-gain power. Whereas being a murderer is bad, that is unacceptable and not the 'right' way to re-gain power. And the therapist is held in high esteem, they can actually help others to shed some of their feelings of powerlessness possibly helping or enabling them to find new ways of re-gaining some of their lost and denied power.

So is it good to seek to gain power by using others to do so? Or is it that we're happy, or at least pretend we are happy, with the trade-off. We allow the therapist to use us because we believe and feel we are getting something out of it, something that will eventually and hopefully make us feel more powerful and better about ourselves? And so, is it right that therapists say you must not attempt to do your childhood repression healing without their help, and if you do... look out, all manner of bad things might happen to you.

And yet don't misunderstand me, I only want to point out the truth of such things as I have come to see them. And I also understand that within our fuckedness we do need help, and help from those who may be using us to gain power. But that's how it is within the negative – it can't be any other way. But

in time as you progress in your feeling-healing, the truth will come and along with it your own feelings of power – true power. And so your need to be dependant on such help from anyone else will diminish, to one day, end, the day when your childhood repression healing is over and you no longer feel powerless and under the regime of your parents. And what a great day that will be!

## Using a therapist.

Although I have written that you don't need one, that you can do all of your feeling-healing without needing such help, still I want to emphasise that if you feel you do need one, then you should follow such feelings.

So many of us are very fucked up, we're not in a rational state of mind or emotions. And for such people I would strongly advise that they receive hands on help from trained people. They can still start to work on their feeling-healing if that is what they want, but still they may need a lot of face-to-face help from professionals.

Many people may need other structures put in place within themselves so as to deal with the onrush of bad feelings, all before they are stable and confident enough to tackle going it alone doing their feeling-healing.

What I write about therapists is not meant to be seen that I hate therapists and advise against them. That's not true. All I want to do is point out that there can be certain limitations with them, as there are within everything that's functional in a negative state of mind and will. And in regards to uncovering the whole truth of yourself, there will come a point when you have to go it alone, and go deep down into all of your buried repressed feelings, all so you can find the whole truth of your relationship with yourself and your relationship with your parents.

When you are in a very bad state, with so many bad feelings swirling around within you, they can all jam up or you can break down with them, or you can even pretend that you don't feel any at all, feeling good about yourself. And for such people professional help will probably be a good, if not an essential way of starting to bring some sort of order and rationality to what's going on. But as to what sort of therapy might be good for you, that I can't say. Personally I'm not interested in what sort of therapy's exist. Fortunately I've been able to do my feeling-healing without such help, although I admit I do have my own personal ongoing therapist in Marion, that which a true friend can become. Nor am I interested in any psychological techniques because they are all mostly only designed to help you cope better within your negative state, not helping to get you out of it. And as I said, this might be what you do initially need. But when you want to start healing your negative self and feeling-denial state of mind, then you will be entering into doing your feeling or soul-healing.

## Alice Miller.

I can't write about childhood repression without including Alice Miller. And if you are seriously interesting in childhood repression, then I would strongly suggest reading her books.

Marion and I had been doing our feeling-healing for a number of years before we came across Alice's books, and they helped affirm to us that we were heading in the right direction.

However, I feel that our healing has and is taking us further into ourselves and on a more profound quest for our true self than what Alice covers in her books. And there are a number of things that don't sit well with me that Alice says, these things placing limitations on ones personal growth and childhood repression healing.

With only her books to go by, I can't really comment on how Alice sees things as I don't personally know her, so some of what I say I imagine she wouldn't agree with nor recommend to people should they want to heal their childhood repression. And these things I want to comment on now. And if I have misinterpreted what Alice says and believes then Alice please pardon my error.

Firstly, it's the notion that one must do their childhood healing with a therapist. And for me this instantly adds certain heavy restrictions. For having to be bound to another person when seeking the truth of oneself, is for me, just the same as what the initial problem that caused ones childhood repression – being bound to ones parents.

By doing your Feeling-Healing as I am presenting it, as indeed I am doing it, I have not needed a therapist to guide me or hold my hand all the way. Yes, I have had Marion's help, and without it I wouldn't have made the progress I have made, but Marion is not professionally trained, and has helped me entirely by just expressing and reacting to her own feelings. Our healing being done as two friends helping each other to try to find the truth of ourselves, trying to live true to all our feelings. To be dependant on another person is too limiting, too restricting, and I believe will limit ones healing. And the beauty about doing your feeling-healing is not only the ease of doing it by just accepting your feelings and using them to take you back into your self-denial, but you can use professional help if you feel you want it, but your progress is not determined by it.

Another aspect of what I understand Alice and other people to believe is that all ones repression is somehow contained within the cellular memory of ones cells, so all contained somehow within ones body. Which all sounds very nice if you see our existence limited to only the physical dimension, but still I fail to see how such bad early childhood experiences can be contained within such cellular memory, and then how they come back to life as one moves to express and re-live them.

My childhood repression healing has led me to take a more holistic, and what I would call spiritual, approach to understanding my repression and the healing of it through my bad feeling acceptance. I look at it as, all my experiences, including my early childhood ones, that I've repressed and denied the feeling expression of, are contained within my soul, that deep part of me that I can at times perceive and get something of a 'glimpse' of; and when it's time for me to access yet more suppressed and repressed early childhood feelings, then it's my soul that orchestrates it using my physical body as part of what I need to re-experience them, so manifesting the pain I need to help me to feel bad. My physical body is merely a life experiencing mechanism, be that life now as an adult or re-calling life I lived as a child.

And along the lines of spiritual, Alice denounces all religion as being a result of our childhood repression, and so won't do anything to help one heal it. Religion only serving to keep one well entrenched in self-denial. And the submitting to obediently obey God is nothing more than doing what you were forced to do by your parents – submit and obey them. And I agree with her.

However, with Divine Love Spirituality, this is not what one does to live the will of God. With this new revelation-inspired spirituality, the healing of your childhood repression is paramount, because you need to do it to bring your dysfunctional will back into perfection, so you are fully self-willed, and then by using your totally empowered will, choose to live God's Will. All without involving any level of being subservient, submissive, or obedient to God. By the time you've healed your childhood repression, living perfectly true to yourself and all your feelings, you'll be living true to your natural will expression. And if you want to take your spiritual life and relationship with God further, you can by longing for and partaking of God's Divine Love, which then sets up an inner transformation within your soul, this leading you naturally to live and do God's Will with all of your will, always maintaining your own personal will-integrity. You end up living a fully self- and feeling-expressive life with God, just as you would have lived with your parents had they not been full of their childhood impression imposing their negative self-abusive ways and will on you.

I also feel that a lot of people want to heal their childhood trauma and repression just so they can get on and live something of a 'normal' life, feeling strong and self-confident to do whatever it is they want to do. But to be this, to live this way, is still within the negative. And I have nothing against this if one wants to heal certain aspects of their early childhood trauma, thereby helping them to get on, feeling much better and feeling more powerful and in control, albeit still in their self- and feeling-denying life. Yet it's not where the doing of your feeling-healing will ultimately take you.

From all I understand, we are in a very bad state indeed. I call it a negative mind and will condition, which is imposed on us and we're forced to accept from conception. And the result of it is we live untrue to ourselves – false and unreal lives. So to heal ones childhood repression by doing your feeling-healing, is to heal ones whole negative unloving state of being. And if you manage to do it – to complete your childhood repression healing – how you will be living, the real and true you, will not be what we in our self-denying states call a normal way of life. It will be a true and pure and perfect way of life, one that hasn't been lived on Earth for a very long time, since we started living in the negative. So for those people who do start their feeling-healing, you are stepping out into as yet uncharted waters, but with the end result promising to make you feel very real, true and loved, the exact opposite to how your parents made you feel.

Although on these points I disagree with Alice, still I would encourage anyone to seek professional help if that is what they felt they wanted. There are no hard and fast rules and all I want to do is point out is another perspective about it all, one that I am experiencing. And I would love to think that in time, when one Googles Childhood Repression it comes back with tens of thousands of hits, rather than the current dearth and accompanying disappointment.

In summary, overall, I don't feel Alice goes far enough. Still the heart of the issue remains, the most difficult part – your unloving relationship with your parents. And it is unloving, at least some parts of it, because you wouldn't feel bad if it wasn't. And if one is to rely on therapists for help, where does one find a good one, one who understands about childhood repression having worked on themselves. One that is sympathetic to you, accepting of your bad feelings, and not one that is just intent on trying to find solutions to shut you up. I find the freedom of being able to do it myself, without being dependant on anyone else, very appealing.

## Alice Miller.

I'm writing this to put what I say into context with what Alice Miller says – that is, how I think it is.

For me Alice doesn't go far enough, she's too limited by the physical whereas I'm looking out our childhood repression problems with more a spiritual slant.

I love what Alice says, she has helped me a lot, even in understanding things from the spiritual perspective. She is, so far as I'm concerned, and from the small amount of professional literature I've read, miles ahead of most of what psychology should be about. But still, so far as I'm concerned, she has limitations.

I am coming from the understanding that we're all conceived into a self- and feeling-denying state, that which causes our childhood repression. And this is a condition that is not normal, is negative and evil, although we mostly accept it as normal human life. And the only way to get ourselves out of it, to heal it, is for us to do what I call our feeling – or soul-healing (your soul-healing being done with the inclusion of God's Divine Love embracing and including your ascension of truth – a more spiritual approach to life). And this process is very difficult and laborious, a huge journey of self-discovery, discovering your lost self, that which your parents prevented you from naturally becoming.

My work is all concerned with feelings, I'm not interested with the academics of it, or whether or not any studies may or may not enhance what I say. What I write has all come from what I have felt as I've progressed through my feeling – and soul-healing. And the aim of doing such healing is to become completely of a positive mind and will, no longer negative, which if achieved would result in a whole new approach, attitude and outlook on life. One that is no longer self-denying, but completely self-accepting.

From what I gather, for various reasons, Alice says you need a therapist to help you, you can't look so deeply into yourself with such professional help. Whereas I would say, sure a therapist may help you, however the whole focus should be on helping yourself to become self-revealing of truth, something you can do through your feeling- or soul-healing. In the end I believe you can completely heal all of your self-denying negative state yourself because at the end of the day it is only all about yourself. And when it you were made to become of it, it wasn't a therapist that helped you. And through the feeling- or soul-healing process ultimately you become your greatest friend.

We as humanity exist in a feeling-denial state of mind and will. The answer to all our ills can be found in this. Life will never work 'properly' because it can't, not whilst we're denying ourselves. And our great challenge is to first wake up to this fact, that we are unloving and can't be anything else when our parents didn't make us feel completely loved how we needed to be loved, and then choose to heal ourselves out of it. A task that will take aeons, but needs to at least start somewhere.

I look upon Alice as the 'mother' to understanding our plight, shedding light on the place no one wants to go into, and we all need our mothers to make us feel safe and secure – loved. And until we fully acknowledge the suppression and subjugation of the feminine aspect of truth within ourselves, nothing will ever change.

Our childhood repression is our problem, all other problems stem from it. If you are seeking to heal yourself without seeking the truth of your childhood repression, then you're only moving things around in the surface layers.

Healing our childhood repression awaits us all. We're all of it, we're suffering from it. And every new child is being parented into it. And all this has happened and does keep happen irrespective of what we may feel, say or believe love to be.

We are in terrible pain, but mostly refuse to acknowledge it – hence our denial of feelings. And this feeling denial is what we must one day give up.

If you are 'new' to childhood repression, then you must read all of Alice's book. If for no other reason than to have her authoritative approach work its way into convincing you that all she says is right, because from all I've uncovered about myself through my feeling- and soul-healing, she is.

# CR - and trauma

## In the clinic.

So, one way or another you are here, in the clinic. You might even say, finally you've made it. You may have feared it and resisted it, but something within you said that one day... one day it would all get too much... and now that day has arrived.

So you are in a very bad way. Probably way too bad a state to read something like this. You are fucked and feel so, you're at the end, there is nothing else for you or that you can do. You have to give up and give in to those about you, the system, and you don't care, you've gone past that. Just let me die.

But they won't. And so you are faced with that eternal problem of having to try to help yourself, do something, even heal yourself. But it all seems so futile. What's the point, you've tried and nothing has helped. You're at the end of the road, with no hope, no future, you're just so fucked up, and don't care about those things anyway. You don't care about anything, especially yourself. But you can't kill yourself. You may have even tried, but it didn't work. Something is making you stay alive, something is making you remain in your endless suffering and torture. You are isolated, very alone, walled-off in your nothingness state. But still they want to try to help you.

So you go to the psychologist, the counsellor, privately and the group, and you sit and listen and occasionally speak. You go once or twice a week, maybe more. It's a pain but you have to go, it's all part of your 'treatment'.

You can hardly think or focus because of all the pills, your emotions and feelings are like a holocaust within you, or the cyclone is blowing just too hard and you are numb, feeling-less, in a place of at least a little peace, a place to hide for a moment or two.

You are in the clinic because it's all finally got too much, but what is 'all'?

And what all is, are all the unexpressed bad feelings that have been raging around for so long inside you. They have raged within you from your very beginning, and you've kept them all in. You may have had outbursts, but nothing more than letting off steam. They have just filled you up to the point of near suffocation – you're saturated with them. You are just one big storm of bad feelings, and if you do want to try to heal yourself, which incredibly you can, all the storm of repressed feelings has to come out. And although speaking about how bad you feel might be the last thing you feel like doing, it is what you need to do to help yourself.

Speak! Speak, speak and speak more, ALL THE TIME, ALL DAY LONG, about how bad you feel. And if you can't speak then moan and groan. The therapy you need is anything to make you speak about all the bad feelings that are jammed up inside you. To speak and never stop speaking, to speak out every bad feeling you have ever felt since you began. To speak out all those years, months, days,

hours, minutes, seconds of not speaking about how bad you felt. To speak, and speak, and speak some more. To speak until you hate speaking because you've spoken so much; to speak because you're sanity depends on it. To speak because you want to bring out all the yuk inside you. To speak your way out of the clinic.

And if you can't speak, there are people who can help you. They can prompt you – push you; they can demand you do, and they can listen to you. But they will have to just listen to you and not interfere with your bad feeling expression by telling you how you should be and what you should do. If they do, nothing will be gained, they being just as your parents were to you. And there will be a lot to listen to, and you'll need more than a few hours a week, but speaking is what you MUST do. If you don't, then there is literally no hope, not at least until you die and move into spirit where there will be many 'friends' who will be able to devote all their time to just listening to you speak about how bad you feel.

You have come to the end of your line, and all because you weren't allowed to express your bad feelings as a young child and along the way in your life. You've kept it all in and the weight of the masses of unexpressed bad feelings is crushing you out of existence. And the only way to help yourself is to reverse the situation – so speak about all how bad you feel – to finally let your bad feelings out. Speak and yell and rage and express the storm within you. Move from the eye of the hurricane out into the full-blown gale. Speak out every rain drop – every bad feeling, contained within the clouds, within the clouds of your depression, within the clouds of your despair.

Speak about how YOU feel. No one wanted to know how YOU felt. But now YOU can. And as you will speak, you too will be listening – listening to YOU. Hearing all the pain you are suffering, feeling sorry for YOU, yourself. You will be caring for yourself when no one cared for you. You will be giving to yourself what YOU have always needed – PERSONAL LOVING ATTENTION. You will be the person who attends to yourself, all being done as you SPEAK - as you speak about every bad feeling you feel. It is how you will love your way back into existence, back into one day feeling good about yourself. And it will be a hell of journey. But no worse than the hell it already is.

## Scared?

Why? Do you want to know? To know means you're going to 'go into your fear', and that's very scary.

How do you go into your fear?

By talking about it. By allowing yourself to feel as scared as you do. YOU SUBMIT TO YOUR FEELINGS OF BEING SCARED.

By submitting you are going into them. You are accepting them. You are allowing yourself to fully feel them. You are no longer rejecting and denying them. And this is how you heal yourself.

You submit to them as you speak about them. Let yourself be them. Do what you need to do: panic, yell, scream, hide – all whilst you emote your fear and bad feelings.

Long for the truth of why you are scared. Want to know what happened to you when you were young

that made you scared – that made you feel the same bad feelings you're feeling now.

Allow the truth to come up in its own time and way through your feelings. When it comes, as you are speaking about how bad you feel, it will dawn on you. You'll see it – the door will open, you'll have an awakening, a realisation - it will make sense.

Don't use your mind to hunt around for reasons why during your early childhood you felt as you now feel. You'll NEVER see or work it out with your mind. It should just be blank – you don't know. And you can't know as you've blocked it all out; you've stopped yourself from knowing. So long hard to know now. The truth will come. But it's hidden behind all your fear.

Talk out your scared feelings – allow them to paint the picture.

Don't stop talking – not until your fear has gone.

If it doesn't go and no truth comes, and you've had enough, then just give up – admit defeat and talk about this, how angry and frustrated you feel.

Keep going, there's always more to talk about.

## **Sex addiction - is it a real thing?**

Those people who aren't addicted to it will say no it's not, as they won't understand the hold it has on those people who are addicted.

Sex we're told is the one great thing we all have in life. More sex, more and more sex, always more sex. If you don't have sex then you're missing out on perpetual pleasure. And if it's on tap and easy for you to have, then you'd be a fool not to have as much as you can.

But what happens to you if you feel powerless in it, that you can't stop yourself, that you do need to have your fill every so often, once or twice a day, once or twice a week, once or twice a...

What do you do if you feel it's controlling you, that you are at its mercy, that your 'sex drive' is simply too much?

Where can you go, who can you speak to, what can you do? Where are the sex rehabilitation clinics?

And when you get right down to it, why do you need to have it - why do you NEED to have anything you're addicted to?

And why is because you feel so desperately unloved. You feel unwanted, uncared about, that you are not important, that you are a nothing, that your life is meaningless all of which comes about because you feel so powerless. So you do all these things to yourself, all that you are addicted to, hoping to take the bad feelings away - all the bad feelings of feeling unloved.

So to ‘cure’ your addiction is not about weaning you off what you’re addicted to, it’s not about doing the ‘ten steps’, it’s about healing the reasons why you feel so bad - so unloved. However you can’t go out and get a shot of love and every thing is all right. You may be able to gain some help and benefit from the clinic and the ten steps, but still deep within you is all the pain, all the agony, all the terrible suppressed feelings that are your real problems, and they’re never going to leave you alone until you can go right into your unloved and unwanted self and love yourself - want and care about yourself.

And to do this can only be done by embracing all your pain, wanting to face all your horror, allowing every bad feeling you feeling to surface, to be, all so you can feel it, speak about it and then seek the truth of it. Uncover the truth and you’re free: free of your unloved state; free of your pain; free of your being addicted to things you wrongly believe are giving you the good feelings you need to take the pain away; free of all that stands in the way of your loving yourself by living true to your feelings.

Your being addicted shows you something is very wrong. And it’s your ongoing - since you were very young - denial of many bad feelings, that is what’s wrong. Nothing else.

So where is the Feeling-Healing clinic? Where is the place and people you can go to so as to understand how to stop denying all your feelings? Where is the place and people you can turn to that will help you live true to your feelings?

## **‘Oh nothing really bad happened to me, not compared to some people.’**

Just because you weren’t raped by your father when you were a child or beaten within an inch of your life doesn’t mean nothing bad happened to you.

What is traumatic for you *is* what is traumatic for you. Any unloving treatment of you by your parents when you were young has traumatised you, even if you might believe - wrongly - that it wasn’t much and hasn’t affected you too badly.

It was much, a big much, and you have a story to tell just as someone who has a more obvious and ‘out there’ trauma.

Don’t put yourself down, or hold back your bad feelings. Allow yourself to feel them and see where they take you, see what truth they show you. And then see how you feel about the truth you see.

We’re told - taught - that we’re not so bad, that other people are much worse off than we are, and because of that, we have ‘nothing to complain about’.

We were made to believe that we’re okay, when we’re not okay. We were made to believe that not feeling loved by our parents and treated with kindness and respect was okay for us. But it wasn’t.

You are not okay, if you were, you’d be feeling it. So accept yourself for how you are feeling even if your mind can’t see that it’s justified. And focus on just getting your bad feelings out, longing for the truth of them, and see what happens - what you feel about it all and yourself.

## **CR - and love**

### **30 minutes of what – love or hatred... or something in between?**

There's four in the family. Mum, dad and two boys – one three the other a toddler. They've come to fish in the enclosed fishing park. Dad and mum delight in the thrill of easily catching the rainbow trout whilst the toddler remains strapped in his pusher and the three-year-old plays in the enclosed sand pit. Mum and dad are at the water's edge with the toddler behind them. I am standing watching and helping with the caught fish.

The toddler has a dummy in his mouth. He struggles to get out of his pusher, no one other me is aware of his struggles. He's desperately straining himself to get free, but he doesn't make a sound. He gives up, something has caught his attention – his mother's voice at the fun of catching a fish.

The fish is dealt with and for the parents it's back to fishing. The toddler struggles to free himself again. He makes a noise. His mother turns around and tickles his tummy. He squirms and giggles, she turns back to the fishing. Their other little boy is looking at them through the perspex door and has been doing so wanting to get out of the play area for some time. He doesn't call out. His parents are too involved having their fun, he gives up and goes back to playing in the sand.

The toddler has thrown his dummy on the ground. His parents whilst waiting from me to attend to the next fish notice it, it's sucked clean and returned to its rightful place. He seems happy with this stopping his struggles.

The young boy is again longing to come out. His father sees him, walks over and lets him out. He runs past his brother and over to a long line of small fishing rods used in the pond. His mother hurries after him, sees he's about to start touching the rods and reels, grabs him lifting him away and convinces him that the best place from him to be is back in the sand pit. He seems okay about this idea. The fishing recommences.

The final fish is caught, the three-year-old is let out of the play area and off they go. The two parents are very happy about the very enjoyable time they had – mum even caught a fish! When usually she never catches anything.

Are they a happy loving family? Do they all love each other? Do the parents love their children? This is what I want to portray in this blog. Superficially I would say yes. No one cried, they all had 'fun', so the parents declared, and the children mostly behaved themselves and did what they were told. And I'm sure the parents if asked would say yes they love their children – a BIG YES! And they would also probably say that yes their children are happy. They are happy, happy with each other and happy with their family and how everything is going. And if one were to ask the children if they are happy, would they too say yes?

So is this just a normal regular loving happy family?

Where I asked before I started my childhood repression healing I'd probably say yes, why not, everything seemed okay with everyone seemingly enjoying themselves. There were no fights, the parents seemed kind and caring, they didn't chastise, humiliate, criticise, shit on their children like some other parents who come to the pond do. So yes, it all seems good, not great as the children weren't included, but they were too young and it was probably better that they weren't free to wander around being a nuisance nor get themselves into any trouble.

But now where I ask myself the same question, it's the things I didn't notice or weren't aware of before I started my childhood repression healing that greatly disturb me. Now I empathise with how terrible it feels being confined to your pusher unable to be free to wander where you like. Strapped in, all but caged in, without anyone – your parents – wanting to fully include you in their lives. The horror of only being a part person in your own family. A person that is coming into being but is forced to play a role as defined by being 'acceptable' by your mother and father. And so long as you play that role everything seems okay, but the truth is you feel unwanted, rejected – hated. Your own so-called loving parents don't want to bother with you toddling all over the place. They have come to have their own fun all under the guise that it will be a fun thing for everyone to do, and yet you're not included. They don't care about you, not really care about you and your well-being, for if they did, then you would be the centre of their lives and everything would revolve around you, fishing or no fishing. They wouldn't be turning their backs on you and getting on with having their fun.

And were you truly loved you wouldn't be pushed off to the play area there to stay until your parents have had their fun. And when you came out you would be allowed under their watchful and caring guidance to explore the pond area, to look at all the rods and reels, to touch and play with them. No one else was at the pond, and you can't accidentally fall in. The parent can stop the child from damaging the rods and reels not that this three-year-old would do any damage, he wasn't like that. But no, he couldn't be free to move around enjoying his new world together with his parents and his little brother, his life isn't about himself, it's about his parents, he just has to fit in with them. And how does it feel to just have to fit in with your parents? It feels awful. It all feels awful, and you feel very, very bad, right to the core of your being when you're not allowed to be as you want to be.

So I look and feel-remember how the same sorts of things were done to me. Done to me by my 'loving' parents, ignorant people who are that way all because they too were treated that way, all being made to shut off the real and true person, to stop being able to fully and freely express all the feelings they have. The parents are still shut away in their little play pen worlds, now including the fishing pond. And being so do the same to their own children shutting them away in their own little false worlds. So as I look deeper I wonder where is this so-called love? And what really is it? And all I can come up with is that it's not love, or if it is then it's something of a superficial, even artificial and belief generated love, but it's not true or pure because it's all based around denying personality expression.

So all I can conclude is that this contrived love is the best these little children will get. It's the best their parents got. It's the best I got. It's the best anyone got or gets, even though it might appear some people got or get more of it than others.

So is it love or is it something else – hate perhaps? Or is hate too harsh a word? But what is the opposite to love? Or maybe it's something in the middle, a sort of friendship – being together, sharing

life together to some degree, even if it is in a self-denying negative state of mind and will. Or is it as my mother often said: 'It's just your lot, so get on with it, don't worry about it, of course it's love, of course I love you – I'm your mother!'.

We are not aware or in touch with our true feelings. We've never been allowed to have and express them. We've had to deny this part of ourselves. And what we've been left with we have learnt to call love, being loving, living in a happy loving family. But how much is real and how much is false? And how can we tell when we're not aware or allowed to be aware of what we really feel and what we did feel during our forming years?

We live denying our true selves, and so deny our children their true selves. And we call this way of life 'loving each other'. And this is what we have to become aware of, at least those of us who want to live true and come back to their true self.

I present such posts not as a judgement and criticism of us or of these specific individuals at the fishing pond – we're all in the same boat and we're all fucked, only in different ways – but to make it be known. To make it be said. It has to be said, it has to be brought out before it can be accepted, spoken about, and then dealt with – the truth seen. And it's the cause and at the root of all our problems, of every bad feeling we have, and mostly we just accept this is right, normal, generally 'good parenting'. And because we don't want to do anything about our bad feelings so far as uncovering the truth of why we feel them, we mostly do as my mother advised and just GET ON WITH IT, wrongly believing there is nothing we can do.

And it's all so sad, and it IS all so wrong, and there IS something we can do about it.

## **The bottom – feeling – line, and love.**

I'm writing for the bottom line. I firmly believe that we're all living in a negative state of mind and will that we have been made to deny – deny all the bad feelings it makes us feel – resulting in our childhood repression.

When I say we all hate each other, that no one is loved by their family or parents; that no one truly loves their family or parents; that no one feels loved and is loving, I am speaking about how you feel when you are in the throws of your deep repressed bad feelings coming up as you seek to accept, express and uncover the truth of them. When you feel so bad, these statements become true – you feel them.

However when you're not feeling so bad you might not feel such things so deeply, truly or excruciatingly painfully. You might feel love, for yourself, others, your parents and your family. You might not hate them or anyone. You might not even hate yourself. And you may even feel relatively okay about yourself and your life. And you may feel that all I say is too extreme and doesn't really apply to you, that I'm way too far off track and full of shit.

But then when you're plunged back down into your unloving bad feeling self-denying state, you might find you start to agree with me again. And this is how it may progress through your feeling-healing.

And you may, and I would think you should, wrestle intensely with the notion of love: what is it, am I loved, do I feel loved, do I love? And you might struggle with this all the way through your healing. I know I have and I still am.

But overall, no matter what you see and feel the truth of yourself to be, until you've finished ALL of your healing, still some part of you will be existing in an unloving self-denying self-rejecting negative state. And so when you are back in this part of yourself, even if it's very small, you'll feel the worst of the worst. And for this state, when you are right in it, right in the worst of your bad feelings, I am writing to you. I want to try to share and appeal to you on this bottom line state as that is where your pain is, and really, that is all that matters. If you feel better and loved and even loving in other parts of yourself, well, they can take care of themselves. You can express them as you feel them. But it's the really deep ugly stuff you don't want to feel or accept about yourself that you will need some sort of help with, and that's what I want to do. To say to you, yes, in my small way, possibly I know something of how you're feeling. To be possibly something of a small friend in your time of need, during your worst feelings about yourself. To be able to say to you: I understand.

So that's why I'm trying to go for it, to not hold back, to not try to soften the blow. To push the truth up into your face. I don't want to try to sweet talk it to you, saying: oh you do love yourself and your family and parents and they do love you, you did have some good times together. And so you may feel (within the context of the negative) loved by them and do love them, but still the fact remains that somewhere within you you'll still be feeling bad, and it's this pain that needs attention from you, needing to be brought out. And it's in that pain I hope to meet you. I can't be there in person but perhaps I can in 'spirit', empathising with you and all you are suffering. I can't of course know exactly what you are feeling or how bad you do feel in your suffering and misery, but I do know how bad I've felt in mine.

And it's all because it is all about your negative state, and until that's all healed, so what if you feel loved, when some part of you is feeling rejected, unwanted, unhappy and unloved. It's the bad stuff we all want to get rid of.

So do we feel loved or not? And that is something you will have to work out for yourself through your healing. I have worked it out for myself but I am not you. I am only writing about me – how I see and feel about things. As to whether you'll end up agreeing with me I can't say. And it's not for me to say.

And within our negative states, yes of course we feel 'loved'. I loved my little cat and she made me feel loved. I love Marion and she makes me feel loved. And on my good days I feel good – even really good. And I feel loved and loving. However, I still know that whilst I have repressed childhood yuk within me, it's still all within this context, and so is only relative to all I have experienced so far in my negative life. So all I call my feelings of love are still being conditioned and tainted by my self- and feeling-denial state. As to what love might feel like when I am fully healed, I have no idea. I can't even begin to speculate on it. However, I do look forward to seeing what it's like – what it feels like.

## Love?

As I have said, I grew up believing I was loved by my parents. And I believed I loved them. And with my brother and sister we all lived in a relatively happy family. Yet my childhood repression has shown me otherwise. It has shown me through my buried early feeling-memories from my early childhood that this wasn't the case, that there wasn't any real or true love, it was all a fabricated 'love' based mostly on words and a desperate need to believe it was love.

On this blog and in my other writings on my Childhood Repression web site, I want to bring into question – love: is it real and true that which we call and even feel to be love? I want to aim for the bottom line, that being that it's not love – that nothing we say or call love is real or true love. That it is all just something we've made up in and with our minds. And that it can't be real, pure and true love because we are not living real, pure and true lives. We are not perfect, being imperfect as seen by the fact that we all have repressed early childhood feelings buried deep within us, all of which effectively taint that which we call love.

Generally, if I were to make a gross generalised statement, I would say that if one feels wanted, accepted and involved within in one parents lives whilst growing up, then one will feel loved and so love them. And one will feel reasonably secure, confident and self-assured. And if one doesn't feel wanted, accepted or involved, then one grows up feeling insecure, unconfident and scared of most things. And so if life works for you, as another gross generalisation, it will be because you had a good and loving relationship with your parents during your forming years, and if it doesn't work, then you didn't.

And what I want to highlight is the fact that this so-called love may not be what it is. I want to question it, to put the spotlight on it, and I want to know if it is genuinely real and true or if it is not.

And it will take people doing their childhood repression healing, completely healing their negative self-denying state of mind and will, to uncover the truth within themselves as to whether all they feel and believe to be love is love. For if it is true, real and pure then it will hold up through the healing scrutiny of suppressed bad feelings surfacing as they are allowed to. And if it doesn't hold up, it will prove to be false and untrue.

I firmly believe we all live self-created fantasies, some people more happy about what they achieve than others. And all 'love' within them is false. Certainly within our feeling-denying negative states we can feel good and bad, perhaps even 'loved', but it's still all within the negative, so ultimately none of it is real and true.

And I believe that until we accept this, and want to scrutinised all that we call love, we'll never feel truly happy, and life will go on as it has with countless numbers of us wondering why we're not happy and don't feel loved. With the answer being what we dare not face – that we're NOT loved and AREN'T happy, because we NEVER were.

## **'He's doing them a favour by being hard on them - and they still love him.'**

She said, they need the discipline so they can succeed in life. They need a firm hand. All just so long

as you love them.

And herein lies a major difficulty we all face.

Certainly, to bring children up to be functional in a dysfunctional, negative, self-serving and unloving world, they need at times a heavy hand and lots of discipline, all so their natural selves are all but crushed out of existence, that being what needs to be done so they can compete, succeed and feel at home in ‘life’.

But some life, one in which we have to do all sorts of things to delude ourselves that we are enjoying it, that it’s making us feel good, when really it’s not.

So as long as your parents gave you some attention, some affection - some love, then you can relegate all those bad feeling times to be back blocks within you, to keep them hidden, to forget them, whilst you remember only the good, loving times. Talk about selective memory!

We select the good and of course dump the bad, so carry on living the fantasy that our parents did us a favour, that their, at times, rough treatment of us, was ‘necessary’ - we say it ourselves. But it wasn’t necessary and it hurt us very badly.

So you come along and read my stuff where I say your parents didn’t love you and were always means to you, and you say: that’s not how it was for me, my parents weren’t that bad, they loved me. Sure at times they did things that hurt me, but you know how it is, I asked for the punishment I got, I deserved it, I wasn’t behaving correctly. My parents only did what they thought was right, and it hasn’t affected me too badly. And we still get on all right together - even very well, I love them, and they love me; and my life’s been all right, in fact I’ve done very well - things have been great; and the kids, well, they’re terrific; and... And all thanks to my parents.

And the fantasy lives on...

## **False child.**

The parent has an imaginary picture of how it wants its child to be, and sets about trying to bring it into being.

It fails to see its own child for who he or she is; it only sees the false child, one of its minds creation.

The parent puts its false child first, not tolerating its real and true child; its child being forced to comply with its parents wishes; forced to go against itself, to lose itself - to become false.

And as the child grows up fitting its parents false picture of how its meant to be, the parent is happy, feeling good about all its doing - how its child is ‘turning out’. And so the false child also feels happy; happy that its parent like and love it, so doubling its effort to be as its parent want it to be, believing that its living the right way.

And the parent believes it's a loving parent, giving everything to its child, putting its child first, doing everything expected of it. And so long as the child doesn't 'take its parent for granted' everyone is happy, everything is fine, all are loved.

So the parent has done well manifesting the picture of how its child should be, and the child is happy because its parent provided everything it needed. And the two carry on playing their roles, saying and believing they love one another.

And everything is all right in the land of falseness and imagination

# **CR - and parenting**

## **Tame the Wild Beast.**

Yes, that's right, that's what you've got to do. If you don't, you'll be sorry. They'll be little renegades – devils – always causing you problems, so tame them while they are young – and the earlier the better.

When they are bad, isolate them. You don't need to hit them – although you can do that too, as sometimes you have to when there simply isn't any other way – just reject them. Put them in another room and don't let them have dinner or their next meal, make them feel deprived of something, that usually does the trick.

Then, when they are resigned to their fate and completely apologetic, that's when you've got them where you want them. Then introduce the reward. It can be a bargain of sorts; food; some affection works wonders; something that pleases them, all to reinforce their dependence on you, and at the same time, affirming without doubt in their little minds, who is the boss.

And before you know it they are doing what you want, behaving how you want them to, being the darling little angels they are.

## **I am Crying.**

The little boy on the other side of the road is crying. He was crying when it was early and just getting light. He was crying a few hours later. And now, another hour later, he is crying again. And I know he will cry again during the day, because that's what happens most days.

And this little toddler lives in a *normal* family, there is *nothing unusual*. I too lived in a *normal* family. I too cried most days. Only I no longer remember. But I did, how could I not, having grown up in a *normal* family.

I listen to him crying... he makes me feel like crying... but I am already crying... I have never stopped.

## **Addicted?**

Who caused your addiction?

YOUR PARENTS! No one else. The same people who caused your childhood repression. You're only doing it to yourself because of how you were treated during your forming years. Any other reasons

you might tell yourself as to why you are addicted, will probably only be what they or someone influential during your early life told you.

Why are you addicted?

Because they denied you the love you needed to form with. From conception all the way through your early childhood, you were deprived of the love you needed to grow with. And you still desperately want that love. But it's not going to come, and this makes you feel very bad. It makes you feel as bad as you felt back then. And the truth of it, you don't want to face. You don't want to feel all the bad feelings of being unloved. You don't want to know that your parents did not love you. So you block them out – at least try to – with your addiction. You do something you believe makes you feel better – gives you the good loving feelings they should have given you.

And what if I know my parents didn't love me but still I'm addicted?

The same still applies. There is just more truth and more bad feelings of not feeling loved by them waiting for you to see.

How do I heal my addiction?

By doing your Feeling-Healing – healing your childhood repression through the complete unconditional love of yourself; of all the bad feelings you are denying. By uncovering the whole truth of why you are addicted – the whole truth of your relationship with your parents. By allowing yourself to feel all your pain, all your bad feelings resulting from not feeling loved. The pain you're trying to run away from, trying to quell, hide and squash out of existence with your addiction.

Will I ever be free of my addiction?

No, not until you have felt and seen the whole truth of it. You may stop doing it, you may feel you don't need it any longer, but it won't be completely healed until you uncover the whole truth through your childhood repression healing – then you will know you are free of it. By doing this slowly, you will give yourself through your bad feeling acceptance, the love they didn't give you – slowly you will love yourself out of your need to be addicted. You will become the kind, caring, considerate, humble, all-loving parent to yourself that your parents should have been to you.

Can I heal my addiction and love my parents at the same time?

Can you love your parents for denying you the love you needed from them?

What about forgiving them for what they have done to me?

What about it? Worry about yourself first. Heal all of your childhood repression and need for your addiction, and then worry about them, if you still feel you want to. Until you put yourself first - your feelings, all the good and BAD ones, nothing will change. You'll just go around in your mind still refusing to face and deal with the real issues at hand – that they didn't love you. Until you give up trying to make happy family, it's not going to happen. You're fucked, they fucked you, and only you can get yourself out of it. And it's only going to happen by accepting, honouring, expressing and seeking the truth of your bad feelings. All the rest of the healing processes are dicking around avoiding

the real issues. Sure they may help you, they may even 'heal' you, but there's still all the yuk to do with your parents buried deep inside you waiting until one day you decide it's time to try to face it.

We are all addicted aren't we?

Yes; to our self-denial, to our negative state, to our childhood repression, as seen by our ongoing denial of our feelings and our refusal to accept the truth of our relationship with our parents.

## **How can you love when you feel unloved?**

You can't. You can pretend you are loving, but it's a lie.

If you feel unloved the last thing you can do is love. How can you when all you feel is that you want to be loved. You need love. You need it to make yourself feel good. You don't feel loved, you don't have love to give. If you are made to give something you don't have; or if you believe you should give something you don't have, you can only feel worse. How can you give something you don't have? And how will trying to do that make you or the other person feel good and loved?

You grew up feeling unloved. You still ache within you to feel and be loved. You want to be loved more than anything. You do all sorts of things, have all sorts of relationships, trying to get love. You live in love deficit, it's burning gaping hole deep within you, and you yearn to have it filled. Then you have children. But it's not so you can give all your love to your children, it's so you can take all the love your children are giving you. You have children to try to fulfil your love deficit. You can't give them love, you don't have any to give. You pretend you love them, pretend you give them love, but it's all to hide your taking of their love from them. You desperately need love, and children, whilst they are young, are founts of it – that is, until having received no love from their love-denying parents and they too run of love to give.

You bring your children into the world to use them. To milk them of their love. And when they don't give it, you feel very upset and angry with them, beating and yelling them into submission, so they will keep being how you want them to be; so they will keep giving you their love.

You as a parent are nothing more than a love-leech living off the love of your own children.

And then your children grow up and wonder why they feel so bad; why they feel so unloved. They look around desperately in their lives, just as you did, trying to get love from all sorts of things, nature and other people, all which fails to satisfy their great love need. Just as you feel unsatisfied in love.

And your children have their own children. And finally, for a few years at least, love is again readily available - unconditional and on tap. Love in the form of a pure, sweet, innocent giving child is freely flowing asking nothing of you. But then the well starts to dry up. Then what do you do? Then all you can do is pretend like hell; do what you've always done - pretend that you all live in a 'loving and happy' family.

And you wait... possibly the well might fill up again... when the great-grandchildren come.

## **Be responsible for your own feelings.**

The parent is full of repressed childhood feelings. The child pushes its parents buttons making the parent feel bad. The parent feels all sorts of bad feelings most of which it denies and won't allow itself to feel. So what does it do? Instead of allowing itself to feel bad, it comes down hard on its child, making its child stop doing what it's doing, all so it will no longer feel bad.

The child makes the parent feel bad so then the parent crunches it. The parent lies to its child saying all sorts of meaningless things telling its child why it can't be as it wants to be.

The child doesn't understand its parents deceitful behaviour and only feels worse, the parent causing its own child's bad feelings.

The parent doesn't live responsibly with its own feelings – staying true to them, expressing them and seeking the truth of them.

And we say to our child 'I love you'. And we make our child believe it is loved, that it lives in a loving family, when all around it is lies.

The parent lies to its child because it's lying to itself – about how bad it feels.

The whole parent/child relationship is fucked. It's no good, no matter how 'loving' the parent might be. It's fucked because no one is being or allowed to be true. No one is freely expressing all the feelings they feel.

And one day perhaps we'll allow ourselves to admit, accept and then speak about this truth. One day the parent will be able to stay on its side, allowing itself to feel bad and not taking its fear and denial of its bad feelings out on its own child.

One day... maybe...

## **You've got to be a parent!**

Why?

You've got to have kids.

Why?

Your life will feel incomplete if you don't have kids.

Why?

You don't know what you're missing out on.

Really?

Everyone has children, it's what you do.

Apparently.

It's the great love, the love you get from your children and the love you give to them – that's what it's all about.

Is it?

But if you don't have children you won't feel fulfilled, you won't have any purpose in life.

Oh well.

You can't not have children – everyone does it.

So it would seem.

And if you don't have children everything would end.

Great!

There's something wrong with you if you don't have children.

Hmm.

Why aren't you having children!?

Because I want no part of the fantasy, that called – BEING A LOVING PARENT.

## **It happens all the time.**

The child is the innocent one.

And yet the child gets blamed for making the parent feel bad. But it's the parent that is making the child feel bad that causes the child to react making the parent angry.

So the innocent child, often minding its own business, is made to feel bad. Naturally it reacts to this only to bring more anger, criticism and unlovingness down upon itself making it feel even worse.

It's a vicious circle, and a bad pattern to have established within you. For when it does you can't help yourself doing things to make someone angry with you all so you can keep feeling bad. It's such a horrible and terrible feeling of powerlessness, to know you're doing it, and to know you can't stop doing it. That the negative attention is all you will get, it's all you can get, and all because it's all you did get.

## **Parenting techniques.**

I am not a parent. So many people would no doubt say that I have therefore no authority to comment on parenting, as it's all very different when you have your own child. But I don't care about that.

At times my parents tried to use various techniques on me, some gave them more power over me, some less. They all helped to fuck me up more.

As I read the latest techniques going around I know it will be the same for those parents using them, some will feel the techniques are helping them with their children, some not, and all will be helping to further fuck up their children.

What I do want to point out is that if any sort of technique or controlling discipline is required, then the parent has already gone way too far over the line. Their child is already way too fucked up. And the parents are way too fucked up from their early childhood being in a position to even consider using such things.

The whole idea of 'good parenting', using endless tips and tools, endless suggestions, endless ways to try to get what you want being the parent, only reflects all I am talking about in my posts: that we don't love our children truly, that we only parent for control and power using our children to gain it, and all because we were made to feel so powerless by our parents. It all simply reflects the negative condition we've all had imposed, one way or another, on us.

Perfect loving parents will have no need to use a technique. They will simply parent with their feelings. And as their feelings will be a result of their living true, then they will always do perfectly what is needed ensuring their child will only ever feel fully loved by them.

To approach parenting from the point of view of having to work out the best or better ways of doing it with your mind is doing exactly what your parents have forced you to do – go against your feelings using your mind to control and dominate yourself and others. And this can only be self-rejecting, unfeeling and unloving, that which you are imposing on your child.

What I want to try to show is that the problem is much larger than trying to impose a couple of good helpful parenting techniques on your child all so you can get on and achieve all you believe is good in your life, all so you can have a more 'loving' and 'harmonious' relationship with your child. However, if this is what you want, then why not. But it's not better parenting, it will still be fucking up your child, only in a different way. It will still be only adding to the damage already done, even if it seems like on the surface things are going along a lot smoother.

I want to point out that parenting as we know it is wrong, meaning it has an adverse and unloving affect upon the child. How we do ANY of it is wrong. And it's all wrong because we're doing it within self-denying negative states of being. And it's this negative condition that we have to heal, and until we do, we'll only be forever going around in circles, forever coming up with yet more 'better' ways to parent.

## **How cruel can you be?**

‘Look with your eyes, NOT with your hands!’

The small boy is crying.

‘If you don’t stop it, I’ll put you in your harness!’

No! No! He’s sitting on the floor crying - crying.

‘Well we’ll just have to wait until you get over it.’

No! No! Sobbing he puts his head in his hands. She picks him up holding him tightly - No! No!

‘Don’t you hit me or you’ll know what you’ll get.’

No! No! Crying. She wraps him up in the harness holding him very close and tight - No! No! No!

How cruel can we be. A fucking harness!

# **CR - and children**

## **Did you grow up on good feelings?**

We are supposed to grow up feeling good. Filled up with good feelings. Year and years of our formation built upon feeling good.

And yet look at how we form: subjected to endless bad feelings.

How many bad feelings where you subjected to in the womb? How many did you feel yourself? How many bad feelings where you made to feel as a baby? How many bad feelings were you made to suffer the agony of as a young infant? How many bad feelings traumatised you as a little person? How many times did you feel, unwanted, unloved, rejected? How many times did you feel shame, guilt, humiliation, ridicule, angry done to you by your 'loving' parents? How many times were you made to feel you have no rights, you are powerless, you are weak, you are nobody, nothing? How many times did you feel like no one wanted you, you were just a waste of space?

And all of these times sapped you of your vital life force, making you call upon extra energy you couldn't afford to use.

All of these times have made you lose your true self, making your mind take over from your natural feeling-inspiration fabricating a false untrue you – the front you put on for the world. The front that says: I'm okay.

As adults we coach our sporting teams on positive affirmation. We pump up the players on 'feel-good' mind rubbish, so we can delude ourselves even more that we are GOOD. That we are THE BEST. That we are THE GREATEST. That we FEEL GREAT! And out we go to perform, to compete, to win. Out we go soaring to great heights in our all-powerful fantasises.

And yet, do we at least do the same for our children, even though it is all false?

No. Instead we beat them up, break them down, all in the name of 'toughening them up for the real world', making them feel useless, powerless, pathetic. Not warriors for life, but creatures of self-denial and delusion. Some of whom might one day even manage to become out great sporting heroes.

## **Don't blame the children.**

Don't blame the children; blame the parents. It's the way children are treated by their parents that make them be as they are.

The little girl came with her parents and her younger sister to visit our neighbours house. Together with our neighbours two young children they all took to goading Marion and I into looking at them from where common ground joins the two properties. When we ignored them they came closer onto our property yelling out at us, calling us names, wanting us to pay them attention.

The more we ignored them the more frustrated they became and the closer to the house they came. And finally the little girl pick up a small rock and threw it at our window.

I went around to tell her parents what she'd just done, only to find the four parents sitting red-eyed in the living room oblivious of what their children were up to, drinking their bottles of red wine. Their front door was open and half the neighbourhood could have heard the goading yells of the children – but not these parents, or if they did, they didn't care about it.

I wasn't angry with the little girl, only with her parents and our neighbours. And all I wished was that the little girl had lived the truth she was feeling deeper inside herself, that being, that she threw the rock at her parents and called them all the names she'd been calling us. Because really it wasn't us that she was frustrated with and needing the attention from, it was her own mother and father.

And I wished I could have joined her and thrown my own rocks at both her parents. But also really at my own parents, something that I could never do. I never realised that it wasn't the world and other people I was angry with, it was my own parents.

## Why are we anti-children?

We live in a world that is anti-children. However we believe otherwise. Were we to accept such truth about ourselves we'd have to question our 'civilisation' – we'd face a crisis. And yet it's undeniable.

It's a simple equation and we only need to look at how we treat ourselves and our children to see how we hate both. And how can we not when we've all been parented in an unloving way. And yet mostly we pretend otherwise.

You only have to feel how bad it feels to feel rejected as a child, to know that such abuse causes irreparable damage to the psyche and self-esteem of the growing child. And look at how many times a day in the average family when the young child is pushed away, criticised, reprimanded, corrected, punished, yelled at, forced to do what it doesn't want to do, rejected – made to feel unloved and unwanted by its parents.

We hate children, we hate the child within ourselves as we were hated by our parents.

We pretend we love our children, that they are the most important things in the world to us, and yet look at how unlovingly we treat them. We must be mentally deficient.

To feel rejected by the very people who you need and long to love you is crippling. There is simply nothing worse and we feel like we don't exist and want to die. And yet we don't, we live on having to bury and deny such bad feelings pretending we are loved and feel good. And we do this because the

truth is simply too devastating for us to face as a little child. We want to feel loved by our parents not hated, and will do all we can to keep this bad feeling reality away as if it is the nasty evil monster trying to take us away from those who love us. Those who are the true monsters.

Yet look at the quality of life we live. Look how we fall apart as we get older unable to keep up the pretence on a physical level. Look at how dependant we become on an artificial love system – the medical system and all other systems. Look at how impersonal, removed and uncaring of ourselves and each other we are. We can all see it. We just don't want to admit that it's the same with our relationship with our own children. After all, it's adults that cause our unloving relationship with nature and our self-denying world, not children, and yet adults were once children – so what happened to us adults during our forming years to make us become so uncaring?

We live in a world that sets out to 'break' the child's will, to control, dominate and overpower it, all so the child 'falls' into line. Then as 'broken' people we live our adult lives trying to gain the superficial false power we believe we need to keep us propped up and functional. The more 'successful' people being able to do it better than the 'failures'.

But it's all a game of make-believe, nothing more than fantasy and of little real value and no truth.

How can we honestly love our children when we don't even honestly love ourselves? We can't, it doesn't happen, and no one wants to face it. Because if they do it will bring their whole meaningless, truthless, loveless life into focus, and then what are they going to do?

Yet there does exist another way: the way of truth, the way of coming clean and admitting what your feelings are trying to tell you. Something that happens as you do your Feeling-Healing.

## IT'S MY TURN NOW!

I had to obey my parents – NOW YOU HAVE TO OBEY ME! And you just have to, because I say. I don't need a reason, I don't need to justify it, I don't need to tell you why – YOU JUST DO! You do because I say so – AND THAT IS ENOUGH! I am the parent now, you are not, you are the child – I HAVE THE POWER. You do not.

When I was a child they had power over me. They made me feel powerless. I was powerless. I had no say – no say in my own life. They had all the say and I had to obey. They were BIG, I was small, and that was enough. What could I do? Nothing. And I hated it. I hated them. I hated how they treated me – their own child.

And I wanted to smash them. I wanted to scream and yell and make them stop. I tried but it did me no good. But I still wanted to and still do want to even though I had to bury and repress such bad feelings. I want to rage. I want to tell them how much they have hurt me. I want to tell them how much I feel unloved by them – my own parents.

I want to smash my anger and rage all over them, but I can't. So what can I do with it all? I look around to dump it on someone else. Someone lesser than I. And I find that person – my own child.

And I breathe a sigh of relief as finally, FINALLY, there is someone I have power over. Finally I can make someone do what I want. Finally I can make them be how I want them to be. Finally I am BIG and they are small. And they don't get a say. They can protest and try to resist all they want but it won't get them anywhere. Because I am the strong one and they are weak. They loose; I win. And I feel good. I can even say to them: I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD. And they can't say anything other than they love me too more than anything in the world, because if they don't say it, I'll smash them. And they know it. I've done it plenty of times before.

My parents made me feel bad, so I want to make someone or something else feel bad, even if I do it in my imagination. I can't make them feel bad, I am too powerless with them to do that – they had all the power. But I can make someone or something else that is not them feel bad. And that is how it is meant to be – isn't it? Isn't it what they taught me? Isn't it how we are meant to live our lives? When it's our turn, when we've grown up, then we can be the boss, then we can do all we want, then no one can tell us NO! STOP THAT! and stop us. Then we are free. And we all want to be free – RIGHT!

Free to finally make another person or creature feel bad. And it's so easy to do. Just have a child, it couldn't be easier...

## Who's selfish?

'James, don't be selfish, allow your brother to have some.'

'No, I don't want him to have some, it's mine and I want it all.'

'Don't be selfish, that's mean of you, it's nasty to not allow your brother to have some, so give him some, and you don't want to be mean and nasty do you?'

'No.'

Who does? Does anyone want to be mean and nasty, or even accused of being it? So what chance did I have of being able to live how I wanted to – none. I was controlled and conditioned to live their way. They always got what they wanted, they always had it their way. I had to always do what I was told – so who was mean and nasty, who really was selfish?

And this 'loving' parenting has crippled me in so many aspects of my adult life. I am instantly filled with guilt and dread of being punished and called such horrible names as 'mean' and 'nasty' if anything I do the other person objects to. And this makes is very difficult to do anything as someone is always going to object to something.

Our little cat gets up during the night a number of times. She wants me to pay attention to her, she wants to look outside, she wants something to eat. It's cold, and after looking outside from front to backdoor, eating something, having lots of pats, she's happy and I'm cold and want to go back to bed. So I do. And then she starts calling, on and on and on. I try to ignore her, but she jumps on the bed. I try to be firm saying to myself, no, this time I'm not giving in. I want to have it my way. I don't want to always be told what to do by the cat. I don't want to be waiting up in the cold for her to look outside. I

don't want to be wandering around in the dark patting and rubbing and rolling her around on her 'rolly-mat'. I want to be warm and asleep. And doing it once a night is okay – fair's fair, but three and four times! It gets too much, I don't want to do it. But then the terrible guilt comes.

Up comes my guilt and dread. I hear my mothers imaginary words in my mind: 'Oh go on, she won't be long, at least she doesn't go off for hours into the night, she only wants to look outside for a little while. Go on, it won't hurt you. You won't die from lack of sleep. She can't let herself out, she needs you, she's dependant on you and she doesn't have much of a life. Go on...' and here it comes... 'don't be mean, don't be nasty, DON'T BE SELFISH. Go on, it's not much she's asking of you... go on...'

And it's those dreaded words that do it to me every time. I give in. Up I get – yet again, go out into the cold, open the door, and wait in the dark. I chastise myself, punish myself for being so mean and nasty, a horrible person who won't graciously, lovingly, do such a small thing for my cat, for my dear little cat who loves and gives me so much. I dump the shit on myself: it's true, I am mean and nasty, and I hate myself for being this way. I am selfish. I wish I was a better person, more loving and all-accepting. And it's true, it's not going to hurt me, it doesn't matter that I can't go back to sleep for half the night, that it takes me ages to get warmed up again, that I have disturbing dreams, and by the time morning comes I feel like I need another nights sleep to recover from all I've been through.

And it doesn't matter that it's all one way. That I never get a say in it. She always gets what she wants, it's not fifty-fifty, it's never equal, it's always me having to put myself aside, me having to give in and allow the other person to do whatever they want with me. And if I don't I am accused and punished as being the worst person on Earth. They can all get – and SHOULD get – their way all the time, but not me. I'm praised for being so giving, so selfless, and I'm even told I should be more forceful in getting what I want, in standing up for myself, in being firm and assertive. And yet as soon as I try, guess what happens? 'Don't be so mean James, don't expect everyone to do what you want in life. Life isn't like that. If that's how you're going to behave then no one will like you, you'll have no friends, no one wants to be with a nasty selfish person, no one wants to do what other people tell them to do all the time.' And don't I know it!

But I can't do anything about it. I'm trapped in my plight, my patterns are set, so I need to have a cute little demanding cat that makes me feel guilty and makes me beat up on myself calling myself bad names, making myself feel bad, all because I dare to think for one moment that I might like to get things my way for a change.

And I can't tell her to fuck off. I can't reject her. I can't just say too bad, go rot in hell, I am not getting up three times during the night to do what you want. You'll just have to learn that your life is not going to be like that. You'll just have to learn that you can't have it ALL YOUR OWN WAY. You'll just have to learn there are other people in the world other than you, so tough shit, you can whinge and complain all you like but it won't get you anywhere, I AM NOT GOING TO DO WHAT YOU WANT – EVER!

I can't do that. They did that with me, but I can't be like them. I believe I should be, that that is how one is supposed to be and get on in the world, and in small ways I do try to assert my will, be the dominating controller and get what I want, but it's all pathetic and really only still conditional on the other person allowing me to. As soon as they say no, then up comes the guilt and I feel bad for not respecting or considering them. And instantly I have to put myself aside and be there ready to do what they want – at their service. And I don't want to be dominating and controlling.

And when the pressure is on, when I'm lying in bed having rejected her saying no, not this time, no way am I going to get up again, I feel so boxed in, I have nowhere to go and I just want to scream. I want to rage with the fury of feeling that it's all so unjust. I want to have things my way, but I feel so sorry for her as she too wants things her way and she's smaller than I and she's dependant on me for so many things. Why can't I be just all-loving, completely self-sacrificing, just alive to serve her? Why can't I be the good boy, the boy who is praised for being so kind and considerate, and why can't I feel good about being this way? Why can't I live never wanting anything for myself, always there for the other person, always so willing and wanting to give and help? Why can't I? And why do I believe that I should be this way?

But I can't be like that. It doesn't make me feel good. I don't feel like I ever get a go. If I felt like I did have a go, had all I wanted and wanted nothing more, then perhaps I might be more like this, but it was always, 'now James, that's not how to be with your brother. He's younger than you and so you must be nice to him. You must share your toys with him. You must not hit him. You must be good to him, and if you aren't, then I will hit you – GOT IT!'

So little James who is now Big James must always be like this. Always putting his brother first. Never just being allowed to get on with his own life. Always having to worry about and be considerate of everyone else. Always having to wait, never being allowed to just go off and explore life as he wants to. Always having to curtail his own natural inspiration. Always having to put the brakes on, always having to stop what he wants to do forcing himself to change accommodating and including the other person. Never being allowed to just be himself. Never being allowed to feel and experience what it might actually be like to be the real and true James. That James doesn't exist, was stopped from existing, was forced to take the back seat, to be 'in there', somewhere, buried and waiting... always waiting... always waiting for the day when they said: 'Okay now James, because you've been such a good unselfish boy, it's now your turn. Now you can be free to be however you want to be. Now you can go out there and do what you like. You don't have to worry about or be concerned with anyone else, they can take care of themselves. Now you can start to live your life'. And James waits, and waits. And I wait for something that will never come. I sit at the bus stop waiting for the bus that will take away to my life, but I know it will never come. It never came when I was little. It came close at times, I could see it in the distance, but it always turned the wrong way, it always turned away from me.

And she meows again and it's quick up James see what she wants, and instantly I have to stop my life, put myself aside and attend to her. I have too because I don't want to suffer the pain and hurt of being called those horrible names. I don't want to be mean, nasty and selfish because then no one will like me. No one will want to be with me. No one will want to be my friend. No one will love me. She won't even like me or love me anymore. And then I will be all alone. All alone and with nothing to do. Then I won't have anyone telling me how to be and what I should do. But I won't be happy with that because having no friends, no one who likes or even loves you, is even worse than being called selfish.

And you know, the part I've never understood is that they accuse me of being selfish if I don't do what they want me to do, if they don't get their way, but when I accuse them of being selfish, they tell me to stop saying mean and nasty things about them. They say it's bad to say bad things about other people. So I don't get it. I always lose out. I always end up feeling bad.

## **Yelling at your child.**

Your child makes you angry – again! The anger rushes up in you. It's a wild force, too strong, too overwhelming to be controlled. It surges up in you and what can you do with it other than deliver it like a full punch to your child - to the offending person. In your rage and fury you want to kill it, not just stop it, but blast it off the face of the earth, wipe it out, get rid of it completely. It's no longer your sweet little child whom you 'love' so much, it's all your fear being slammed in your face and your anger rushes up trying to protect yourself from the evil monster that is threatening your life. So you bash into your child. It may only be verbally, it may also be physically, but you want to smash it down, crunch it, quickly bringing it back under your control.

For deeply buried reasons that you are not aware of your child has pushed all your warning buttons, you react 'not being yourself' as your power is being threatened. You don't want to lose your power because to feel so powerless means you feel all those terrible bad feelings you dread, all those shocking feelings you felt when your parents did exactly what you are now doing to your child, all of which you have forced yourself to forget, bury and deny.

So your little child has become you and you are now back with your parent who is yelling and abusing you, repeating the same unloving pattern – yet again. And you are helplessly trapped in it. You have crossed the line, left yourself, denying your own bad feelings, all to stop the other person from making you feel bad. You want to stop them making you feel bad by crunching them because you don't know what else to do – and how can you as there never was another way, your parents only ever treated you this way, just as they themselves were only ever treated by their parents.

But in crossing the line, not only are you hurting your own precious little child, you are also hurting your own precious self. You are blatantly disregarding your feelings – your bad feelings, all the fear that is giving rise to your anger. You are disregarding yourself just as you are disregarding your own child. In the blaze of anger no one's feelings can be regarded, all goes to shit, all needing to be destroyed.

There is no staying on your side of the fence and accepting and speaking about all the bad feelings your child is making you feel. Allowing yourself to be sympathetic to yourself, to all you are feeling, even including your anger. You are dismissing and denying yourself with the only result being to abuse your child. You are a child-abuser and in that very moment the worst kind because your child is going to develop those very same patterns of self- and feeling-denial that you have developed from your own parents. You are killing them, only not so much physically, but you are preventing them from freely expressing their emerging personality – so your anger is doing what you want with it, you are getting your way, yet in ways you are not readily aware of. And if your child actually stops what it's doing and takes notice of you then that's an added bonus, you can retain your power and control.

And in this state you still need an outlet, but one that is not your child. And that outlet is with your partner, with someone you can yell and express all your anger to and speak about how bad your feelings are making you feel – how bad your child is making you feel. Your rage needs to be vented but not on the innocent one, you need to stay on your side and vent to someone, another adult, who can cope with it – a friend, someone who will understand and be the kind, caring, sympathetic parent

you didn't have. Someone who will listen to you and take you seriously. Someone who won't judge you or tell you what to do or make you stop. Someone with whom you can just go for it with allowing yourself to finally say all those horrible things you've wanted to say back to your own unloving, uncaring parents. And if you can't do it in the moment with your partner, then when you can. Put yourself back in your bad feelings, allow your rage to be ignited again, and go for it.

There is always another way, but that way is hard, if not impossible, to see because we are rendered blind by our parenting and resulting patterns. But the way is still there, and it can be found were you to want to seek the truth of yourself, doing your feeling-healing and stop denying your bad feelings. And when it is revealed then surprisingly you may find that your relationship with your child changes, and so much so, that it won't even do what was pushing your buttons because there is no need for it to do so anymore as you no longer have such buttons within you to be pushed.

As parents are the leaders, as you change, so too will your child. With your child being there to help you uncover and reveal the truth of yourself. The child whilst it's forming is somewhat like nature, but even more so, there to reflect back to you exactly as you are. So if your child is making you angry, it's not actually your child that is making you angry, it's really yourself, you're doing it all to yourself, with your child lovingly and selflessly showing – reflecting – back to you this aspect of yourself you are not paying attention to. And instead of being ever so grateful for it lovingly helping you, you erupt unconsciously with your anger, crunching down hard on it blaming it for being the evil one. When the sad truth is – you are the Evil One, not your innocent little blameless child.

## We never grow up.

We always remain children:

We are parented by controlling parents.

We go to school and are taught by controlling teachers.

We begin work being controlled by bosses.

And one day finally we might become the controller. One day we might become the parent, the teacher, the boss.

And then it's our turn to do what was done to us.

Yet we still haven't grown up. We're now only the big kid telling the smaller kids what to do and how to be.

## Our world is not for children.

We say we care about what the world will be like for our children, but it's bullshit as really we don't

give a shit.

If we did then we'd do something about stopping the world being as it is, as already it's completely anti-children.

And to do that we'd have to first do something to make it more friendly for adults as the world is also completely anti-adults, as we are anti-ourselves.

We don't fully love ourselves, so we can't make a world that is of such love, nor can we love our children or make a world good for them.

We say we love our children, and yet we punish them because they are not how we want them to be - we stop them being true to themselves. And once we've done the job on them in the home we send them off to school for other authorities to cement in the 'good work'.

And all the way along we say the world is a wonderful place and isn't it a joy being alive - ain't life grand! And we keep chopping the trees down, poisoning the environment, destroying the only thing on the world that is all-loving, all-accepting, true and perfect. The only thing that is good for us and our children.

## If you love your child...

Then why do you change its natural way to be.

Why do you stop it expressing itself.

Why do you tell it what to do, when to do it, and how it is to be.

What's so loving about this?

And does your child show it feels loved by you when it cries and screams and throws its 'tantrum'.

And what do you do when it shows you how bad you are making it feel, love it even more by coming down even harder on it bringing it into line - punishing it.

What! You actually PUNISH your own child! And then you turn around and say you love it, that your punishment is showing it how much you love it; that because of the great love you have for it, you do punish it, needing to teach it what is right and wrong.

Are you SERIOUS! How demented can you be. And to go on saying and believing you love your child when you treat it so badly. Come on, if those things were done to you, would you feel loved by the person doing them to you?

And you know what? It's all right, you can own up to the fact that you are wrong... and even that you don't love your child. And you can own up without being punished yourself.

# CR - and family

## Our loving families.

Consider this: as we are all conceived into a negative self-denying state, we're all full of childhood repression.

If you don't believe or feel you have repressed childhood feelings within you, I understand, because before I started to do my feeling-healing I didn't think I had any in me either.

Now, hands up who would say they come from a loving family? Hands up who don't feel their family was loving? And you'd probably suspect the show of hands would be in the majority – possibly overwhelming – with most people showing they had and have a loving family. And those people would feel good about their family – right? Of course they would or they wouldn't have put their hands up – would they?

Okay, so back to the beginning. You have repressed childhood feelings within you. You feel bad in some way, you don't feel your life is what you want it to be, possibly you have some trauma from your early childhood you're working on. But still you put your hand up to say you have a loving family.

But don't you think something is wrong here? Doesn't it seem strange that you say you have or had a loving family and yet you don't feel good – that you are full of repressed bad childhood feelings? And that you are denying so many bad feelings all because you are afraid of the truth you might see about the relationships you had in your early life if you allowed yourself to feel them. And what is this truth you are so afraid of? What really is going on deeper within you? So let me ask you, seriously, what was or is so good about your family?

Do you see, do you get it? You CAN'T have had a good loving family experience, at least not as you want to believe it was. If you did you wouldn't be full of childhood repression. You are living in a fantasy about your family. Your family IS THE DIRECT CAUSE AND ONLY CAUSE OF YOUR CHILDHOOD REPRESSION. It, your parents, and possibly other members in your family, fucked you up. The mess you are in, why you feel so bad, is because of them – BECAUSE OF YOUR FAMILY!

So let's have another show of hands. Who now feels they have or had a loving family? Can you feel the anguish in you? You want to say yes, but you now know it's not what you thought it to be. It's really a NO. But it's a hard struggle to accept it. You don't want to accept it. You don't want to face the truth of it. And hey, that's okay. Nothing bad is going to happen to you if you don't, the bad has ALREADY happened to you – IT HAPPENED WITHIN YOUR OWN FAMILY.

We hold up and cherish the family more than any other institution. If the family fails, then it's all over, we're fucked, we may as well hand in our shoes and socks and piss off never to return again. What is

the point if the family is bad? What can you have in life if you don't have a sound and secure loving family, a place you can go back to when all else fails? What are you faced with when your one and only safe haven is shown up to be evil, the very horror you fear so much, the very torture chamber you grew up in?

And it is. That's the sickening truth. The FAMILY is rotten to the core. It is the source of all your problems – all our problems. We uphold all the great family values, such as: not loving each other truly; stopping the child express itself freely; filling us full of childhood repression; believing we'd rather die for our family than say a bad word against it; pretending we feel loved when deeper within us the truth is we don't feel loved - or not at least as how we needed to feel; ensuring it's all not what it seems - keeping up the front and maintaining the show.

We go on protecting our parents like faithful morons, protecting the very people who've fucked us up. It was not their fault, we say and convince ourselves, our parents loved us and were faultless; it was our fault - the child is always to blame! We shouldn't have behaved as badly as we did. We are to blame, we gave them too much of a hard time. We EXCUSE THEM. We excuse the family. And we go on pretending in the world we're all one big happy family, but we're not. The truth is we all hate each other, just as we all hated each other in our family.

But to come clean is a tough call. Who wants to smash their false loving beliefs about their family apart? Who wants to turn their back on the very EVIL ONES that have caused their childhood repression?

Yet that is what you face if you seriously want to heal all of your negative self-denial unloving state of mind and will. That's what you're going to have to do if you seriously want to heal all of your childhood repression.

## **Strapped in.**

He's strapped into the car seat.

He's strapped into the pusher.

He's pushed around.

He's left strapped in his pusher in various places whilst they do what they want to do.

Some of the day passes and he's still strapped in his pusher.

He eats and sleeps strapped in his pusher.

For a short moment or two he's removed from his pusher whilst his nappy is changed.

Then he's put straight back into his pusher.

He's left again strapped in his pusher as they carry on doing more things.

More of the day passes as he remains strapped in his pusher.

He eats more, sleeps more, cries more – still strapped in his pusher.

Then he's taken out of his pusher and strapped back into the car seat.

Finally he's at home, the straps come off, and he's allowed to be free... but only for a little while.

The little babies and toddlers that come to the Fishing Park stay strapped in their pushers (or strollers) for hours at a time.

During our most crucial forming time in life, a time when we need continual affection and hands on attention and care, we're left alone, denied it, stuck in our prams, pushers and strollers. And we grow up being told we are loved, loved by our all-caring parents. We learn that rejection, abandonment, frustration, anger and boredom is feeling loved. The straps never being entirely removed.

And so it goes on.

The next day we then strap our child back into the car seat...

## **What hope have you got?**

‘Ally get in your seat - NOW!, please. That’s naughty and unacceptable behaviour!’

And I say it again: What hope have you got. What hope did I have. What hope do any of us have. What hope does Ally have of growing up feeling completely loved by her mother. None.

How is a kid supposed to be with that kind of treatment?

And all they were doing was getting in the car.

## **It's just for us.**

We live next to a holiday rental. A family have rented it for the Easter school holidays - with a young boy about three, a girl about five. Amazingly after three days we've hardly heard a peep out of them. Then suddenly it's as if a window is thrown open, and just for Marion and I.

We hear from the back yard the boy quietly crying, then words from the mother: ‘You’ve hurt him... you’ve really hurt him... you have, you’ve really hurt him... if you do something like that again, I’m going to really hurt you in the same way’. Then they go inside. We hear nothing further for the remainder of their stay.

It is just for us. Marion and I needed to feel how we felt hearing such words. And we felt bad - very angry. Very angry with the mother, very angry will all parents, very angry - yet again - with our parents.

It was the tone, the intent with which the mother said her words to her daughter that really made us angry. She spoke them with such venom, as if she wanted to kill her daughter there and then for doing such an unforgivable sin. You could hear the knife being purposefully driven in. And it reminded us of our parents favouritism of our siblings. Did this mother love her son more than her daughter? And will it always be like that? Or is it just that he's cute while he's little. Is her daughter now too much of a threat to her power, too much competition?

But really it was how she would have made her daughter feel - and that fact that she *wanted* to make her feel that way; to hurt her with her words, to hurt her so badly; to stick the knife in twisting it so her daughter would 'learn' what a bad thing she has done and so 'never' do it again. However we don't learn that way. We only feel the pain of rejection, being suddenly hated by our parents, a pain that goes very deep and never heals until we bring it out during deep therapy or whilst doing our Feeling-Healing.

And it's the pain of the hurt we felt being treated in the same by our parents that made Marion and I angry. Being wounded right to the core of our being. Feeling so rejected, so unwanted, so unloved. So much that were we that little girl with her motheravouring the little boy so much, we too might feel like doing something to hurt him.

## Parents need help!

Apparently more parents are calling the help line unable to control their teenagers, unable to deal with their violence and not knowing what to do when they run away from home. And the reason so it was said for the increased number of calls is because of parents allowing their children to have more say in their families. Such parents don't feel 'connected' with their children (let alone what their children obviously feel), and want advice on how to connect.

But the damage is already done. How can you 'connect' with someone who you've shown through your actions (but are no doubt mostly unaware that you've done so) since their conception, that you don't love them. The children show there is no connection and so it's a bit late trying to make it. The child will be filled with so much hurt, so many feelings of not feeling wanted, loved, respected and appreciated. The child will be so angry, so mixed up not understanding why its parents treat it so badly when they say they love it, and when it's supposed to love them. And within the child and parent are years of repressed unexpressed bad feelings between them. Any connection is going to be at best very superficial.

And the simple fact that the word 'connect' is used, that parents don't feel connected with their very own children, says all that needs to be said.

And yet still we fail to understand the flaw in what we call parenting. Our 'parenting' is unloving, and our children display the signs, provided they have been allowed to be free in their feelings enough to

express their discontent, anger and frustration.

And because parents are generally loosening the control, doing away with smacking and the need to be so superior and the all-powerful one, then the problem is only going to get worse. And so it should. For the more so-called 'freedom' children have, the more they will be able to reflect and express the state of feeling unloved they feel.

And no doubt this will continue until children get too out of hand and then more stern and stricter measures of control will need to be re-introduced and so smacking and more physical control and dominance will probably be accepted as what needs to happen.

And so the trend will no doubt one day change, going around in a circle, never really achieving anything. And all because no one wants to look at the problem seriously, no one wants to know the truth of what's really going on.

## **Generations of anger.**

... My Great grandmother was angry at how she was treated by her mother.

My Great grandmother treated my grandmother badly because she was so angry.

My grandmother being so angry at she was treated, treated my mother angrily.

My mother so full of anger at how her mother treated her, treated me unlovingly with all that anger.

I am full of repressed anger, a whole family line of anger. I am very angry. And were I to have children I'd pass it onto them. And wouldn't they be happy about that?

I had to repress my anger at my mother because she wouldn't allow me to have any power, just as her mother didn't allow her to have any power. But when she had me, then she could have power - she was so often angry with me.

I've felt too powerless to even consider having children. So thankfully I haven't used them to have power.

I am ending this family line of anger. I refuse to pass it on. And I want to heal it out of myself, so I am doing my feeling-healing. And there's a hell of a lot to heal - I had no idea.

Today I am angry with every little thing in my life, every little thing being mum. She was angry with everything I was, did, said, all when I was a little thing.

I grew up on anger. I am anger, nothing but anger. Only I learnt to suppress it, and to such a degree that I was praised - by my mother - for being such a calm, peaceful, patient and tolerant person. If only she knew.

If only she knew that now all my anger and rage is at her, every last bit of it. And if I could, I'd rip her apart with it, shred her with it, I'd give every last bit of how bad she made me feel back to her - I no longer want such feelings.

I am not proud of my family line.

# **CR - and relationships**

## **But what if your partner doesn't want to be your true friend?**

What if you want to do your childhood repression healing, by speaking about all your bad feelings so you can uncover the truth of them, but your partner doesn't want to listen to all your yuk? What do you do? What can you do?

What do you do when you feel really bad and they are not there for you? Not there for you to tell them how bad you feel? What do you do when they say, yes tell me, but no sooner than you've started and they are trying to stop you speaking about your bad feelings, trying to shut you up, or tell you that there is something wrong with you for feeling that way?

What do you do when you agreed to listen to each other, but he or she doesn't speak about his or her bad feelings whereas it's all you want to do?

It's terrible having to be faced with the reality that you are not friends, not truly there for each other, not willing to listen to each others bad feelings. It's not good having to face the fact that if your partner doesn't want to listen to you, and share his or her bad feelings, then what are you doing together? And what if this realisation starts to come and you have little children, a mortgage on the house and grandparents that would be heartbroken if suddenly they couldn't see the children?

What do you do as the hopelessness of your relationship dawns on you? The honeymoon period definitely a long all but forgotten memory, the day-to-day drudge almost too much to bear.

And all you can do is speak – talk about all your bad feelings. All your worries, fears, anger, doubts, concerns, problems, talk about all the bad stuff.

Talk about it all with your partner (the best you can), with other friends, a therapist, with God, but talk about it all wanting to uncover the truth of why you are in this situation, why is it happening to you. And how does it all relate to your early childhood and your relationship with your parents and carers. You don't have to immediately leave your partner, as you can use the opportunity to uncover the truth of why you are feeling all you are feeling – what is it all about. Your relationship is making you feel bad, so there you have a good source of continual bad feelings to speak about and express and to long for the truth of.

And if your partner does want to listen to you, but can't because of all the blocks in them from their early childhood, then this is where they can start by speaking about all their bad feelings - about not being able to do it but wanting to. They have to understand the value and reason for speaking about how bad they feel – all their worries, fears, doubts, anger, frustration, and even if it's bad things about each other, it all has to come up and out.

And speaking about all you feel can only have a good effect on your relationship. It will either show you that there is some hope bringing you both closer, or it will show you there isn't any, and as hard as it might be, separation must occur. But to not speak about it, you'll never know, with it all going around and around, pent-up inside you, slowly driving you mad and making you sick. With it all having desire adverse unloving affects upon your children if you have them.

## Do I have narcissistic parents?

I don't know and I don't care. What I do care about is how my parents make me feel now as an adult, and how they made me feel through my forming years. And I don't care if I can label my parents as having narcissistic personality disorder (NPD), because what good is that going to do for me. It might help me feel better about myself identifying my suffering with others, and it might help me become more familiar with some of the bad feelings I feel, but still it's not going to help me heal my childhood repression.

I don't need to label myself or my parents to legitimise myself for feeling such bad feelings. I am allowed to feel them, even if my parents made me feel and believe I wasn't allowed to. And now I know it's okay to feel bad, and that my bad feelings are even good – good in that they can help me find the truth of myself.

The only thing that can help me is to face the truth of all the bad feelings I am denying. So when I feel bad, to allow myself to express all my bad feelings to my friend (Marion my partner), whilst I long to know the truth of what's going on in my relationship with my parents – the truth of what went on (and is still going on) during my early years.

And I want to allow myself to feel as bad as I can when I am with my parents or when I have anything to do with them. And I want to allow myself to JUST FEEL all I feel, with no other motive than to uncover the truth of my feelings. I don't want to do anything to try to resolve any conflict with my parents or try to do anything with the hope of having a meaningful relationship with them. I don't want to try to balance the score. I don't want to try to gain power when they make me feel so powerless. I don't want to do anything other than feel all I feel, long for the truth of these feelings, and keep on speaking about and expressing them to Marion.

I don't care about trying to have a nice loving relationship with my parents. All I care about is trying to bring up all the repressed buried yuk bad feelings that are hidden inside me. All so I can find the truth of myself, uncover the real and true me – the me that my parents didn't allow to exist.

All I care about is trying to live true to my feelings stopping myself from denying them. I want the relationship with myself to become perfect and totally loving BEFORE I worry about trying to have a good relationship with anyone else.

And I know that as I do my feeling-healing and progressively grow in truth – as I heal my childhood repression – then naturally I will be able to relate more truly and with greater love and affection in all my relationships and especially with myself. That will all take place in its own time. And if it never occurs with my parents, then so be it. I can't make them change, and I don't want to change myself trying to 'fit in' or be able to negotiate myself better with them, that was all I did and tried to do during

my childhood, and it did me no good.

All I want to do is finally, once and for all, dump my parents, leaving them to their narcissism. They can be how they want to be, but just because I am their child doesn't mean I have to try to be like them or manage somehow using 'some helpful hints' to be with them. No, I don't want to have anything to do with them because they have shown me well and truly they don't want to know the real me. They only want to use me for their own power needs. I am nothing more to them than a prop to be used in their never-ending stage show. So I want out of the act!

I no longer want their criticism, blame, chastisement, abuse, rejection, always having to give myself to them, always having to be there for them and never getting anything for myself (any love: acceptance, acknowledgement and feelings of being truly wanted) in return. I no longer want to always feel let down and disappointed – used by them. I don't want to be a part of their self-important lives. But I do want to feel such bad feelings so I can use them to help me heal my childhood repression.

## Indulge in introspection!

Go for it. Do it all the time. What else is life meant to be about other than getting to know yourself. And how can you get to know yourself without being introspective and self-analytical. It's what makes life interesting - truly interesting, when you can understand some more about yourself.

We are all very interesting personalities. And as personalities we experience. And our experiences are all about personality interaction – relationships. Life is all about relationships. We are having and eternal relationship with ourselves, we find ourselves the most interesting of all things. It would be a worry if we didn't. And yet we're parented to be mostly disinterested in ourselves. To deny our feelings those things that help us understand our relationships with everything, everyone and our self.

When people say it's bad to be too introspective, then they are sadly missing out on themselves, they are showing they don't like themselves, they are denying their feelings, they are rejecting themselves. They are treating themselves unlovingly - just how their parents treated them. For had their parents been interested in them, then so too would they be interested in themselves, in ALL that they felt, thought and did.

Why do you act how you do; why do you say what you say; why do you feel what you feel what you feel; why do you think what you think; why do you imagine what you do; why do you dream what you do - and why do you all these things when you do? Why do you? Don't you want to know? Don't you want to know everything about yourself that you possibly can? And if you don't, why not? What's wrong with yourself for not wanting to know?

Many people say they want to be more introspective but just don't have the time. But this is just an excuse, because like anything, if you really want to do it you find the time. So truthfully they don't want to know themselves, so stop lying to yourself. You don't want to know yourself because your parents didn't want to know you, no one wants to know you, and it's a sad way to be and feel about yourself. But it's true. If it wasn't true then you'd be wanting to know yourself.

The more self-analysis, the more therapy, the more discussion about all the aspects of yourself the better, and you need someone else to do it with. You can only do so much on your own. And we're not meant to live on our own. We are meant to live very intimately (and that doesn't mean it has to be sexually) with one partner, ultimately our soul-mate. And from that close relationship move out into having other less intimate ones.

We needed our parents to help us get to know ourselves and what life is all about as we are growing up, but they mostly failed in helping us to know ourselves. And so we need a person and someone ultimately of the opposite sex, our true 'other-half', to keep expressing ourselves so they give us the feedback to help us become more self-aware.

We all know relationships are important, only we fail in them to fully, truly and freely express ourselves, and why do we fail? Because we failed in our relationships with our parents to fully, truly and freely express all we felt and thought. But it wasn't our fault, it's never the forming child's fault, it is just subjected to the environment of its parents and family. It doesn't know that relationships and being true in them is what life is really all about. And so as adults because this wasn't made clear to us right from the beginning through the intent of our parents relationships with us, we don't understand the true significance of life.

If you want to go the whole way and find out every last detail about yourself, why you are the way you are in all that you are, then you can do your feeling- and soul-healing, that which involves the healing of your childhood repression. And to do it will take massive amounts of time being introspective. But this isn't a bad thing because you'll be expressing every part of yourself (at least trying to) to your friend, who will be doing the same with themselves. And slowly together you come to see all about yourselves. It is the most incredible journey.

Becoming 'self-realised' or self-aware as it's spoken about in certain spiritual and religious circles is only using your mind to understand certain aspects of yourself. If not using your feelings to uncover the WHOLE truth of yourself. It doesn't involve healing your childhood repression and negative state of mind and will, it only helps to further the control of your mind over yourself and therefore adding to your self-denial, self-rejection, self-hated, all which delude you into thinking you are doing the very opposite.

Any real and true self-analysis and good beneficial introspection is eventually going to lead you into your early childhood, to find out just what did go on between you and your parents. But that is what a lot of people want to avoid. They fear it. It's why it's said too much introspection is harmful for you, plunging you into repressed yuk feelings that surface which you can never escape from, cutting you off from 'normal' life, making you withdraw. And many of these people if you are with them feel rejected by you as you 'go in'. But you're not living life for them, to make them happy, so fuck them and go in. Go in as far as you can and then keep going in. A true spiritual life is one of always going in as you come out - you go 'into' your feelings as you come 'out' by expressing them. It's a never-ending process and it's wonderful.

But sure, if you open up to the flood of your hidden deeper repressed feelings it might be overwhelming both for yourself and those in your life, but you can take it a little at a time, slowly building yourself into it if that is what you want to do. And you can do this by doing your feeling-healing, by starting to focus on accepting and speaking about your bad feelings whilst you long for the

truth of them. You don't have to wait until life pushes you in at the deep end. You can make it be a part of your life-giving to it as much time as you feel you want to.

And then sometime down the track, be it here on Earth or during your spirit life, when you feel ready, and when your life allows you to, then you can fully commit to the process, seeking to uncover the whole truth of your negative state healing all your childhood repression. Then you can go for it being as introspective and self-analytical as you want. Then you can start to live true to your feelings.

## **My parents wanted me to make them feel better.**

They used me to make themselves feel good. I had to do what they said, I had to behave, I had to do as I was told, all so they could have life as they wanted it to be.

My parents said we come first, we are the important ones, you are not. You have to be how we want you to be. My parents said you have to please us before you please yourself.

My parents said, this is our home, this is our world, you have to fit in with it. We are not fitting in with you. You don't matter, only we do.

My parents didn't put themselves in my place and consider how I might be feeling - how they might have been making me feel.

And when I complained they said, too bad, whilst you're with us it's how we want it to be, when you leave us then you can have it how you want it to be.

My life was for them, it wasn't for me.

My parents didn't give wholly themselves to me to make me feel good, to give me a good life. My parents didn't say you come first, you are the most important, we've had our lives, you are just beginning yours, so we'll do all you need us to do for you. My parents didn't do all they could so I felt pleased and happy and loved by them. My parents didn't make me feel the whole world was there for me.

My parents made me feel rejected and unwanted, that I was a bother and a nuisance - an inconvenience, something they would have rather not have had.

My parents used me to gain power. They said we are the all-powerful ones, you are not. And so they fucked up my life and my ability to use my own power to give myself a good life. They took all my power and prevented me from having it, so I am now powerless.

My parents made me sacrifice myself for them. My parents told me they loved me.

## **She had me for herself.**

She had me to make her feel good.  
She had me for her own selfish reasons.  
She had me because that's what you did, everyone did it - you had children.  
She had me because if you didn't have children then you were considered a failure - and who wants to be that.  
She had me because it was all fun and games, all the sex, the man, being married, the house, the family.  
She had me because of her fantasy.  
She had me because of her delusion.  
She had me because what else do you do with your life.  
She had me all because of what she wanted, with no thought as to what I might want.  
She had me all for herself.

She didn't have me for myself.

She didn't care what my life was going to be.

She didn't think twice about forcing me to fit in with her ways and her 'great' life.

She didn't give a shit about me.

And when I was all grown up, she said she'd never have children were she to have her life over again.  
And then in the next breath she'd say, 'Oh but you kids are the best things that happened to me'.

It was all for her, nothing for me.

## **"Helping Witness" – a good friend.**

Alice Miller speaks about our needing a helping witness. Someone we can speak about our trauma and bad feelings to, someone who is on our side and sympathetic to our needs; someone who can help us with your childhood repression healing.

But for me, a "helping witness" sounds all too impersonal, I want someone who is quite plainly: a good friend.

We need a friend. We need a friend because our parents weren't our friends. We missed out on sharing a loving relationship with them, we missed out on being friends.

I believed as I grew older that mum was my friend, and a good one at that. She was on my side, she was there for me, she was my mum. But still, as I have discovered, I am full of repressed childhood feelings, with most of my early life causing me no end of pain and troubles in my adult life. All of which was caused by my so-called good friends, my mother and father.

Through my childhood repression healing I have had to face the truth that my parents weren't my friends, that they just used me in many ways to get things they wanted. Their 'love' was all based on condition. But true friends don't use each other, they love and accept each other unconditionally. And being a friend without conditions – is something hard to be, especially when all you've known is your parents way.

You might believe that your mum or dad is one of your best friends because you can share everything with them, but can you? Can you really speak about EVERY bad feeling and thought you have with them? And with them without trying to change you, without trying to help you 'get over them'. And have you tried? And what about all those bad feelings you won't even accept and allow yourself to feel? And how do you think your so-called 'best friend' in your parent will hold up when you start telling them how bad you feel, how unloved you feel and it's all because of them? What happens as you start to delve deep into all your hidden and repressed bad feelings, and you start to see that all you believe your friendship with your parents is, turns out to be false, fantasy and your delusion maintained by you because of your dread to face the truth your feelings are trying to show you?

When you start your childhood repression healing through your bad feeling acceptance, it's like starting one long course of therapy, and you need a friend to help you with it. You need someone you can speak to about all your bad feelings, every single one of them – a willing listener. And sure, someone who is a witness to all the horror and yuk you talk about, but someone who is also more than that, someone who is a true friend.

And preferably you need a friend who is there with you all, if not most, of the time, someone who you can speak to at any moment about any bad feeling you feel. It's hard to store up your bad feelings and wait until your next appointment later in the week – but it is better than nothing.

A true friend allows you to tell them, without their judgement or their trying to stop you, just how bad you feel. And they want to know what you are feeling. They genuinely want to know you – YOU, THE FEELINGS PERSON. Not just you the fun person, or the mind person, or the person to go out and do things with; but you the person who has their life whilst they have theirs and you talk about every bad and good feeling you have. And not just the person who you touch base with, keep up to date with about your life's goings on. And not just the person you go to bed with. No, a true friend, someone who wants you to speak to them about all you feel and for them to be able to speak to you about all they feel. For as you know, it's feelings that give any relationship the breadth and depth needed to remain interesting and vital, particularly if you spend a lot of time together. No feeling sharing and communicating, and it all gets rather mundane. And to really give a relationship the chance to achieve its full potential, bad feelings must also be included. And if you want to do your childhood repression healing together, then lots of bad feelings, all the time bad feelings, being talked about and discussed.

Your friend by wanting you to come out to them is asking you to tell them about yourself. They are inviting you out into the world. And the more expressive you can be, the more feelings you can speak about, the more of you can come out and exist. And being your friend, they like you speaking about all you feel – THEY LIKE YOU. And this is very important, for then it's the world liking you, saying yes we accept you as you are, you are most welcome to come out into it and just be yourself – all you feel, good and bad.

Your friend being the world unconditionally allows you to be. They don't tell you how you should be. They don't do what your parents did to you and say we like this part but not that part. Or, we will only like you if change your behaviour, yourself, and become what is acceptable to us. They are saying, the world is saying, we hate you, we don't want you as you are, we totally reject you. We don't like you, we don't love you UNLESS... and then come all the conditions. And what hope do you have but to comply, deny and change your own natural self-expression and become as they want you to be. Your parents are not your true friend.

But your friend, your true friend, is not like your parents. It says, you are okay just as you are. And this, I can tell you, is a very pleasant change. And it might even take time to get used to. And it has a good effect on you. For effectively by your friend saying they want you as you are, you can then say that to yourself. You can begin to accept yourself, not judge and criticise yourself; you can start to be nice, kind and caring, even loving of yourself. A nice welcome change indeed! And all because the world is now saying you are good, true and perfect how you are, you don't have to change yourself anymore for us. And all thanks to your friend.

So really your true friend becomes something of substitute parents, parents who are your friend. And they can help you fill in the love deficit gap caused by your parents not loving you as you needed to be loved. Which really means, that through them, through your friends acceptance of you, you are able to be the loving parents to yourself that you didn't have. You are able to fill in the gap, to fill up the hole, through your own love for yourself – as you just feel better about yourself.

Your true friend is acceptance, unconditional acceptance – acceptance of all you feel.

# **CR - put yourself... in your child's place**

## **Why do you think your child gets angry with you?**

Do you think it's getting angry because it enjoys being angry with you?

Or do you think that it's not in its right mind, not knowing what it's doing and so shouldn't be angry.

Do you think your child is wrong - children are always wrong, and you are right, so it has no right to be angry with you.

Does it ever occur to you that you might be doing something wrong, and that your child might actually be right.

And would it ever occur to you to stop what you are doing, trying to see the truth of what you're actually doing and why you are making it angry with you.

Do you ever stop and put yourself in your child's place to see what its feeling, trying to relate to life how it sees it.

Or is it simply a battle of wills, something that's inevitable and unavoidable; something you tolerate waiting for your child to get over, to come to its senses - or put your foot down and quash.

And do you enjoy always having it your way. Or is that you feel you never have it your way, and you're sick of the fights, the battles, all of which you have caused but probably won't ever admit to.

Is it right that we should all grow up fighting one another in the family, or is that there are very valid reasons for such anger. But do you, supposedly being the responsible adult, want to find out what they are?

## **Hello World!**

I am a little person wanting to come out into the world and be happy. I want to love and feel loved. I want to truly and freely express all that I am. I want to be welcomed and accepted for being who I am.

I want them - my parents - to want me, to care for me, to care about me. I want them to unconditionally accept me.

I don't want them to tell me what to do, tell me how to be, tell me what to say. I don't want them to control me. Because being this way is not loving me, and it doesn't make me feel happy. It makes me

feel sad, angry, powerless, rejected. It makes me feel the very opposite to how I want to feel.

And I want them to know this, because being so little I can't as yet tell them. I can't as yet tell them that I want them to be on my side, and I don't want to be constantly fighting against them for my rights. For my right to express myself in my life how I want to.

I want us to have a good relationship. I don't want to feel like I'm nothing more than an ornament, or a play thing, or a slave. I don't want them to have me to gain power. I don't want them to use me. I don't want them to abuse me. I want them to traumatiser me.

I don't want them to make me have to put my true self aside forcing me by using my own mind and will to live untrue, to be how I don't want to be. I don't want them to treat me this way because I don't want to grow up being full of unexpressed bad feelings, all of which have resulted in my childhood repression. And I don't want to have to one day wake up realising that my life is fucked, that I am fucked, that I am a false person. And to heal myself, to change myself into being a good, nice and true person, from being the evil, rotten untrue one that I am, I have to do my soul- or feeling-healing.

I don't want them to interfere in my life. I only want them to support me, to be there when I need them, and not take over telling me they know what's best for me, better than I know for myself.

I want to live a life of love, and not one of hate. I don't want to end up hating my parents. I want to love them, always love them, and know, because I feel it, that they always love me

## **I'm a gaping wound.**

My mother chopped great slices off my self-esteem, she cut my self-confidence to bits. She never let up.

I was never any good, her failure daughter. Nothing I did, did I do well enough, and she always told me so. She cut me down, cut me open, and kept the wounds from healing. She hurt me so much, telling me I was useless, worthless, that no one would ever like me. That I was good for nothing, and that's how I have felt all my life.

And my father supported her. He backed her up, he hit me about the head, it was nothing for him to do. If I didn't do as he or she said, he would hit me, knock my head into the wall.

Neither of them were ever happy with anything I did. They weren't happy with how I was. They didn't like me. They ridiculed, criticised, humiliated me constantly. And I don't know why.

I don't know what it was that I did that was so wrong. I don't know why they hated me so much. I don't know what it was all about, only that I never felt good with them and they seemed pleased about that. The worse I felt, the more powerless they made me, the better it was for them, as if they were doing what was right by me in life.

In their eyes, they were good, perfect parents, and all I felt like was shit. I cried and cried until I

couldn't cry anymore. My mother made both myself and the hairdresser cry as she forced her to cut my long hair off so I wouldn't attract any boys. She slaughtered me. She made me feel so ugly and she told me I was.

My psoriasis is my body trying to heal my gaping wounds. Constantly skin is being formed like a scab trying to cover up my raw and exposed bits. It started on my head when I was ten spreading all over my body, showing me I am just one horrible yuk for all the world to see.

Now through my feeling-healing it has lessened as I've uncovered the truth of how they treated me and how it felt feeling so unwanted, unloved and rejected. Slowly my wounds are closing up as I come to accept myself, love myself, and understand that I'm not so bad after all. And that perhaps what my mother and father told me, isn't true.

I hope it's not. I do hope they were wrong.

## **'Do you want to come shopping again?'**

'Do you want to come shopping again?' the mother aggressively said in her little boy's ear as he was climbing over the shopping trolley she was pushing out of Safeway. 'Only good boys can come shopping... so, do you want to come shopping again... are you going to be a good boy?'

How fucked can you be? What sort of relationship is this with your little child? It's certainly not a loving one.

How controlling do you need to be? Listen to yourself, to the actual words that come out of your mouth. Would you want someone saying such things to you? Put yourself in your child's place for once and FEEL how unloving you are.

And how is your evil hatred unloving behaviour going to affect your little child? Is he going to grow up becoming a well-balanced person, someone who feels he was completely loved by his mother?

No, he's not. And he's going to have to pretend that all those bad feelings, all that yuk you are spitting out all over him is not really coming from his loving mummy. God knows what he's going to have to do with it all, where he's going to stow it away in himself and how he's going to shut off all those parts of himself that you are making feel bad - unwanted and rejected.

Look at the relationship you are having with him. Look closely at it. What is it? And is it a loving one? And can you seriously say this is loving behaviour on your part. And if you can, then what hope does he have. You obviously had no hope when you were little and now you're being the 'good parent' passing it all onto him.

So, well done. You've studied well in *Parenting 101* - how to control your child, and you're obviously passing the test. Because what are you going to do when he says he doesn't want to come shopping again with you in the supermarket - are you going to leave him alone?

You are a parent and you are one big bag of lies. Deceitful, devious, manipulating; and all so you can have it all your own way. Your child is a nothing, he just has to fit in with your life. You really don't give a shit about him, but it's a bum that he's with you all the time and you have to 'look after' him. And yet if this is looking after him, I'd hate to see your neglect of him, your neglect of him as a real FEELING person in his own right.

And when he does what YOU want, and it's all a fun and happy time again, your son being well under control, oh then you can pour it on, then you can revel in all that sloppy and gushy love you feel for him. Then you be the good and perfect loving mum. You can carry on with your fantasy, raising yourself up to new heights of grandeur - you being the Great One. And just so long as he 'turns out OK', okay by your standards. And if does appear to be 'normal', then you are home free, nothing further to worry about, it's all over. You survived, as did he, a JOB WELL DONE - MUM.

## **'My feet are cold!'**

"Well go and get some socks james – put your shoes on. Go on, don't just sit there, if your feet are cold, go and put your shoes and socks on. It's bad sitting around with cold feet, you'll likely catch a chill, so hurry up, go on, do it now!"

But I don't want to do it now. I want to sit and finish my bread and peanut butter, then I'll do it.

Why can't I just say what I feel, and do what I want to do? Why can't she leave me alone – stop telling me what to do all the time? Does she think I'm an absolute moron and don't know I can put shoes and socks on? Why doesn't she just wait and see what I do? And if she wonders why I'm not doing anything about it, then ask me, not just take over and order me around. She's always taking over having to be the boss of everything.

I feel so anxious. Every time I open my mouth I am told to do something, all when I don't want to do it. I wish I didn't speak, but if I don't say anything, then I get told to speak!

Why can't she be nice to me? Listen to what I say and just empathise with me, leaving me to my life. I just want to say my feet are cold so I can get some sympathy from her. And with her love and care of me, I would feel good, better, and I'd be able to sit a little longer with my cold feet while I finish off my afternoon snack. Then I'll go and attend to my feet.

I wish she would leave me alone and stop interfering all the time. I don't want to get into trouble for having cold feet, and saying so; and I don't want to have shoes and socks on yet, I like my feet being bare. I don't want to feel worse than my cold feet are making me feel. I don't want to feel like I don't matter and my feet are more important than me.

Jake's mother, when he said he had cold feet the other day, didn't tell him what to do, she even offered to get his shoes and socks for him! I wish my Gran was like his mother and would do the same.

Jake's mother isn't always telling him what to do and making him do it when he doesn't want to. She doesn't interfere in his life. She lets him live it and be just how he wants to be. She doesn't think he'd

catch a cold if his feet are cold. She knows he's old enough and quite capable of looking after himself. She doesn't treat him like a dumbo, like he doesn't know anything. She'd let Jake have cold feet all day long if he wanted them, and she likes him telling her what he's feeling. She doesn't see that feeling bad about something like having cold feet is bad. It's just having cold feet. And having cold feet isn't going to kill you. And so what if it does, you die and go to heaven. What's so bad about that?

## The Dancing Bears of India.

How can they be so cruel? To pierce the baby bears nose with a red-hot iron needle, and then put a horrible coarse dirty rope through it, all so they can make the poor bear dance and do whatever they want it to do.

Why are we so cruel to animals? And why doesn't everyone do something to stop it?

Big James read the brochure about the plight of the dancing bears in India, and Maddy couldn't bear the fact that they are taken from their mother, who is killed, at only four weeks old - just tiny baby bear-cubs; kept in sacks and then have all sorts of cruel and terrible things done to them, all so the people can make them dance to try to get some money.

It's not right. It's not fair. Nothing, no one, not even an animal, should be made to suffer so cruelly – and to suffer so badly for the whole of ones life. To not be fed properly, to be kept in tiny rooms and cages, to always have that yucky rope up your nose and a tight painful muzzle strapped around your mouth and nose – it makes me want to cry.

I wish I could make the people stop doing it, but what can I do? Some good people are trying to help the bears and stop the cruelty, but it happens too much. Too many bears are suffering too much.

Maddy says the bears make her feel so bad, because they remind her of how cruelly she was treated by her parents. They hit her a lot, like the men hit the bears with their sticks. Maddy felt caged in, and was harshly controlled with no freedom of her own; none of her own life to do whatever she wanted to do it, always being made to do what her parents said. The bears being treated so badly greatly upsets her, she wants to go to India to help free them, but I hope she doesn't go, for what will Big James and me do without her?

Seeing the pictures of the poor lovely friendly bears makes us all feel so bad. So many bad things are done to such nice kind animals. So many bad things are done to children.

And it makes sense that we hurt animals because we hurt our children, and all because we – as Maddy and Big James tell me – are hurting ourselves. I don't want to hurt myself, or anyone, or any animal. I want everyone to live free. Yes, that's what I want.

I'm not old enough to do anything to help the poor dancing bears in India, although Maddy and Big James did send a little money; but if you can help, you can go here [www.hsi.org.au](http://www.hsi.org.au) so other bears and animals can be rescued and live free in special sanctuaries for them without any horrible things being done to them.

A few months later... And now they've all been freed!

## **Would you like to be smacked?**

Well, would you? So why would you smack your child? If you'd hate to be smacked, then why do something to someone else - your own child - that you'd hate being done to you.

If you'd hate to be smacked and treated so badly and so unlovingly and yet can smack your child then you've got a very serious problem. You are very disconnected from your feelings. You are detaching yourself from them. You are not allowing yourself to FEEL. For if you were, then you would feel too much for your child to ever want to smack or do a bad thing to it, you wouldn't want to anything to it to make it feel bad, as you'd hate those same things being done to you to make you feel bad.

And why you are so disconnected is because you have beliefs in the way of your feelings. You were made to believe through your early life that smacking is not only okay but GOOD for your child as it was GOOD for you. But was it? Was it really good for you? Did it make you feel good? And did it make you love your parents more when they were mean to you making you feel bad and not caring about how you felt?

If you believe it is okay to smack your child then you believe it's okay for me to come along and smack you if I don't like the way you are behaving. And although you might disagree with this, then okay so you believe it's all right for your parents to come along and smack you. And if you disagree with this because you are no longer a child, but it's okay to smack a child, that's what you have to do to enforce discipline and get it behaving how you want it to, then I feel very sorry for you. And I feel very sorry for you because I know that when you one day come to do your childhood repression healing you are going to hurt like hell. You are going to re-experience all the pain you inflicted on your child. You are going to feel worse than you made it feel, and that is going to be very bad.

However until you are ready to let go of your need for such power and control over someone weaker than you; whilst you need to control as you were controlled, you're not going to see that there is anything wrong with smacking your child. And that's okay, as really you can do whatever it is you want to do in your life and it's not for me to tell you otherwise. So enjoy your time of having such power over another person. Make sure you smack hard and make every smack really count.

## **Smacking poll.**

In a recent poll, so the newspaper reported the other day, over ninety percent of Victorians didn't want to make smacking children illegal. The main reason being that they didn't have an effective alternative to controlling their child.

Great... so what hope does the child have. Not that banning one punishment for another will do anything to change our whole attitude and approach to our children.

We just don't get it. We fail to put ourselves in our child's place and feel what it feels like to be smacked. To feel what it feels like to be punished. To feel what it feels like to feel so unwanted, rejected, and the worse thing we can feel: unloved.

We don't get it because we don't remember what it was like for us as young children. We don't want to remember as it was just too horrible. Remembering would be too traumatic - as traumatic as it was suffering such treatment.

It's taken all these years with Sweden leading the way trying to ban smacking, and we consider ourselves to be civilised, when we can't even respect our own children. We've got an awfully long way to go.

When will we start to understand and long for seeing the world with free children living on it. Children - our own children - free to express themselves how they want to. Children that are not controlled and overpowered in any way. Children that grow up only feeling loved and never feeling unwanted, rejected and unloved.

When we understand that as adults - as parents - we've got no idea. That we're completely wrong about how we should live and what life is all about. When will we start to long for the truth of how it really was for us during our own upbringing, all so we can then truly relate to what our own child feels.

## **No! You can't have it? And that applies to just about everything in life.**

'Can I have it?

'No.'

'Eeerrrr, eeerrrr, can I have it?'

'No.'

'Eeerrr, eeerrrr, eeeerrrrr, I want it, I want it, can't I have it?'

'No!'

'Why not?'

'You can't have it.'

'Mummy why can't I have it, I want it.'

'Darling you can't have it, you might lose it if you play with it in here, it's very small. It's best if daddy holds it.'

'I want it -'

'You can't have.... no.... No!'

She is five, she said so at the counter. Daddy is fumbling in his pockets for his wallet, he's saying self-deprecating things. The lady behind the counter is smiling, he's still fumbling, like he's nervous. All the way through the shop the little girl was asking for her thing, her father just kept saying no. He just blocked her, he wouldn't speak to her, not even try to explain why she can't have her thing. And he certainly wasn't going to let her have it and then be with her watching her as she plays with it helping her to not lose it. She couldn't get through to him past his barrier. She wasn't going to get her way. She was crying a little, making little crying noises. He was saying no, quietly but very firmly.

I wanted him to give it to her. It was hers and she wanted it so badly. I didn't like him, he was being too mean to her. He was treating her very badly. And her mother, although she explained why she couldn't have her thing still, like him, didn't care about her, or her feelings. They knew best, what was best for her in her life, she wasn't allowed to find out for herself.

Marion said that it's all very easy to have power over someone so small. That how he was at the counter showed he didn't feel confident, he felt unsure and self-conscious. He felt powerless. So he was able to turn on his own little daughter and re-gain his power, and it was easy. With her he could be the strong tough one, never giving in, not the dopey idiot he felt he was at the counter. And what could she do - nothing. And it wasn't fair. Is she going to grow up unable to find things out for herself always having someone else saying no and controlling her life.

Her parents didn't care about her, she just had to do what they said. They were using her. They were making her feel powerless so they could feel powerful. They were making her feel bad so they could feel good. And I hate that. I hate them. I wish I could have given her her thing, and so what if she lost it, at least she would be the one losing it and she could learn about that. But what is she now learning: that her parents don't care about her, that she has no power in her life with them, that she is powerless, just as powerless as they really feel.

None of it is fair... and I hate it all!

## **Listen to me will you! - I'm your child.**

I am hanging in my pouch on front of my mother facing her breasts, we're in the opshop. My mother's friend is with us, she has a little boy about three - I'm still a baby.

I start to feel bad, I'm hungry, and I start to cry a little.

My mother's friend says to me, 'You're alright, you're alright', in a kind of soothing way.

Then my mother gets out my dummy and tries to put it in my mouth, but I don't want it, I turn away but she forces me to take it. I feel worse and cry louder.

I cry wanting to say to her why aren't you looking after me, why aren't you caring about me. I'm hungry I want to be fed I don't want the dummy, I want you to love me, not reject me because you still want to go shopping.

I want you to put me first. I'm your baby, can't you put yourself aside for me? I want to be the most important one in your life, not the clothes or your friend - ME!

And I'm not all right, I wish she'd shut up! Who does she think she is? What does she know? Neither of them know me, or want to know me. I feel so alone, so uncared about. And I can't do anything about it. I'm so powerless, so young and with no power already. What is my life going to be like when I grow up still with no power, no power to even make my own mother attend to me.

## **Is your child free?**

If your child is not allowed to be completely free to express itself how it wants to, then you are interfering with its will.

As soon as you tell your child to stop being how it wants to be, you are interfering with it.

How do you think it might feel to be interfered with? How do you think it might feel to not be able to do always what you want to do? How do you think it might feel to be always told how to be and what you can and can't do? Do you think you'd be able to enjoy your life being so controlled and forced to do another's will?

Why are you having children? So you can have power over someone, so you can have something to control, so you can have your way when you weren't allowed to it when you were small. Are you having children to know you can be the all-powerful one?

Why don't you want your child to be free? Why don't you want to be its parent who INSISTS that it is free, free to express itself how it wants to?

Why do you want to make it be as you are? Why do you want to force it to be how it doesn't want to be? Why do you think you know better and your child - better than another person. And your child is another person you know.

Why do you want to treat your child like a pet, making it behave, conform, do as you please? Why do you want to have a pet treating it this way?

Why do you want 'The Power'?

And why do you then call it loving, you are the loving parent when all you do it stop your child from being how it naturally wants to be? Some love.

## **Your baby can't see!**

Hey lady your baby can't see. And she can't see it, either.

She's pushing it along in its huge pusher. I couldn't push it, it would be too heavy for me. It's got a big hood covering it, and I can see underneath it, a small baby lying there on its back. She can't see it - she can't even see her own baby!

It's lying on its back with one of those peaked caps on, only the cap has slipped down over one of its eyes and is banging on its face as she jolts it along the footpath. The little baby can't do anything about it. It looks ridiculous, and I feel very sorry for it. I can't imagine what it might be like lying there, being pushed along, it can't even see out properly, and the cap keeps banging on its face and it can't do anything about it. It can't stop it, it's too small. It just has to suffer and accept it, it's how things are for it, how its life is. No one cares about, especially its mother.

And look at her, walking along so fast, why doesn't she stop and check her baby. How long has she

been walking and how long is she going to walk - how long has it had the cap banging it on its face, right on its little nose and eye. And how long will it have it.

I can't believe these mothers. It's all about the look. It looks cute. She doesn't even want to see it, she just wants to push her pusher along playing this game, carrying out this fantasy, called: being a mother.

I want to stop her and make her see how uncaring she is, how insensitive she is. I want to ask her how she'd feel if she was her baby being neglected that way, and it being so young, so new to the world. I want to make her understand what damage she is inflicting on it, what irreparable damage. She doesn't have a bloody clue what mothering is all about.

And I can imagine her finally stopping, and looking in. Oh dear, look what your cap has done, it's slipped down... there now, that's better, we can carry on. But will she feel how dumb she is for putting such a silly cap on her baby's head. There isn't even any sun today. And will she feel sorry for what she's done to her little child, making it have to bear such a thing. Would she be able to relate to her own child feeling what it might feel like being pushed along having the hard edge of a cap hitting it in its face with every step she takes.

Argh! It's too cruel, too unloving, and I don't want to think about it.

## **Acceptance.**

Big James says that from all he can see about parenting from the Fishing Park, he only wishes that parents allowed their children to be freer and more self-expressive.

He says he has been highly critical and judgemental of them, hating them in how they treat their children, however the further he progresses in his childhood repression healing and the more anger he is able to express about his own parenting, the less he's interested in or concerned with other parents.

He says the problem is too big, it's too ingrained in our society - in us all, and as too few people are seriously wanting to look for the truth of how they are, how we parent will continue as it has already done, with few people fully understanding or appreciating the depth of the problem, let alone willing to do something about it in their own lives.

So he says it's none of his business how parents treat their children - which of course it isn't, and it's just such a pity that we are all so fucked up without understanding why.

So he has he's going to concentrate on just being with the children and allowing them to be as free and as self-expressive as they can be when they are with him, that being something that gives him great pleasure, seeing the children happy as he wishes he could have been happy when he was little.

## **A dog and your child.**

Can you image hitting an animal, such as your dog, over and over making it stop doing what you don't want it to do? You punish it every time it's being bad - you make it feel bad because you don't like it's behaviour. And eventually it learns and so stops doing what you don't want it to do. And you are happy because you've got your way.

And now put yourself in that dog and try to image what it must be like being constantly hit and punished for doing something you want to do, for being how you naturally are.

Can you begin to imagine just how bad it must feel to be made to stop being how you want to be. To constantly be hit or told no, don't be like that, so that eventually you have to stop being how you are just so you no longer feel bad.

Can you imagine how bad it would feel knowing you are killing a part of yourself, having to let apart of your own natural self-expression die, and take on a false way of being all to please those who have power over you.

And can you feel being the owner of that dog, that you believe because that dog is yours, then you have all rights to do whatever you want with it; and that indeed you must control and discipline it. And can you feel how with that attitude you give no rights to your pet. It has no say. It has you as it's master and so too bad for it that it can't be how it wants to be.

And finally, can you see that your child is the dog. That you treat your child as you treat your dog, even if it's only an imaginary dog. And if you can't, then pity you, pity your child and pity your dog.

## **The poor little wallaby.**

It was lying in a crumpled heap on the side of road. It was forlornly trying to get up, to make itself be right, to carry on with its life, to finish crossing the road. Why hadn't the car coming down the hill seen it? It was just standing there on the side of the road, and then it started to hop across.

It's beautiful big dark-brown eyes were looking at me. I imagined it was asking and saying to me: What happened? Did I do something wrong? Why am I now hurting so much? Why can't I stand? Why do I feel so strange, so confused? Why did that have to happen to me? Doesn't anyone care about me? I'm all alone, dying, lying here in such terrible pain. I was wanting to go and see my friends and family, but now I never will see them again.

We say we love the environment. We say we are more nature conscious. We say we do look after the creatures, and yet we can't even alter the speed signs, bringing them down to a level that enables us to stop quickly. And we can't even drive more slowly and cautiously ourselves without having to be told to. We can't care about the creatures, even if we say we want to, as we can't even care properly about ourselves.

I am that crumpled heap of lovely dark soft fur. I am badly damaged, all broken and torn apart. I am lying in the bushes on the side of the road slowly dying. I am in dreadful pain, bad physical pain, but worse emotional and spiritual pain. Because I know that no one loves me, no one wants me to live a good life, no one cares about me.

## **I'm going back.**

Back to be the poor little me, the poor sad and lonely little person who felt unloved, unwanted and always so rejected.

I'm going back to the poor little me that got crunched. Me that no one cared about, that didn't matter in their lives; me who wasn't considered, who mostly only received attention when 'in the way'.

I'm going back to feel the truth of all I felt back then, all those horrible feelings I had to shut out and stop myself from feeling.

I'm going back, slowly descending through my feelings as the hidden and repressed ones surface within me. They are taking me back.

And I remember. I don't remember so many pictures, but I remember the feelings.

I remember when I felt unloved.

I am going back to be the little me that I have forgotten about, the me I was made to hate, the me they didn't like, the me I have tried to get rid of.

I'm going back to feel just how bad it was for me, to feel all those bad feelings that are slowly killing me - to feel all my pain.

I am going back to find myself, to re-connect, to join up with those parts of me - that me - I left behind.

I'm going back to be with the sad little me, and to finally allow myself to feel. To feel just how sad I feel about it all. To feel the trauma and tragedy of my life. To feel the waste, the loss, the despair.

I'm going back allowing myself to be how I am. To be that bad boy they said I was, and to feel just how much they hurt me.

I am going back and I feel good about it. I feel bad, but good about feeling bad. And slowly I am starting to be with myself, ending the rift within me, that other part of me I fight as my enemy.

Finally I'm going back to accept myself as I feel, to love myself, to just be me.

## **You know, you don't need to have children.**

It's true. But why does everyone think you do. What's going to happen to you if you don't have children?

We're told that if you don't have children then you'll miss out on perhaps the greatest pleasure and joy in life. And yet all I see is so many mothers and fathers yelling at their child, constantly telling them off. 'Don't do that, stop that, don't touch that, come away from there, don't...' So where's the joy and pleasure in that, for the parent or the child?

And then you hear the older women saying, 'oh well, they go through that stage and then they grow out of it; and you can't worry about the problems, as still there is nothing better than having the little dears - that's what life is all about, that's what life is worth living for'. But is it?

And then you have children because you're young, full of life yourself, full of fantasy, dreams, hope, everything is going to be great. We're going to have good jobs, a nice house, kids and lots of pets, and off you go, and before you know it, the nice dream is not so nice anymore.

'I wouldn't have children were I to have my life over,' so said my mother when we had 'grown up'. And then in the next breath, 'Oh but you kids are the best things that happened to me.' So what are *we kids* meant to believe, and how does she think it makes us feel? And does she care?

And if you don't have children you're some sort of failure, a mutant, a nothing person, unfulfilled and will become bitter, resentful, angry - and envious of those who can. But why would you? Oh, and it's not as if I don't hear so many parents saying, my life is nothing and I feel so unfilled, and I can see they are full of anger, being bitter and resentful.

And why do you want to bring someone into the world so you can have power over it, as that is how we all parent. Why bring someone who is true and pure into a world that is untrue and impure, only to corrupt them. Making yourself suffer years of agony and torment when you do your feeling-healing as you reveal the truth to yourself of how unlovingly you treated your children.

And if you don't have children now on Earth there is always time when you are in a better state to have them in spirit. There are millions of spirit babies wanting to be cared for and loved. Think of all those ones aborted, that die in the womb, that die once born for various reasons - who looks after them?

So why all the rush? Do you really want children, or is it some unconscious need you are trying to satisfy, some fantasy you want to come to fruition - and do you really know. Do you want children for their sakes, or for your own?

## **'Sit down!'**

'Sit down!' And I sit, what else can I do. He has all power over me. He yells the command at me and I obey. I obey like our dog does when he yells at it. My dog is my friend, we both feel bad, we both hate him, we both hate how he treats us.

I am nearly three years old. It's always been like this and I am slowly losing myself. Gradually I am fading away as parts of myself can't freely express themselves, as I become increasingly dysfunctional.

I feel so shocked, I always feel very shocked when he yells at me like that. I will never get used to it, I can only learn to deal with it, and I do, as I am young. But what I do is change myself, I bury my

shock, my anger, my hatred of him treating me that way. I have to do this because he is my dad and I love him and I want him to love me.

Sometimes it's not so bad, he seems more friendly, but he is never really interested in me. I can feel it. He talks at me, telling me what to do and what not to do, but he doesn't want to know me. And this makes me feel very sad.

Often I feel like crying, but this only makes him more angry. I am a big boy now and big boys don't cry. I wish I could be like my sister, she's older than me and she is still allowed to cry. Girls can have their feelings and express them more than little boys. I'm meant to grow up and be like him, but I don't want to be like him as he makes me feel bad and I don't want to make other people feel bad. But I know I have no hope of being different to him, already I'm becoming like him, it's how it is. Already I catch myself yelling at Ralph when he wants to play with me, but luckily he only wags his tail. I wish I was like Ralph.

I feel very disturbed inside. I don't know what's happening to me but it's not good, that much I do know. I don't feel happy much anymore. I used to feel happy, a little when I was younger, but as I grow up I always seem to be doing things that make him angry with me, but I don't know what I do wrong.

The most disturbing part I feel is that as I'm losing myself and my self-confidence, I am not wanting to look people in the eye when I speak to them. I can't look him in the eye, I feel too scared and mum doesn't seem to care how he treats me, she never says anything against him, stopping him from treating me that way, standing up for me, being on my side.

I find more and more I want to say things but no one wants to listen to me so I end up looking somewhere else, looking nowhere, off into space, and I hear myself mumbling away to myself. The man at the Fishing Park the other day actually stopped what he was doing to listen to me, and I got such a surprise that someone did want to listen to me that I got all tongue-tied and didn't know what to say. But he was nice to me and even asked me questions, and in the end he let me have the blue fishing rod because I didn't want the little pink one - pink is for girls, and I'm not a girl! That's what they tell me.

I did like the pink rod and being smaller it was much easier to use, only I didn't get the chance to do much fishing as dad took the blue rod and used it for himself. Then when he caught the fish he made out as if I had, as if I had done a wonderful thing by catching it and he was so pleased with me, yet he caught it, I didn't.

And this makes me more confused. I don't understand how I caught a fish when I didn't catch it, and why would he say that I did when he wouldn't even let me fish.

And all of this makes me feel like I'm slipping away, away from my parents and family. I am moving more into my mind making up little stories for myself: I am catching the fish in one of them and I am happy that I have caught it.

I'm not looking forward to the rest of my life. If it keeps going like this, what will be left of me. I will end up being completely lost. But the worst thing of all is that it all just seems to get worse the harder I try to be good. I do try, I try as hard as I can to be how they want me to be and to do what they say, but still I get into trouble, and still he yells at me commanding me to sit down and be quiet.

So I don't know what to do. There is nothing I can do. I am trapped in this awful situation and no one

seems to care. I know the Fishing Park man knows, he knows what's happening to me, but what can he do, he's not my father. And I know that he knows because his parents treated him in the same way - he is my friend.

I wish I could go back to the Fishing Park, he would give me that red rod to go fishing with. I'd like to try the red rod now.

## **She yells at me.**

She yells at me and I feel bad. Then I do a bad thing. Then she yells at me more for doing the bad thing, but I couldn't help it. She made me do it - doesn't she see that.

It's always my fault, I always get the blame, it's never her fault; but it's not my fault, it's hers, she's doing it all to me.

She wants me to please her, it's always all for her. She doesn't care about me, she doesn't do things to please me.

If I don't do as she says, if I'm not how she wants me to be, then she gets angry with me for not pleasing her. I'm to be nothing more than her obedient dog. She may as well chain me to the post so she doesn't have to bother with me.

And if I protest, then she gets even angrier with me because I am daring to defy her, I am threatening her power, I'm going against her, I'm rebelling and she can't have that. If she gave into me then she'd lose all control, then she'd really be in a bad state, and she's not meant to be in a bad state, she is only meant to feel good. I'm the one who ends up in the bad state.

And if I cry and feel miserable, then she is onto me yet again for I am not to show that I feel bad, no one can see it; she can't see it, she can't face the truth of her own actions; and what if her mother were to see that she was not treating her child lovingly, she'd get punished. She'd get yelled at by her mother and she's terrified of that.

So either way there is nowhere for me to go other than to keep denying all my bad feelings. All the bad feelings she is making me feel. I am not allowed to feel bad even though I do. So how screwed up does she think I'll become - obviously she doesn't think about it, nor care.

And then I have to pretend that I am not feeling bad, that I am really happy and having a great old time with her; and the more I do that the more I lose myself forgetting that I am feeling bad. So I end up convincing myself that I am feeling good, and out into life I go with a big smile on my face, and whenever I feel bad I smile all the more. Oh my life is such a wonderful thing and I had such a wonderful loving mother. That's the crap I have made myself believe.

And I'm not the only one who lives in this shit.

## **It's all for us - not you.**

They said: We don't care about you, you have to care about us. So that's how it was. That's how it's always been. So who's ever going to care about me? I can't even care about myself - I don't know how to.

Some people believe they care about themselves and each other, they are the ones who had some power in their early lives, those people who weren't so heavily dominated and controlled. But still it's not real care. It's all still false just as the feelings of feeling loved are false, for how can it be real and true care and love when we all live in a feeling-denying world.

Slowly I am accepting that I am not a caring or loving person because I wasn't cared about or loved. I can't do what wasn't done to me. I can't be something that I have had no experience of. But I have had lots of experience of not being cared about or loved - so that's what I am: uncaring and unloving. I don't like being this way, but I am and I have to accept it. It makes me feel bad being this way, so I do speak about all the bad feelings and want to understand why I am this way.

It's been a horribly long grind to gradually be brought down to accept that I am as my mother is. As she was to me, so I have become, and I am terribly ashamed to have to admit it, yet it's true. It's the ugly plain truth, that which I've been trying not to face, trying to run away from right from the beginning. I am more than my mother's son, I am her!

And to accept that I am her, that I am as uncaring and unloving as she is, fills me with pain. I am not the nice, caring, kind person I believed I was. I am a horrible, nasty, mean, selfish person, just as I accuse her of being. So we are equal and I can now stand face-to-face with her and know the truth. I don't care what she thinks, for I know what I feel and my feelings don't lie - unfortunately.

My truth is I am unloving, I do not love, I can't love, myself or anyone else. I live in a relationship yet I am unloving, I am a fraud. But luckily it's a working relationship, with both of us working to heal our childhood repression so we can understand this about ourselves and each other, as we accept and become the truth of our feelings. We share a common meeting ground, one in which our parents are not welcome. And we allow each other to be as uncaring and unloving as we are.

There is nothing more special than having a true friend.

## I don't want you!

She's holding me by my the back of my pants off the floor in the supermarket. I'm hysterical. She's angry. Yet again we've come to this point. She's throws me on the floor yelling at me.

She doesn't want me. She hates me. She makes me feel so bad.

What am I to do. My own mother is rejecting me, telling me loud and clear she doesn't love me. I can't go on, I can't bear it anymore.

I wish I could run away, I wish I could escape, I wish I could be with someone who does love and want me - but I can't leave her, she's my mother!

And I want HER to love me. I want her to want me, not someone else. Why doesn't she?

What's so wrong with me, what is it that I'm doing that's so bad? Why does she treat me this way?

I feel so miserable, so alone, the whole world is caving in on me; I'm falling down a hole, I feel so, so bad. Life doesn't want me, nothing makes me feel good, only always more bad feelings.

Too many bad feelings. I can't cope with them all. I wish I were dead. I wish I had died in the womb like my older brother did; dying from feeling so unwanted, hated, and unloved.

I wish things would change, something good would happen. I long and wish and hope every day for a better future, for good things to come into my life. I don't want this life, I want another. I want to start again. I don't want my mother and father, I want better ones, more loving ones.

I wish it would end.

## **My mother said:**

'Look at your mother!'

'No.'

'Don't speak that way to me!'

'SCREAM!'

It's so maddening, so much control they want to have, and it's all so easy for them. Always being told what to do, always being told I can't be how I want to be. And this is what they call being loved and living in a loving family. They need to have their heads read!

## **I am lying on my back and I want to be fed - I'm hungry.**

As I'm only a baby I can't ask using words, and as mum isn't there attending to my needs, I have to attract her attention, telling her I'm hungry. I cry.

She doesn't want to hear me cry, she hates it when I cry, she doesn't want to stop doing what she is doing every time I cry. I am not the priority in her life. And I am an inconvenience, a nuisance, a bother, something most times she wishes she'd rather not have to deal with. Yet I can't help being hungry.

She holds out as long as she can. It takes time to get my bottle ready. She doesn't offer her breast to me - I don't know why. She doesn't make it freely available to me so I can just reach for it whenever I need it. She doesn't want to be my mother.

When the bottle finally comes it's not what I want. I want her milk, I don't want this yuk. But what can I do - nothing - so I have to accept it, and gradually I accept it more, gradually I want it more - it is the only thing I get.

When I am hungry I want to eat, I want to suck on her breast, I want to feel close to her, feeling her lovingly giving herself to me in this way. I want to feel she is there only for me, always for me, to help me coming into being. I want her to give freely herself to me so I can take what I need when I need it. And I want to be the one driving my own life.

When she is not there for me, when her breast is not freely available, then I feel bad, then I can't meet my needs myself, then I have to cry trying to tell her that I'm not feeling good. But she is deaf to what my crying is really saying, she doesn't want to know, because the terrible truth is, she doesn't want to know me.

When I want to eat and can't do so, then I feel bad because I start to feel powerless, like I have no say in my life. I am coming into being but I can't make life be how I want it to be, my will is failing. And this makes me feel like I'm dying, I'm losing myself, I'm fading away, I'm losing connection with reality; and I'm very scared, because, what will happen to me. What will happen to me if no one loves me. What will happen to me if my own mother doesn't love me.

And I know this is how it's going to be for the rest of my life. She keeps me alive - only just. I am not allowed to die, she can't be seen as being a bad mother, an unloving mother, she has to keep up the front of being a kind, caring, always-there-for-her-child mother, but that doesn't do me any good.

And as I grow up I believe and so manifest that life is not there readily available and freely offering everything to me. I have even given up crying having to accept that I am always hungry. I will grow up feeling powerless and unable to do anything about it. I won't be able to meet my own needs, I won't be self-willed, self-determining; I will always be dependent on others hoping they look after me. And I will learn to be grateful for the little bit I get, the little bit that comes my way. It will never be exactly what I want, but 'beggars can't be chooses' and that is how it was for me. I had to be grateful that she did pay some attention to me, that she did finally feed me and did give me a bottle.

And I will grow up not being able to effectively get what I want, to live how I want to live, because I never experienced how to live this way when I was a baby. I will grow up knowing that even if I did try to call out, did demand, did try to get what I want, that no one will listen, no one will care, no one will want to hear what I have to say.

I will grow up feeling very alone, unloved and very angry about my useless pathetic life - about my own uselessness and being so pathetic that I can't make life be how I want it to be.

## **I am in the womb, but they are not focused on me.**

I don't feel them wanting me, I don't feel any love from them.

I am an inconvenience to her; I am something he rarely thinks about as he goes about trying to organise another business deal. Having children to him is just what you do; having children to her is something that's turning out to be a huge infringement in her life, something she would rather not do.

She is worried, scared: what if it doesn't all go well, what if I am deformed in some way, what if something bad happens. No one is there to reassure her as she doesn't believe anything they say. It's all too real for her now, not just a nice idea. And she lost her first one before it was born, and doesn't want to lose this one. She doesn't want it, but doesn't want to be seen or thought of as a failure by

losing another - this one must survive. She is clinging onto it. She is rejecting it but making it also stay with her. I feel very disturbed. Very confused. Does she want me or not?

I feel disconnected from her and him. I want to belong, to be theirs, to come into their loving world, a loving extension of her loving womb, but the trouble is - I don't feel loved.

So what am I to do? I don't want this life, I don't want it to begin this way. I want it to stop, but I am powerless to do anything, she has all the say, she is holding me in place - there is nothing I can do.

Oh what a horrible life it's going to be. To come into their relationship feeling unwanted, unwelcome, something that's an imposition on them both.

## **I'm always stopped.**

I am lying on the bed, I want to get off, I want to go over there. But she doesn't let me. 'Just stay there will you, don't move, I have to change you'.

Everything I want to do, she stops me. But it's my life - why can't I do in it what I want to do? Why do I always have to do only what she wants me to do? It's so frustrating and I feel so angry. But my anger doesn't do anything for me, it only makes her yell at me more - control me more.

So I learn that being angry does nothing for me, only making me feel worse. And it's far better if I go the other way, so I copy and adopt their falseness. I pretend, like they do, that I am a nice person, that I am kind and caring - even loving. And I develop my false face, my false smile, and I lose myself to the fraud that I am.

And I will go out into the world with my mask on, pretending like everyone else. And I will say 'have nice day' as if I care, knowing all along I don't care - not one little bit, just as they didn't care one little bit for me.

## **What if you can't have it?**

What if you can't have your thing, your special thing, your thing that makes you feel better?

What can you do? The thought of not having it is too excruciatingly painful. To not have that which makes you better, to not have it...NNNNNOOOOOOOOOOO!

I must have it. I must! The pain is too great, it's horrendous. It will destroy me, I won't be able to survive. I must have it, I must, I can't do without it. I can't even begin to think about not having it.

Give it to me - quick, I need it - NOW! I need it. I must have it. You don't understand. I can't bear it if I don't have it. You have to give it to me. You can't withhold it from me, no you can't. I'll fight you, I'll fight you for it. I'll will. I will kill you for it, nothing will stand in my way, nothing will stop my having it. I must have it. And if you can't understand that, then fuck you.

You don't love me. You don't care about me. You hate me, I know it. Because if you didn't, if you did really love me, then you'd let me have it, you wouldn't keep it from me, you wouldn't stop me.

And I don't care what you say. You are mean, nasty and horrible and I don't want to be your friend. I hate you, because you won't let me have what I want. I hate you, I hate you more than anything in the world. You're a rotten, nasty person, and I don't love you - I don't.

And I never will. It's too late now. I feel too bad. I don't know what to do. I can't do anything. You've defeated me. It's over. Nothing will ever be the same. And you still don't understand. And how can you - you've never understood. You've never wanted to understand me.

## **She always does it to me.**

She always does it to me, she says 'come on we're going now' and I get ready but we don't go. And she always says it like it's NOW, we're in a rush, 'COME ON WE'RE GOING - NOW!'. And so I have to stop everything I'm doing - NOW! And I do, but then she has to do her hair; then she has to go to the toilet; then she has to answer the phone and talk for ten minutes - ARGH! it's so maddening. I hate her when she does that. Why can't she say we're going now, and we do go? How am I supposed to learn what the words mean when they are not respected. And how can I know to respect her when she says something but doesn't do it - how can I take her seriously.

Maddy says it's because mum doesn't take herself seriously and doesn't respect the words she speaks. She just speaks them without understanding their meaning. She doesn't want to care. They are just words, what you do when you want something. It's all wishy-washy, nothing is as it is, nothing is straightforward, it's all giving mixed messages, and all because that was all she got as a child.

Mum says come on we're going now and we don't go for another half an hour. I get all confused. I get ready, but then nothing happens so I start playing with my toys again, then she yells at me 'Come on hurry up, I said we have to go NOW!'. But what's the point of hurrying up as I know if the phone rings she'll answer it, and I can see she hasn't got her lipstick on yet. But if I don't hurry up, even though there is no reason to hurry, she only gets more mad with me, yelling at me more, as if I'm doing it on purpose, delaying, resisting her. And then it all gets into a mad rush at the end. We are late and she yells even more at me, and it's always the same. I hate it. I hate being with her. I feel all mixed up in my mind, confused - I feel mad.

And if I get angry it only maddens her more and she says angrily: 'Come on, we don't have time for that, we've got to get going NOW!'. But it's her doing, it's not my doing. She's the one making all the fuss, she's the one making it all so difficult, and yet she blames me! It's not fair. What have I done wrong. I've had to get ready to go out three times now, and still she's doing things in the bathroom.

So I get ready, and I wait. I wait and I wait, bored with waiting. But what else can I do. It all has to suit her, it can't suit me. She can't do all her things, get ready and not answer the phone, and then tell me we have to go, and we go. I'm already ready, I don't have to do anything. So why is it that she always has to tell me so far ahead, and then we have to go through the same maddening routine every

time. Why can't she be more true?

## **They want me to already be perfect.**

It's as though they want me to come out of the womb, being: a fully able to go, and perfectly able to know what do, person.

They act like they expect me to already know all they want. As if I've been living with them for years and we all know our roles and what to do. They act like we're all adults, but it's not right, I'm only a little child.

They treat me like I'm already supposed to know all about life. So I don't have to ask any questions, I don't have to annoy or bother them; I don't get in their way, I don't say anything I know I'm not supposed to say. And they get very angry if I am not as they think I should be.

But how can I be already like a grown-up when I'm only a baby, only a little toddler, only a young child; how can I be like this when I'm not even sexually mature, not even a young adult, not even grown up yet. What do they expect - what do they expect of me!

And I can't be how they want me to be, it's impossible, yet they don't seem to see this. They never give up, always on at me: do this, do that, don't do this, don't do that; say this, say that, don't say this, don't say that; behave like this, not like that, don't behave like that or we'll punish you. And I don't want them to be angry with me. I want them to like me - to love me. But nothing I do is good enough.

And it's so unfair, I don't know what to do. I try and try; I try to be how they want me to be. I give up and stop being how I want to be, I stop doing what I want to do, I don't say what I want to say, and yet still they aren't happy with me. Will nothing about me ever please them!

And I want to love them. I want them to love me. I want us to all live lovingly together, but they won't. And why not, I don't understand. They are my parents, they are the leaders, but they won't lead in love, only making me hate them. But I don't want to hate them, I don't want to hate my own mum and dad, but what can I do?

I feel so bad, so miserable, so upset all the time. There is no worse feeling than when they are yelling at me, making me feel rejected, unwanted and unloved. I don't like feeling these bad feelings, and I wish they would stop. Why can't they be nice to me; and why can't we all be happy together - is that too much to ask?

## **Don't you love me?**

I hate you! You're a fucked mother.

Can't you see, look at your little baby, not out of your womb for more than a few weeks and here it is alone, strapped into its artificial bed on top of a Safeway trolley, crying, while you, in no rush at all, get about unloading the trolley speaking to the check-out woman.

And it cries and cries. Not too loudly, just enough for you to ignore it, and not so loud as to make you want to shut it up so it doesn't annoy anyone - just more background noise.

I hate you mum for leaving me alone on top of that trolley. You're ignoring me when I want you the most. I'm scared, alone, there is nothing in this artificial world that makes me feel good, and you're treating me like I'm just part of the shopping. Next you'll put me in a bag along with the shopping and off we go home, to that sweet place where you can ignore me even more.

I have been in your womb these past months, doesn't that mean anything to you, doesn't it count for anything. I want you, your warmth, your security, your undivided attention. I want your love. I don't want to be treated like I'm a nuisance, something in the way disturbing your normal life.

I want to be the full centre of your attention. I need to be, I want to be able to express myself to you, to feel you, for you to feel me and respond lovingly.

I need to be close to your heart, to hear that familiar beating, that which tells me everything is okay in my little world and I don't need to worry. But now I don't know where you are, you've left me, and I'm all alone - how am I going to survive without you.

I feel so scared, why don't you come to me when I cry. Why aren't you picking me up when I'm calling out to you, why don't you want me?

Why don't you like hearing the sound of me, the noises I make, my crying? I want you, that is why I am crying, and yet you keep leaving me alone. How can I grow up feeling secure and in command of myself and my life when already I feel neglected, unwanted and unloved?

You're fucking me up mum, you bitch, you shit, you unloving fucking mother who is mine. And nothing I do makes you change. I get the message loud and clear: you don't want to have a good loving and full relationship with me. You don't care about me and what I am feeling. You only care about yourself. Okay, so if that is how it is going to be, then kill me. Leave me out in the cold night, let me go, I want to die, I don't want to be with you. I want to die and be with another mother, one who might love me, one in spirit or some place else, I don't know where - anywhere but with you.

I want you to be with me, all the time, at least until I feel able to be by myself and show you, you don't have to hold me every moment of the day. But for now I need that, I need you close to me, I don't want to be away from you for one second. I need that secure foundation upon which to advance and grow in life; yet without it I am lost, I will not be able to remain true to myself.

Without your love and you wanting me, I am dying, dying before I have already begun. I am losing myself, I won't be able to fully come out into the world, into my life. I'll be a part-person, false and untrue.

I am hurting mum, don't you care. I am in pain, why do you think I'm crying. I'm hungry for your

milk, for your kind emotions, for your loving thoughts. I'm hungry for you to love me - to love all of me and to love me always.

I want you mum, don't let me go.

## **I'm going back.**

Back to be the poor little me, the poor sad and lonely little person who felt unloved, unwanted and always so rejected.

I'm going back to the poor little me that got crunched. Me that no one cared about, that didn't matter in their lives; me who wasn't considered, who mostly only received attention when 'in the way'.

I'm going back to feel the truth of all I felt back then, all those horrible feelings I had to shut out and stop myself from feeling.

I'm going back, slowly descending through my feelings as the hidden and repressed ones surface within me. They are taking me back.

And I remember. I don't remember so many pictures, but I remember the feelings.

I remember when I felt unloved.

I am going back to be the little me that I have forgotten about; the me I was made to hate; the me they didn't like - the me I have tried to get rid of.

I'm going back to feel just how bad it was for me, to feel all those bad feelings that are slowly killing me - to feel all my pain.

I am going back to find myself, to re-connect, to join up with those lost parts of me - that me - I left behind.

I'm going back to be with the sad little me, and to finally allow myself to feel my sadness. To feel just how sad I feel about it all. To feel the trauma and tragedy of my life. To feel the waste, the loss, the despair.

I'm gong back allowing myself to be how I am. To be that bad boy they said I was, and to feel just how much they hurt me.

I am going back and I feel good about it. I feel bad, but good about feeling bad. And slowly I am starting to be with myself, ending the rift within me, joining up with the other part of me I fight as my enemy.

Finally I'm going back to accept myself as I feel, to love myself - to just be me.

# **CR - at the Fishing Park**

## **Ant Bite.**

It started raining, the family – mum, dad and the two little girls – stopped fishing moving back up the bank of the lake seeking shelter in the trees. Suddenly, the youngest girl started yelling and crying hopping up and down, she'd inadvertently stepped on a black-hopping ant nest. The mother picked her up and they decided to make a run for it to the hut where I was. The little girl was still crying.

And she was still crying in the hut. 'Stop crying now, you're all right, it doesn't hurt anymore, it wasn't that bad.' The little girl tried to do what her mother said. She stopped for a moment, then started crying again. 'Come on now, it's not that bad, it was only an ant bite and it doesn't hurt anymore.' But how does she know.

How does the mother know what her little child is feeling? No one can know what another person is feeling. So what is the little girl to do when she's not getting the love and care she needs; when she's feeling very bad and her parents are showing her they don't care about her and her feelings.

So she believes she has to do what they want, she tries to stop herself crying. She denies her bad feelings. She is confused, she can't be herself, she can only start being the false person her parents want her to be. And it's a downward spiral into evil, into the darkness of loosing oneself: into living unreal and untrue to her own nature. Into suppressing all her bad feelings, all the pain her feelings are wanting to express, burying it, then to keep it all repressed, bringing into being her repressed childhood. Repressed in that she can't live true to how she wants to, she can't freely express all she feels.

Parenting, as we seem to think it's supposed to be, is stopping our children from expressing their feelings. It's how we're supposed to control them making them be how we think they should be. And that's the big killer. That what fucks us all up.

## **Look, but don't touch.**

1). He was fascinated with the dead fish: rainbow trout caught at the Fishing Park and put in a bucket half filled with water. He pick them up, studied them, moved their slimy slippery bodies around each other. He stroked them this way and that admiring the lovely pink band along their sides and their shiny scales. He looked intently at their dead eyes. For twenty minuets he had his hands in and out of the bucket, examining, comparing the new fish as more fish were added to the bucket. No one said anything. He'd caught his fish and he was happy with that, he didn't want to catch another, he only wanted to be with the fish in the bucket. For twenty minutes he played with the fish.

2). 'Oh no! What are you going to do, you'll have to wash your hands. Don't wipe them on your shirt – argh! - and not on me! Go and wash them... oh well, why not...' She put her slimy hands back into the bucket picking up one of the dead fish. 'Can you take another photo of me holding it mum?' 'Yeah alright, hold it up, not like that... that's better... now put it back in the bucket, and go and wash your hands... Oh all right, then keeping playing them if you want to... then wash your hands.'

3). 'Don't put your hand in the bucket! You'll get dirty. Don't touch it, step away, the fish are dead, leave them alone... No, you can't touch them, they're dead, and they're all slimy and you'll only get all messy... No! I said no, no you can't touch them, if you want just stand there and look at them – but don't touch them.'

I grew up not being able to touch the dead fish in the bucket. The third family was similar to mine in this way. I could only look – BUT NOT TOUCH. I wasn't allowed to engage fully in my own life. I couldn't have stayed playing with the dead fish that fascinated me for as long as I wanted. I wasn't allowed to be free in my own life. I wasn't allowed to explore my own environment. I was continually told what to do and how to be. I was never left alone, they were always at me. I wasn't free.

I grew up only being allowed to look... and I still only look.

## **Stop lying to your child!**

When the trout are caught at the Fishing Park, we (the staff) hit them on the head with a length of wood to kill them. To, 'put them out of their misery'. The misery we are inflicting on them. We have been instructed by the owner of the business to 'turn away from the little children when you "dong" the fish', as it can upset them – the shock of it. However it upsets the parents far more than the little children. And mostly as it's impossible to 'turn away' from every little child when the fishing pool is busy, all the children soon understand about smashing the fish on the head, with some relishing it, others not liking it at all. But once it's explained to them why we do it, as the process of extracting the deeply swallowed hook causes a lot of stress to the fish; and as the fish can't be put back in the water (it's not a "catch and release" fishing park), they take it in their stride, even becoming very fascinated by the whole procedure. Yet it's not always possible to explain to some of the little children why we hit the fish on their heads and what happens to the fish because of this action as their parents don't want their children to hear the nasty and greatly feared 'dead' word.

Yesterday a little boy about four years old asked me why I hit the fish on its head, and his father quickly intervened answering for me.

'The man does that so the fish can go to sleep.'

'Why does the fish want to go to sleep?'

'It has to go to sleep when it comes out of the water.'

The child thought about this for a while.

'Can we put the fish back in the water so it can sleep there?'

His father continued his son's education.

'No, once it's out of the water it has to stay out.'

'Why does it have to stay out of water?'

'Because we take it home.'

'So we can keep it.... can we put in the pond?'

'No, it can't go in the pond.'

'Why can't it?'

The child's mother listening to the conversation took over.

'Come over there darling, out of the way of the man.'

The boy continued, his train of thought having been successfully diverted.

'Can I catch another fish?'

'Yes, the man is getting it all ready for you.'

We caught another fish.

'Can I hit it on its head?' the boy asked?

'NO! You can't, the man has to do that', his mother quickly said.

Some time later with six fish in their bucket they decided that was enough and were preparing to leave.  
The boy asked:

'When are the fish going to wake up?'

His father said, 'They're not.'

'Why, why aren't they going to wake up?'

'They aren't, they're not going to do anything.'

'Why not? Why aren't they moving, they are in water like they were before we caught them?' (I'd put water in the bucket to keep them fresh.)

'They can't swim in the water, they are in the bucket.'

'Can I put them back in the water?' (He was pointing to the fishing pond.)

'No, they're our fish now, you're going to eat them for lunch, the people here are going to cook them for us. Come on we're going now, you carry the rod back up to the shop.'

'When are they going to wake up?'

'They're not, it's a very long sleep they have. Come on we have to go now, these other people want to catch some fish.'

'Can I touch one?'

'NO! They're all slimy, you'll get all dirty. Here, you carry this, we've got to go now...' The mother finished their fishing experience with me.

Lies, all lies. It could have all been so easy. To just tell the boy the truth, to tell them the fish are dead. DEAD! But no, their beliefs, their fears wouldn't allow them to be true. So what happens to the little boy. His head is full of meaningless information, his parents have consistently lied to him, what hope does he have of finding his way in life. And he too will lie, probably to his children, just like his parents did to him under the misguided belief that they are protecting him from a bad thing; they are being loving, kind and considerate to him by not using the 'dead' word. The dreaded word. And he will grow up having dysfunctional unsatisfactory relationships because he only knows to relate to another person by lying, doing all he can to avoid the simple truth.

The whole family was unbearable to be with, the worst family I've had anything to do with since I've been working at the Fishing Park. The lies were extreme. I have only recorded a little of them here. Most other parents aren't able to keep the pretence up for very long and one way or another the truth comes out – the fish are dead. Other parents think it's very important to tell their children the truth, explaining why the man kills the fish and telling their children the fish are DEAD.

Why they were so unbearable took a while for me to work out. In some ways the children seemed quite free, the parents weren't so controlling as other parents are, and yet the children did everything to make my job harder, along with nearly poking my and each others eyes out with the fishing rods. There was just something about them that really made me angry. And then I could see it. I hated the lying, I hated the relationship they all had with each other and with me. It was all too false, no one

was really speaking truly to the other person. It was all too shallow and superficial, and of course this was how it was for me with my parents. I was never told the truth in a straightforward way. I never knew where I stood and things never seemed to make sense. So many conflicting things I was told. It was all just lies.

And through the healing of my childhood repression I've discovered that my relationship with my family was just one great lie. I believed I loved them and they loved me, yet it was all a lie. And it could have all been so easy.

## Planet Torture.

The last customers of the day.

'Next time we come, we'll leave them behind.'

They'd just put their two little children (boy about three, girl about five) in the play area.

'Aren't the kids fishing?'

'No, just us, and we only want to catch one fish each.'

They caught their two fish. The father called out for the children to come as they were all going. The little girl said, 'I want to catch a fish.'

'You've caught one, it's in the bucket and it kicked a lot on the line'. It was her father in answer to her question. She looked confused, 'but I didn't catch one.' 'Yes, you did, it's in the bucket.' 'No, no I didn't, you did', she was really struggling to work it out, 'you caught it, I didn't, I was over there... YOU CAUGHT IT NOT ME! I want to catch one, I want to catch one.' 'No, you've caught your fish we're going home.' 'No... but I want to catch one, please can I catch one -'. 'Oh go on, let her have a go, you know you'll give in, we can have one more fish, go on...', the mother added her bit. I set up the rod.

'Now you do what the man says, exactly what the man says, alright, you do what he says!' It was the mother again.

Man: 'Now put this hand here... on the rod'

Mother: 'Put your hand there.'

Father: 'Go on, put your hand there - on the rod.'

Man: 'That's right, and now your other hand goes on the winder.'

Father: 'Go on, put it on the winder, put it on the winder!'

Mother: 'Do as he says, put it on the winder.'

Man: 'Good, now you just have to wait until the line goes tight -'

Mother: 'Don't do anything until the line goes tight, hold it, and don't do anything.'

Man: ' - and when it goes tight, all you need to do is lift the rod up and start winding.'

Mother: 'So don't do anything until the line goes straight, just wait until the line goes straight, then you can start winding.'

Man: Fuck me, it was like having two parrots repeating everything I said to her. I wished they were

parrots! The poor little girl, she was getting bombarded from all sides. Her parents never let up. Talk about control. Talk about needing to have power over someone!

While all this was going on - while 'the man' was trying not to strangle the children's parents - the little boy was wandering around wanting something to do. He went over to the rods, touched one, and it fell over. 'Don't touch that, leave it alone, come here, stay here, don't touch anything!' More loving words from Mother. Father with Man was attending to the little girl catching her fish.

The little boy obediently came over and climbed up on the log so he could see into the fishing pool. His feet were a few centimetres off the ground as he hung from the log. Mother again: 'Jake get down! Don't climb up there. Do what you're told. Jesus Jake you're a shit-head! Come away from there.'

Man, recovering from his surprise at such harsh words wanted to kill her, to cut her head off and throw her in the pond. Poor little Jake. Now he was standing between his two huge monster parents his face smeared in chocolate making it look like he had an enormous 'happy-face' on, but he wasn't happy. His gorgeous big dark eyes looked so lost, so confused, what was he to do. He was frowning. He couldn't do anything, he looked utterly bewildered - and sad. All he could do was stand still, and do nothing. Is that was life was for him - to just do nothing? To stand in one place and just breathe. To feel so alone, no one caring about him, no one there for him, no one wanting him to have a good time, to have fun, to enjoy life. No, not for poor little round-faced adorable Jake with his dark spiky hair. Why weren't his parents wanting to hug him all day long giving him lots of kisses.

I felt so sorry for him, and sorry for myself. As I looked at him trapped between the two ogres, I saw myself, and a voice said in my mind: he is you. This is how it was for you, this is how you felt. And I knew I did.

The newly caught fish was dealt with, the two parrots in full swing. I no longer wanted to say anything. They were finally leaving. Jake still lost within himself and looking longingly at the rods started to plod off past me up towards the ramp. I gave him the little pink Barbie rod and asked him if he could please take it up to the cafe for me. For a moment a spark of glee flashed in his eyes as he took it. 'And don't poke your bloody eye out, or mine. Jake, stop waving it about all over the place. Hold it properly. You'll break it. Jake, just carry the bloody thing up to the shop', mother working her power over her child all the way.

Finally it was too much for her. The tip of the rod had stuck in the ground, then it flicked free to get stuck in the fence. It was slow progress, Jake was enjoying himself, he had 'his' rod, given to him by 'the man'. 'That's it, you can't have any longer, give it to me,' she yanked it out of his hand. He started to protest. 'No, you can't have it, let go! Jake, bloody well let go, you can't have it.'

And that was enough for Jake. Jake being close to the edge of nothingness for all too long in his short life, feeling the constant pain of rejection tearing at his soul, let rip. It was the most glorious sound, starting slowly, building with full force, full conviction, full rage. Building with all that little Jake was. His full will vainly trying to express his displeasure and anger, now reaching that full agonising desperate cry of a little child for help. Jake's scream ripped through the cafe sending his spine chilling cry through us all.

'Shut up Jake, cut it out, you can't have the rod. Anyway, you've got to give to the lady now.' Jake was still giving it all he could. Poor little Jake. He hadn't spoken a word while we were at the pool, when most little people can't stop chatting away. His parents didn't want to listen to what he had to

say. So now he was leaving his mark. The mark of his torture, the statement of all he felt. Of what his life is. Poor little Jake.

## Honouring a child's NO.

The pretty-in-pink four-year-old little Asian girl had a fierce grip on the pink Barbie fishing rod. She wouldn't let go of it. Her family was going having finished their fishing but still no, she wouldn't relinquish *her* fishing rod. She had carried it around waving it about in the air all through her family's visit, and three times I'd tried to take it from her and three times I'd been defeated by her tenacity and resistance – she wasn't going to give it up, not for anyone!

On the third attempt I pulled hard asking her if I could please take the rod as I needed it to remain at the fishing pond, I wanted to feel how far she would go holding onto it. I pulled and she nearly lifted off the ground. Her little face was all scrunched up, and no way was she going to let go. I was awed at her strength and not just physical, she was holding out against me – all authority. Usually the little children quickly give up the rods if I ask for them, but not this little girl. I gave up, laughing to myself feeling how good it felt to be defeated by such a little person. I loved how she stuck to her guns. I admired her strength of will and single-minded commitment to it. I loved the fact that obviously in her life she wasn't forced to stop doing what she wanted, at least not in that aspect of her life that related to the fishing rod. And finally off she went with the rod to the shop, probably happy she'd fought off and got away from the dreaded 'Fishing Man', for someone else to try to make her surrender it.

The next child that came to my fishing spot picked up another of the pink Barbie girl fishing rods I was using waving it around just as the little Asian girl did. However as soon as her parents saw her they yelled at her to put it down, which she did. Later she tried again, picked it up and had only taken a few steps with it when the angry voice told her to put it down. She said no, and the voice instantly became more angry, then a rough hand yanked it out of her little grip, and she started to cry. Then the angry voice told her to stop crying and that she mustn't play with the rods. Slowly she stopped crying as her attention was diverted by a fish landing at her feet caught by her older brother.

After some time I saw her sitting next to the pink Barbie rod. She wasn't touching it, just sitting there looking at it. Her little fingers would reach out to touch it, only to curl around in the air and then be retracted. She was talking to herself as if she was fantasising about playing with her pink rod. Then it was time for her to go.

How does such parenting affect each child? I don't know, but it doesn't take much for me based on my own early childhood and all my feeling-healing has revealed to me to know which little child I'd like to be and how I would have loved to have had my will honoured and allowed to remain in this aspect intact. I would have loved to have been able to say no to all who threatened what I wanted to do. I would have loved to have been able to say no to my parents and be respected for it each time. Respected in their accepting and treating me as a complete individual in my own right.

## Why the Fishing Park?

It's a good question. Why do I want to work in a place that is designed to provide maximum cruelty for

fish whilst giving pleasure to everyone who wants to catch and kill one?

So why do I?

Such questions have come up a lot during my childhood repression healing. As my healing has progress my love, respect, appreciation and enjoyment of nature has increasingly grown. And yet here I am working a few days a week helping people catch beautiful rainbow trout and once caught smashing them on the head to quickly kill them – to 'put them out of their misery'. Yes, all their misery that I'm causing them.

And yet for now I don't want to stop working there. And that is because I'm learning too much about myself and other people by having the interaction with all the families that come to fish. It's a completely selfish act for me and yet it's such a vital and valuable part of my healing and growth that I can't stop it. I have to keep killing the fish.

So all I can do is be grateful to the innocent fish for giving their lives so I can heal my negative unloving state of mind and will; so I can bring my true self out, the one that was hit on the head and killed by my parents. I am now to the fish as my parents were to me, and that is what the fish are helping me see - the truth of my unloving relationship with my parents, the truth of my unloving relationship with myself.

And this is one of the horrible things about my feeling-healing, that so much help has come from nature but all in the negative. The creatures unconditionally and unselfishly give their lives to my conditional and selfish one. And yet it can't be any other way. I need natures perfection to show up my imperfection. And as much as I hate it, I feel I have to keep working there, I have to keep using the fish. My feelings are too strong and I have to honour them whilst I keep expressing how much I hate it, but also expressing all that I experience with the people.

And I have seen so much about myself and about how we treat children. The whole experience is helping me understand how I was treated, it's helping to put into context my subjective early childhood based on all the bad feelings I've brought up through my healing years.

The fish all look so good swimming around in their clear pool. They have given me so much. I love being with them. And yet I still torture them. I can no longer relate to nature as simply being food, every creature is becoming a real 'person' for me, the more I am able to express myself and all my feelings.

And I look forward to the time when it's done, when I no longer need to work killing fish so I can heal myself. And I know that time will come, as that is also what my healing has shown me.

## 'YOU STOPPED ME!'

'You stopped me, you stopped me, you stopped me – why, why did you stop me, why, why did you stop me – WHY!'

The two boys both hooked a fish at the same time, I said I'd net the eldest boys first as he was standing in front of me, and for the other boy to wait as I'd be with him in a moment, and just to take it easy

winding his fish in as there was no hurry. The man whom I'd wrongly thought to be his father when to help the younger boy.

As I was netting the first lovely pink-sided rainbow trout I heard the man (step-father? Mother's boyfriend?) telling the younger boy to slow down, to stop winding the fish in, to wait. And he told him again and again his voice getting louder and angrier. Then he was yelling at him to stop, to wait for me to come with the net, and then it happened, the hook came out of the trouts mouth and it was gone, back into the dark pool.

The young boy threw the rod down and stormed off, up the path and right out of the rainforest area. His mother said to leave him be, she was angry with his behaviour, and if that was how he was going to behave, then he wasn't to do any fishing and could miss out on catching any fish.

The fishing continued, one, two, three nice fish, then the eldest boy asked his mother if he should go and find his brother. She said no.

Not long after the young boy returned, his brother, welcoming him back, called out: 'Come and catch a fish, look at all the ones we've caught, look at this big one', the boy came over. Nothing was said by the adults.

The young boy said to the step-father/boyfriend man: 'You stopped me, you stopped me, you stopped me, YOU STOPPED ME! Why, why did you stop me? Why, why did you stop me – WHY!' The man and the mother both mumbled something about a possible apology, nothing was forthcoming. They both knew the boy was right and that the man had been way out of line by trying to control and take over the boy too much, even if he did think he was helping him. His brother gave him a rod and obligingly a fish had taken the bait. The boy became absorbed in catching his own fish.

After a few more caught fish, the young boy kept asking his mother if he could ring his father and tell him about all the fish they had caught. She said no – later.

As fucked as the whole thing is, even the fact that the poor fish are bred solely for our entertainment, at least his mother and her friend allowed the young boy to go off in his rage, and they didn't tell him to shut up or stop it when he returned angrily demanding to know why the man had stopped him. At least they allowed him to express his bad feelings to some extent. And I envied him.

He could easily articulate how he felt, I doubt I could have done so when I was that young. I can't remember, however I know I wasn't allowed to go raging off in a fury, and I wasn't allowed to come back accusing my parents of being mean to me - especially in public. After all my years of working on trying to bring up and express my repressed bad feelings, I can only just be like this boy is, I can only just allow myself to rage and express all my anger.

It would be nice to think that at least he might be able to grow up expressing something of what he feels when he feels bad.

## **NO! then Yes.**

'Put this hand here... good... now this other hand goes on the winder. When the line goes tight you can

lift the rod up and start winding.' The about-five-year-old-boy and his father waited for the line to go tight. It didn't take long.

'I'm going to kill the fish by hitting it on its head, turn away if you don't want to look.' His father and I waited to see what he was going to do. He didn't turn away; but he didn't look either. Suddenly he snapped his eyes closed. I killed the fish.

'Would you like to take a picture of your fish?' 'Yes. Dad, let's take a picture.' 'Would you like to hold it, or shall I put it on a towel?' 'Go on hold it, it's only a bit slimy.' 'No, dad, no, I don't want any slime, can you put it on the towel.' I did and he had his photo taken. Then it was into the bucket of water and: 'Can I catch another one now dad!'

I didn't have to tell him again how to hold the rod, he took it and immediately did what I'd said to him before. Then the second fish was on its way, a big smile on his face as he wrestled it through the Barbie rod.

Then I held the fish to kill it waiting for him to close his eyes again, but not this time, they remained wide open, while he gave me the nod. I killed it.

Then I put it on the towel for the photo but he gingerly picked it up off the towel holding it in his hands. His excitement captured for ever.

And so it went. Each new thing I suggested for him to do he rejected saying no, he didn't want to do that, and his father didn't make him or deride him or humiliate him for not doing so. It was a welcome relief. The boy was allowed to do what he felt he wanted to do. He did what we'd all do if we were allowed to be free to do it.

He considered each new thing I asked him. And mostly he initially said no to doing it. But then the next time around he said yes. He was able to then take it on as being his thing, he wanting to do it for himself, and not doing it for me or his dad or because I asked him and he thought he should do what 'the man' says.

And when new things are presented to us often if we've never had any experience of them we feel apprehensive, even scared and want to say no. But so often we make ourselves as we were made as children, to override our fear because it's *bad to be seen as being weak*. But were we, like the boy, able to see that it's not that bad, we might then change our mind, coming forward and giving it a go.

And as it all started from early childhood, it's just so important to allow your child to say no, and without applying any kind of pressure. Allowing it to be free - as free in its feelings as it wants to be.

## **LET ME OUT OF MY PUSHER!**

Mother, father and the three boys, one of which is strapped into his pusher arrive at the rain forest fishing pool. The father and two boys busy themselves catching fish; the mother stands off to the side, the furthest away from the pusher she can be: watching the fishing. They were with me fishing for about twenty minutes.

During that whole time, no one in his family paid any attention to the little toddler boy strapped into the pusher. No one. It was appalling, he was totally ignored, as if he wasn't there, as if he simply didn't exist.

I took a dead fish over to see him. This occupied his attention enough to stop him struggling trying to get out of the pusher. I also gave him the two round smooth pieces of wood we use to kill the fish, he banged them together for a little while making a nice sound. No one in his family said anything or even bothered to look around at what I was doing with him or at what he was doing with the pieces of wood. He smiled for a short time playing his little tune.

Then it was time for them to go. The eldest boy had hardly spoken a word, the strapped in toddler hadn't voiced his protest. The father made most of the noise pretending they were all having a great time, the mother looked on.

I am that toddler strapped in my pusher. I am beyond raising any protest, it gets me nowhere and only causes everyone to hate me more. I am parked behind my family watching them. I am watching my brother's catching fish. I am watching my father saying, 'boy's do this, don't do that, boy's, boy's, boy's...' I am watching my mother watching them, she doesn't come near me, she only gives me the occasional glance. I look further over behind her and see the inviting looking large sand pit I'd like to play in. I look at the man who's helping my family to catch their fish. He looks sad, sad knowing I am trapped in my pusher, that I can't get out, that life isn't for me, that I will always be just looking on, that I'll never feel apart of things, that it will be as if I don't exist at all - or, that I am invisible. That I will always be watching others doing all the fun things.

I want to call out, but nothing comes. I want to cry feeling so unwanted, so unloved. I want them all to pay attention to me. I want to tell them how bad they are making me feel. I want them to know how they are ruining my life, before it's even really got going.

I wish I could scream: LET ME OUT OF MY PUSHER!

## Did you see it?

'Mum look at it... mum... look, look at it. Look at it mum, come and see... mum... mum look, come and look... Look mum, come and see it...'

'I saw it, come on we're going.'

'No, I don't want go, I want you to see it, come and look at it. Come on mum, come and look.'

'No, I've seen it, we're going. Come on now, we're going home.'

'Oh but mum, I don't want to go, I want you to see it. Come and look at it, come on -'

'No. I said, I've seen it. We're going now. Come on!' And they left.

Why couldn't she go and look at it with him? It wouldn't have taken too long. And why couldn't see go and be with him, looking at it with him, even if she had seen it? Why didn't she want to do what her son was asking?

Why did she want to have power over him?

She did because she could. Really she's still a little girl herself, still wanting to have power, all because she feels so powerless. And now she's a little girl in an adult body - a mother; now she has all power. So she's not going to give into him demands, she's not going to do what he asks.

And what is he learning from her: that he is ineffective with his mother. That he can't have his own power with her - she won't let him. And one day he might even give up trying altogether to get what he wants. And then he is to go out into the adult world feeling powerless without any belief in himself that he can get what he wants. And so his life ends up a failure, just like mine. And all because my mother didn't want to come and see what I wanted her to look at. All because she had all the say and I had none.

# CR - and the feminine

## Childhood Repression – where are you?

I Google childhood repression and it says, what to you mean: childhood depression? Is childhood repression so unrecognised that it doesn't even rate on Google in its own right? And then all I get (apart from my stuff) is a lovely big smiley face at [childhoodrepression.com](http://childhoodrepression.com), which about says it all. We just want to cover it all up, as we have always done, with a lovely big bright cheerful smiling face. And by being so bright and happy all our bad feelings will just go away.

So what's going on? It is all happening in secret and I don't know about it? If so, will someone please tell me. Alice Miller has been writing about it for years. What are all the people who go to university studying psychology learning about? Why aren't we honing in on the most important part of ourselves, the part that explains all our suffering and self-denial?

I went to university and learnt about rocks. A fat lot of good it did me. I went out into the work force not following up on my university degree only to discover that I was really a very unhappy and scared person (perhaps I should have stuck to fossils); that I was a mess. I was told by one of my employers that I was depressed, having never considered myself in that light. My employer said he knew I was as he too was depressed on and off and could recognise it in me. He killed himself some years later.

I wanted to know why I was so fucked, and why I couldn't make my life work how I wanted it to.

I went down a rather unorthodox spiritual path trying to work out what was true and what was crap. And that led me to the last people in the world (being not even of this world!) I thought would help me – Mary Magdalene and Jesus. I found I could speak with them – if indeed it is them. Then I met Marion. And then she and the voices in my head started telling me about childhood repression and how to heal it.

It was all knew to me, but it all made sense. It was hard to accept that my relationship with my parents and family were not as I believed they were, being in fact completely unloving instead of loving. Yet as Marion pointed out, my actions with them and theirs with me, showed loud and clear that it was all make-believe, that was, provided I wanted to see it. Which I did. I had no where else to go.

At the time Marion came into my life, I'd tried all I could to make myself feel better. I was going downhill and I didn't want to resort to drugs, I'd given them up through my spiritual pursuits, pursuits I believed were supposed to make me feel good, not bad. And not, really bad.

My personal relationships were failing. I believed I was in love with a pretty young girl: she was going to solve all my problems; she was going to love me; she was going to make every thing better. Only trouble was, she was wanting to be with someone else, someone she married.

I felt so demented, so confused, and all I had was Marion helping me speak up about all I was feeling as I tried to find the truth of such feelings. And the amazing part was, the truth came. It actually did! And it – as truth does – made sense. I'd never experienced anything like it before. And it instantly made me know that all the other self-help stuff I had done, and all the spiritual stuff (before I 'met' Mary and Jesus) I had learnt and believed had helped me, was just mind-junk – so I dumped the lot of it. Truth was what I wanted. It was hard to get, it was horrendous trying to bring up my repressed bad feelings, endlessly feeling bad, trying to speak about them to Marion, all while I longed and longed and longed and longed to know the truth of why I was feeling so bad.

But slowly the truth kept coming. The 'process' was working. And Mary and Jesus and my other spirit friends were filling me in on it from their point of view, on a more spiritual level, while Marion and I slogged our way through it at ground level.

And one of those things my spirit friends helped me see was how we – humanity – live denying ourselves our feelings, being caught up in a negative condition of mind and will. I certainly was. And I only have to listen to our neighbours with their young children, which reminds me of my parents with me, to know it's true, it's all so negative and unloving, even when it's said to be positive and loving.

And now the only thing I think worthwhile in life to do is heal my childhood repression, because until I do, I will never be fully happy, nor will I ever be rid of all my fear.

Now before I go, Mary and Jesus (Mary Magdalene being the soul-mate of Jesus and so his absolute equal) have told me that really our greatest problem is our denial of the Feminine Aspect of Truth and God. And I know a lot of people know this, but what it really means is that until we decide personally and impersonally to move into the realm of feminine truth, and so that basically includes the relationship of the child with its mother (with both its parents), then we'll never get anywhere.

And the more I want to get somewhere in my childhood repression healing by doing my feeling-healing, the more I realise it's Marion, how she sees and feels things – the feminine, that I need. And so as we mostly deny the feminine in our culture, women knowing all about that, I guess it's going to be a long time before we uncover the missing truth – that of our feeling denial, feelings usually being attributed more to women.

Yet as I have discovered, low and behold – men have them too! And as I progress in my healing, liberating my feelings and allowing the more 'feminine' part of myself to have its say, I feel a million percent better about myself and my life... that being on my good days, mind you, when I'm having a reprieve from yet more bad feelings surfacing.

So I wonder if one day, when someone Googles childhood repression, it will be filled with all sorts of things to do with it.

And I guess the mere mention of spirits such as Jesus and Mary speaking to me, or to anyone for that matter, will put some people off all that I am saying, but it's going to take each person to think outside the box if they are going to successfully come to terms with their childhood repression.

Oh yes, and if you would like to read something about what Mary and Jesus say regarding childhood repression, you can go to my blog Divine Love Spirituality.

## **Right girls, it's time to get serious! We men need your help – NOW!**

Women, we are all dependent on you. You hold the key to humanity's future. You are the ones who will lead us men out of our feeling-denial, as you lead yourselves.

But it's a tough call. It's already been bloody hard for you, and now to see the terrible truth of how your feeling denial ruins and has ruined your children, will be even harder. And even harder still (if it can get any harder), you will need to bring up all your repressed bad feelings, face them, admit and own them, speak about them and uncover their truth. And the truth when seen will show you how to act.

And how you will act living true to your feelings will be your salvation, will be your True Liberation. And with it you'll be able to help your men.

Women's liberation as it now stands is gaining equality with men in the negative unloving self-denying state, which of itself is good and about time in coming, however it's only being equal in the negative, still causing all your problems, and possibly in other ways, more problems.

Women's liberation within the negative is really only a false liberation, it's not a full, true and real, total celebration of the feminine. It's not a total liberation of feelings – OF ALL YOU FEEL. Women's liberation currently is women believing they are gaining power, but it's only as men's power is, as all power in the negative is: false.

True women's liberation will come as women (and men, men liberating the feminine within themselves) start to openly accept their feelings and feel free to express them. Free to do so without fear and worry about what other women and men will think.

And once women and men become truly Feeling-Liberated, then they can turn their attention to their children allowing them to be free, to freely liberate their personality as they come into being.

# **CR - and spirituality**

## **Can you be interested in both? Of course.**

Can you do both? Yes.

But I've read where religions and spiritual systems are only manifestations of childhood repression and won't help one heal it within oneself. That's right.

So how can you do both? You choose one that INCLUDES childhood repression healing as part of its main focus.

And is there such a religion or spirituality? Yes. Divine Love Spirituality, it is the only one I know of. It's what I do. And you can't live it fully without doing your childhood repression healing.  
And what does DLS offer? All you could want.

So the existing religions won't help me with my CR healing? No, they don't want to help you with it. If they did and you healed yourself, then you would leave them no longer further wanting to be controlled by them. They will only tie you up further in your self-denying negative mind and will state. That brought about by, and resulting from, your childhood repression.

So praying to God and wanting to live God's Will, as the religions say, won't help me? No, not if you're serious about doing your childhood repression healing. You can't truly live God's Will without first fully healing your own will by healing your childhood repression. You need your will functioning truly to live God's Will. If you want help healing your childhood repression, God will help you; just as will God also help you – if you want to keep furthering the denial of yourself – to deny your bad feelings, allowing your mind its control over you, keeping your childhood repression buried out of sight and firmly in place.

So this Divine Love Spirituality is new? It is. And it's how I came to understand about doing my childhood repression healing. And it goes even further: whilst including your Feeling-Healing, it takes you deeper into your Soul-Healing.

Which presumably includes your relationship with God? Yes. You can't have a true relationship with God, or with anyone else for that matter - even with yourself - if you haven't healed your childhood repression.

Because our CR is about our dysfunctional relationship with our parents? Yes. Your unloving relationship with your parents caused it. And if you've had an unloving relationship with your own parents, then there is no way you can have a functional and loving one with God, despite what people in the feeling-denial religions choose to believe and feel.

But those people feel they love God. Yes, just as they feel they love and were completely loved by their parents. But something doesn't add up, because were such feelings about being loved by their parents true, then they wouldn't have any childhood repression within them.

I don't think a lot of people would like to hear that. No, nor will they want to live true to themselves, do their childhood repression healing, and uncover the truth of themselves.

## **Euthanasia.**

We are so scared of death. It's one of our greatest dreads. Keep the person alive at all cost – no matter how much they are suffering.

Don't allow anyone to take their own life. Don't allow anyone to have complete control over their own life. Don't allow us any freedom to be an adult (or child).

Just be the parent telling the child what to do.

Must we always have the authority telling us what to do and how to be – parents treating us as children who don't know any better?

When will we ever be allowed to grow up becoming responsible for our own lives?

When will we understand that great release can come with death, and new life awaits us in the spirit worlds.

## **Childhood repression, religion and spirituality.**

All of the existing religions from East to West and spiritual systems New and Old Age based on prayer or meditation have been formed and evolved within our negative mind and will state, even if they have come into being from so-called divine revelation. So if you are involved in them, all they will help you achieve is still only within your feeling- and self-denying state. It can't be otherwise.

And if you look at them closely you can see how all they do is help you feel better, however to feel better at the expense of your bad feelings. They all help you to further deny your bad feelings. They help you to further suppress and keep repressed all your pain and suffering, all that you experienced from your early childhood and so are still experiencing. And there's no getting away from it.

No spiritual or religious system of the negative will help you free yourself of all evil, sin and error – it can't. It's of the negative, it's not outside of and separate from it, and neither are you. And no amount of prayer or meditation, no matter what you are led to believe or want to believe, will heal you. And all that you will call 'healing' and feeling better about yourself and your life will be yet more self-delusion.

The worlds spiritual and religious systems are some of our most deluded systems of belief, all because

they purport to enable you to become separate from all that is bad, wrong and evil. By joining them and doing as they say, you are then good, true and right, and all those who refuse to join and adhere to the 'holy doctrine' are evil, wrong and bad. But this is only something to give power to powerless feeling minds, as it's all delusion. And how can it be anything other than mere fantasy when it's all still only taking place within the negative, within all that is wrong, false and untrue!

If there were a spiritual or religious system that could truly help you it would focus on helping you to understand the state of your negative mind and will entrapment, and it would help you to heal your childhood repression through bad feeling acceptance, rather than helping you perpetuate bad feeling avoidance and denial.

The only true way to free and liberate your spirit, and to live true to yourself, nature and God, is to do your feeling- or soul-healing through the ongoing willing self-acceptance of your bad feelings – all those you are persisting in denying – together with the expression of all the bad feelings you are feeling as you long for and find the truth of them. And were you to follow this practice of self-help, self-love and self-acceptance, then it will lead you out of your negative mind and will condition and into a positive one.

And does such a spiritual or religious system exist?

Of course it does, as there has to be a way out of our negative state as there was a way into it.

And one such newly revealed spiritual and religious system is Divine Love Spirituality.

## **Deluding yourself with meditation?**

So you sit on your bum and meditate. For moments, minutes, hours – even days, do you meditate. And for what purpose? Enlightenment? Transcendence? Higher knowledge? Wisdom, peace, bliss? Clarity of mind, stress release, relaxation and enjoyment? Or, just to escape?

And do you look at a blank dark screen in your mind, or do you allow pictures to flow, perhaps 'inner' voices speak to you and you to them; or is it that you just go in and in and down or up or wherever it is you go as you move into your altered state of mind? Or is it that you say that special and secret word, make a 'vibration', contemplate the meaning of...

And what really are you doing it all for?

And the answer is: to make yourself feel better.

And why do you want to make yourself feel better?

Because you feel bad.

And what is it about feeling bad that you don't like? It's feeling BAD.

So what you are really doing is doing all you can to stop yourself from feeling bad – right?

However you are not dealing with the deep underlying problems that are making you feel bad in the first place, all the yuk from your childhood repression. Because if you were, then there'd be no way you could sit on your bum in a mind altered state. Your bad feelings would be intruding too heavily pushing you to accept, express and seek the truth of them.

And it's this intrusion, the intrusion on your life by feeling bad that you hate and want to get rid of. Which really is the intrusion into your life from your parents, as they are whom made you feel bad in the first place causing your childhood repression and all you want to run away from.

So really you're out there or 'in there' doing all you can to block out and escape from the intrusion of your parents. And so there we have it. Do you see – it's the Great Truth! And it's that you are doing your mediation (or prayers), you are involved in your spiritual (or religious) practice, solely to avoid your parents, all because they and their unloving and negative influences are still very much 'alive' and affecting you. Because if they weren't you'd have no repressed childhood yuk within you and you wouldn't be feeling bad.

And so you wouldn't need to do what you're doing trying to feel good. Your spiritual or religious practices would be for you to seriously grow in truth, helping you uncover the truth of yourself through your feelings, and not using them to run away from your bad feelings as fast as your meditation or prayer will take you. So your spiritual or religious system wouldn't exist as it is. And so I'm afraid to say, all that you are doing is just fantasy, helping you to further your self-indulgent negative mind and will state.

## **Just keep on praying.**

Pray it away, get rid of those bad feelings, that's what you've got to do. That's what you've been taught, that's what you believe is best for you. And at all costs, don't do the opposite and accept them, allowing yourself to feel bad so you can face the truth of why you do.

No way, that would be terrible, no, you have to keep up your faith, hold firm to your belief, and never stop praying.

If you stop doing it then all hell will break loose. If you stop doing it then you will feel vulnerable. If you stop doing it then you'll be at the mercy of the Evil One – Satan, the DEVIL! And we can't have that now, can we?

But why do you fear the Devil, evil, and all that it makes you feel? Why are you so scared? Other people aren't scared of evil or of the Devil as you are?

But no, you can't allow any cracks in your armour, you've got to keep up the good work – religiously keep praying. You have to show, to the Devil, that you are the 'holy' one, that your heart is pure, all so it will know to leave you alone. Prayer is your shield, keep it up at all times!

And yet it's all a bit late for that. You are already of a negative mind and will state, and so you are already self- and feeling-denying and so living in an evil state of being. Evil has already got you - you are already it. And as you no doubt know: evil is the denial of truth. The 'Devil' wants to destroy all that is true, pure and good. And yet you are already denying yourself, your true self being that which is true, pure and perfect - so aren't you your own devil? And you started denying yourself at conception. So you're not only fighting a losing battle, but the battle is well and truly over – and you lost. No amount of prayer is going to 'save' you.

But you are still fighting, you cannot stop fighting. The Devil is still 'real'. So who is it that you're still really fighting? The Devil already has you as seen by your self-denying negative state of mind and will, showing up in your childhood repression, so why fight on?

And who you are fighting, and will forever fight against (until you do your feeling- or soul-healing), is your parents – fighting against all they did to you, how they treated you during your forming years. And because of this, one can only deduce that it's not actually the Devil you are fighting but your very own PATENTS as they are true EVIL ONES.

The devil doesn't exist, it's only something made up by those people who can't face the truth that it's really their own parents they are desperately scared of. It's all very convenient to say you are good and 'out there' is the BAD ONE. Because that was how you felt as a young child, and it was true, you were good and your parents were the bad ones. However you can't grow up admitting this, you 'love' your parents and they 'love' you, so it has to be an unseen force, something out there that lurks unseen in the dark depths of your imagination. It can't under any circumstances be what's standing right in front of your face out in broad daylight – your parents.

And the sad truth is: you can't pray your parents away.

## **What Jesus didn't say...**

Or perhaps he did, but we didn't record it because it was just too close to the bone, was that the real evil monster is our parents.

Sure on a spiritual and personality level, the Rebellion and Default against all that was good, true and perfect – ourselves – was brought about and then inflicted on us by higher unseen spirits, however that was long ago. And as Jesus said, he came to stop such spirits evil influence over us, which he did.

So then for two thousand years we've persisted in fantasising about some strange malevolent influence that's seeking our souls destruction, but it's all fantasy. What truly has happened is we've taken on this negative spiritual influence and made it what we call normal life. And how we live in our rebellious feeling-denial state brought about by what caused our childhood repression is the end result. And how we pass it onto our children is by default. And generation after generation we live on believing we are parenting our children lovingly, when in fact all we are doing is subjecting and indoctrinating them to the same negative evil self-denying condition we were subjected to. And we call this normal life. We fail to see that it's abnormal because we don't have anything to put it up against. So we just try to get on and 'make the most of it'.

So we've built up huge religions all in the name of perpetuating the evil. The religions and all involved within it are Satan's good little helpers without even knowing it. We are all Satan's good little helpers without even knowing it.

And these so-called great religions, great because they are doing such a terrific job at maintaining the control of evil, of the negative, over us and within us, do all these wonderful things for their faithful followers. They help them to keep living in a feeling- and self-deluded way. All under the guise of 'saving ones soul', when the truth of how to really save your soul is to face the truth of what your parents did to you, how they treated you to bring about your childhood repression.

And you can only do this by stopping the denial of all those bad feelings you don't want to feel. Which really means by giving up, giving in, allowing the dreaded 'devil' – your parents – to get you. (Which is after all what has already happened.) That is to allow yourself to feel all they have made you feel, to speak about it all and to uncover the truth within you as to why they did it and how it's affected you. To heal your negative condition.

## **God hates me.**

Why does God make all the bad things happen to me? Why does God make me have such a shit life? Why does God hate me? Other people have a good like, but I don't – and why not? What's so wrong with me? What did I do? Why does God take it all out on me? Why do I have to be punished so much? It's so unfair. I don't want to always be feeling bad. I want to feel good and enjoy my life. So why can't I? Why won't You give me a good life God? Why do You hate me?

Why do I feel that God hates me? I don't actually know if God does hate me – it's just what I feel. But are my feelings real and true? I don't know because I'm not real and true.

From what I understand, when we are little it's our parents who are god. Our parents are everything. Nothing else exists other than them. We 'absorb' all we need from them (and other influential 'carers'). Our mind and feeling systems aren't developed enough to include anyone else. Then we grow up seeing the world through their eyes, with our patterns of belief and behaviour having been formed around how our parents 'parented' – treated – us.

So we grow up feeling like and believing we've grown up to become a unique individual, which of course from our personality perspective we can be nothing else, but when we do our feeling-healing working our way through our childhood repression, we soon see just how much of what we thought was our own unique individuality is from our parents, how much we've simply adopted from them making it ours.

And so it is with God. Our relationship with God actually begins with our relationship with our parents. So if we feel hated by our parents we'll feel hated by God. If we feel loved by our parents we'll feel loved by God. And then on top of this truth comes all the other yuk – the wrong beliefs, fears, negative behaviours and patterns, making the truth of our relationship with God and our parents very difficult to find. We might, for example, feel we love God and that God loves us, but this may

only be a self-imposed belief (the same as believing our parents love us and we love them) and not something based on true life experience. It might be something we desperately want to believe to be true, yet without any experiential foundation to substantiate such belief, how can we know if we're simply not lying to ourselves.

All I am presenting about childhood repression and using what I call Feeling-Healing to heal it, is based on the idea of using your bad feelings to go deep into yourself to find out the truth of what really is going on within you – what really you are feeling.

And so when you come to hating and having to express all your bad feelings about God, all I want you to understand is that it's not really about God, it is, as it always is, all about your feelings. So you can use your hatred of God to help you look deeper into your relationship with your parents, to see your hatred of them. And conversely, as you uncover your hatred of your parents, so too might you uncover your hatred of God, seeing what your relationship with God is really based on.

We've had it pushed down out throats until we're gagging on it that God loves us, and yet we only have to look at ourselves and our lives to wonder, if this is so, then where is all this love. For if it were so, surely we'd feel it and be living a life of complete joy and happiness. However the truth is God may love us as it is said, but truly we'll never be able to feel this for certain until we've first healed all our unloving feelings we feel from our parents. All the pain and suffering caused us by our parents is blocking any true relationship we can have with God. Of course we can believe we love God and that God loves us, and we can swoon with the love of God as it fills our soul and courses through our veins as some people seem to experience, but this is still all based on beliefs from our early childhood, often offsetting all the pain, hatred and rejection we felt from our parents by looking to God to be our great loving better and 'new' parents. But it's all a fantasy, just as is all the so-called mind generated love we feel for and from God. It's all unreal as will be shown to you as you work your way through your childhood repression healing.

We can't have a true relationship with God until we are having a true relationship with ourselves. And we can't have a true relationship with ourselves until we have a true relationship with our parents. And as we can't go back and start again with our parents being unconditionally loving, all-accepting and no longer of a negative state of being, we can only, through our feeling-healing, heal them 'within' us. We can only seek to perfect all their imperfect legacy, that which we've taken on from them. And whilst we're in and of a negative state of mind and will, the truth of this legacy will all be about how unloved we feel by our parents and how much we hate them for it.

When all your hidden suppressed bad feelings have been brought to light, when you've uncovered the whole truth of your negative state, then you will be free to enter into a true relationship with God (and with everyone else for that matter), being able to truly feel from your heart and without any mind and belief interference what true love feels like. Then you will finally be free of your early parenting restrictions and limitations. Then you will be fully the true and unique adult and child of God that you are.

## **Self-realisation?**

How do you realise yourself and what does it really mean?

The dictionary says: fulfilment of one's own potential. But how do you do that, and what is it?

I wonder what is my potential and immediately I'm struck by the understanding that if I'm not able to fully and freely express myself then I will never fulfil my potential. And being full of repressed childhood feelings all of which are a result of my not being allowed to freely express myself through my forming years, then I have no hope of becoming self-realised.

My parents stopped me being able to fulfil my own potential, and no matter what I do in my adult life, no matter what spiritual or religious practices I understand, if they don't involve healing my childhood repression then I'm only deluding myself that I'm getting anywhere.

To realise all about myself, to realise just who I am, to bring all of my personality into being so I can fully and freely express all of myself, is dependant on doing my feeling-healing. And I have to also understand as a part of this, what it was that did really go on during my forming years. I can't just ignore them, pretending they didn't happen, pretending all those bad feelings I was made to feel weren't true. I have to come to terms with them by seeing the truth of my relationship with myself and with my parents. I have to *realise* just how bad it all was.

To realise the truth of your early childhood, and how it's affecting your adult life, is bringing yourself out, bringing out all that you are hiding and keeping secret from yourself. It is accepting and allowing yourself to feel the pain of not feeling loved as you needed to be loved.

And when it's all been felt and all the truth seen then you will have 'caught up with yourself', then you will be fully self-realised and so feel fulfilled to this point, this moment in your life. And once healed, you are free to keep growing in truth, to keep realising more about yourself, to keep freely expressing your whole personality.

## **The destruction of Truth, Beauty and Goodness.**

We live anti truth. We destroy beauty. And in terms of being good as expressed by truth and beauty, we're bad.

The natural truth, beauty and goodness that I was as a child, that we all are as children, was destroyed by my parents. I was turned away from my true self, I was made to be obedient, I became ugly. I became sinful and depraved and wholly subservient, all to those people who said they loved me.

And I was turned so far away from myself, that I believed that I was living a true and good life - the life my parents defined for me. My world was their world; I knew nothing else. I didn't even know they were turning me against myself, but the damage was done.

Now I live as a blight on the Earth - evil. Now being untrue I am false, wrong and not good. I am not the beautiful creature God created me to be. I've taken on another form, an outside coating, one that exists in darkness and not in light.

But still, deep down inside myself somewhere is the real, true, good and beautiful me. Somewhere,

down there, a small ember burns away. I was there for my parents to do whatever they liked with. I was nearly extinguished, but not quite.

I exist because of Bigger Parents, and They are still in control. They have wanted me to experience such pain, the pain of feeling unloved by my physical parents. And one day, as I search for the truth - and I know because I can feel it - They will tell me why.

## Our evil children.

‘You are a bad boy, naughty! Don’t you EVER do that again!’

We believe it’s the parents responsibility - duty - to bring the child into line. It’s a big part of what being a parent is.

We are told that we are children of God. And of a God that is loving and perfect. Of a God that would naturally make perfect children. And yet parents don’t see or believe that their children are perfect. We believe children are imperfect, flawed in some way, don’t get it, or they are just too young to be unaware to know the right and proper ways to behave, so we must make them perfect. Perfect according to our judgements, standards and social values.

So why do we seek to change something that is already perfect? Why do we consider ourselves to be more knowing than God, to ‘know what’s best for our children’?

We seem to think that we’re saving our children from becoming some sort of evil monster if we don’t interfere in their lives telling them how to be. If we don’t step in taking over, then their perfect nature will somehow make them turn out to be imperfect evil people. Yes, this doesn’t make sense???

What does make sense is that somewhere along the line we’ve got out wires crossed, and that instead of loving and enjoying the perfection our children naturally are, we instead believe them to be evil.

So what right to do we have to constantly ‘correct’ a child, to make it into something that it’s not, when it’s all ready right, true and beautiful as it is?

What makes us think we can put ourselves being adults above God, shit all over that which is naturally all-loving, all-accepting and all-giving, corrupting it into becoming something ‘we can be proud of’?

And what is it that we do become proud of? Something we’ve highly distorted and made into a false untrue person like ourselves. However, I suppose if we do believe that being a parent means we should make our children evil like ourselves, then off course we should all pat each other on the back congratulating ourselves on a job well done.

## **CR - and nature**

### **Walking your dog, and childhood repression.**

When you take your dog for a walk on the lead, how do you go about it?

When you take your dog for a walk on the lead, how do you go about it?

Is your dog a companion for you? You set the pace and it follows. Is it just a matter of your dog having the walk you decide to give it? Or, do you allow it to lead you, you following it as best you can, allowing it the freedom to do as it wants because it's a walk for it and not a walk for you?

Are you taking your dog for a walk for it to enjoy, or is the walk for you to enjoy? Or, perhaps it's your duty you are carrying out, to avoid feeling guilty if you don't do what you believe you should do. But if this is so, then it's still not a walk purely for your dog's fun, is it?

A Caucasian woman was walking her little dog along the road in front of our house the other day, or perhaps she was just making it come along on her walk. Anyway, I think in her mind she was walking herself with this thing attached to her hand that she had to continuously yank and pull, as her dog wanted to stop and sniff.

So the dog was merely an accessory of sorts, a show piece, and not an individual in its own right with a say in its own life. It did what she said – end of story! She wasn't there for it, it was there for her. It was her dog, her pet thing, and that was that.

And on looking at that poor little thing with its head continually being jerked up and down, choking on its lead, missing out on all the good sniffing areas, being tempted, teased and ignored, I couldn't help but wonder if this was also how she might treat her little children.

Four Asian people, two men and two women each with their little white dogs, used to regularly walk outside the house we lived in before this one. And it was so nice to see them all allowing their dogs their freedom to go, within reason, where they liked. The dogs went this way and that, sometimes stopped for long periods intent on their sniffing, then suddenly would cross the road, then just as suddenly cross back, go around in circles around a tree, all with their dutiful and devoted owners following at the other end of their 'stretchy leads'. It was such a nice change to see the dog taking the people for a walk. And I wondered, would these people treat their children the same way?

And in my small judgemental world, I couldn't get over how bossy we Caucasians are, always having to enforce our way over that who we consider inferior... anyway, that was how I was treated as a young child. And I felt sorry for that woman's little dog, just as I feel sorry for myself.

## **Oh the cruelty – READ THIS!**

I used to think, yes, it's terrible what we do to animals and each other, but what can I do. As long as I don't hurt anyone... that's all I can do. And when the cruelty and our barbaric nature was pushed in front of my face, I'd feel bad, but once it was gone, I resort back my feeling-denying ways. The truth being I didn't want to acknowledge such bad feelings, such terrible things, because I didn't know what to do when I felt so bad. I felt too powerless. I couldn't go out there and stop the cruelty. I couldn't. And through my feeling-healing I've found that my greatest fear was that someone was going to make me try. And then what would I do?

If you want to heal your negative state of mind and will; if you want to heal and uncover the whole truth of your childhood repression, then what you're going to see and feel about yourself and the world is not going to feel good. It's going to feel really bad. And to give you some idea of how bad you're going to feel, go to this website and read about the cruelty people inflict on animals for food.

Specifically read about: Veal – young cows; Sheep – mulesing; Korea – dogs and cats; Foie Gras; Pigs – “Factory Farmed”.

And allow yourself to feel all your bad feelings.

And if you deny or try to rationalise away your bad feelings in any way, see if you detect why. See if you can feel why.

And don't feel that you have to do anything about the cruelty, just allow yourself to feel. Allow yourself to have such feelings maintaining an awareness about the horror.

And when you've done this, ask yourself, what would it take for people to be able to do such things? What state of mind would you need to be in if you had to do such things yourself?

And then understand that such people can do such horrendous things, can be so cruel, because of their upbringing. We can only do to another what was done to us – but it doesn't have to just be physically. And even though you might not be able to do such bad things against another creature, or person, or even against yourself, still remember that you are part of humanity, you are part of this horror, and in your own way you are contributing to it.

And if you seriously do want to do something about this, then all you can do is start to speak about all the bad feelings you feel with the intention of uncovering the truth of why you feel them – the doing of your feeling-healing.

Now having read this, go to the above website and FEEL. Don't just put it off and say I'll do it another day, GO NOW! And read it all, even if you've already read it or know about such things. We all need to be aware of such horror; we all need to allow ourselves feel all we feel about it. The feelings need to be a part of our personal and collective consciousness. They need to be out there, freely being expressed. Their energy needs to be liberated and no longer suppressed. And we need to know how we do feel about such things – how we really feel.

## **The creatures aren't mean to their offspring, so why are we?**

Mum and dad Cape Barren Goose stand together in the field near the dam with their six cute little fluff-ball chicks pecking around under and between them.

It's such a lovely sight-seeing how caring, how lovingly devoted the parents are to their little ones. As soon as anything threatens, father goose is off wings raised chasing away the intruder. Mother goose spreads her wings sitting down and all six chicks somehow manage to squeeze in under her all warm and safe in her soft feathery down.

Why is it that nature cares so well for its young, it supposedly being 'inferior' to us, and yet we 'great ones' yell, hit, criticise, chastise, correct, abuse, beat down to nothing, our children? Why as parents are we always interfering with our children, always telling them what they can and can't do – always dominating and controlling them?

Why are we so mean and nasty to our children?

Why aren't we as devoted, gentle, kind, caring, respectful and considerate of our children as the parent Geese are? The Geese parents don't interfere with their chicks, they never tell them what they can and can't do. Nature is unconditional in its love whereas we are conditional – why?

Why is it that we insist on living in a world that is anti-children, anti-nature, not basing everything we do around the weaker ones? Not putting the weaker, 'lesser', ones first?

Why is it that we say we love each other, that our children are the most precious things to us, and yet all we do is abuse and traumatised them treating them like shit?

Why is it that I hear little children so often crying, when I never hear the little baby chicks crying?

Why is it we are so wrong, living so far away from the truth of ourselves?

And why is it that we refuse to see how horribly unloving we are?

Why weren't my mum and dad like the Geese mum and dad? Why didn't they completely love me so I could grow up being as loving as they were, able to love my children like those little dark-striped chicks will grow up to do?

Why don't we get it, still after all these countless numbers of generations? What is wrong with our superior brains?

## **Who really is the bad one?**

Nature, so we're taught, is to be feared. It can hurt us, it can do bad things to us, it needs to be got rid

of so we can live safely without fear of it hurting us.

And we, so we're taught, we are the nice ones, the loving, caring, kind ones, the ones we should all love and get on well with. And we don't hurt each other, everyone is good and right in all that they do.

And yet we destroy each other, and we destroy nature, that which is good and true, all because we are not our true selves.

The evil teaches us that it's all around the other way, that all that is naturally good and true is bad, and all that is bad is really good. And we fail to see this truth because we've been too heavily brainwashed having been removed from our true nature.

And yet one day we'll have to face the truth: that we are darkness, the blight, the ugly ones, the evil plague spreading across the world, all with our false love, conceit and pretension. And that nature is the good one, the light, the all-giving, all-accepting, all-loving unconditional one, the very opposite to us.

So it's right that we should loath ourselves and each other, that would should want to control, destroy, have power over each other. That the weaker and poorer should not survive, they should be used and abused and treated with hatred and contempt. It's right that we should all be brimming over with anger, hatred and rage at the injustice of it all, at how unloved we all feel. It is right that we should give up trying to be false, accept we are wrong, that we are not loving, that we don't have any idea about how to be genuinely nice, kind and caring.

And also is it right, that we should leave nature alone, come back to our putrid selves, and attend to the vileness that we are. That we should seek to see and accept the horrible truth of ourselves, and not do all we can do deny it. That we should accept all our bad feelings instead of deny them, owning up to the yuk that we are.

It is right that we should blow ourselves to oblivion, because what good are we. And the truth of evil is that is it loveless, and without love will self-destruct... so it's only a matter of time.

# **CR - and a vision for humanity**

## **A vision for humanity.**

Simply: To heal our negative self-denying, unloving, evil state.

We've all been parented into a negative mind and will state. one that is anti truth, beauty and goodness. And it's been done to us by default – without our consent and through ignorance of how we do actually exist in the world and relate to one another – relate to ourselves.

Our childhood repression is the sign that we're all trapped and caught up in the falseness, and as we've all got it within us, so everything we do is tainted by our wrongness and imperfection.

And nothing is going to change until we heal our childhood repression freeing ourselves from our negative state and becoming positive, pure, true and good.

So the vision is for each person to heal their childhood repression, which in turn would change how we see and do everything. We would put children and nature first making society, culture and the world designed around the powerless and weaker ones, loving and adoring them, doing all we can as adults to allow them their complete and full freedom of self-expression.

Imagine if we understood the full horror – if we felt it – of what we are subjected to as children. Which is the same full horror we abuse ourselves and nature with. And then all money and resources are given to help heal people of their childhood repression. And that possibly some people might be able to achieve it during their life time. And some people might be able to achieve it before they have children. And some people would be able to have children whilst doing their childhood repression healing all with the help, support and encouragement of society and government.

Wouldn't it be nice to think that possibly one day humanity will wake up to the fact that it's going the wrong way, and want to stop advancing its self-destructive negative unloving way of life. Then start to turn around as people do their childhood repression healing. Eventually to live in the opposite direction wholly self-loving and re-making the Earth as it should be.

## **A division is coming to humanity.**

And it will be a division of TRUTH.

It won't be a matter of the have's and the have not's, it will be those who are seeking to live true to themselves through their ongoing feeling self-expression, and those who persist in living denying many of their feelings, and in particular, their bad feelings.

One day humanity will be divided into people doing or having done their feeling- or soul-healing, and those who are still to do it. Those people who want to heal themselves of their negative self-denying mind and will states, and those people who want to keep experiencing it.

Those people who are wanting to stop being anti- love, life, truth and all that is good; and those people who still want to be evil, whether they are aware of it or not.

And this division will be very slowly start, but over time it will grow. Those seeking truth and to live true to their feelings will be a minority that will gradually grow into becoming the majority. Humanity will heal and free itself from its rebellion. One day the influences of the Rebellion and Default will cease to have any power over it.

And one day the whole of humanity will be living true – the LIVING TRUTH. And everyone will feel good and loved. No one will feel bad and unloved.

But it will be a long time in coming.

# Truth

## How do you make your bad feelings go away?

You speak them out of you. And you keep on speaking about them for as long as you feel them. And you decide within yourself, that more than anything else in the world, you want to know why you are feeling bad, even if you think you already know why.

You might be having relationship difficulties, feeling very bad, or you might be sick and so you think you know the reasons why you are feeling so bad – they are obvious, and yes, on the surface level it is obvious, however, there will also be deeper unknown reasons also driving your bad feelings – even causing your relationship difficulties or sickness in the first place.

So you might end the relationship or take pills to stop feeling bad, but that's not really solving the deeper underlying problems causing you to feel bad. And what if you don't want your relationship to end, you just want your bad feelings to go away?

The only real way to get rid of your bad feelings is to speak them out of you. To do anything else other than express them will only cause you other problems. But the problem is that you can express them and express them and express them and still they keep coming, seemingly an endless supply of them. And they will, and there is an endless supply, because what will be causing them is still unchanged within you. So this is why you need to uncover and find the truth of the reasons or causes within you that are generating your feelings.

And to find the truth you must want to find it. You must want to find it with all your will, committing yourself to finding it above all else. It's not a mental idea that sounds good – ah yes, I think I would like to know why I feel bad. It's a full-scale desire, a deep longing, a strong need in you to find out why you are feeling bad: what really is going on within you making you feel all these bad feelings?

And when you do find the hidden truth; when you do find the reasons causing your feelings, and so heal it, then it will cease generating your feelings, so you will no longer feel them.

But you need to use the feelings to find your way into yourself to uncover the truth. So you need to speak about your feelings to someone who wants to listen to you, someone who is on your side, whilst you seek to uncover the truth of them.

Many people, being very expressive, speak about their feelings, even bad feelings, all day long, but they don't want to uncover the deeper truth within themselves as to why they keep feeling such feelings. The same things can keep endlessly annoying them, and they believe they know what is upsetting them and making them angry, accepting there is simply nothing they can do about it. However, through my feeling-healing, countless times things that made me feel bad, which I believed would never change, once I had expressed all the bad feelings uncovering the truth of what was really

causing them, suddenly stopped making me feel bad, or mysteriously, just stopped happening.

Things will only change if you uncover the truth.

## **Original guilt.**

I carry around a huge burden – guilt.

I feel so guilty for being bad.

My parents told me I was bad, and bad for being bad.

My parents punished me for being bad.

I was made to believe that I was.... just.... bad.

I am bad.

And I feel bad about this, very bad.

And I feel guilty for being this way.

And there's nothing I can do about it. I can't apologise, I try to be good, but nothing's ever good enough. I'm always bad.

My guilt makes me feel like I shouldn't exist, I'm just a blight on the Earth, and I wish I could disappear.

And I hate myself for being this way.

And I feel it's never been any different. Was I just born this way, is this truly how I am? And why am I like this? I hate feeling this way. I wish I could kill myself. But I can't as then I'd feel guilty about doing that too. There's no escape, no way out, all I can and will ever feel is bad. Because I am bad, because they told me. And I believe them.

## **The ultimate evil.**

Is: complete personality denial. Which means stopping oneself expressing feelings. Stopping yourself from doing it, or being stopped by someone else.

What would happen to you, do you think, if you were stopped from expressing all your feelings?  
Would you eventually go mad?

Can you imagine a worse torture than being made to stop being how you want to be; stopped being able to express all you feel?

We have been created to communicate with each other, to express ourselves to each other, to express what we feel, so we can feel loved and so we can love. No one wants to be locked away in solitary confinement. No one really wants to be alone.

And no one especially wants to be alone when they are a little baby, a young infant and a growing child.

And yet look how we treat children – our own children – we stop them expressing all they feel. So what are we, we, these so-called loving parents?

And isn't it bizarre that so many people worship and strive to be like the guru who can sit for hours on end in meditation not expressing his feelings. Who believes that to rid himself of all interfering feelings is the right way to self-enlightenment. Wouldn't it be better to try to go the other way, expressing every feeling good or bad, so you can enlighten yourself as to what your personality – what you – are really all about?

And so wouldn't it be right to allow our children to do the same so they can find out who they are – the truth of themselves all through their feelings. And you, their parent, can enjoy seeing them do so.

## The Great Conspiracy.

For conspiracy lovers: what is the greatest conspiracy?

Is it that the Queen of England and all her ‘cronies’ are reptiles, an alien race in control of us, weaving their malicious web, controlling all power?

Or, is it just the plain old British Empire at it again, trying to manipulate everyone else into doing what it wants?

Or, is it a bunch of power-seeking spirits that all get together plotting and planning what next horror they will afflict upon humanity?

Or, is it something that's even far worse that all of these things put together. And yet something so insidious and so meticulously crafted that we we're all doing it, all involved in it, all without the slightest idea we are.

So, do you want to know what it is? You'll probably be disappointed.

It is your denial of your feelings. It's humanity's collective feeling denial - that's what it is. And it's what has power over you, over us all. We all do it. We're born into it. Our parents force it on us. And we're all told that's it's best for us, that it's the right way to live, and it's loving.

And it's that simple. And once we've exposed it for the evil it is, then all other conspiracies will cease to exist, for we'll no longer need them as a part of the ploy to keep us away from and so denying our own feelings.

## **Made do to another's will!**

How would you feel being made - forced - to do another persons will?

What if someone in your life was forcing to you live how they said, not allowing you to have any freedom to choose how to be yourself?

What if you were given a little freedom, BUT ONLY if you did mostly as you were told, and mostly things you didn't want to do, yet things you wouldn't choose to do.

And what if you were made to do another's will for many years, so many that you forgot what it was like to do your own will, and you became dependent on the other person having to do what they said.

How do you think being made to live this way would make you feel? Do you think it would make you want to SCREAM!

And yet when you screamed you were told not to and forced against what you felt you wanted to do, yet again being made to do what the other person wanted you to do.

And how do you think it feels to be a child?

## **Bad feelings are the evil monster we fear - beware!**

We fear our bad feelings like we fear the plague. They are evil and we do all we can to not allow them to take us over, to control us, to consume us, to plunge us down into the depths of depression, misery and despair from which there is no - so we believe - return.

We fight against feeling bad, we fight against our bad feelings as if they are something foreign and not really us, something that is trying to take us over and make us do and feel things we don't want to do and feel. We fight against our self.

We have to keep our defences up at all times, we have to 'get over it', bring ourselves 'up over it', we have to conquer it, 'rise above it', not let it get to us or bring us down. We have to use all our inner resources (our mind) to vanquish the evil monster, telling that unwanted part of our self to go away and never come back.

And we worship and idolise those people who show they are 'strong', and when up against all the odds come through not allowing themselves to be beaten. We strive to be like them, believing that self-worth and our worthiness of being a human is dependant on our ability to keep all the bad stuff

hidden as deep as we can within us and as far away out of sight as possible.

And when someone feels down, we must - it is a personal obligation and responsibility - do all we can to bolster them, to cheer them up, even give them a good kick up the bum to get them out of their self-pity if required; to continually make 'helpful' suggestions, as if they are incapable of thinking about such things for themselves.

We must do all we can to not let Satan overpower them, to put him behind us, to not let them fall into their darkness; we must, we must, WE MUST NOT ALLOW ANYONE TO FEEL BAD - especially ourselves.

And we fear that if we fail, if we give in and give up, if it's all too hard, then we'll be punished, all that we fear will come to pass, and we'll never feel good ever again.

And all of our bad feeling rejection is only self-rejection. And it's because we're rejecting ourselves in the first place that we feel bad. And the more we refuse to go the other way, to stop and embrace and allow our bad feelings to be, to allow ourselves to feel the pain, the more we are digging ourselves into what truly is evil: the ongoing denial of our true personality.

However, if you do want to end it all, end your negative self-defeating way of life, by doing the opposite to rejecting your bad feelings, by accepting them, then you will need to also want to speak about them, bring them right up and out, and seek the truth of them. For if you don't, then surely you will drown in them.

To do your feeling-healing is to help yourself uncover the truth of why you are feeling bad, and not just the obvious truth about the bad things that are happening in your life not allowing you to live it how you want to. It's what happened to you during your early childhood that has screwed you up arriving you at this point in your life with everything caving in on you.

There are reasons for everything, and so the truth for everything we can find and feel. Only it's up to us to want to uncover it.

## A summary of childhood repression.

Humanity exists in an unloving, self-denying, self-rejecting state of being. This being our negative mind and will condition. No matter how we look at it, the fact is that we are all in some way denying certain aspects of ourselves, as seen by the ongoing denying of many of our bad feelings. Much of what we do is done to stop and prevent ourselves from feeling these bad feelings, all so we don't have to face the truth of them. For if we did, we wouldn't like what they'd tell us. And that would be that we don't feel loved as we'd like to be, we don't love as we'd like to, and we weren't loved by our parents as we needed to be throughout our forming years.

We live in a state that is rebelling against ourselves, against all that is truly good, loving and right. We live evilly without even knowing we are. All we do is done conditioned by our negative mind and will state so we don't live true to ourselves, nature or God. And we live in this state of ongoing personal and collective rebellion by default; meaning, we are parented into it without our conscious knowing. Are parents are of it, and so make us be it, and we as little children willingly accept it because we want to be like our parents, and don't have any choice anyway.

The delusion that keeps the whole thing going, that keeps us blind to our self-denial, is that all we feel love to be, is not love, it's unreal and untrue and something that's made up by our minds. And this is very hard to see or accept, but it's true. The truth coming to you as you work your way through your childhood repression healing.

However few people want to accept and admit they are not loving, or don't feel loved and weren't loved by their parents, so the whole charade carries on, just as it has done for countless numbers of centuries. And all the while we are told that the advances in medical science and our more sophisticated materially progressive society, is making us feel happier and more loved and loving, yet it's all only lies we choose to believe because if we don't then what do we do. And certainly people might live longer, might have more material things to play with and 'make life easier', but is the quality of life really better or any different from what it has always been? People are still suffering pain, illness and living in bad feeling-denial relationships. And we are destroying the natural environment at an alarming and accelerating rate, which those who are more enlightened know is only a direct result of destroying our own nature.

And where is it going to end? Can we keep up this accelerating pace? And will humanity, by and large become happier, or increasingly unhappy and steadily more bad feeling denying? Look at your own life, at how many things you do to combat feeling bad, at how many things you do all in an attempt to try to make yourself feel always good.

Anyone who has done any serious therapy or self-analysis ends up having to look back into their early childhood for the answers as to why they are not happy with themselves in their adult lives. Generally it's known that it's negative or bad or unloving traumatic experiences from our forming years that cause us the majority, and if not all, our adult problems. And it doesn't take much to understand why this is so when you understand that all that happens to us from conception until around six years old 'becomes us', we are formed on it. And so if it's bad and self-denying and unloving then that becomes a

part of our adult pattern and so negatively influencing us. But the trouble is we don't usually connect our adult pain and problems with our early childhood because we've been made to deny so many of our early bad feelings, even turning unloving experiences around into wrongly believing they are loving. So as an adult we do many bad things to ourselves all in the misguided belief they are good and even beneficial to us.

What I want to point out is that we exist totally in a negative and so unloving state of mind and will. All we do is based on trying to gain power because our parents dominated us making us feel powerless, even those of us who were given more freedom and 'love' by their parents. And so because of this we don't understand that mostly all that is on offer to help us, all from a psychological approach, all from a religious approach, all from a medical and alternative approach, is trying to 'fix' us, or help ourselves to fix and make ourselves better, all so when free of our pain, illness and discontent, we can go back out into life 'happier', more 'loving' and 'succeeding', when before we were failing. But all we are doing is fixing up the problem WITHIN the negative, all so we can feel we are functioning better, but it's ONLY better all still WITHIN the negative. It's not setting out to completely heal yourself of the negative by becoming positive and fully and truly self-loving and fully accepting and expressive of all your bad feelings, even the ones you are hiding from yourself from your early childhood.

Alice Miller is a psychoanalyst who focuses on the childhood as being the place where all our problems originate, and says if we can heal our childhood repression then we'll be free of such problems able to live a happy, pain-free, life of love. But I say that it's all still ONLY within the negative. So at best it's only a reprieve, it's only healing certain levels of the overall negative problem. And certainly one can do this and feel so much better, even 'fully healed', but STILL it's all ONLY within ones negative mind and will patterns. So you've got off the train, done a certain amount of therapy on your early childhood, releasing certain traumas, taken time out, changed yourself, become something of a new person even with a new life, but still, once you feel so much better, you've got back on the train even though it now seems to be taking you off in a completely new direction in life and one that makes you feel much better. But that new direction is still one within your negative state. What I am saying is that if you want to live entirely true, uncover the real and true you that has been denied since conception, then you're going to have to get off the train, completely heal your whole negative state, which includes your childhood repression and personality denial, facing and accepting the truth of your relationship with your parents – that they didn't love you as you needed to be loved. And then when done, when you are of a complete positive mind and will, you step aboard an entirely new train, and one that is going in the very opposite direction to that of the negative one you were on before.

What I am trying to convey is something that so far as I can see hasn't been revealed in this way before. It's something new to consider. And it's more than just doing your childhood repression healing. And how you go about healing yourself of your negative state, which can still involve therapy and help from any area of life in the negative, is through ongoing feeling acceptance – the doing of your Feeling-Healing.

Many people like uncovering the truth behind the various conspiracies that other people are able to shed light on. Some being true, others being fantasy. Nonetheless, the greatest conspiracy of all is the one you are leading against yourself; the great secret is the one you are keeping from yourself. And as you do your feeling-healing, it's the truth of yourself that slowly comes to light. And as the truth is

revealed, then you will see, then you will see what damage you are doing to yourself, all because of what damage was done to you. And even if you are the most loving, selfless, self-effacing, happiest, most sincere and freely giving person on the earth, you are still going to have to face and find the truth of your early childhood, and it won't all be nice.

But to completely heal your complete negative state of being, is very hard to do. It's harrowing because it involves allowing to surface all your repressed bad early childhood feelings, so you can uncover the truth of why you suppressed them and why you have continued to keep them repressed. So few people will probably want to take it on. But the trouble is, really there is no avoiding it. You can keep putting it off, and even still keep hiding such parts of yourself from yourself, but one day it's all going to catch up with you, either whilst you are alive on earth or after you die in the spirit worlds.

And one day you will want to start to heal your negative unloving and evil condition, because you will simply feel too bad. To keep denying yourself will cause you just too much pain. And all the things you have previously done to stop yourself from feeling the pain, will no longer work for you. You'll run out of alternatives, out of things to do with your mind that allow you to continue to override your pain making you pretend you have healed yourself of it. And when the pain becomes too great and nothing you try will help you, then you are at the end. Then you are at the end of living your negative condition and it's time to start to stop rejecting yourself – your bad feelings, and to do the opposite, start accepting them.

However until that time comes, you may as well enjoy your reprieve times. When you get sick, when you feel bad and go to the doctor and he heals you, or when you do some therapy or counselling, or when you heal some of your early childhood trauma and feel so much better, then enjoy the period of seeming to feel better whilst it lasts. And then when it all finally catches up with you and you can't go on any longer, then you can begin your Feeling-Healing. Then you think about it in earnest: the possibility of setting out to heal your negative mind and will.